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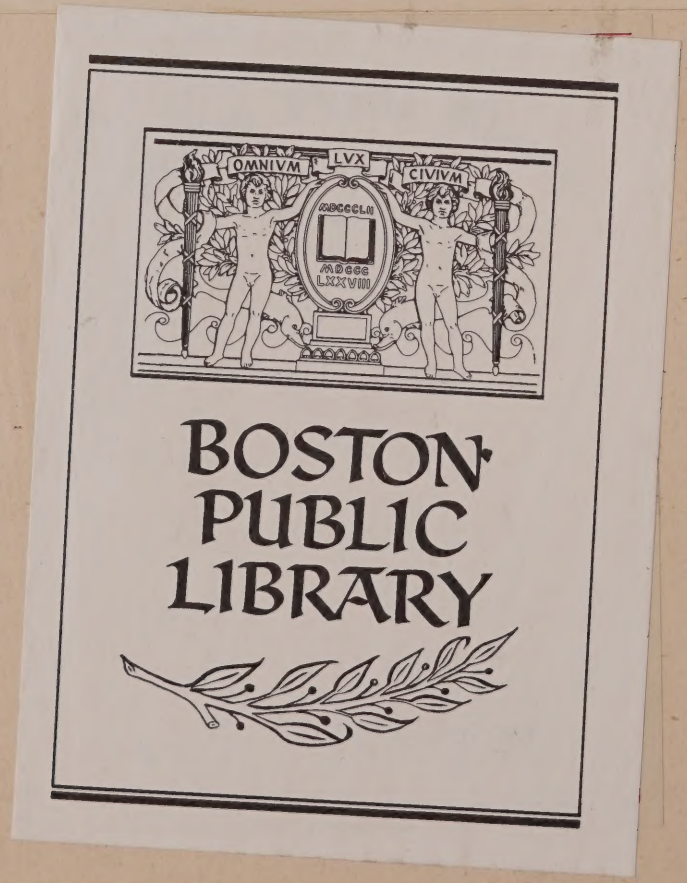

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## *ERRATA.*

Page 42, second column, line 2. For "probably" read "profitably." Line 22: for "our Democratic" read "an un-Democratic."

" 92, 93, review of "Camors." For "Campvallar" read "Campvallon" wherever the name occurs.

" 115, first column, line 17. Insert "or" between "Hallevi" and "Ha-Levi."

" 192, second column, line 22 from bottom. For "well" read "evill." Line 6 from bottom: for "and" read "but."

" 193, first column, line 5. For "Theodor" read "Theodoric." Line 28: transpose, so as to insert after "is" in the next line, the phrase—"with a very few exceptions, and those familiar pieces." Line 35: for "dark" read "dust." Line 23 from bottom: for "Arnots" read "Arrots." Line 13 from bottom: for "parish" read "private." Line 10 from bottom: for "anything" read "everything." Line 5 from bottom: for "minstrelsy" read "Minstrelsy."

" 350, second column, line 4 from bottom. For "usual" read "natural."

" 363, second column, line 30 from bottom. For "Sadowa" read "Custozza."

" 367, first column, second paragraph. For "Bulgain" read "Bulgaris" wherever the name occurs.

" 373, second column, line 33. For "1862" read "1682."

" 383, second column, line 1. For "Grand Duchy" read "Duchy."

" 436, first column, line 7 of sonnet. For "at" read "as."

" 438, second column, line 12. For "and" read "is." Lines 15, 30: for "Butler" read "Butter."

" 442, first column, line 47. Omit "Yet."

" 449, first column, first paragraph, line 5. For "150,000,000" read "950,000,000."

# The Nation.

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## The Week.

THE week in Congress began with the discussion of a bill making eight hours a legal day's work for persons employed by the Government in the navy-yards and national workshops. An amendment was offered embodying a provision which heretofore has found favor, and which is perfectly fair, and which only is fair—namely, that mechanics in Government employ in a given place should be paid according to the rates of payment for the same sort of labor obtaining in that place. The amendment was defeated, the best of the senators present voting in favor of it, the Democrats voting against it. Mr. Hendricks, who is said to be "next to Reverdy Johnson"—*sed longo intervallo*—in ability on the Democratic side of the Chamber, made himself conspicuous in support of this measure, which we should call *ad captandum* if we believed it would take as many people as it will disgust. Mr. Fessenden was characteristically fearless and clever and—sharp-tempered, we suppose, in his remarks on the motive and nature of the bill. Finally, the amendment having been defeated, the original bill passed, and will pass the House, and will not make ten Republican votes we sincerely believe and sincerely hope. On the same day in the House, Mr. Brooks presented a protest, signed by all the Democrats, against the admission of the Arkansas members. Mr. Brooks has a daily paper at his disposal; perhaps he will tell us what he meant when he said, as if it were true, that the "Supreme Court of the United States, we have every reason to believe, have held the Reconstruction Acts of Congress unconstitutional." For the rest, the protest, as is usual with Mr. Brooks's writings in prose, reads as if there had been no "unpleasantness," and as if Mr. Stephens and Mr. Davis had a continual option, between 1861 and 1865, whether they would sit as legislators in Washington or in Richmond. On Thursday the Omnibus Bill passed in the Senate and House over the veto, the vote being in the two chambers 35 to 8 and 105 to 30. So Virginia, Texas, and Mississippi only are out of Congress, and the last-named State has just held an election which practically brings her in by a majority over rather than under 20,000 on the popular vote. On Friday the House passed the Tax Bill, and it went to the Senate on Saturday, and was given to the Finance Committee, who are authorized to sit constantly. On Monday the Colorado bill was postponed by the Senate, and the bill introduced by Mr. Wilson establishing rules and articles for the government of the U. S. armies was taken up and discussed. The House, by a vote of 92 to 65, instructed the Committee of Ways and Means "to report without unnecessary delay a bill levying a tax of at least ten per cent. on the interest of the bonds of the United States." On Tuesday Mr. T. W. Osborne was admitted as senator from Florida. The House passed the River and Harbor Appropriation Bill, voted to adjourn July 15, and heard Mr. Banks at some length on the purchase of Alaska.

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Mr. Butler revealed last week, in a letter to the Salem (Mass.) *Gazette*, the manner in which he proposed to get rid of the declaration of the Chicago Platform touching the national debt. He says he accepts that declaration, and "desires to see the public debt paid according to the letter and spirit of the contract;" but "he may have the misfortune to differ with the editor of the Salem *Gazette as to what that is.*" He gives us to understand further on, that he does not believe the "letter and spirit" to mean "gold." We need not offer any comment on this: there are probably few of our readers who have not felt, ever since the platform was published, that something of this kind was coming. On Monday, in the Senate, he and Mr. Cobb, or Mr. Cobb and he, suddenly produced a resolution directing the Committee of Ways and Means to report a bill putting a tax of ten per cent. on the interest on the national bonds. Of the right or wrong of this, we shall say nothing at present. This much is certain, that when the money was lent, it was *understood* that the bonds would not be taxed, and their untaxability was part of the inducement to buy them. Now, even if this was a mistaken impression, or even if the national necessity were such as to compel us to break faith with the world, and diminish our obligations in a way that nobody expected, one would think decency required that the matter should be fully discussed and explained, that the public creditors should not be treated as public enemies, but should be reasoned with and enlightened. Will it be believed, or would it be believed, however, that when Mr. Cobb brought in the resolution, he immediately moved the "previous question," so that the matter should not be debated at all? He failed in this, but Mr. Butler came to the rescue, and helped the resolution through with the aid of the Democrats, Mr. Cobb clinching the nail by a motion to reconsider, the failure of which made the action final, and put an end to all debate. The only argument used in the course of the whole proceeding came from Mr. Butler; and that was, that "it was the same tax the English put on their bonds."

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Of course, as long as this sort of thing is done, all hope of raising the Government credit or borrowing money at lower rates of interest must be given up. If the interest is to be lowered and the debt consolidated, it will have to be not by honorable, voluntary conversion, but by high-handed swindle. Apart from its effects in damaging the public credit, the Cobb resolution has no special importance. No bill that the committee would report would be passed this session, so that the result of the move will be simply mischief—pure, undiluted mischief—damage to the Government and damage to the party. What has prompted it, we leave those who are more skilled than we are in morbid psychology to explain. It only confirms the opinion we have long entertained, and which we have repeatedly, at the cost of much obloquy, ventured to express, that some of the recruits which the Republican party enlisted during the war will kill it before long, if it does not manage to give them a discharge. It is in its very constitution a moral party; it cannot live by tricks and knavery; and yet it has been allowing itself for some time past to be frequently led, and more frequently influenced, by men who know no other arts in politics. It must be remembered, too, that during the past two months it has been the fashion with the party hacks to place the Butlers, Cobbs, and Logans far above the Trumbulls, Fessendens, and Grimeses, and a portion of these hacks are still doing all they dare to heighten this contrast to the disadvantage of the latter. Moreover, some of its best men in the Lower House, such as Spalding and Hooper, are retiring into private life, leaving the field clearer than ever to the "earnest men" and the "whole-souled statesmen." If, therefore, the respectable portion of the party does not speak out strongly and speedily, there will be a disaster sooner or later, and throwing the blame on the "weak-kneed" will not mend matters.

There has been no progress made during the week in providing a Democratic candidate, or even Democratic principles. The Democratic papers have, therefore, an amount of leisure for the abuse of the Republican candidates which, later in the season, they will be unable to command. The *World's* treatment of Grant is among the curiosities of journalism. It heaps every kind of ridicule and abuse on him; even disputes his military ability, solely, as far as we can see, on the ground that in this world and this state of existence we are compelled to infer the relation of cause and effect between phenomena from their succession simply, and consequently have no better reason for believing that Grant is a good soldier than that he won battles. It seems, too, to take great pride and pleasure in calling him "H. U. Grant," though, doubtless, owing to our own obtuseness, the force or sting of this we have never been able to discover. There is, of course, in this kind of campaign writing nothing new. What is singular about it is, that it should be found in the columns of a paper which produces as much good writing as the *World* does. Usually one finds it only in papers that at their best are capable of little else, but the *World* seems to enjoy the almost unprecedented advantage of possessing a staff capable of any kind of composition, and who turn off a lampoon or enquire into the origin of government with equal gusto and success. Its recent discussion with Mr. Curtis gives one a little glimpse of the difficulties the Convention has before it, and they are certainly appalling. The platform will try the believing and comprehending power of the faithful as no other document in the party history has ever done.

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The report of the House Committee of Investigation into the alleged corruption of senators on the impeachment trial is, it is said, not to be presented till next week. Impatient as we are, and as everybody is, to know what is in it, we are perfectly satisfied that the learned and judicious investigators have good reasons for the delay. Will they pardon us for saying one word by way of caution with regard to secrecy? They cannot be too careful on this point. In the present days of newspaper enterprise, Mr. Butler need never be surprised at finding a correspondent in his trunk or between the mattresses of his bed, and if the "damning proofs" he has been collecting during the past two months should get out, the guilty parties would of course instantly disappear, and there would be a failure of justice. For the sake of the country, we hope he will be careful, and have the police properly disposed before he brings the report into the House. In the meantime, why not employ detectives to keep an eye on T——l and F——n and R——s, and G——s, S——k, and P——y? *Verb. sap. sat.*

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We have spoken elsewhere of the economic aspect of the eight-hour bill passed by the Senate. It has a political aspect, which many people will perhaps hardly think worth consideration; and that is the influence which measures such as this one exert in making the Presidential election and the Presidency seem an intolerable nuisance. The Presidency has turned out a totally different thing from what the framers of the Constitution intended it to be. It has lost, or is gradually losing, nearly all its influence on the political thought or action of the country, and has ceased to be, except in the hands of a man of more than usual force of character and distinction, anything better than a mere instrument for distributing offices amongst the victorious party. A reform in the civil service would make it worthless, even for this purpose. Most native Americans have still a traditional reverence for it; but there is a vast body of persons in this country now, whose number and influence is every year increasing, who have no traditional reverence for anything, and a party has already grown up amongst them which has made the abolition of the Presidency one of the planks in its platform. All that is needed to raise these iconoclasts into a power is to make every Presidential election as much of a social convulsion as possible, by plenty of buncombe legislation like this eight-hour bill. Time was, when the country was small, and the population simple and homogeneous, when this kind of legislation would have been almost harmless; now, with our vast and complicated industrial and commercial interests, our enormous masses of ill-assorted, ill-adjusted humanity trying to settle down into their natural places, as well as difference of origin, and manners, and education will let them, these quadrennial explosions are becoming dangerous. The Presidential election, and its ordinary and natural incidents, the country can stand; but it cannot stand the presence at Washington of a power, such as Congress has been making itself in the case of this eight-hour law and the Cobb resolution, which has a tendency to make the Presidential election the occasion for sudden and startling interference with such weighty and delicate interests as wages, and public credit—interference which, as it is seldom based on any well-settled principle of political, moral, or economical science, it is impossible to foresee or to provide for.

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A daily paper has been trying to persuade Thurlow Weed that there is nothing derogatory to the judicial office in Chief-Justice Chase taking to politics while on the bench, politics, if rightly followed, being as respectable a pursuit as judging. But here the real point is evaded. Judges have not simply to consider the effects of their conduct on their own character—they have to consider also the effect of it on the popular confidence in the administration of justice. It makes little difference how pure a judge is if people do not think him pure, and people will not think the Chief-Justice or any other judge pure who, while on the bench, is working for a nomination. It is not necessary, and not desirable, that a man should always act with a view to promoting the general weal; but it is well established that the effect on the general weal of a particular line of conduct, if generally followed under similar circumstances, is a proper test of its quality; and if the Chief-Justice will ask himself what would be the effect on the community of all judges doing what he is doing, we feel sure he would be at least inclined to leave it off. Whether he *would* leave it off, depends on other circumstances. We trust Thurlow Weed will stick to his opinion, and make it known to his visitors at the Astor House, some of whom certainly are not as familiar with the nicer questions of ethics as they ought to be. What if he were to put them through a course of casuistry one afternoon in the week?

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The President, if one may judge by his pardons and appointments, seems to be afflicted with a sort of moral color-blindness in all that relates to character. All shades of character seem to be absolutely the same to him, and though he is not a mild or reserved man, and gives vent to his feelings about people in a very hearty manner, we do not remember a single case in which he has uttered condemnation of anybody for anything but difference of political opinion. For a knave he seems to have no more feeling of moral reprobation than for a dreary landscape or a rainy day. He grants pardons in a way which goes far to show that the nature of the offence is a matter of indifference to him. There is no more principle, or rule, or predilection, or even influence, to be traced in his nominations, than in his manner of doing the most indifferent acts of the day. Some of them are so good, or apparently so easily accounted for, that one begins to imagine he has settled down on some plan of action, but the next one upsets the whole calculation. One of the most inscrutable is that of Henry A. Smythe for the Austrian mission. Considering the nature of some of the incidents which have marked Mr. Smythe's career as collector of this port, the nomination would seem to indicate either a desire to annoy the Senate and the public or a total want of perception of what constitutes good behavior in office.

---

The nomination of Mr. Evarts for the Attorney-Generalship, though good for the country—for we know of no one who would make a better Attorney-General—will hardly help Mr. Evarts's reputation. The office has not gained in dignity under Mr. Johnson, and nearly every reason which warranted Mr. Evarts in acting as his counsel in the recent trial militates against his accepting office at his hands. Moreover, his doing so will help to increase the confusion already existing in the minds of many people as to the nature and limits of the duty of counsel, or, if it helps to spread any distinct theory on the subject at all, will help to spread that of the *Independent*—that a criminal's right to professional assistance depends largely on the degree of his guilt, and that when "the greatest criminal of the age" is brought to the bar, to hold a brief for him is, in a certain degree, to become *particeps criminis*. It

will increase the zeal of the *Tribune*, too, and other journals in the same mental and moral condition, in what it calls "collecting straws as they float"—that is, picking up little incidents in the daily walk and conversation of anybody whom it happens to have denounced as a scoundrel, and using them to justify its bad language towards him—a process very familiar to Austrian detectives in the old days of repression, and which may be made to produce very amusing as well as very tragic results. The "chops and tomato sauce" scene in the Pickwick trial has done much to make it laughable; but it will probably never go wholly out of use amongst the weak-minded and malignant.

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The Irish Church Bill, after being debated in the House of Lords amidst an amount of excitement such as no debate in the Lords has created since the passage of the Reform Bill, has been rejected by a majority equal to two-thirds. The London correspondent of the New York *Times* complains bitterly of the attempts made by the Radicals to intimidate the peers into passing it, and compares it to the efforts made here to intimidate the senators on the impeachment trial—which makes us fear that he has been reading the *Tribune*, and has got into a fog. It may be wrong to try to bully legislators into taking the popular view of a measure before them; but it is not wrong in the same sense that it is wrong to bully judges, because legislators are not bound by the same obligations as judges. The distinction is an important one; and it is important that it should be kept in mind.

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M. de Montalembert has been writing in the *Correspondant* on the Irish Church question, and takes occasion to discuss incidentally the prospects of religion in France, as affected by the connection between church and state. He does not think as unfavorably of this connection as he did forty years ago; but he nevertheless believes that the support rendered by the Church to the Imperial régime will give the next revolution a character of irreligion which the revolutions of 1830 and 1848 had not. He treats as absurd the supposition that the existing régime will not end in revolution, and a revolution, too, compared with which "the crises of 1830 and 1848 will appear child's play," and goes on to say "that the suppression of political life in France has produced in certain strata of French society a development of sensualism, materialism, and even atheism of which the eighteenth century itself offered no example," and he predicts that one of the first acts of the revolutionists will be the stoppage of the clerical pay from simple detestation of the Church. M. de Montalembert is not a man whose forebodings are to be treated lightly; but he seems to us to fall into an error not unnatural in a man of his opinions and temperament—an error, too, which a considerable portion of the religious world shares—of treating the materialism of this age as the same in character with that of the eighteenth century. There is not the least likelihood that we shall ever witness again such an "explosion of irreligion" as that which accompanied the first revolution, not only because manners are softened, but because the "irreligionist" of our day feels little of the hatred of the Church which its strength and abuse of power excited in his predecessors of the last century. Moreover, there has been a great change in the manners of the clergy on the Continent, and in the relations of the lower orders of them to their flocks. Those who most contemn their doctrines and office are forced to respect them as philanthropists, and the worst of our modern sensualists has a little of the "religion of humanity" in him; and, even if he hates the Church, has at least a vague belief in the "Dieu des bonnes gens." But it is right to add that many acute observers share M. de Montalembert's forebodings.

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The political news from England is unimportant. The only incident of note is the disagreement among the Judges of the Queen's Bench touching the law of the Eyre case, which appears to be considered in Westminster Hall an almost unprecedented scandal. Judge Blackburn, who is able, learned, and a Tory, was deputed to charge the grand jury, and before doing so he submitted to the other judges a paper containing his view on the subject of the responsibility of colonial governors for acts done under martial law, in which all but the Lord Chief-Justice, who was not present, concurred. When the Chief-Justice came in, Judge Blackburn stated verbally what his fundamental proposition was, without reading the paper, and, in this statement, the former also concurred. But it appears that around this there were in Judge Blackburn's mind a number of other propositions, which seemed to him part and parcel of it, or consequences of it, which he did not mention, and which were not set down in the paper, and one of which was that Eyre was justified in bringing Gordon from a district in which martial law had not been proclaimed, into one in which it had been proclaimed, and then and there having him done to death by drumhead court-martial. In charging the grand jury, Judge Blackburn carelessly, as he himself afterwards admitted, spoke of the concurrence of his brother judges as covering these propositions, as well as the one contained in his paper, the connection between them in reality being only visible to himself. The general effect of the charge, too, differed from that of the Chief-Justice in the Nelson and Brand case. So the latter got up in court and read a paper expressing his dissent and reciting the history of the transaction. Judge Blackburn read another, explaining and feebly apologizing. The whole proceeding was in form in the highest degree decorous; but, considering what the traditions and habits of the English courts are, it was the judicial equivalent of a brawl.

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Most English politicians are now "consulting their own safety," as the phrase is, in view of the approach of the elections in the fall, and great problems of government have, for the present, only a secondary interest. The Lords' debate on the Irish Church Bill, inasmuch as their decision is sure not to be final, owed more of its interest to its probable effect on the future of the Lords themselves than on the Irish Church. The Commission on Ritualism has reported; but there is a powerful dissenting minority, which deprives the report of much of its weight, if, indeed, it had any weight to lose. Its most important conclusion is that it is expedient to restrain, in the public services of the Church, "all variations from the established usage in respect of lighted candles and incense," having previously found that the established usage was not to have lighted candles and incense. The minority hold that they should not be prohibited unless the parishioners dislike them, and that usage ought not to be allowed to control the matter completely, as "the ritual of the Church," in their opinion, "must be regulated by living authority." Dean Stanley and Mr. Coleridge occupy a position of their own; and, in order to meet the wants of the two classes of minds which have always existed in the Church, would make room in it both for ritualism and anti-ritualism, a proposal which, like all compromises, has a sensible look, but which, if we examine the differences which separate the two classes of minds, becomes visionary. The difference between the two parties goes far deeper than ceremonial, and touches the character of the clergyman. People who look on him as a priest, with preternatural gifts and powers, and people who look on him as simply a properly appointed teacher, can hardly long continue to worship together, no matter how tolerant they may be in the matter of candles and incense.

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A clergyman whose letter reaches us too late for publication, writes to complain of the irreverent treatment of the Bishop of Oxford by our English Correspondent in his last letter. We have read the passage complained of over again, and are really unable to discover in it anything which we consider of doubtful propriety, unless it be the reproduction in print of the Bishop's nickname. This nickname, we confess, is not exactly respectful, but as it is the invention of the clergy themselves, and is in common use at Oxford, we think it may fairly be set down amongst the facts of contemporary history, for whose moral complexion a chronicler is not responsible. As regards our correspondent's judgment on the Bishop's oratory and standing in the Church, we certainly feel that we have no right to find fault with it, severe though it be, inasmuch as we have no reason to doubt its soundness. Our correspondent's position and antecedents, too, are such as to make him a good judge of bishops—so good that we should ourselves hardly venture to question either his taste or conclusions when he talks about them.

## "WHAT IS THE PRESIDENTIAL CONTEST TO BE ABOUT?"

Mr. George Ticknor Curtis has published a long letter in the *World*, showing that, under the decision of the Supreme Court in the Dorr case, whatever Congress recognized as a State government is the legal government of the State, and that from the decision of Congress there is no appeal, and that the Executive would be bound to support this decision, if need were, by force of arms. But he holds, nevertheless, that, the action of Congress in setting up governments at the South being utterly unconstitutional, should the Southern States, in spite of the restrictions imposed by the Reconstruction Act, take upon themselves to overturn the present State constitutions and set up new ones, it would be the duty of the Federal Government to refrain from interference, and the great object to Mr. Curtis of getting a Democratic President elected is to make sure that this interference would not be attempted. The persons at the South who, he appears to think, would be justified in overturning the actual governments, and setting up new ones, are not whites exclusively. He has no prejudice against color. He would admit "intelligent, self-sustaining colored citizens" to share in the work, excluding only the "ignorant, half-brutish negro field-hand;" and when the present constitutions were overthrown, he would allow the whites and the "intelligent, self-sustaining colored citizens" to settle the terms on which they should live together without let or hindrance from the General Government.

The *World* points out with great force the weak points of this argument. If, under the case *Luther* agt. *Borden*, Congress has the sole power of deciding what is a valid State government, and if the Executive is bound to support the decisions of Congress by force of arms if necessary, as long as the Republican party have a majority in Congress the present State governments cannot be overturned, no matter who fills the Presidential chair. The President, whether Republican or Democratic, will be obliged to support the present constitutions, as long as Congress pleases, on pain of impeachment and deposition. Moreover, Mr. Curtis's admission that *some* colored men may take part in the overturning and building up, destroys the force of what he says in favor of excluding "the ignorant and brutish field-hands." All colored men at the South derive their rights to participate in the work of government from the same authority. If that authority be no authority at all, the "intelligent and self-sustaining" must share the fate of the "ignorant and half-brutish;" if it be a good and valid authority, the ignorant and half-brutish will be entitled to vote upon all changes just as well as anybody else. The *World*, therefore, acknowledges very frankly that during the next four years there is no hope of undoing what has been done at the South as regards negro suffrage, and that, by the end of four years, "the question of setting the present State governments aside for flaws in their original title will have become so entangled with private rights and interests which will have grown up under their authority, that in all likelihood it will then be thought too late to reopen the controversy."

Mr. Curtis says, in anticipation of this objection, that if the result of the election of a Democratic President is not to be the repudiation of the reconstruction scheme and of all things done under it, he does not care who is President; and if the canvass is not to be conducted on this basis, "he, for one, does not know how they (the Democrats) are to conduct it so as to afford the people any reason for changing the administration of the Government."

The *World* does not offer to relieve him from the difficulty, and we confess that, after a careful reading of what both have to say, we are utterly unable to see with what aims or expectations the party is to engage in the coming contest at all, unless it be the repudiation of the public debt. On Mr. Curtis's showing, the President and Supreme Court are bound in all that relates to the validity of the new governments by the decision of Congress; on the *World's* showing, there is no chance of Congress changing its mind till it would be too late for the change to have any importance. What difference does it make, therefore, who is to be President? If the Democratic party agreed on any policy affecting any great public interest, the election of its President would, of course, be an important matter merely as an expression of opinion. But we believe it is not agreed on anything. If it accepts negro suffrage as a *fait accompli;* if it agrees not to touch the public debt; if it is not a free-trade party, nor a hard-money party, nor a white man's party, nor a civil service reform party; and if, in fact, it can give no better reason for its existence than general dissatisfaction, it leaves the general public in a position of extreme difficulty about its claims to office.

Its embarrassments, however, and the disagreement of two such doctors as Mr. Curtis and the *World* on such an important point as the status and prospects of the new Southern governments, may satisfy the Republicans of one thing, and that is, that all they have to do, in order to put an end to all trouble about equal suffrage, is to enforce law and order at the South for the next four years, or, in other words, to familiarize the country with the spectacle of negro voting, and to create a habit of mind in support of negro rights. The opposition to the Congressional plan of reconstruction was at first largely based on predictions of negro idleness and violence. This was the most powerful argument ever used against it, and it was an argument which experience only could refute. When people came forward and said that the freed negroes would lapse into barbarism and cut the throats of the whites, all that could be said in reply was, Wait and see. Time has proved the falsehood of this assumption. The negroes have, on the whole, perhaps, advanced more rapidly in civilization than their late masters, and certainly more rapidly than the poor whites; so that the only argument in favor of their disfranchisement which was worth the attention of reasonable politicians has been disposed of.

There still remains the white prejudice, the sentiment of dignity, the feeling that if you allow a black man to express an opinion at the poll as to what use he would wish to be made of the taxes he pays, or what kind of legislators he would like to see in the State capitol, or what kind of sheriffs he would like to sell him out or carry him to jail or hang him, you, in some mysterious manner, humiliate and degrade all men of a different complexion. For this, as for all other prejudices, there is no cure but time and repression. A prejudice in matters of right, and not matters of taste, perishes very rapidly under the blighting presence of the policeman. The locking up of conductors who turn negroes out of street-cars rapidly robs the admission of negroes into these vehicles of all its terrors. We have no doubt the law of association may be made in a very few years to act also as a complete solvent of Southern prejudice about negro voting. Only connect closely in the Southern mind violent interference with negro voting with the jail and its irksome industry, and there can be little doubt the colored man's appearance at the polls would soon come to excite as little remark, and to rouse as little bad passion, as the sight of a man on his own horse or of a woman married to a husband of her own choosing.

## THE REPUBLICAN PARTY AND THE CAUCUS SYSTEM.

A plan of great interest is being tried in Philadelphia for getting rid of the caucus nominations. Nominations by caucus work reasonably well for party purposes amongst the Democrats, because, the intelligence and morality of the rank and file being somewhat low, and the thinking, as well as the management, being done mainly by leaders, there is little difficulty in maintaining strict discipline. But the composition of the Republican party is such that the obedience of the rank and file cannot be counted on with any confidence at trying crises. It is often called, jokingly or contemptuously, "the party of great moral ideas," and it *is* essentially a party of ideas, while the Democratic party is essentially now, whatever it may once have been, a party of habits, prejudices, and traditions. The line which separates the two is the one which separates parties in every free country.

Now, you can generally keep a party of traditions and prejudices together without much difficulty, but a party of ideas requires delicate management. It is almost always composed of men whose moral sense and intelligence are in constant activity, and you have to satisfy them every time you ask for their votes that what you propose is not only an advantageous thing, but a right thing. There is not much use in telling them they are an army, and bidding them "rally round the flag." They *will* reason on their orders. The best way of managing them, therefore, is to adapt the organization to their mental and moral pecu-

liarities, instead of trying to force them to give up their peculiarities for the sake of the organization. Cromwell's introduction of praying and exhortation into the regimental exercises of his Ironsides looked a monstrously absurd thing when he began it, but it worked amazingly well. It made the saints uncommonly ugly customers at Naseby and Worcester, though it would doubtless have utterly demoralized the Cavaliers.

Since the outbreak of the war the Republican party has been joined by a large number of recruits who have no mental or moral affinity with the party, who are not men of conscience or of ideas, and who belong to it because it is the winning party, and because it has been the national party, but who have no sympathy with reforming and progressive tendencies, and who have no idea of leading it on any but the old Democratic principle of "open your mouth and shut your eyes." It has, moreover, in its ranks a large body of men in whom long warfare has bred the besetting sin of veterans and fanatics—the sin of constantly appealing to immediate "utility" as a standard of action. The effect of this on the character and conduct of politicians and philanthropists has been so well described by a distinguished ethical philosopher that we cannot avoid quoting his words:

"It affords so fair a disguise for selfish and malignant passions as often to hide their nature from him who is their prey. Some taint of these mean and evil principles will at last spread itself, and a venomous animation not its own will be given to the cold desire of utility. Moralists who take an active part in those affairs which call out unamiable passions, ought to guard with peculiar watchfulness against such self-delusions. The sin that must most easily beset them is that of sliding from general to particular consequences; that of trying single actions instead of dispositions, habits, and rules by the standard of utility; that of authorizing too great a latitude for discretion and policy in moral conduct; that of readily allowing exceptions to the most important rules; that of too lenient a censure of the use of doubtful means when the end seems to them good; and that of believing unphilosophically, as well as dangerously, *that any measure or scheme can be so useful to the world as the existence of men who would not do a base thing for any public advantage.* It was said of Andrew Fletcher 'that he would lose his life to *serve* his country, but would not do a base thing to *save* it.' Let those preachers of utility who suppose that such a man sacrifices ends to means, consider whether the scorn of baseness be not akin to the contempt of danger, and whether a nation composed of such men would not be invincible."

Now, the portion of the Republican party which gives it its vitality feels all this, somewhat vaguely, perhaps, but firmly. The regular leaders—that is, the most active men of it—do not feel it, although earnest and zealous enough, and can hardly be got to believe that any such ideas are at work behind them. One of them was not many years ago discussing in a State caucus a step of party policy of doubtful morality, and finding it exposed by a brother of tender conscience, exclaimed, "Come, N——, don't let us be too damned virtuous." He is to-day an older man, but has lost, we feel sure, none of his faith in unscrupulousness as a weapon of party warfare; but the party has. The mass of the party are in favor of being as virtuous as possible, and the more they try, the less foolish virtue seems, even from a party point of view. The caucuses have naturally enough become the great strongholds of corruption, and all efforts to reform them have failed. All that exhortation can do to induce Republicans to attend primary meetings has been done in vain. Things have gone on from bad to worse. The nominators have grown more and more reckless, but have been enabled to hold their own thus far by the help of the press, which whipped the recalcitrant and doubtful into submission, at elections, by drawing fearful pictures of the consequences of defeat. For years, no knave, however notorious, has ever been put up for election that the party editors have not come forward and assured their readers, on the word of a patriot, that if he was not elected the country would be ruined; that doubtless there was room for reform in the party, but this was no time to talk of that; that the enemy was at the gates, and had to be defeated, and then the work of purification could be begun. This performance has been repeated so often, however, that it has ceased to be successful. The elections and legislation of the last three years have done much to open people's eyes. Candidates have been frequently defeated, and measure after measure, on which the national salvation was said to be staked, has failed, and yet the nation stands, and not the nation only, but the party stands, and is strong and hearty. In despair about other means of reform, the practice of "scratching" has crept in, and many of the best newspapers have refused to help to bolster up doubtful nominations and doubtful measures. The municipal elections in Philadelphia were lost last year by bad nominations, and the Union League of that city has been doing good work—work which we cannot help saying is very much more needed now than abuse of Johnson and the rebels—in trying to discover means of making the Republican vote at every election the expression of the ideas on which the Republican organization is based. The plan of keeping books open, in which any Republican can, at his leisure, inscribe his own name and the name of the candidate of his choice, has been instituted for the caucus nominations, and been adopted. How successful it has proved, and is proving, we do not yet know, but it certainly ought to succeed, and we hope to see it gradually supplant the other system everywhere. Precautions will, of course, be needed to prevent it too from being abused, and it will need, as any plan of reform must, the hearty support of good men.

If successful, it is difficult to overestimate the extent or value of the changes it would work. In the first place, it would give men of knowledge and character a chance of entering on public life. There are multitudes of such men in the country who are ready and willing to enter the public service. Moreover, the people want to get them into the public service. The idea common in Europe, and which finds constant expression amongst reactionary writers here, that it is only men of low standing and low reputation who can succeed in politics, because the voters prefer them, has not, we are satisfied, a particle of foundation outside the great cities—perhaps we might say outside New York. What fills the public offices with such men is the nature of the nominating machinery, which has been so complicated and so filthy that decent people have long resolutely refused to touch it; and yet it is no more a necessary part of democracy than of monarchy; in fact, there never was a machine less democratic both in its principle and structure.

In the second place, it would drive into some honest calling, or, at all events, some other calling, the lower order of political managers who now make politics a profession, and live by and make them offensive to everybody who has any respect for the human mind or the moral law. They are the curse of the country—the flies that swarm on every sore of the body politic, and make cure, in the ordinary course of nature, seem almost impossible. In the Democratic party their appearance is not very striking, but in the Republican party they furnish a spectacle at once ludicrous and painful. When they mount the stump or come out in editorials, as they constantly do, in defence of great "moral ideas," and blackguard everybody who differs from them, being all the while engaged in all the dirty jobs and intrigues by which the party is endangered or disgraced, and even boasting of their contempt for truth and decency, they probably subject the faith of good men in human progress to one of its greatest trials.

In the third place, it would help to force reformers into reliance for the progress of society on the general virtue and knowledge rather than on particular bills and tricks and dodges and arrangements, and destroy their vague hope that "something will turn up" to purify politics, without our taking any special thought about corruption. Nothing will "turn up," and corruption increases. The courts are gradually going, and so are the legislatures. The Massachusetts Legislature, which has perhaps stood longest and best against the rising tide, is said to have been demoralized utterly during the last session by jobbing and log-rolling. This is the stage immediately preceding corruption by money. Some observers flatter themselves that, as the English Parliament was corrupt in Walpole's day, and the French court and parliaments were corrupt in Louis XVI.'s day, and yet corruption in both countries passed away without the application of any special remedies, so we here shall recover in the same way. But we must call the attention of those who reason thus to the fact that there is not a solitary instance on record of political corruption having been banished without the introduction of a new element into politics. English corruption perished, towards the close of the last century, before the rise of the press and of public opinion, and the appearance in the public arena of the commercial class, which had been slowly growing in wealth and numbers, and brought to public affairs that stern Puritan morality and deep religious feeling which had made them, in an age of general indifferentism, the salt of English society. So,

also, French corruption perished before the advent of the French people, who had what the nobility had not, enthusiasm, love of country, and a high though perhaps wild idea of the future of humanity. Even Christianity did not suffice to reform the Roman world. Vast hordes of northern heathen had to come in fresh from the forest, and build up a new moral and political structure on its ruins. Here we have no new class, or race, or influence, or religion, or philosophy, to look for. The evils that afflict must be cured by the agencies now in existence—the pulpit, the press, the school, working on the present population, and by the constant watchfulness and constant labor of those who believe that it is not so much on the laws as on the character of those who administer them that a nation's salvation depends.

## THE LABOR CRISIS.

The bill passed the other day by the Senate, and which, of course, received the President's signature, making eight hours a legal day's labor in all Government yards and workshops, is not particularly important as regards its effect on the Government service. The national navy-yards and workshops, whatever else they may be, are not schools of industry, and we have no doubt whatever that most of the men employed in them can hardly help rendering about as much service in return for their wages in eight hours as in ten. As far as they are concerned, the bill simply gives them twelve hours a week to idle in, without any diminution of pay; but the loss to the public will hardly be perceptible.

The effect of the bill on the present employees of the yards and workshops was, however, only a secondary consideration with its promoters. Its real object is to lend the influence and authority of the United States Senate—we leave the House out of the question, because it votes on this kind of thing too often to make its votes of much value as an influence—to the theory that employers should be forced, either by legislation or working-men's combinations, into accepting eight hours as a day's labor, and treating it as worth as much as a day of ten hours. We have before us no full report of the debate at the final reading of the bill, and shall not attempt to discuss the arguments of the supporters of it on the strength of the summary which appears in the daily papers. But the list of yeas and nays is very suggestive as to the nature and value of these arguments. Anybody who is familiar with the character and attainments of the senators would have predicted, without hesitation, who would be found amongst the supporters of such a measure, and he would have made, we venture to say, only one or two mistakes. Mr. Wilson, for instance, he would have put on the other side. This gentleman voted for the bill, but unconsciously assailed it in his speech, by informing the Senate that "he had himself worked thirteen hours a day on a farm, and fifteen as a mechanic." We think this was too much; but we think, also, that had anybody stepped in and refused to allow Mr. Wilson to work more than eight hours, Mr. Wilson would probably never have made his appearance in the Senate. It is his wise use of his liberty, the employment of all his powers in such manner and for such periods of time as his own judgment dictated, that have made him what he is; and we must say we think he makes a sorry use of the authority which has come into his hands as the reward of his industry when he lends his vote and voice to the support of the delusion that a full-grown American man needs or ought to have any better guide in the employment of his faculties than his own reason.

Legislation that will make eight hours the real day's labor of the country is, of course, an impossibility. That may be considered proved. Like prohibitory liquor laws, it is simply an attempt to do what can only be done by a total change in human nature. Our objection, therefore, to legislation, whether State or Federal, on this subject is, not that it is likely to keep, by fear of legal penalty, any man from working as much as he pleases, but that it encourages working-men in the delusion that it is a good thing to keep him from doing it by means of combination amongst themselves, and turns their minds away from the true remedies for the evils of their condition. The first of these remedies is to make the working-man, as far as possible, a free and enlightened human being. It is only in so far as he is removed from being this that he is unfortunate or worthy of pity. He has been, in times past, too much tyrannized over by his employer. For this species of tyranny, which dwarfed both his mind and his body, he and his bad advisers are now trying to substitute the tyranny of his own fellows. We admit that, inasmuch as he has a voice in making the laws of the trades unions, their yoke is somewhat less injurious and certainly less humiliating than that of the masters. We admit, too, that trades unions are of unquestionable value in enabling him to bargain about wages on equal terms with the capitalists; but when they undertake to fix how much he shall work, or how little he shall take for it, or to decide whether he shall work at all, they are guilty of attempts against his mental and moral development and physical comfort.

The proper length of time for a man to work is the time he himself has fixed upon as what his necessities or his aims or ambition require. When anybody else steps in—be it Congress, legislature, or trades unions—to decide that question for him, he is so far pushed down towards the slave or the brute, and he may safely treat anybody who does so as his enemy, and that worst sort of enemy who comes in the guise of a friend. We claim for the working-man the same liberty we claim for men of every other order and calling—a liberty on which civilization, in our opinion, depends—the liberty of choosing between the various roads to happiness, real or seeming, which this world offers; of saying whether he will work twelve hours a day and have money, or work only eight hours a day and have leisure; whether he will pass his youth in toil, with the hope of a middle age of dignity or honor or repose, or surrender the prospect of rising in the world for the sake of present ease.

It is to the greater liberty of choice which we enjoy in this matter here that America, apart from her natural advantages, owes all the superiority she possesses over Europe. The eight-hour movement we look upon as a desperate attempt to destroy this liberty with regard to a large body of the population, and if successful, even by combinations amongst the working-men themselves, it would, to say nothing of its effect on the material prosperity of the country, put an end to one of the most hopeful and most pleasing phenomena of American society, that which most distinguishes it and says most for its healthiness—the rise of working-men of talent and industry into the position of capitalists, professional men, and legislators. We meet the "self-made men" in the front rank in every field of activity, and they all owe their success to the fact that when they were beginning their career they exercised their own judgment about the nature and amount of their labor. If they chose to work fifteen hours a day in order to save money to buy books, or to lay up money to go into business with, they did so, and they rapidly left the men who only chose to work eight hours behind in the race. What the trades unions are now trying to bring about, what the majority in the Senate by their votes and speeches have been encouraging them to bring about, is the subjection of all to a rule under which talent and industry and ambition shall count for nothing; under which Smith, who longs to raise himself and his children in the world, and is willing for that end to "scorn delights and live laborious days," shall be forced to lay down his tools at four o'clock in the afternoon, and chafe the evening through in idleness, merely because Jones wants to have two hours in the tavern to play poker, or booze, or chop logic. If any arrangement entered into by civilized men can be called hostile to civilization, this one certainly deserves to be so called.

Of this the very strike which is now on foot here is another remarkable illustration. The great want of New York is the want of houses, and no class suffers from it as the working classes suffer. The rich procure them at any cost; the people of moderate means can go to the country for them; but the laboring class cannot get away, and find their comforts curtailed, their health injured, and their morals depraved by the increasing dearness, wretchedness, and squalor of their abodes. It is well known that the high price of labor has for three or four years been deterring capitalists from building. Yet at this juncture the bricklayers deliberately refuse to work more than eight hours a day, and, after having thus raised their own rents, probably think they have achieved something very valuable when they have secured two hours a day more to idle in. Leisure is a good thing, but leisure procured at the cost of everything which distinguishes the leisure of a human being

from the repose of an ox or a horse is not a good thing, or, in other words, is not leisure at all, and improves neither mind nor body.

It is not alone against their own fellows, however, that trades unions are sinning. They have begun to wage war upon the young of all classes by virtually closing certain callings to them, and reviving in effect the trade regulations of the Middle Ages. The bricklayers of this city who are now on strike in support of the eight-hour movement deny the masters the privilege of receiving more than two apprentices each. We grant that the masters in all trades have done much to bring this on themselves by their readiness to employ large numbers of apprentices and put them in the place of fully trained workmen, to the great damage of the public as well as of the trade. But then there ought to be measure and reason even in revenge or retaliation. A rule which allows only two apprentices each to the handful of builders who employ labor in such a city as this, for instance, is virtually to close one large field of industry to thousands of boys who want to enter it, would probably thrive in it, and do credit to it.

If Congress wants to exert an indirect influence on the condition of the working classes by the management of the Government works, it cannot do a better thing than order the distribution of Government work amongst co-operative associations of working-men, or amongst employers who admit the co-operative principle in fixing the amount of wages. If some of the "friends of the working-man" in the Senate had done this, they would have established a fair claim on his gratitude. They would have given a strong stimulus to a movement which promises the only real solution of the difficulties between capital and labor; because it is the only one in which all the working-man's faculties are brought into play and all his virtues appealed to, and which enables him to adapt his industry and his leisure intelligently to the wants of society, instead of passing his years in a blind, half-brute war with everybody who wants his services. We have no objection to eight hours being a day's work for anybody who likes to make it so. But it is reasonable that in this case wages be paid by the hour, and, when the eight hours are up, let not the industrious man who has aims for the attainment of which ten or twelve hours are necessary be forced to fold his arms also. A strike to secure this freedom of individual choice would deserve the sympathy of the public; the present one deserves none, and particularly the necessities of the country are such that everybody is bound rather to increase his exertions than diminish them.

## PRANDIAL LITERATURE.

The present writer is neither a poet nor a veteran toast-master, but on several occasions he has produced "sentiments" for use at festive gatherings of his friends, and he knows a good many verses composed by way of tribute to gifted men who "partook of collations with a select circle" just before going to Europe or on their birthdays. He conceives himself, therefore, fully as well qualified to state views in regard to such semi-literary efforts as any one that is likely to free his mind in regard to them for some time to come. The day we celebrate is nigh at hand, too, and to write just now is to write on an auspicious occasion, as they say. That some qualified person ought to arise and denounce these things is a prevalent opinion. M. Blot and others apply to us the old proverb, that God sends us meat—game and oysters particularly—but the devil sends cooks. He sends us also our custom of excessive indulgence in toasts and sentiments and the speeches appurtenant, and the very singular custom of reading "poems of personal tribute" at farewell banquets.

We do not know that this latter enemy of good appetite flourishes elsewhere in anything like the luxuriance with which it overspreads our own dyspeptic country. "Hearken to a Persian tale," as it was the fashion to say in the social essays of a hundred years ago: "Noureddin Ali, an engaging youth just arrived at man's estate, was the favorite son of Schemseddin Mohammed, an officer of high rank in the household of the Shah of Persia. Being of an inquisitive spirit, and of manners so affable as to be distinguished even in that polished court, he frequently spent hours in conversing with the merchants and travellers sojourning in the caravansaries of Teheran, and listened with eagerness to the wonders they told him of the wisdom of Western nations, which almost equalled, they said, the wisdom of Suleiman ben Daoud himself. Fired with curiosity and emulation, Ali became ardently desirous of witnessing with his own eyes the customs and usages of nations whom he had learned to respect without ever having seen them, and whom to see would be, he thought, to reverence still more. 'O Western depositaries of intelligence!' he frequently cried, 'when will it be permitted me to lift the foot of desire and go to Chicago and Boston and New York?' Inexperience is ingenuous; it is proper to the young to admire what is excellent, and believe that somewhere on earth it is possible to find objects worthy of unlimited admiration." But Persian tales are rather laborious for the writer, though readers are fond of them. Besides, they are somewhat out of date. But our readers may imagine that the inquisitive Ali induces Schemseddin Mohammed to let him come over here to Boston and New York, and that in one of these cities he is invited to assist at a breakfast in honor of one of our distinguished bards, or statesmen, or artists, or artistes. He of course notices many things, his observations on most of which it would be more in Mr. Edward Everett Hale's way to describe than in ours. We shall say that he notices that while some of the company eat heartily, there are certain persons present who seem unable to enjoy their food; one intermittently keeps up a hollow show of partaking of the dainties, or satisfying the inner man, or doing ample justice to the skill of the well-known caterer; but the enlightened foreigner observes that every once in a while he feels in the breast-pocket of his coat, and before resuming his knife and fork glances at his immediate friends, or at the master of ceremonies, who in turn casts an eye on the distinguished fellow-townsman sitting at his right, who also appears to be uneasy about something, low-spirited in manner, and, as it were, prepared for any fate. By-and-by, however, this latter gentleman, at a hint from the chair, sits erect and calls into his face a look of unfeigned delight, whereupon the other rises in his place, draws out a manuscript, and reads in a loud voice a number of verses—each, in some cases, having a spirited chorus—highly laudatory of the guest of the evening. He for his part listens to them with perhaps as much pleasure as often falls to the lot of man; very sorry he must be when it is all done. We may imagine our philosophic traveller secretly repeating to his mentor texts from the Koran relating to hospitality, and learning from the sage how the truly terrible Hastings, when he had assembled his guests at table at Daylesford, regularly each morning read them little things in verse, and writing home to Schemseddin what peculiar ways the westernmost Franks have of encouraging men to be men of genius.

The origin of this custom of ours is obscure. Dr. Bushnell explains it, perhaps, in his "Moral Uses of Dark Things;" but, with deference to that author, we decide it to be an odd exhibition of a sort of adult childishness which has nothing to recommend it but the amusing gravity with which it is done. We have never said, we believe, that, as poetry, the poems of personal tribute are not of the highest order of excellence. No man who calls them rather poor can take refuge under the shadow of our authority, and we have no intention of ever abusing them. It is possible, we say, to conceive of Shakespeare sitting at the board of the Mermaid, with his left leg crossed over the knee of the right, and his head bowed on his hands, while Ben Jonson should stand up over against him and read into his face the praises of his giftedness and compliments to him on his lovableness. All we contend for is, that now when we have newspapers and magazines which would buy the verses under the title of "Lines to W. S. on his departure for Stratford," just as soon as under the title, "Lines read to W. S.," etc., there is no need, before printing them, of inflicting them on the beloved object himself, to the great injury of his shamefacedness, which is a principal evil, and to the discouragement of rising talent, which is an evil still greater, and to the ruin of the dinner, and, among a thousand other things, to the promotion of the cause of intemperance. "Let the poor man drink," Solomon says, and at these banquets he generally does, in order to drown anticipation, and in the hope of lulling memory asleep.

The Toast and Sentiment have a real justification which we are not able to find for the copy of verses. We do "take our pleasure sadly," as the reporters quote for us every Fourth of July, and the Toast and Sentiment are important parts of our public pleasuring. But besides that clinching argument in their favor—that is to say, in favor of the reasonable use of them—there is this other, which alone would be enough. When we are of ripe age for public festivals—as active or past members of engine and hose companies, or sachems of Tammany, or admirers of poets and statesmen and diplomatic representatives, or free and accepted Masons, or able journalists, or officers in the volunteer companies—we have long ceased to be blithe creatures of youth and innocence and joy, in whose gay young hearts there is perpetually a spontaneous bubbling of the springs of hilarious mirth, which is the proper thing on festal occasions. We are all worn pilgrims to a considerable extent, and need a regular organization—chair-

man, secretary, list of speakers, and of course, toasts and sentiments, if we are to have jollification and the flow of soul. The same thing is true of the feast of reason. Adam in Eden could fit converse hold and large discourse with angels without writing out his remarks beforehand, and finding out appropriate sentiments; but we see around us, as South says, and as John Foster used to tell his weakly friends, the mere ruins of that intellectual and moral perfection in which our great first father moved, Athens and London and Rome being but the marred fragments of Eden. Not only, then, as regards the joyfulness of spirit, but as regards the profitable working of the mind requisite for the conduct of feasts in these degenerate days, nothing is to be said against the Toast and Sentiment in moderation. Turn almost any set of unwarned men, even men of our own speech-making nation, into a room, and give them, as the business of an evening, the eating of a dinner and the making of a certain number of speeches, and the result would probably be not a very good one. The dinner party would resolve itself into several small conventional dinner parties, each of which would perform its functions in presence of the others—that is to say, under unnecessarily disagreeable circumstances—and by-and-by the art of public dining would be lost; would exist only in embryo as gregarious feeding, and be best illustrated by Wordsworth's cattle—"forty feeding like one." Or we may imagine the same effect produced by another cause. Amid the general silence, amid the usual unwillingness of the assembled men to speak—which is one good ground for "thinking nobly of the soul" and trusting in the future of humanity—some shameless and long-winded creature would rise and make night hideous with disquisition; but the Toast, and, in a less degree, we think, the Sentiment, prevent this. They give a chance to a large number of genial souls; every one is warned beforehand; "one of the best speeches of the evening" becomes of common occurrence, and all goes merry as a marriage bell around the groaning board when good digestion waits on appetite, etc.

The Sentiment we have just mentioned with less respect than we feel for the Toast. The Sentiment, we take it, is, in its essential nature, a regular proposition laid down to be enforced, explained, argued upon, and, generally, handled as one handles propositions. This, now, if we understand the matter, is a full-grown Sentiment, though it calls itself a Toast, and was drunk as such by the young men of Washington College the other day: "The true Men of the South! having courage without rashness, prudence without timidity, they neither quail before the frown of power nor fawn upon the hands that have manacled the liberties of their country!" And, on the other hand, one of the most famous of so-called Sentiments we take to be indisputably a Toast. Lord Cockburn tells the history of it. It appears (we trust to memory) that at one time in the career of that judge it was a pleasing rule among the Scotch gentry that at dinner parties every guest must sing a song in the course of the entertainment, or else must offer an original Sentiment. One day a highly respectable dominie, not much accustomed to grandeur, happened to be dining out—or away from his dinner, as he would probably have phrased it—and was informed of the necessity he was under of complying with the rule. He may be supposed to have become at once covered with a cold perspiration. Afterwards he was observed to be in deep thought, and when his turn came he boldly made this utterance: "The reflection o' the mune on the cawm boosom o' the lake," which was received with much laughter. As a Sentiment, it deserved no better, being, as we have said, essentially not a Sentiment, but a Toast; that is to say, it asked in the simplest way for an effusion of enthusiasm, and opened no door to dispute or to speechifying. It merely called before the mind an affecting image of beauty, something to be desired or admired, and there was nothing to do but to give the feelings course, and drink in its honor. It was precisely like "Woman," or "Health," or "Sweethearts and Wives," or "Each other and one other," or—as the wicked midshipmen, avid of promotion, used to say on the West India station, and on other stations, we fear—"A bloody war or a sickly season," or "The Press," or "The Army and Navy," or like any of the true and genuine toasts which, we think, will all be found to have in common the quality we have mentioned—namely, that they appeal primarily to the feelings and imagination; that the natural response to them—if one must needs either drink or orate—is to drink and not orate, and that—one for one reason and another for another—they do not at all address themselves to the ratiocinative faculties as sentiments do. As true sentiments do; in point of fact, there is such confusion in the minds of the committees who prepare Sentiments and Toasts in regard to the nature of the two, and the wide difference between them, that they are less often found pure than mixed. Committees of arrangement, or, rather, the sub-committees to whom Toasts and Sentiments are referred, are in the habit—it is excusable, doubtless—of giving their minds almost entirely to the providing of speeches. Having succeeded in getting hold of their orators, they prepare what they roughly call Toasts and Sentiments—the terms being generally interchangeable, so far as any distinction is sought to be preserved between the things—but which really ought to be called "points for speeches." This misapprehension in regard to the matter prevails among the speakers also, and the speeches are of as mixed a nature as the texts. It is rare enough that we find the pure Toast speech, which should be light rather than weighty, not argumentative, but addressed to man as a thing of impulse, or as only playfully intellectual. Instead of it, we generally have a humdrum repetition of the humdrum old platitudes on the army or the Presidential office or the power of the press—old stupid generalities that smell of the mahogany of centuries. It is rare to find a good speaker to Sentiments, though, of course, as regards mere speech-making, his task is very much easier than the other man's; but we do not know that practically he succeeds much better, despite the advantage that he has in having a more defined path in which to walk and a mark to talk at, so to speak. He, as well as the other, labors under the curse which seems to overhang all prandial literature, and to spoil most of it. The speech-maker, for example, never seems to himself nor to others to be doing a natural thing, and it is never man as he is to whom he delivers his remarks, but some abstract man—a being of the mind, a creature who laughs heartily if you tell him a Joe Miller; who is much struck by the sight of the moon reflected in the calm bosom of the lake; who has never heard any of the stock quotations; who finds much succulency in the remarks on the nature of our institutions and in compends of Revolutionary history; who lends an attent ear when the orator shifts his weight from one leg to the other and says, "It was then, sir, that Arnold, having formed the design of betraying his country, entered into negotiations with the British commander," etc., etc.; who is morally and religiously sound, but intellectually shaky, and of whom you may say in general that he does not resemble the average man of ordinary life more than he resembles the Village Idiot type, and would hardly command any respect if it were not that, like the latter, you must not take too many liberties with him, and it is always not easy to say just how many liberties he will allow.

Unsatisfactory as he is, he gets an immense number of speeches; for it is the fault of prandial literature that it is too voluminous. There is nothing more to be said when this can be said, that half a hundred people, having assembled and eaten and drunken, and listened to toasts and sentiments and orations from six o'clock to eleven, each man meantime getting what social talk he can out of his next neighbor on either hand, then very likely comes a Sentiment of an atrocious character, and a gentleman rises to make an oration on "Canadian Reciprocity" or the "Advantages of a Uniform Currency." This is decidedly overdoing the business, as nobody will deny; but a common way we have of doing business is, overdoing it.

Finally, as regards the poems of personal tribute—poems read at public dinners of one sort and another by poets who cannot make speeches, but can write poems, are not here commented upon,—as regards the poems of personal tribute, they ought surely to be reformed out of existence, and we have faith to believe that it will not be long before the last maker of them will finally clear his throat, and the last victim of them look "flustrated" for the last time. As for the Toasts and Sentiments, they are to be looked upon, we suppose, as a necessity—a concession to human weakness. We can only throw ourselves on the mercy of the committees, and beg them to remember that a good private dinner has no speech, and that a very little speech is enough for public dinners, which, if dinners, ought nine times in ten to have for their chief feature sociableness.

## ENGLAND.

LONDON, June 19, 1868.

THE Parliamentary session has reached, not its conclusion, but the end of all important business. The party fights are practically at an end, and it is settled that the elections under the new constituencies shall be held in time for a short sitting before Christmas. The fate of the Ministry will then be determined, and we shall be able to form some guess as to the disposition of our new masters. Meanwhile, the few debates which take place will lead to no practical conclusion except as advertising certain members, and calling attention to matters which may be of importance in an electioneering point of view. The result of the political warfare may be said to have been that the Ministry have kept their seats at the expense of their dignity. It has also been decided that the Irish Church is to be the first question of the day, and, I fear, of many days to come. But as for any practical reforms, the session has been almost entirely thrown away. We can only hope that the democratic deluge with which we are constantly

threatened will at least put us in motion in some direction or other. Anything is better than sheer stagnation, only varied by party squabbles.

I will leave for the present a subject which has become rather uninteresting. We are all looking, I think, rather to future changes than to the precise result of party intrigues, and amongst the questions agitated not the least interesting concerns the prospects of the Church of England. The approaching upset of the Irish Church does not necessarily involve the overthrow of the stronger and infinitely more useful branch of the Church; but it may be said that it puts it on its trial. It tends to establish the principle that a church, in order to justify its position, must prove that it is doing its duty; it can rely upon no indefeasible sanctity. Now what is the case with the Church of England? Some answer to this question may be found in a volume of essays published by a few of the Broad Church clergy. Amongst them are men of some distinction, such as Mr. Llewelyn Davies and Professor Seely, the author of "Ecce Homo." The essays are written in a spirit of candor which is far from usual amongst clerical authors; and they fully appreciate, instead of studiously putting out of sight, the difficulties usually felt amongst laymen. Their object is to show that the Church of England, under a liberal régime, may be made to discharge its functions to the immense improvement of the country, and that its disestablishment would be an irrevocable evil. The first essayist begins by putting the difficulty in a sufficiently emphatic form. The working classes, he tells us, are alienated from the Church. Out of fifty artisans of the better class, perhaps one will go to church, and there is one other who might be induced to go. The remaining forty-eight are simply but profoundly indifferent. The clergy, as the great distributors of public charity, are individually rather popular than otherwise. The people feel a certain traditional respect for the black coat and white tie, and know that in case of need they will generally find beneath them a benevolent person with a certain quantity of disposable funds. But to dogmas of all kinds they are profoundly indifferent, and they feel themselves as much out of place in a church as a coal-heaver in a drawing-room. This state of mind, as far as regards indifference to dogmas, is not, I imagine, peculiar to the English working classes. But it is just these men who will in another year possess all the political power of the country. No one imagines that they will use it to commence an immediate assault upon the Establishment; but suppose that internal or external causes should bring the Church into danger, is it likely that they will be at all disposed to support it? Will not the Irish precedent suggest to them the idea that these enormous endowments might be put to some better use? To this the essayist replies, that an establishment is essentially a democratic institution; on the ground, that is, that a democratic nation is likely to spend the public funds on some purpose of public utility. I quite grant the premiss, but the conclusion seems to me to be rather audacious. The public funds will, doubtless, be spent in some way which is apparently for the advantage of the people at large; but will the people like to spend it on churches to which not one in fifty of them cares to go? Will the tendency not be to disconnect the Church from the state, and to subsidize the different churches in proportion to their numbers; or, more likely, to follow again the Irish precedent and divert the funds to some such secular purpose as education? Undoubtedly, if the Church is to find a firm support in the constituencies of the future, it must in some way obtain a hold upon their sympathies.

The remainder of the volume is principally devoted to considering how this is to be done. The most tangible merits of the Church of England in the popular view are its use as a distributor of charity and as the great support of primary education. Nearly everything that has been done in educating the poor in country districts has been done by the clergy. From small incomes they have often built the schools, and are still their chief support. Their position, however, is threatened as the demand for education rises. It is becoming more evident every day that an effectual school system can no longer be trusted to voluntary efforts, and that we must have recourse to some scheme of rating. Of course, the ratepayers will then claim a share in the management of the schools. Now the difficulty is that the clergy have naturally considered the schools as a means of forcing the catechism upon the children, and their object has been to drill the country population into a proper respect for the squire and the parson—especially for the parson—and of course they will be likely to fight any system which threatens to deprive them of this power and to give Dissenters a voice in the management. They will endeavor, in short, to keep up a strictly denominational system, and to insist upon having their own way as they have had it hitherto. If so, they will probably be ousted to a considerable extent from the educational system altogether, and with a proportional loss of influence. The object of the essayists is to implore them to lower their tone and to be content with permission to teach the Bible, lest they should be allowed to teach nothing at all.

Undoubtedly, a loss of its educational position would weaken the Church amazingly; but this is at best, or at worst, a distant prospect. It is the really strong point of the Establishment, as Coleridge long ago remarked, that it puts a civilized and educated gentleman in every little country district. The consequence is that whatever laws may be passed, it will long be impossible to dispense with their assistance in the schools in the country districts at least. And the strongest reformers feel that the benefit derived from the Establishment is in this respect so great that it would be dangerous to interfere with it rashly. The Dissenters are for the most a comparatively uncultivated and bigoted generation, divided into petty cliques, and by no means the equals, with all their faults, of the Established clergy. It is rather from within than without that any immediate danger is to be feared. The Church may be said to consist of three parties—High, Low, and Broad, in ordinary parlance. Now the danger is that these parties are constantly tending to diverge, and, what is more, to pass beyond the limits of the Church. The Low-Church party, so far as it is active, has its hold on the lower part of the middle classes; and the most energetic of those classes are apt to be Protestant Dissenters of some school. The Broad Church again consists of the more intellectual clergy; but the class of which they form part is very apt to abandon Church trammels altogether. The thoroughgoing men of the same type are what Churchmen would call infidels, and, indeed, it is a matter of some wonder how such men as Colenso, or Jowett, or even Dr. Stanley, manage to keep within the necessary limits. It is equally plain that the High Churchmen tend to become Roman Catholics. The logical position of a man who attributes great authority to the Church, and yet holds that there are half-a-dozen Churches of authority, is very puzzling to the ordinary mind.

The consequence of all this is that the real strength of the Church lies in the careless Gallios, the men who prefer to keep things quiet, and prefer compromise to the logical carrying out of their principles. A body which rests upon the *vis inertiæ*, upon the conservative indifference of Englishmen, has certainly a good following, and may be carried on for a considerable time by its own momentum. But the weakness of the position is obvious. All the zealots of every party tend first to drag the Church in different directions, so that it is a matter of great difficulty to retain them in due cohesion, and are very apt to get beyond the sacred bounds altogether, and to be transformed from members into antagonists. It is therefore apparent that the position of the Church daily tends to grow weaker; and, in fact, the essayists, from whom I have been quoting, are obliged to confess that their hopes really depend on bringing about a greater unity of faith as a support to the unity of constitution. Whether this is probable or not, and whether the unity is likely to be obtained by the triumph of their principles, your readers can judge as well as I. To me it seems that the tendency of modern theologians is to converge towards two opposite and radically incompatible camps, between which the Church of England is only too likely to meet with the proverbial fate.

Meanwhile the Ritualist Commission continues to meet and put forth occasional reports. They discuss such weighty points as whether the clergy are to be allowed to have candles on the altars, and, if so, whether they are to be allowed to light them. Their general tendency is to give some additional power to the congregation to put a stop to ceremonies of which they disapprove. Any such legislation can of course but touch the mere outside of the question, and tends to bring into clearer light the extreme difficulty of reconciling the sacerdotal claims of the Ritualists to the theory of a state church. The party which most regrets the contest is perhaps that which admires beyond everything the liberty of an English clergyman. More than the clergyman of any other church, he can say what he likes and feel himself independent of the petty tyranny of a small congregation. But that merit, great as it is, is perhaps purchased too dearly by the stereotyped and inflexible constitution which is the result of state management. The scandal of private property and salable property in the appointment to many of the best livings is of itself sufficient to be a danger to the Church in more exciting times. And more exciting times are coming.

The public has lately been amusing itself chiefly with two or three sensational trials, whose interest is, I fear, scarcely sufficient to bear transmission across the Atlantic. We are promised a trial for libel which will bring to daylight some profound mysteries of the turf. The late Derby has stirred up such a cloud of disgraceful scandals that they urgently require examination. Only one thing seems plain: the turf rejoices in the possession of a certain number of gentlemen of high social position, who to some extent are supposed to hinder its decline and fall into the hands of black-

legs. It is beginning to be apparent that these gentlemen are more likely to get into scrapes themselves than to purify the air. The Marquis of Hastings is accused of being partly the accomplice and partly the victim of some specially discreditable transactions, and Admiral Rous, in trying to defend him, seems to have made his case worse than before. Unless the matter is cleared up, the turf runs the risk of being an amusement utterly unsuitable to any one who has a character to lose.

## CRETAN AFFAIRS.

CANÉA, May 24, 1868.

THE Cretan insurrection threatens to become a chronic ailment of the sick man; it is like the brigandage of Southern Italy, the Algerian war to France; it only ebbs and flows like the sea. Everything has settled down into a recognized state of unsettlement. The troops quietly pursue their routine: now and then move out a little way, have a sharp skirmish, burn an enormous quantity of powder, and at night come back to camp, report 2 killed and 3 wounded, or, in desperate fights, as much as 3 killed and 7 wounded, and all goes on smoothly again for a week or so unless the Cretans get restive and come down to shake up their ill-willing neighbors. We get used to hear the booming of the guns from the ravines about Lakus, and only say "fighting again to-day" and think no more of it. At long intervals a bold raid into the lines wakes us up for two or three days, and some convoys of wounded come in from the Apokowna or Alikianu, but we hear nothing until a week after, when a letter quietly slips in under a fagot of sticks with the list of casualties. Kismet is on the Turks; they have lost all fire and military spirit; they grow *bête* and are taken in foolish traps, as the other day at Fokes, when Hadje Michali very nearly shut up a battalion in a bottle, and drove them back to Lakus leaving dead and wounded behind them. An Albanian who was in the row told, loafing about to chat with the consular cavasses, that they had hard running, adding very naïvely, "All who could n't carry themselves were done for."

Hadje Michali is by far the most remarkable chieftain so far developed by the war, and as a partisan leader he deserves a place in history. He is described by some of the European volunteers who have been with him as having a remarkable *coup d'œil* for strategic combinations, with a personal courage and dash which give him an almost absolute control over his subordinates. Tall, handsome, strong, swift of foot, he is the ideal of a Palikari. With the old Criaris, Ajax to his Achilles, he rules the western provinces. In Sphakia and Apokowna, Costa Velondaki, commonly known as Costaro, is the dominant spirit; brave, but cunning more even than brave, as perfect a reproduction of Ulysses as one need ask, reticent, taciturn but always heard when he speaks, more watchful and active than any of his men, prowling all night like a cat, no one knows where to find him or what to expect of him except real devotion to his country, unambitious patriotism, of which he is a striking example. He refused the presidency of the Assembly, and fights as a simple captain under the orders of the chief of the district. One of the most wealthy men of the island, he has lost everything; tempted by enormous bribes to work for conciliation, he has refused everything. He commanded at Vryus, one of the most remarkable victories ever won by an insurrection, and for more than six months he has baffled the largest corps of the Turkish army of occupation in all its efforts to occupy the Apokowna. He is, I am told, nearly eighty, tall, stooping, wiry, impassive, with an eye whose equal I never saw, set under a brow that overhangs it so that it seems caricatured—I should say at least an inch of sheer overhang with a maze of eye-brow black as the eye.

In the eastern provinces the most remarkable man is Corakas (the raven), a desperate, merciless, insatiate hunter of Turks, past eighty and a veteran in the war of 1821–30. In this war his youngest brother was taken by the Turks, who cut him to pieces alive and sent the pieces to Corakas, who then swore a merciless revenge. He has kept his oath, for never has he been known to spare one of his enemies who fell into his hands. In the "old war" he once drove a party of Turks into a church which they barricaded and successfully defended for some time, when Corakas, collecting a mass of pitchy brushwood, mounted the church, tore up the roof, and threw the lighted combustibles in, smothering the whole party. In one of the fights in Agios Basilios he saw a horse which he coveted, and, rushing into the medley of enemies, he seized him by the bridle, and three soldiers attacking him at once he killed them all, with the horse's rider, and carried him off. He fights on horseback when he can, and is a thorough horseman, as I need hardly say.

With such men, if in any way armed according to modern requirements, the Turkish army may fight indefinitely without achieving anything but its own ruin. The only hope, as they themselves admit, is in the construction of block-houses through all the difficult sections. But there are no roads, and all their block-houses are built where they can go at any time without a fight. In the contested country they have not yet put up one. And of those built the Cretans have already captured two, one of which they blew up, and the other they abandoned under bombardment from a frigate which came to the rescue. The Turks, with their discipline and advantage in communications, are no match for the Cretans, and so long as the blockade-runners can keep going there is no prospect of *subjugation* of the island. It is needless to enlarge on particular affairs, for none of them have individually much importance, except as they raise the *morale* of the Christians and demoralize the Turks. At a fight near Retimo two weeks ago the former took a Turkish post by storm and captured a gun, but without depots or commissariat, such a victory brings no advantage except victory.

A more serious element in the case is the ruin of the Turkish finances. The local administration has long been penniless; the troops—even officers and surgeons—unpaid for many months; local obligations undischarged; the butchers on strike now a month, and the troops without meat, even in the hospitals—these latter full of sick and empty of all else; the popular discontent so great that the Government cannot take the supplies it needs and cannot pay for, for fear of driving the Mussulman population over to the enemy; time passing and no progress made; an expensive blockade which takes nothing; fast ships, whose captains "funk" the blockade-runner—it is not Crete alone that Turkey is losing, but the empire which is perishing. The car of state goes down hill with military and financial ruin at either wheel to help it along.

No combination of circumstances could so well have helped the plans of Russia for the destruction of the Ottoman Empire—nothing so well have shown the delusion under which the Porte has so far kept the place the jealousies of Europe have assigned it. The Russian Government can desire nothing more than to keep up this state of things, and we can well conceive that is true which is reported of the Western Powers, especially England, that they are growing very uneasy at the prolongation of the insurrection.

But certain circumstances which have recently come to light make a more damning commentary on English policy and international humanity than even the indifference the Government of her Majesty have shown to the unmerited suffering of the Christians of Crete. The secret of England's hostility to Cretan annexation to Greece is in the importance she attaches to the Bay of Suda. In view of the probable success of the Suez Canal, it becomes imperative for England to hold some strong position to command this passage, and none is eligible in all respects save Suda, the strongest naval position in the Mediterranean. The insurrection commenced in a French intrigue for its possession, but the Emperor had not the bad courage to insist, in face of all the circumstances which so strongly supported annexation, on sacrificing Crete to his ambition. It remained for liberty-loving England to crush a Christian people, to assure her the best southeast passage, and secure it from attack. Every person who is now in official connection with the matter is perfectly assured that if to-morrow a volcano were to fill up the Bay of Suda, the day after annexation would become the most natural and easiest thing in the world.

A few weeks ago English agents began to operate in favor of an English protection here, and a movement is now going on to that end, but without much present chance of success. The English consul, however, has received a letter from Costaro, on behalf of many of his compatriots, demanding English mediation and protection. I am so confident in Costaro's patriotism, and his craftiness also, that I can put only one of two constructions on this letter. Either he is convinced that the state of European sentiment makes the Cretan cause hopeless, and wishes to stop a struggle which can only end favorably by the consent of the European powers; or he has taken the English movement as an opportunity to excite the jealousies of other powers. But from all I can learn a feeling is gaining ground that the Powers will now assent to the annexation, and as the Porte has offered everything short of that, they have only to cease their hostility to gain all the substantial fruits of successful revolution. It is this moral-pressure and diplomatic blockade to which I have always looked as the real danger to the Cretans, and to this alone will they owe defeat.

Then there can be no doubt that the Greek Government has, more or less, through imbecility or ambition, betrayed the nation and the Cretans. The feeling is becoming very prevalent that the Greek Government is about to abandon the insurrection, and unite its influences with those of England, and it is known that long ago the latter power offered, for such a change, to use its influence with the Porte for the cession of Epirus and Thessaly. But where, then, is the integrity of the Ottoman Empire? How

is that less affected by Epirus and Thessaly than by Crete? Why should not England have said that when the Cretans laid down their arms, she would do all she could (which is *all*) to effect the annexation of the island? Simply, to my mind, because she had ulterior views with reference to Crete, and though she is not to-day disposed to take Suda, she will not allow it to pass into a definitive condition, and from which it would not be reclaimed when she finds that the occasion for taking it arrives. All the former friends of Crete in the Parliament have, in the recent discussion, declared against annexation, and all indications show an obstinate *parti pris*.

On the other hand, the French Government, convinced of the reality of the English plans, begins to trouble itself to prevent their having effect, and the upshot seems likely to be that one or the other will get possession of the coveted harbor at no distant day. If the Emperor were wise he would checkmate the English plan by going square for annexation, but as his wisdom seems to have failed him often of late, it may here again.

To-day embark for Albania 500 Albanians, who, with about 100 who remain here in the employ of the Government as zaptiés, cavasses, etc., are all that remain of 1,700 who came here a year and a half ago. These have only received three months' pay since they came, and their Bey has unsatisfied demands against the Government to the amount of 1,500,000 piastres for their support while here. They, Bey and privates alike, refuse to fight any longer without being paid. The 1,100 who have left their bones in Crete will, of course, make no more trouble, but those who go back will not increase the respect of their co-nationals for the Porte and its power. If these men, the hardiest and best adapted to this kind of warfare of all in the service of the Porte, have suffered so severely, how must those who had less liberty of forage or choice of the bed they would lie on? The best authorities in the service of the Porte here *admit* a loss of 10,000 men during the war, not counting Egyptians or irregulars, but that this is too little the following figures will show:

There are in the island about forty battalions which, full, would be 36,000 men, but none has more than 500 to 600, and the average is certainly not above 400, and 300 would express my opinion better. But at 400 we should have 16,000. Mustapha Pasha commenced with 23,000 Turks and Egyptians, and before he left had received in all 46 battalions, mostly full, or a total of not far from 40,000 men. When he returned from his Selino and Sphakia campaign he had not far from 17,000 men left. Omar Pasha brought and received reinforcements which enabled him to enter on his Sphakian campaign with 45,000 men, according to the estimates of the best informed men amongst the foreign officials, and he himself declared before leaving here that he had not above 20,000, while a colonel in the Egyptian service assured me that there were not above 18,000 regulars all told. Of these 5,000 to 6,000 Egyptians returned to Egypt, and four battalions have since arrived. Cipher it out. As for money, I know on the best authority that the affair cost the Viceroy alone 50,000,000 francs, while the lowest estimate made by any one here is 200,000,000 for the Porte, which, in my opinion, is low.

# Notes.

## LITERARY.

Mr. Edward McPherson has in press the third of his political year-books, "The Political Manual for 1868," which will cover the time between April, 1867, and the first day of the current month.——Messrs. Hurd & Houghton announce "Tales for Little Convalescents," by Mrs. S. H. Bradford, and "The Instrument of Association," by George A. Potter.——G. W. Carleton & Co. will publish a new volume of comic matter, by Mr. Henry W. Shaw, entitled "Josh Billings on Ice;" a novel by E. A. Pollard, "The Lost Cause Regained;" and a new novel by R. B. Kimball—"Henry Powers, Banker," is the name of it.

—The prospectus is published of a new evening paper to be called the *New York Evening Commonwealth*. It avows its intention to support the Republican party, but is not, we judge, going to be a campaign paper merely. There is room, we believe, although the shipwreck of *Every Afternoon* was so complete and happened so recently—there is and has been room for a good evening paper in this city. The *Evening Post* is good, in its own well-known way, but the *Evening Post* is only one. The *Commercial Advertiser*, distinguished now, if not formerly, for its intimate knowledge of the puzzling politics of the State of New York, and admirable for the really excellent style which its present editor uses in expressing his mind, whatever that may be, is yet not a paper that the general reader of evening papers requires. The promised paper, if conducted with any ability, if written and managed by clever writers and men experienced in the business of journalism, will perhaps succeed. It would certainly succeed, we should say, if it were not that the *Post*, *Commercial Advertiser*, and *Express* will have the latest news, while the *Commonwealth*, we suppose, will not be able to get admittance to the Associated Press Company. Speaking of newspapers, the *Tribune*, we see, is anxious for the establishment of a really able political and literary weekly journal. It ought to be published from the *Tribune* office. It would require, we imagine, "truly American *littérateurs*" with no small "largeness" and "earnestness." Besides, we who read the writing of the present writers for the *Tribune*, "never did harm to them;" it would be a double service they would render us to stop spoiling the *Tribune*, and to give us a literary journal "thoughtful, earnest, vivacious, and elegant," and—this is a main point—which should reach "the best classes of American society." Saturday's *Tribune*, by the way, found a new kind of lie—"a blistering falsehood." It found a new kind of criticism, too—"Such knavery can only be fitly retorted with the cowhide"—which, let us remind the *Tribune*, was our old friend the man-stealer's way of confuting arguments. We may add that the man-stealer, if a person of any taste, and accustomed to "the best classes of American society," is perfectly delighted when moral organs take up the cowskin and frantically rage.

—The *American Naturalist* for July lacks nothing but a sea-green cover to be entirely marine. Its editors, mindful of the season in which the buyers of periodicals fail to buy of the newsdealers as usual, have ingeniously prepared one number which those at least who visit the sea-shore shall have no proper excuse for slighting. John L. Russell writes in a very entertaining way of sea-weeds. Mr. E. S. Morse leads to a stroll by the sea-side, and proves a very intelligent and intelligible guide. One of his subjects, the sea-anemone, is treated of in a full paper by A. E. Verrill. A marine aquarium is described for those desirous of forming one. Sea-worms—a few of them—are apologized for by A. S. Packard, Jr. There is a list of works mentioned appropriate for the sea-side, and the natural history miscellany is this month confined to marine zoölogy. Altogether, the *Naturalist* offers an effective antidote to the tedium and monotony of ocean watering-places.

—Dr. Packard is issuing, through the Essex Institute press, what promises to be also a very seasonable as well as useful work, and one which will commend itself to all country residents—"A Guide to the Study of Insects." It has been thought best to publish this in parts, stitched, the first being already out, and treating of insects in general—their structure, allied genera, reproduction and growth, etc. Part II. is announced for this month, and Part III. for August, with others to follow. The insects injurious and beneficial to vegetation are to be especially noticed. In typography and illustrations, the part before us leaves nothing to be desired, while the author's style is very perspicuous. We hope the work will be used as intended, in colleges and farm-schools, and by agriculturists.

—The *National Quarterly Review* is a periodical now seven or eight years old, which is usually filled with essays that seem to have been written for prizes offered by college faculties—essays, for example, on such subjects as "Lord Bacon," "Sir Philip Sidney," "Greek Comic Drama,—Aristophanes," "Mexican Antiquities," "Persian Poetry," "The Men and Women of Homer," "Sir Thomas More and his Times," and so on. The number before us has an article on "Seneca as a Moralist and Philosopher," "The Discoveries of Hipparchus and Ptolemy," "Thomas Aquinas and His Writings"—which is not so bad—and, besides others which are anything but good, an amusing performance relating to "The Impeachment Trial"—for which judicial process the writer entertains a most sovereign contempt, which he expresses fearlessly and with great freedom. To undergraduates of the University of South Carolina, we recommend it as very high-toned, in a small way—as high-toned things are perhaps apt to be—and extremely powerful. The reviews and literary notices are bad, we regret to say, every quarter—generally bad, that is to say, not in all cases. We give our unqualified assent to this dictum, which may be found in a critical notice of "Highland Rambles:" "The most beautiful and fascinating woman must not always talk in an amorous strain—if she would retain her hold on our affections." But the *National Quarterly* for June contains one article which many of our readers would like to read. It is by Dr. Shelton Mackenzie, we guess. The title of it—a title much too comprehensive for the contents of it—is "Illustrated Satirical Literature." It is full of information about almost all the satirical illustrated periodicals that have appeared in England since Hogarth's time. To say since Hogarth's time is to give them rather too long a date, for the social and political satirist and caricaturist did not enter into alliance with the periodical press till Hogarth had long been in his grave. The essay contains, also, much literary gossiping, Dr. Mackenzie's pen never taking him straight on through his

subject—indeed, when he writes he has a principal subject rather than a subject, and is always at the mercy of an impertinent memory. It is an agreeable memory, however, and there is hardly anybody interested in satiric art who will not be glad to see what he has gathered together from all quarters into this talkative essay.

—We hope Congress will take favorable action on the memorial the other day presented by Mr. Edward D. Neill, an antiquarian favorably known as the writer of a little book to which we have previously called the attention of our readers, entitled "Terra Mariæ, or Threads of Maryland Colonial History"—a title, by the way, which is to the full as modest as it should be. While preparing "Terra Mariæ," Mr. Neill became acquainted and familiar with the records of the famous Virginia Company which makes so great a figure in our early history. He now offers—if Congress will appropriate $1,920 for the wages of two copyists for one year, and a small additional sum for the purchase of stationery—to undertake, without payment, the annotation and general preparation for the press of the whole body of the Company's minutes and transactions which are lying in the Library of Congress, neglected hitherto by our historians. The records, if printed, would make two octavo volumes of about five hundred pages each, and two volumes which would be welcomed by every student of the founding of the American nation, and which, printed or unprinted, will be of indispensable use to the American historian whom we shall yet have, though we have him not yet. Of the propriety and importance of having the work done, there is, however, no question. It is only a question of Mr. Neill's fitness for the editor's task, and as to that it will not be hard for Mr. Sumner, say, the ready and efficient guardian of literary interests in the Senate, to satisfy himself, nor, we should hope, to satisfy the Senate.

—We have had some "campaign literature" that survived the campaign, but not much. A little of the humorous writing done in the immediate interest of parties has outlived the occasion that called it forth, but the serious writing has generally gone by a short and steep descent to deserved oblivion. It will hardly be so with a "Hand-Book of Politics," specially prepared for the coming Presidential struggle by Mr. Edward McPherson, the Clerk of the House of Representatives. He intends that it shall set forth "the entire political record of the Government and of parties, from April, 1865, to July, 1868." It will, therefore, include the events of our political history from the assassination of Mr. Lincoln to the nomination of the Democratic candidate for the next presidency. It will give Mr. Johnson's orders, proclamations, speeches, and messages (with the text of bills vetoed); Congressional legislation in regard to the freedmen and reconstruction, with abstracts of the new Southern constitutions; the impeachment articles and the President's answer; the orders, letters, and Senatorial votes (in open and secret session) relative to Mr. Stanton's suspension, removal, and "relinquishment;" Grant's letters, testimony, and orders; the platforms, State and national; judicial opinions bearing on the struggle between the policy of Mr. Johnson and that of Congress—in short, as we have said, it will contain the political history of the last three years, and, beyond a doubt, it will be a valuable book of reference, for Mr. McPherson's abilities in this field are proved.

—Some time ago we had occasion to speak of a charge of plagiarism brought against Dr. March, of Philadelphia, by the *Athenæum*, Mr. Hepworth Dixon's paper, which said, without truth and with a good deal of insolence, that a book of Dr. March's was made up of pilferings from a book of Mr. Dixon's. We said that the attempt to prove this charge true was entirely a failure, and that the failure would have been obvious if, at the same time with the attack on Dr. March, the critic had not shrewdly brought forward a Scotch plagiarist and proved him unmistakably guilty of "lifting" passages from Dixon's "Holy Land." Having read parallel passages which showed a striking similarity between the Scotch writer's book and the injured editor's, the reader was in a frame of mind that disposed him to find parallelism in the passages afterwards cited from the editor's book and our American writer's. We have recently received a note from the Scotch writer—whom, as we did not before mention him by name we shall not mention by name now—in which he says that it was very unfair in us to call him guilty. Also, he sends us a copy of a letter which he wrote to the *Athenæum*, in which he denies the truth of that journal's accusations, and which that journal printed in full, and printed before our remarks about Dr. March were written. We desire that our correspondent may have no ground of complaint against us; therefore, although what we wrote was written in vindication of Dr. March, and though our Scotch correspondent was mentioned only incidentally, and was not mentioned by name, and though his book and its author may be said to be unknown to the American reading public, we are willing to say this in reply to his note: Mr. Dixon, or whoever wrote the *Athenæum's* article, having charged our correspondent with stealing from "The Holy Land" three things—his title, a picture, and much of his text—our correspondent makes answer, and *proves* very conclusively that he did not steal the picture, and *says*, not explicitly, but by implication, that he did not steal any of the text. (As for the stealing of the title, that charge was an utterly absurd one.) As regards the stealing of the text, our correspondent, in his letter to the *Athenæum*, "with the utmost confidence leaves the public to judge." What our judgment was our readers are informed. It is fair to say that it is a judgment based, not on examination of the two books, but on a perusal of the extracts given in the *Athenæum's* parallel columns.

—The first scientific expedition covered by the new flag of the North German Confederation is the reconnoissance designed to prepare the way for a great German expedition which shall definitively settle the topography of the polar regions. The prime mover in this enterprise is Dr. A. Petermann, the well-known geographer in the employ of Justus Perthes, at Gotha. Fearing lest his country should be outdone by France—which is solicited by a Captain Lambert, backed with fifty thousand francs from the Emperor, and ninety thousand from other sources, to fit out a similar expedition—and by Sweden, a single town of which, with a moderate popula tion, has equipped an expedition to Spitzbergen for this summer—Dr. Petermann has incurred the liabilities of this preliminary expedition, trusting to the support of his countrymen and to the friends of science the world over. The Prince Napoleon, King William of Prussia, and other dignitaries, have already contributed to his fund. On the 24th May, the so-called "Danish yacht" *Germania*—a vessel of some 80 tons burden, built for polar sea service, and additionally strengthened with an iron casing—which had been purchased by Dr. Petermann, sailed from Bergen, in 60° N. latitude, for the east coast of Greenland. Its object is not, as was Hudson's, when he left Gravesend in May, 1607, to sail straight across the North Pole, but rather to do what he did instead, with more success than any later navigator—coast along the east shore of Greenland, from 75° into as high latitudes as possible, in order to discover a *point d'appui* for subsequent explorations. William Scoresby, the younger, in July and August of 1822, coasted thus some four hundred geographical miles (69°-75° N.) in a whaler, finding the weather hot, the fields green, huts of Esquimaux deserted, and a species of rodents naturalized. Sabine and Clavering came to the same coast from Spitzbergen in 1823, also in July and August, and made a seven weeks' stay for scientific purposes. In 74½° N. they found the temperature so mild that they passed their nights in a tent. The Dane Grah spent four months of 1827 in latitude 60°-66° N., and, like his predecessors, observed the coast to be free from ice. The commander of the *Germania* is Karl Koldewey, who, to fourteen years' experience as a sailor and pilot, adds scholarly and scientific training in the gymnasium, the Polytechnic School of Hanover, and the University of Göttingen. His crew consists of about a dozen persons, of whom six are Germans, and all appear to have been well selected, several having had experience in polar sea navigation.

—Any person who is curious to track this expedition, cannot do better than procure of Mr. L. W. Schmidt, 24 Barclay Street, Berghaus's "Chart of the World," one of Perthes's best publications. Its delineation of the polar regions is, however, one of the least of its merits, though the limits of the ice-fields and of floating ice are indicated with the same minute fidelity which characterizes all the other parts of the chart. It aims chiefly to represent "the routes of international intercourse," and it does this by marking out not only the lines of steamship, packet, railroad, and telegraph communication, but the line of the deep sea, the soundings of the greatest depths, the principal shoals, the vast sea-weed drifts, the polar and equatorial currents, and a thousand other particulars which reward a thorough study of the chart, even by a practical navigator. The merchant may also find his account in studying it, following the courses of trade and emigration; and any one who would learn at a glance the present state of civilization, and guess at its course and progress hereafter, will obtain from this beautiful map the most lively and most trustworthy impressions. We must not forget to state that the orthography and, in fact, the language of the map are English, and not German.

## THE SPANISH GYPSY.*

THE appearance of a new work by George Eliot is properly a cause of no small satisfaction to the lovers of good literature. She writes little compared with most of her distinguished comrades, and, still compared with them, she writes admirably well. She has shown no inclination to

* "The Spanish Gypsy: A Poem. By George Eliot." Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1868.

trade upon her popularity by anticipating—precipitating, one may say—the promptings of her genius, the moment of inspiration, or to humor the inconsiderate enthusiasm of that large body of critics who would fain persuade her, against her excellent sagacity, that she is at once a great romancer, a great poet, and a great philosopher. She is, as we have said, to our mind, one of the best of English writers; she is, incidentally to this, an excellent story-teller—a real novelist, in fact—and she is, finally, an elegant moralist. In her novels she had never struck us as possessing the poetic character. But at last, to-day, late in her career, she surprises the world with a long poem, which, if it fails materially to deepen our esteem for her remarkable talents, will certainly not diminish it. We should have read George Eliot to but little purpose if we could still suppose her capable of doing anything inconsiderable. Her mind is of that superior quality that impresses its distinction even upon works misbegotten and abortive. "The Spanish Gypsy" is certainly very far from being such a work; but to those who have read the author's novels attentively it will possess no further novelty than that of outward form. It exhibits the delightful qualities of "Romola," "The Mill on the Floss," and even "Silas Marner," applied to a new order of objects, and in a new fashion; but it exhibits, to our perception, no new qualities. George Eliot could not possess the large and rich intellect which shines in her writings without being something of a poet. We imagine that the poetic note could be not unfrequently detected by a delicate observer who should go through her novels in quest of it; but we believe, at the same time, that it would be found to sound neither very loud nor very long. There is a passage in the "Mill on the Floss" which may illustrate our meaning. The author is speaking of the eternal difference between the patient, drearily-vigilant lives of women, and the passionate, turbulent existence of men; of the difference having existed from the days of Hecuba and Hector; of the women crowding within the gates with streaming eyes and praying hands; of the men without on the plain (we quote only from recollection) "quenching memory in the stronger light of purpose, and losing the sense of battle and even of wounds in the hurrying ardor of action." Elsewhere, in "Romola," she speaks of the purifying influence of public confession, springing from the fact that "by it the hope in lies is for ever swept away, and *the soul recovers the noble attitude of simplicity.*" In these two sentences, if we are not mistaken, there is a certain poetic light, a poetic ring. The qualities are not intense—they gleam, tremble, and vanish; but they indicate the manner in which a brilliant mind, when reason and sense guard the helm and direct the course, may yet, without effort, touch and hover upon the verge of poetry. "The Spanish Gypsy" contains far finer things than either of these simple specimens — things, indeed, marvellously fine; but they have been gathered, in our opinion, upon this cold outer verge—they are not the glowing, scented fruit that ripens beneath the meridian.

The poem was composed, the author intimates, while Spain was yet known to her only by descriptions and recitals; it was then, after a visit to the country, rewritten and enlarged. These facts correspond somehow to an impression made upon the reader's mind. The work is primarily —like the author's other productions, we think—an eminently intellectual performance; not the result of experience, or of moral and sensuous impressions. In this circumstance reside at once its strength and its weakness; its want of heat, of a quickening central flame; and its admirable perfection of manner, its densely wrought, richly embroidered garment of thought and language. Never, assuredly, was a somewhat inefficient spirit so richly supplied with the outward organs and faculties of maturity and manhood. George Eliot has nothing in common, either in her merits or her defects, with the late Mrs. Browning. The critic is certainly not at his ease with Mrs. Browning until he has admitted, once for all, that she is a born poet. But she is without tact and without taste; her faults of detail are unceasing. George Eliot is not a born poet; but, on the other hand, her intellectual tact is equally delicate and vigorous, her taste is infallible, she is never guilty of errors or excesses. In the whole length of the volume before us we have not observed a single slovenly line, a single sentence unpolished or unfinished. And of strong and beautiful lines what a number; of thoughts deep and clear, of images vivid and complete, of heavily-burdened sentences happily delivered of their meaning, what an endless variety! The whole poem is a tissue of the most elegant, most intelligent rhetoric, from the beautiful exordium descriptive of

> "Broad-breasted Spain, leaning with equal love
> (A calm earth-goddess, crowned with corn and vines)
> On the Mid Sea that moans with memories,
> And on the untravelled Ocean,"

to the majestic pathos of the final scene, in which, contrary to her wont, the author has brought herself fairly to disjoin her young lovers.

But fully to appreciate the writer's skill and the (for the most part) really profound character of her various conceptions, it is needful to acquaint one's mind with the outline of her story. This story, whether invented by the author or borrowed ready-made, is extremely thrilling and touching. It is, of course, a genuine romance, full of color and movement and dramatic opportunities. The scene is laid at the close of the fifteenth century, in the town and castle of Bedmár, in Andalusia. Warriors, inquisitors, astrologers, Moors, gypsies, minstrels—all the consecrated figures of Spanish romance—are effectively represented. "The time was great," as the author says; the Renaissance had just dawned, the Moorish dominion was hard pressed, America lay but just without the circle of the known and soon to be included, Spain had entered into her mighty, short-lived manhood. The hero of the poem—which we must premise is cast in the dramatic form, with occasional narrative interludes—Don Silva, the young Duke of Bedmár, personifies in a very vivid manner all the splendid tendencies and deep aspirations of the scene and the hour. Admirably well, it seems to us, has the author depicted in the mind of this generous nobleman the growth and fusion of a personal and egotistical consciousness into the sense of generic and national honor, governed and directed by his religion, his Christ, his patron saints, his ancestors, and

> "—— by the mystery of his Spanish blood
> Charged with the awe and glories of the past."

The young duke's mother, recently deceased, has adopted and educated a girl of unknown parentage and remarkable beauty, by name Fedalma. Don Silva, on reaching manhood, conceives a passionate attachment to this young girl, and determines to make her his wife. The match is bitterly opposed by his uncle, a stern Dominican monk, on the ground that Fedalma is a creature of heretical lineage and sympathies. On the eve of the marriage, the young girl is suddenly claimed as the daughter of a certain Zarca, captain of a band of Zincali, captured by the duke and lodged as prisoners in the dungeons of his castle. The appeal is made to Fedalma by Zarca in person, and the material evidence, besides that of her own filial instincts, is so irresistible that she surrenders herself to her now strange destiny. It is her father's will that she shall cast away her love and her splendor, and espouse only the sorrows and the perpetual exile of her people. She assists Zarca and his followers to escape from Bedmár, and wanders forth into outlawry. Don Silva, distracted, pursues her, secretly, to the camp in which, with the assistance of a neighboring Moorish king, Zarca had fortified himself, and whence he meditates a vengeful attack upon Bedmár; entreats her to return; offers, vainly, to ransom her, and finally, in the fervor of his passion, casts off his allegiance to his king and unites himself, for his love's sake, with the beggarly Zincali. Zarca places him under guard, on probation, and proceeds with his Moors to attack Bedmár. The attack is successful and his revenge complete. He slays the dearest comrades of Don Silva and orders the execution of his uncle, the holy Father Isidor. Meanwhile Silva, hearing of the fate of his town, makes his way back, twice a recreant, inflamed with shame, rage, and grief. He intercedes, vainly, for his uncle, and as the grim old monk is swung into mid air from the shameful gibbet, he rushes upon Zarca and stabs him to the heart. The Gypsy, expiring, transfers his authority to Fedalma, charges her with his hopes of redemption, his visions of increase and empire, and with the burden of conducting her people into Africa, to certain lands granted from the Moors. Of course, with this dark stream of blood flowing between them, Don Silva and his mistress stand severed for ever. Fedalma prepares to embark with her comrades for the African shore and Don Silva determines, purified and absolved by the Papal hands, to consecrate himself, in sad devotion, to the services and glory of his king. The two meet on the shore of the sea in a solemn, supreme farewell. The reader will see that, having brought her hero and heroine to these soaring altitudes of passion, the author had touched a dramatic chord tense almost to breaking, but she raises her hand in time, and the poem ends.

Besides the characters whom we have indicated, there are several subordinate figures, such as George Eliot loves to draw, and such as even in this sombre antique romance she would not willingly dispense with—Lorenzo the innkeeper, Blasco the silversmith, and Roldan the conjurer, to say nothing of Annibal, the conjurer's ape. These persons belong to the delightful race of George Eliot's "worthies" —the simple, subtle, kindly village gossips, all gifted with the same true human accents, the same mild and unctuous humor, whether they be drinking beer beneath the oaks of modern England or quaffing wine beneath the olive trees of mediæval Spain. With these, and yet hardly with these, illumined as he is with a tender poetic glow, we would associate the minstrel Juan—the lounger, talker, singer—

"Living 'mid harnessed men
With limbs ungalled by armor, ready so
To soothe them weary and to cheer them sad.
Guest at the board, companion in the camp,
A crystal mirror to the life around,
. . . . . .
. . . . . singing as a listener
To the deep moans, the cries, the wild strong joys
Of universal Nature." . . .

This author has invested this character of Juan with a peculiar and affecting dignity. As a portrait, indeed, it is like those of all its companions, full of the most exquisite intentions, which confess themselves only on a second reading of the work. The chief motive of our interest in Juan is, of course, the contrast offered by his dreamy, sceptical, idle, disinterested mind, with the fervid intensity which burns around him, in war, and traffic, and piety. Let us add, however, that the lyrics which are laid upon his life and his lute, strike us as the least successful passages in the work. They have an unpardonable taint—they are cold, torpid; they are lyrics made, not lyrics born. The other characters, Silva, Zarca, and Fedalma, are all elaborate full-length portraits. The author has not felt it necessary, because she was writing a picturesque romance, to eschew psychology and morals. She has remembered that she was writing a drama, and that she would have written in vain unless each of her leading figures was fully rounded and defined. They are very human, these three props of the tragedy—or the two lovers, at least: they are warm, living, and distinct. But we can't help thinking that in making them distinct the author has somehow brought them very much too near to us. We may say, indeed, that here, as in "Romola," morally, she has shifted the action from the past to the present. But this error, if error it be, matters less here; the play goes on, at best, in an ideal world. Zarca, the Zincalo chieftain, is a purely ideal figure, but a figure of so much grandeur and power, that one may declare that if he is not real, so much the worse for reality. His character is conceived in a very large and noble manner, and cast in a massive and imposing shape. Especially well has the author possessed herself of the idea that the absolute obloquy and proscription that weighs upon his race is the basis of his courage and devotion. He moves and acts in a kind of sublime intoxication at the thought of being the all in all of a people alike destitute of a God, a heaven, and a home. "The sanctity of oaths," he says,

"Lies not in lightning that avenges them,
But in the injury wrought by broken bonds
And in the garnered good of human trust."

And elsewhere:

"No good is certain but the steadfast mind,
The undivided will to seek the good:
*'Tis that compels the elements, and wrings*
*A human music from the indifferent air.*
The greatest gift the hero leaves his race,
Is to have been a hero. Say we fail!—
We feed the high tradition of the world,
And leave our spirit in Zincalo breasts."

The gypsy captain who utters these great truths with such greatness of diction, certainly views the world from a lofty standpoint. Fedalma, his daughter, is throughout a very lovely and perfect creation, from the moment that we see her dancing on the plaza,

"With gentle wheeling sweep
Returning like the loveliest of the Hours
Strayed from her sisters, truant lingering,"

to where she bids farewell to her lover on the strand, and speaks of their ruined love, their "dear young love" having

"Grown upon a larger life
Which tore its roots asunder."

The author has drawn no purer and more radiant figure than this finely nurtured, deep-souled, double-natured Zincalo maiden; and she has drawn her manners with perfect lightness of touch, with an instrument that never blurs the graceful curve of the outline, or dims the luminous warmth of the coloring. The great success of the work, however, is the figure, Don Silva, with his stormy alternations of passion and reflection, of headlong devotion and intellectual reserve. The finest passages in the book, we think, are the pages descriptive of the restless tumult of his soul during the hours of his confinement, after he has burned his ships and pledged his faith to Zarca. These pages are deeply and nobly imaginative. We have no space to quote: they must be read, re-read, and pondered. But we cannot forego the pleasure of transcribing these few lines, the sweetest in the poem, borne upon Don Silva's lips from the ineffable joy of Fedalma's presence:

"Speech is but broken light upon the depths
Of the unspoken: even your loved words
*Float in the larger meaning of your voice*
*As something dimmer.*"

Imagine a rich, masculine nature, all refined to the delicate temper of this compliment, and you have an idea of the splendid personality of George Eliot's hero. We may but qualify him by saying that he exhibits the highest reach, the broadest range, of the aristocratic character. This is the real tragedy. Silva is tortured and racked—even if he be finally redeemed—by his deep and exquisite sensibilities. Fedalma, the plebeian, certainly suffers less. If she had been of Silva's blood, she would never have forsworn the beauty of her love to espouse the vast vulgarity of the Zincali.

We had marked many passages for quotation, but we have come to the end of our space. The book itself will be in every one's hands by the time these remarks are printed.

In conclusion, we must express our deep sense of its beauty. One may say, indeed, that it has no faults (except its lyrics). As a composition, it is polished to defiance of all censure. It is, at most, deficient in certain virtues, which the success of the poem, as a whole, would tend to prove non-essential. It is deficient in natural heat; it does not smell of the Spanish soil, but of that of the author's mind. It is neither rapid nor simple. Reflection, not imagination, has presided at the work. Nevertheless it is a most fair achievement, and a valuable contribution to literature. It is the production of a noble intellect, of a moral vision equally broad and deep, and of marvellous ingenuity.

## MEDIÆVAL INSTRUCTION FOR DAUGHTERS.*

THE Middle Ages have scarcely left to us a quainter record of their inner life than the book which the good knight of La Tour-Landry composed for the edification of his daughters. Long experience of the world, gained in the stormy period which saw Crécy and Poitiers, careful training which made him familiar with all the lore that could be expected of a gentleman, and heart-felt piety which rendered the observances of religion essential in every action of life—nothing was wanting to him as the representative of his time. As Montaigne is the embodiment of the careless scepticism of the sixteenth century, our good knight pictures to us the earnest faith of the fourteenth, and in this diversity the two men have much in common. Both were shrewd, hard-headed men of the world who, in the retirement of advanced life, recorded the results of their reading and observation. Yet the Knight of the Tower had a purpose which gives to his musings a life and warmth that are lacking in the essays of the Gascon. To train his three motherless daughters in all that is fitting and worthy in womanhood might well call forth his most earnest efforts, and the result affords a rare insight into the manners and modes of thought of the period. In all its good work the Early English Text Society has done nothing better than the publication of a fifteenth century translation of this curious little treatise. Had a similar essay, which the knight compiled for the instruction of his sons, been preserved, we should have had a complete manual of all that was considered, at the period, requisite for the perfect training of youth.

The good knight relates how, in April, 1371, he was walking in his garden, full of sorrow and heaviness, thinking of his "fayr wyff, and that was bothe faire and good, who had knowleche of alle honoure, alle good, and of fayre mayntenynge, and of all good she was bell and the floure," but now twenty and more years dead, when there came to him his three daughters, "of the whiche I was ioyfull, and had grete desire that thei shuld turne to good and worship aboue alle ertheli thinges, for thei were yonge and had but tendir witte." To gratify this praiseworthy impulse he set to work, with the aid of his chaplains, to collect histories of good and evil women from mother Eve to the dames and demoiselles of his own acquaintance. These he relates with delicious quaintness, drawing from them the moral that women should be chaste and modest, pious and charitable, submissive to their husbands, not given to dress, or flirting, or gluttony, or idle gossip, japing or ianglory.

Of course there is much in all this that would seem better fitted to the "Decameron" or the "Cent Nouvelles Nouvelles" than to the communing of a father with his young daughters; yet from stories which, to our modern ideas, seem to be of the foulest he draws the purest moral and the wisest rule of life. Yet many of his homilies afford striking evidence of the change which has been wrought in habits and manners and modes of

* "The Book of the Knight of La Tour-Landry, compiled for the instruction of his Daughters. Translated from the original French into English in the Reign of Henry VI., and edited for the first time from the unique MS. in the British Museum, with an Introduction and Notes by Thomas Wright, Esq., M.A., F.S.A., etc." London: Published for the Early English Text Society. 1868.

thought. The theme on which he dwells with most persistence is the duty which the wife owes to her husband, and the theory which he lays down with respect to this must seem shocking to those who look back to the age of chivalry as a time when woman's lightest wish was law to her true knight. Is the husband unfaithful, the model set forth is his aunt, a noble and wealthy dame whose lord disgraced her with his promiscuous amours, until her patience and unwearying kindness gradually reformed him. Is it the lady, on the other hand, who is inclined to be light o' love, she is warned by the story of the man who, having well-grounded suspicions of his partner, bargained with a surgeon to cure two fractured limbs, and then went home and broke both his wife's legs with a beetle; and when this gentle hint proved insufficient to entice her from her evil ways, put her and her paramour to death, and was judged of his neighbors to have done well. So, if a husband abuses his wife, she is to bear it in all sweetness and humility. If she is inclined to retort, she is to be warned by the example of the lady who scolded her knight before company: "And he, that was angri of her governaunce, smote her with his fiste downe to the erthe, and than with hys fote he stroke her in the uisage and brake her nose, and alle her lyff after she had her nose croked. . . . And therefor the wiff ought to suffre and lete the husbonde haue the wordes, and to be maister, for that is her worshippe."

Yet ungallant as he may appear in this, our good knight held the loftiest ideal of pure and chivalric love. "For in loue is but good worship, withoute any euyll be thought in it. In this thenne wherin is thought any euyll is not loue, but rather it is grete falshede and mauuastye. . . . . Thus thenne I sayd to your moder, 'Lady, why shalle not the ladyes and damoysels loue paramours? For in certayne me semeth that in good loue and trewe may be but welthe and honour, and also the louer is the better therfore and more gay and ioly; and is also the more encouraged to excercyse hym selfe more ofte in armes, and taketh therfore better maner in al estates, for to please unto his lady or loue.'" Yet the shrewdness of the old Angevin did not let him blind himself to the dangers attendant upon this platonic affection, and the cool common sense of the long reply which he puts in the mouth of his wife refuses to admit that there can be any toying with so dangerous a passion.

Next to immodesty, the vice which our moralist censures with all the vehemence that his inborn courtesy will permit is the love of dress and personal adornment, the seeking after new fashions, the painting and farding and depilation with which the dames of his time were wont to render themselves attractive: "Faire doughtres y praie you that ye be not the furst to take new shappes and gises of array of women of straunge contrey"—whence it appears that foreign fashions were as much sought after then as now. The evil of these vanities he proceeds to show by many examples, drawn from his own experience as well as from legendary lore. The greatness of the sin he proves by the case of a false wife who for her sin escaped with a hundred years of purgatory, while a lady who painted her face was condemned to hell for eternity; and another who pilled, or plucked superfluous hairs from around her face, was punished by the devil thrusting daily a burning needle into every one of the pores from which a hair had been removed. Perhaps the ladies of the present day who cultivate entomological waists might take more seriously the history of a young damsel of our knight's acquaintance who lost a most advantageous match, on which she had set her heart, by making herself so excessively slim-waisted that she had no color, and so frightened her expected *fiancé* by her corpse-like appearance. The moral which he draws is surely as applicable now as when he wrote it: "Now haue ye herd good ensample how one ought not to coynte her body for to shewe it small and better shapen, and specially in the wynter, in so much that she lost her manere and colour."

There is much more of quaint and curious in the good knight's mingled simplicity and shrewdness; and it would be difficult in the space at our command to do justice to the truth and piety, the gentle courtesy and high breeding, which reveal themselves on every page, and prove their author to be as perfect a knight as the hero of La Mancha before his brain was crazed. It seems marvellous that one who had played a man's part in the fierce struggles of that tumultuous and lawless time should have retained so much of kindly gentleness and earnest faith, such reverence for the purity of woman and such boundless trust in the goodness of God.

The issues of the Early English Text Society have generally been so well edited, and Mr. Thomas Wright has done so much good work in antiquarian research, that we feel somewhat loth to criticise the manner in which the editorship of this work has been performed, and yet its slovenly character merits a few words of reprobation. Marshal Boucicaut is converted (Notes, p. 209) from *Jean le Maingre, dit Boucicaut*, to "Jean de Maingre de Boucicaut." The notes, in their aimless pointlessness, resemble strongly the inscriptions made by young ladies on the margins of novels from the circulating library—as when a very characteristic story concerning a contemporary of the author receives for comment (p. 218): "Messire Geoffroy de Lugre must have been a rather singular individual." The glossary, however, is the weakest part of the work. Such an appendix was hardly needed, for the book will present few difficulties to any one who can enjoy Shakespeare and Spenser. Mr. Wright has made it very short—less than four pages in large print—but has filled it with words requiring no explanation, as the variation in the spelling or meaning is of the slightest. If the reader requires to be told that *acorded* means agreed; *ameruailed*, astonished; *assoiled*, absolved; *axsed*, asked; *cleped*, called; *couerture*, covering; *dethe*, death; *herkyn*, hearken; *hight*, called; *meruaile*, marvel; *next*, nearest; *priuely*, privily; *recouere*, recover; *science*, knowledge; *seruithe*, serveth; or *waxinge*, increasing, then the glossary ought to be nearly half as bulky as the text, for hundreds of words quite as different as these from their modern forms are omitted. Still more incomprehensible is the passing over of many which might readily make the unaccustomed reader pause, such as the following, of which no explanation is given: *Abeled*, dressed; *atysed*, urged; *burioys* (bourgeoise), a woman of the middle class; *cherlous*, ill-bred; *cote hardy*, a gown; *erce*, err; *faytte*, action; *fyamed* (fyanced?), betrothed; *ianglory*, gossip; *lasse*, lest; *meny*, servants; *myse*, forgiveness; *putyers*, paramours; *spille*, to destroy; *sourded*, arose; *unese*, sorrow; *yalde*, gave; and numerous others. Nor are the significations given always correct. *Leteres* is translated "hinderers" in a passage in which it has a directly opposite signification; and *chambrere* is rendered "a wanton woman" in defiance of the fact that where once it is used in this sense, it is six times employed to mean servant or handmaiden, as when the Virgin and St. Elizabeth are repeatedly spoken of as the *chambreres* of God.

The shortcomings of the editor, however, do not affect the value of the text, which will be thoroughly enjoyed by any one who can relish the quaint simplicity of chivalric faith.

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*New Jersey and the Rebellion:* a History of the Services of the Troops and People of New Jersey in Aid of the Union Cause. By John Y. Foster. Published by authority of the State. (Newark, N. J.: Martin R. Dennis & Co. 1868.)—This is a book of great bulk and moderate merit. It begins with a statement of the causes of the rebellion and of the relation of slavery to the war, then describes the condition of New Jersey as to military matters when the war broke out, and its unfitness for that new condition of things, then the means employed for raising troops and money and the use made of the first regiments sent forward, and then proceeds to give a history of the organization and experiences of all the bodies of troops raised for the war or any part of it in the State. The closing chapters of the book are devoted to Jerseymen in other than New Jersey organizations, the invasion of Pennsylvania in 1863 and the services rendered by Jerseymen at that time, the "Legislation of the War Period," the efforts of the people of the State in aid of the troops, the attitude of the Church, the distinguished general officers who represented the State, the number and efficiency of New Jersey chaplains and surgeons, and instances of gallantry in the military history of New Jersey soldiers.

Books of the class to which this volume belongs are sure of a certain local popularity, from their fulness of detail, and they may be so written and compiled as to be prized outside the limits of the State to which they peculiarly belong. If they are prepared in such a way as to inspire the reader with confidence in their trustworthiness, they are sought as valuable materials for history, and the more valuable because of their very voluminousness. But this book does not inspire implicit confidence. It reminds one of a poster often seen on blank walls, on which a trumpeter is seen blowing his trumpet with distended cheeks, and beneath a legend, "I blow for" some clothier or other tradesman. Mr. Foster "blows for" New Jersey. He says in his preface: "In whatever else the record may be defi cient, it certainly will be found to present conclusive evidences of the superiority of the troops who represented us in the field," and then follow some platitudes to the effect that the New Jersey volunteers were "in every combat girt about with memories of Princeton and Monmouth," etc. As for the first quotation, if Mr. Foster thinks superiority a synonym for excellence, as many imperfectly educated persons do, the statement is correct, but the body of his book shows that he means more than that, and claims for New Jersey troops superiority in the proper sense of the word. The facts do not support this claim. As for the second, if Mr. Foster believes his nonsense about Princeton and Monmouth, he does not know enough

about the character of the Union volunteer to be his chronicler, but he probably doesn't. It would be well for him to lay to heart a certain caution given by Viscount Ipsden to his valet. "Saunders," said his lordship, "eloquence rather bores people."

Great credit is due to the State of New Jersey for the attitude she maintained during the rebellion. She did even better than could have been expected. The highest patriotism, as Northern men understand the term, was hardly to be looked for, in such a war, in a State, which had but recently become a free State, and which, moreover, was notoriously controlled, to an exceptional degree, by "railroad men." Yet she furnished some ten thousand men in excess of the number called for, and the quality of her troops was good. She also gave to the service several meritorious general officers and one brilliant soldier. Very few, if any, men have the requisite knowledge for pronouncing upon the comparative merits of troops from different States. There were great differences in the quality of regiments from the same State, and also in the same regiments at different times. Circumstances caused a constant and considerable fluctuation in the efficiency of the same organization. The character of the recruits sent forward had something to do with this, and the casualties among officers had more. In a country like ours it should be the aim of every writer to blunt the sharpness of State partialities, and a writer does a work of doubtful propriety when he claims superiority for the troops of his State, even when the facts support him. Mr. Foster does this, and the facts do not support him. A brief statement of the statistics of desertion and of battle mortality would show this conclusively, but we prefer not to be guilty of that which we have just noted as a fault in another. Passing from generals to particulars, we must say that we find the same tendency appearing all through the book. Undue credit is constantly claimed for New Jersey troops, sometimes positively, and sometimes with the addition of disparaging and untrue comparison between them and the troops of other States. The effect of the book is to diminish the readiness which the known merit of the New Jersey troops makes all who served with them ready to concede to them in liberal measure, to stimulate scrutiny and criticism, and to fill the mind of the reader with a feeling akin to doubt and distrust.

The best thing in the book is the abundance of reports of colonels and brigadiers which are printed in notes, and these give it a substantial value, and it is only fair to add that Mr. Foster has collected with commendable diligence a large amount of miscellaneous information in regard to the part played by New Jersey during the rebellion, and that much of it possesses a certain interest.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

| *Authors.* | *Publishers.*—*Price.* | |
|---|---|---|
| Cammann (H. J.) and Camp (H. N.), The Charities of New York, Brooklyn, and Staten Island | (Hurd & Houghton) | $5 25 |
| Craven (Mme.), A Sister's Story | (Catholic Pub. Society) | 2 50 |
| Gray (J. C., jr.), Story's Commentaries on the Law of Partnership. | (Little, Brown & Co.) | |
| Harrison (W. B.), The Mechanic's Tool Book | (D. Van Nostrand) | |
| Harvey (Dr. P.), Footprints of Life, a Poem | (S. R. Wells) | |
| Hylton (Dr. J. D.), The Præsidicide, a Poem | (Philadelphia) | |
| Kingsbury (H.) and Graley (Rev. A. A.), Happy Hours, a Song-book. | (Taintor Bros.) | |
| Nellie Netterville, a Tale | (Catholic Pub. Society) | |
| Richardson (R.), Memoirs of Alexander Campbell, vol. i. | (J. B. Lippincott & Co.) | |
| Was it a Ghost? swd | (Loring) | 0 75 |

# Fine Arts.

## THE FINE ARTS OF JAPAN.

I.

THE Japanese are very little known to the people of the West, surprisingly little in comparison with the interest they excite. The old accounts are nearly all that we have to rely upon, and these are slight enough and a century and a half old. Since the American expedition of 1853 and the consequent partial opening of Japan to foreign intercourse, a number of travellers and officials have printed their experience in that country, but they have seen little and understood less; their record is generally not of the most important matters, and always vague and unmethodical; they seem to have been unskilled observers, and their opportunities were not large, so that we approach the study of the fine arts of Japan without much illustrative knowledge of those things which are the subjects of that art. The accounts we have of the Japanese Government and customs are very meagre, but are tolerably clear as far as they go. Our knowledge of Japanese history is confined to a few leading events, and even about these authorities differ as to dates and causes precedent. Of the religion, mythology, and legendary history of the people we know almost nothing; and the thousand superstitions and popular epics of adventure which enter into their pictorial art are to be guessed at, and no more. The topography of the islands, and the plants and animals they produce, we have some knowledge of, but not more than the pictorial accounts give us which the Japanese themselves furnish.

So it is with the most common subjects of art—as regards the practice of the arts themselves, both fine and industrial; we learn nothing from the travellers. Works of art and industry are brought to Europe and America—wood-cuts, carved ivories, lacquered boxes, and screens, embroideries, enamels, bronzes, painted china, woven fabrics, and utensils and ornaments of endless variety; what we can learn from these has not been taught to us, as yet. The Europeans and Americans who have visited Japan have done us good service by bringing away the beautiful things they have brought; but beyond getting together "curios," they have done nothing toward the elucidation of the dark questions in Japanese art,—as, indeed, was to have been expected.

The pure representative art of Japan can be critically estimated so far as concerns the delineation of objects, and so far as concerns the method of design employed, and the general power and delicacy shown in them; but criticism is checked by the impossibility of understanding, without knowledge of the language, all the countless subjects which this art tries to express. The applied or decorative art can be criticised only so far as we know the material employed, and the limitations attending its use; and this is a real hindrance to adequate criticism, for there are many handicrafts they practise which either are not known to the people of Europe, or are followed by them in a manner and with purposes so different from the Japanese that they take a different character. For instance, the lacquered work of Japan is unapproached in variety, durability, and finish by that of other nations, and no European artist has ever learned the way to make fine lacquer at all; so that France and England cannot even imitate the lacquers of Lahore. The East Indians have only two or three kinds of lacquer, and cannot produce work so perfect and highly finished as the Chinese. The Chinese are easily beaten by the Japanese of the present time, who themselves confess that the work of their grandfathers has a hopeless superiority. Of course the designs, whether representative of natural forms or merely decorative patterns, can be criticised independently of the material, but all criticism of ornamental work has to consider the difficulties and limitations of the material employed, and we instinctively overrate the delicacy and freedom of design executed in a medium so far beyond our powers or knowledge to meddle with. On the other hand, enamelling on metal is practised by our jewellers, and the processes employed by the mediæval enameller and by the Orientals are perfectly understood; but modern European work is in small pieces for jewelry, and has little in common with the freedom and variety of Japanese work, applied as it is on a large scale to vessels for use and for ornament.

Of Japanese art *pure*, that is, not applied as decoration to objects of utility, the most common form is the wood-cut. To speak very accurately, it is a sort of print in outline filled up with one or two tints or else with full color, resembling the impression from a wood block, and generally accepted as being so. This sort of picture, however produced, is to the Japanese what lithography and wood engraving, taken together, are to the Western people. By it are produced pictures in rich color used for wall hangings and screens, five or six feet high, with human figures half the size of life; smaller color-printed pictures of landscape, battle, domestic incident, mythology, and *genre* of the utmost variety; cheap books, in which letter-press and pictures are so mingled on one page as to suggest the idea that all has been printed together from one block; larger and better books, all pictures except for brief titles accompanying the scenes; still larger books, with a page about ten by fourteen inches, containing full-page illustrations of the same character as the color-printed pictures mentioned above, but more carefully printed; and other, very splendid books, in *éditions de luxe*, giving large birds and flowering plants, at nearly or quite life-size; the colors carefully studied from nature, and the texture of leaf or feather curiously suggested by a separate system of indented lines. Of these several kinds of Japanese wood-cut (to assume the correctness of that appellation) enormous numbers are known to collectors. What we shall say of them will be based upon an examination of over three thousand separate prints, and of these many contain several subjects each.

A standard kind of picture is about ten by fifteen inches, printed at one impression, but this print is often a third of a large composition, made up by gumming together the three sheets composing it, and forming a picture of convenient size, fifteen by thirty inches. These large three-fold prints are as varied in subject as the pictures on the walls of the Academy of Design; more varied, indeed, for the choice of subject is freer, less hampered by supposed artistic proprieties, more apt to fall upon the simplest incidents of life. One splendid one is an out-of-door scene, a composition containing

seven figures, of which the one standing erect is ten inches high; a green bank slopes to the river, on the other side of which are the houses and temples of a considerable town. Two thorny trees are in full bloom, but without leaves, indicating spring-time, and under these trees are scattered our party of seven, six of them young women, and a man. They seem to have some work to do, or perhaps it is only play-work, for three of the girls have crowned themselves with flowers, *not* of the thorn-trees. Large baskets are being filled with some unknown small plant, which grows among the grass. A low table or platform is set out, and upon it are the materials for a meal. A young woman, kneeling beside these upon the table, is pouring tea for the gentleman of the party, into the white and blue cups which he holds. The dresses are very gorgeous; the table-top painted with a rich pattern; the boxes upon it decorated with black and gold lacquer.

Further to describe this picture,—and, with it, a whole class of pictures—it is without shadow. The colors are printed in delicate gradation, in some way not easy to understand, but this is for decorative effect, or because the dresses were of stuffs so woven. The figures and trees in the foreground—the river and town beyond, take their places in the landscape by force of perspective, as they would in a European picture. There is nothing forced or conventional, and nothing archaic in the general distribution; the general truth of line is entirely satisfactory. The folds of drapery and the irregularities of the grassy bank are drawn in firm black lines, and some idea of expressing form, by shade, is given in the slope of ground and in the tree-branches; but of cast shadow there is not a hint. And here let us say, that we have never seen a suggestion of shadow in any Japanese work of art, and that curious instances may be given of its absence where it would seem easier and more natural to have given it, even according to Japanese canons of art. Another point worthy of notice in our picnic scene is, that the sky is kept nearly white, faintly tinted with blue, and this doubtless to give it brilliancy and distance, while the colors of it are indicated by rapid gradation into deep blue at the extreme top of the picture, and into a deep pink at the horizon. Narrow labels, from an inch to three inches long, and set upright, give titles or illustrative text. There are eight of these, and three circular stamps like seals, which they probably are.


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VOL. II., NO. 4.

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V. The Customs Revenue System.
VI. Digest of the English Law Reports for February, March, and April, 1868.
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IX. List of New Law Books Published in England and America since April 1, 1868.
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## The Week.

FOR the last week the Democracy has fairly overrun the city, which it seems to be enjoying with extreme relish despite the great heat. Whatever the delegates may think of it, the heat is not, from the point of view of the spectator, to be regretted. It has added very much to the picturesqueness of our visitors, not having been great enough to induce hair-cutting on their part, and yet having caused a pretty general discarding of "the vest"—a garment perhaps as much steeped in conventionalism and the mere proprieties as almost any of man's integuments this side of his skin. The absence of it brings out in great prominence that "unterrified" quality of the Democracy on which the true Democrat prides himself as much, we suppose, as on the honesty, consistency, and so on of the party. But, so far as we have information at the present time of writing, the party might fairly be exhibiting some signs of amenability to the influence of terror—indeed, it may be only in outward show that it is so overflowing with almost vainglorious courage. The differences between the various cliques in regard to men and lines of policy seem to be all but irreconcilable, and a tremendous amount of hard work has been done by the leaders in the hope of bringing about a tolerable "campaign" show of unity. The Pendleton men have from the beginning been the chief obstacle, being very strong, yet not quite strong enough, in the Convention; being very decided as to what they want; and wanting something that a large section of the party hate either on principle or as being fatal to the chance of success in November. The Pendleton men have made more noise than all others put together. It is a wonder that they did not fall more than they seem to have done in the opinion of the other delegates—or, at any rate, in popular estimation—when the singular-looking, small squad of people, which had been heralded as the "Pendleton Escort" that was to look after the interests of "Ohio's Favorite Son," appeared on the streets—a woful keeping of the grand promises that Mr. Pendleton's journals have been making to us, and which had led us to expect a multitudinous and fierce host, capable of overawing even the Democracy of this metropolis. The three hundred and fifty braves who really put in an appearance would not, we should imagine, exert "a great popular pressure" on a political vacuum. We may safely remit our readers to the daily papers for reports of the speeches—none of which has been good, though Mr. Belmont's was artful—for lists of the names of the officers and drafters of resolutions and committees on credentials. The South seems to furnish most of the names that are very well known to the people at large. Wade Hampton, B. F. Perry, C. C. Langdon, and their friends—who, by the way, are behaving quietly, as, all things considered, becomes them—are better known than Mr. Sanford Church and Mr. H. C. Murphy and the Northern Democrats who have been serving the country in the State Legislatures. As we go to press, we share the inability of the Convention to name its candidates. The ballotings of Tuesday, under the two-thirds rule, left Pendleton in the advance, but a good way behind the requisite number of votes, and with no rapid or considerable gains to encourage his friends to hope for a panic and a stampede in his favor.

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The platform of the Democratic party is nearly as good as the Republicans could have desired. It gives up slavery and secession, though this cannot be called anything very remarkable, considered as a concession. It demands the immediate restoration of the Southern States, which is not a very dreadful requirement, as they are all in but three, and these are coming. It calls for the payment of the United States bonds in lawful money of the United States, and for the taxation of the interest, as if it were not already taxed; or, in other words, advocates repudiation in the meanest of ways. In relation to the tariff, the only thing remarkable in the platform is that it calls for "incidental protection," which is an open abandonment of the old Democratic position. The eighth resolution is entirely given up to abuse of the Republicans, and ends in affirming the right of the several States to regulate the suffrage, as the Republican platform has done. The only striking feature of the whole is the denunciation of the Reconstruction acts as "unconstitutional and void." It would, altogether, have been difficult for the party to take up a position more satisfactory to the Republicans. There is nothing left whatever, not a vestige even, of the old Democratic party in the platform. It has not only declared once more against the war and its consequences, but has laid aside all the old party principles. The only new principle it produces to take their place is, the right and duty of the nation to cheat its creditors. If a party can now be founded on this, or can escape defeat on this, it will certainly be a comical as well as tragical termination to the great struggle for the Union.

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The Committee of Ways and Means, and the sober Republicans who follow their lead rather than that of those two "good old Democrats," Mr. Logan and Mr. Butler, have taken away the shame brought upon the party by the late proposal to tax the interest of the bonds. The Committee, in reporting the bill which they were ordered to prepare, accompanied it by a protest which we warrant will make more of the votes that Mr. Butler is anxious for than the bill or Mr. Butler's repudiation speeches. On Wednesday week Mr. Edmunds introduced a resolution to this effect: that the votes for President of the Southern States shall not be counted by the Electoral College unless each State shall have made a constitution and organized under it a State government which shall be in operation at the time of the election, and shall have regularly chosen electors, and its representatives and senators shall have been admitted to Congress. This resolution Mr. Trumbull opposed. Arkansas and Florida, he declared, were as much in the Union as Massachusetts or New Jersey, and Congress had no right to interfere in regard to the Presidential election in those States. Mr. Trumbull's general ground of objection was that the resolution was intended to reopen a settled matter and give to Congress revisory power to count the electoral vote or not. Mr. Edmunds afterwards withdrew his resolution. In the House, on the same day, there was a debate on the Alaska purchase, and more hostility than had been generally looked for became apparent. The duty of the House to pay is, we fear, undeniable, unfortunate as it may be that Mr. Seward and the Senate have laid that duty upon it. Mr. Stevens, on Thursday, introduced a bill for the division of Texas into two States—a measure which he might as well have allowed to wait till a more convenient season. On Monday, three of the North Carolina representatives presented themselves, and were sworn in. Mr. Jenckes, whose Civil Service Bill has been discussed a great deal outside the House, and very little inside it,

will call it up as soon as the Appropriation Bill has been passed. We believe Mr. Woodbridge, of Vermont, is the only representative who has made a set speech against it—a most remarkable speech it was too—and one might fancy there could be no doubt about its passage; but there is little hope of its passage. We suggest the time of the final vote upon the bill as a very fit period for the constituents to "watch vigilantly" the course of their representatives. On Tuesday, Mr. Stevens introduced several additional articles of impeachment against the President, and his colleague, Mr. Williams, gave notice of his intention to do likewise in a few days.

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The report of the Committee of Ways and Means in obedience to the Cobb resolution, was exactly what the case needed. They obeyed the order of the House, but so drew the required bill as to put the real nature of the transaction aimed at before the House and the country, and appended to it a hearty expression of their own disgust with the business. There is, of course, no chance that any such measure will be passed; but this fact, which was patent from the beginning, only makes the conduct of the sixty-one Republicans mysterious. The most probable of the motives attributed to them is a desire to get the better of the Democrats at the West by showing a little leaning to one of the prominent Democratic doctrines; but then they might have accomplished this result at less cost by passing a resolution denouncing military government at the South and abusing the negroes. This would greatly disconcert the Democrats and seriously damage the Republican party, but it would not injure the public credit as this last performance has done. In other words, it would be fully as foolish, but less mischievous.

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Mr. Butler has brought in his report on senatorial corruption. To treat an investigation into the motives of the judges who tried a cause, conducted in secret by one of the defeated counsel, as in any sense of the word a judicial investigation, would be an offence against sound principles of jurisprudence as well as against good morals of which we shall not be guilty. That Mr. Butler should, in this instance, have been furnished by the House with parliamentary power to send for persons and papers was as great a scandal as can be found in parliamentary annals, and the result of his labors is, of course, simply a specimen of his own powers in working up a case against people who have greatly annoyed and disappointed him. It has been received by the press with decent contempt or silence. It does not contain a particle of proof against any senator; but, of course, it bristles with insinuations. Other comment it does not deserve; but to one passage in it we cannot avoid calling attention, as an illustration both of the Butler mode of working and of the depth of the disgrace the House has brought on itself and on the party in letting him have his way—we mean that in which he treats the failure of the witnesses to mention any of the seven senators as having been subjects of discussion amongst the corrupters, as proof that these gentlemen were considered as certainly corruptible. We ought long ago to have spoken of the creditable way in which Messrs. Boutwell, Wilson, and Bingham have acted in abstaining from all participation in this discreditable farce. Mr. Boutwell went home to Massachusetts, and proved himself a gentleman and a man of sense by telling his constituents that the trial was fair, that he did not agree with the verdict, but that there was the end of the affair.

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If Shook and Woolley want employment, we cannot suggest better work to them than intriguing with certain Republicans to get them to join the Democratic party. If Woolley would go on to Washington, and engage in this species of corruption, we think he would meet with a good deal of support from better men than he is used to, and would find funds in abundance. In fact, the Republican Committee could not make a better use of some of its money than to place it at Woolley's disposal for this purpose, and if he should engage in attempts on Mr. Butler's virtue, for instance, we think the process would be one of the most amusing and most interesting ever witnessed. But we warn both him and Shook that, with a fish of this description at the end of their line, it would not do to carouse over-night and pass the next day in unconsciousness. They would have need of all their faculties, but, if they succeeded, they would render more service to their country than we fear they are ever likely to render in any other way.

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The reply of Mr. Fessenden to the invitation he recently received to a public dinner in Boston contains an admirable exposure of the nature of the influences which raised the outcry against him, but it leaves one passage in the history of impeachment as dark as ever. How was it that the great mass of the public in and out of Congress were so completely deceived, and remained so long under the deception, touching the effect of the Tenure-of-Office Act? As Mr. Fessenden says, all the offences charged against the President in the articles, except his violation of this act, had been thoroughly canvassed by the House with a view to impeachment, and pronounced insufficient to sustain a prosecution long before the late trial was thought of. When he removed Mr. Stanton, however, the impression became general—we shared it ourselves—that at last he was within the meshes of the law; but it now seems that the main body of the senators knew all along that this removal had not caught him, and that something else was necessary to bring him to grief. The senators were not alone in this opinion. Thaddeus Stevens said that all the articles were worthless except the eleventh, and this eleventh was certainly hard to swallow, for it alleged the removal of Stanton in 1868 was effected *in pursuance* of threats and denunciations uttered in a half-drunken speech in 1866. How was it that the public remained in this fog so long?

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Mr. Fessenden touches on one point to which we called attention ourselves at the close of the trial, and which was in our opinion the most remarkable incident connected with it—that those who imputed corrupt motives to any Republican senator who voted for acquittal always allowed that any senator might clear himself of the suspicion by voting guilty on any one charge. The proof of purity was in finding a verdict of guilty, it made no difference for what reason. For instance, if all the Republican senators had agreed to acquit on all articles but the eleventh, Mr. Fessenden might have said not guilty on this one, if he could have said guilty on, say, the second, without laying himself open to any imputation. But if he refused to say guilty on the eleventh, and at the same time failed to select some other article on which he *would* say guilty, it showed him to be a corrupt perjurer. Nothing could illustrate better than this little circumstance either the knavery or the stupidity of those who were most active in getting up the crusade against the seven senators. We do not remember a case in history in which a clumsier attempt was made to prostitute the forms of law in the service of party passions. We were in favor of having Mr. Johnson found guilty; we were prepared to see him found guilty, and, as we have said, shared the popular impression that he *was* guilty, but his conviction by such influences as were brought to bear on the trial would have been a great national misfortune. If the devil himself were on trial, and it was found that the prosecutor was using his own weapons against him, the place of good and wise men would be on the devil's side. The devil is nothing in such a case, the maintenance of the principles against which he wars is everything.

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One other point Mr. Fessenden has not cleared up, and that is the fact that "his own brother" differed from him in opinion on Mr. Johnson's guilt. There was so much said about this during the sitting of the convention at Chicago, and it has been so often referred to by some of the "whole-souled" newspapers, that we presume it must be an important circumstance. Has Mr. Fessenden nothing to say about it? How is it that his brother was able to pronounce Mr. Johnson guilty without having heard the case, when William Pitt Fessenden, after having fully studied it, acquitted Mr. Johnson? Of course, this does not *prove* William Pitt Fessenden to be a base man, but it certainly seems to raise most harrowing doubts about him in many ingenuous minds. Thousands are asking themselves with sorrowing hearts, "Can a man be pure whose blood relations differ from him on points of law?" Will Mr. Fessenden not speak and explain? Perhaps the brother is only a half-brother after all; perhaps he was simply adopted

by Mr. Fessenden's parents, and is not connected with him by blood; or perhaps there is another brother or an uncle who thought Mr. Johnson not guilty, and thus can be used as a set-off. As friends of justice, we ask the public to suspend their judgment on this grave matter till Mr. Fessenden is relieved from his Congressional labors and reaches his home. We ourselves feel sure that he will offer a satisfactory explanation.

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The Catholic archbishops have issued an official manifesto, declaring that the proposal to raise a battalion for the Pope in this country did not originate with them, and has been persistently urged upon the military authorities at Rome by "some party or parties who have assumed to represent them, not only without their sanction or authority, but without their knowledge." They add, moreover, with great cruelty, that the "gentleman who has succeeded in securing for himself the command of the battalion does not enjoy, and is not entitled to their confidence," and that "the Catholic papers which have given place to his ill-advised correspondence are not to be recognized as reliable exponents of Catholic views or sentiments, still less as discreet or commendable advocates of the Catholic cause." This is very hard on the military gentleman and on the journalists; but very creditable to the archbishops. They add that money is what the Pope most needs, and not men. If this be true, why not disband the army, and use the funds which now go to feed and pay the lazy scamps who compose it in missionary labors? Here are heathen, as any one of the archbishops will tell us, going to destruction in enormous numbers every day, for want of instruction, and the money that would send out missionaries to them is put into "Zouaves," who are certainly neither a credit to the Church nor the world.

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The Austrian Reichsrath has forced the ministry into taxing the coupons of the Government bonds—in some cases 20, in others 16 per cent. The loans are largely held in England, and a large body of the London bankers have consequently protested, through the Foreign Office. Baron von Beust has replied in a calm, conciliatory despatch, in which he makes no attempt to disguise the real nature of the transaction. He simply says that, considering what the condition of the Austrian Empire has been during the last twenty years, the holders of its securities must have been prepared for some such result as this sooner or later, and that the high rate of interest they have been receiving was in reality a sort of insurance against disaster; that the Dutch creditors of the Government so considered it, and put aside all they received over five per cent. as clear gain; that the question which presented itself for solution in 1866, when he came into power, was not whether the public liabilities should be punctually met, but whether the empire could be saved from total destruction; that it was hoped at first that Hungary would have assumed, on the separation of interests, what Austrian financiers considered her legitimate share of the debt; but that she had refused to do so. It was then proposed simply to mulct the creditors in the amount—12,000,000 florins—which Hungary refused to assume; but this, it was found, would hardly give any relief. In order to keep the machinery of government in motion at all, it was felt to be necessary to bring the debt within limits with which the treasury could deal without danger to the whole amount. The creditors generally seem to feel they have gained in security by this composition, and the bonds have slightly risen in the market.

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This is, it is to be hoped, the last of the long series of Austrian humiliations. The Emperor has, considering his education, which was priest-given and outrageously bad—so bad, that it is only recently, for instance, that he has become acquainted with the history of the English Stuarts—shown a good deal of good sense under his misfortunes. His selection of Baron von Beust, a foreigner and a Protestant, as Prime Minister, after the battle of Sadowa, to extricate the empire from its difficulties and the Government from the hands of the priests and the nobility, proved uncommon force of character. But he must, nevertheless, suffer still in ways which, to the modern man, are now almost unknown. He signed the bill abrogating the Concordat; but sent in anguish to the Pope, immediately afterwards, to ask for pardon, on the plea of overwhelming necessity. The Pope, like a practical man, as he is, granted the desired pardon, but holds the Concordat to be as good and as binding as ever.

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The Italians have followed the Austrian example in endeavoring to throw a portion of their financial burden on the public creditors. The majority in the Parliament have forced Count Cambray-Digny to tax all Government coupons 10 per cent., those in the hands of foreigners as well as those in the hands of natives. Count Cambray-Digny in vain pointed out that there would be, at the close of the present year, a deficit of $126,000,000, and that to meet this something beside taxation would be necessary, and that, no matter what expedient they resorted to, general reliance in the good faith of the Government and people would be necessary to success; that, therefore, anything which looked like a breach of faith would be an act of folly. He added that there was no use in maintaining that taxing coupons held by foreigners was not a violation either of "the letter or spirit" of the public contract. He said that there was no doubt that when the foreigners lent the money—and foreigners have lent most of what Italy owes—they never anticipated a reduction of 10 per cent. in the amount of their interest to meet the necessities of their debtor, and no such thing was, by anybody, supposed either probable or possible. The only answer to this is, that if foreigners were exempted, native holders of Government obligations would escape taxation by fraudulent transfers; but even if they did, there are so few of them, the loss would be very small. As it is, the gain from taxing the foreigners will be but small after all; in comparison with the deficit, it may be said to be next to nothing. Most of Italy's creditors have been so alarmed of late, however, by the state of things, that they will probably not grumble much over a reduction of the interest, which may be only temporary, if it can be shown them that it will, even in a small degree, increase the security of their capital.

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There is, however, both in the Austrian and Italian financial breakdown something respectable. The politicians of neither country attempt to deceive people as to the nature of their course. They acknowledge that what they are doing would be a disgraceful thing if there were any way of avoiding it. They do not attempt to excuse it by any other plea than overwhelming necessity. They have not the ineffable impudence to come before the world, as our repudiators do, to quibble about "the letter of the law," and in the same breath announce their unwillingness to pay, boast of the wealth and resources of the country, and invite the entire human family to come over and share their prosperity with them. Nor do they propose to "pay" their debts in promissory notes of their own making. Moreover, all the Italians do is to subject the interest on government bonds to the same tax which is imposed on all other kinds of property; they do not clamor, as our repudiators do, for an additional tax over and above this, or talk as if there were some occult quality in government interest which made it a proper subject for double burdens.

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In France the financial question is still the great question of the day. M. Victor Bonnet, one of the ablest French writers on financial questions, has been discussing Baron Haussmann's "beautifying" expenditure with terrible clearness. His conclusion is that the Baron has been the cause of an outlay in Paris, inside of fifteen years, of $1,400,000,000, of which $40,000,000 are merely for property destroyed. He shows, moreover, that he has not only brought an army of 80,000 mechanics and laborers to the capital, but a vast body of other persons, who are indirectly dependent for their support on the continuance of this expenditure, and whom a stoppage of the works would plunge in misery, and who, in all probability, could not now be induced to go back to the country, and whom the Government has therefore on its hands as a veritable *plebs*. He points out, also, that national decline has always followed "the concentration of the whole life of a people on the embellishment of their capital," and that such embellishment should always be slow, gradual, and natural, in order to be safe.

## TRAITORS IN THE CAMP.

If anybody will consult the newspaper files of the summer and fall of 1865, he will find that for six months at least before the meeting of Congress many of the Radical chiefs were in a state of great anxiety lest the Southern representatives should get back into their places before conditions had been imposed on them. At that time negro suffrage had not begun to be advocated, or, at least, was only advocated by very few on grounds of right or justice. Even Wendell Phillips relied largely on the expediency of the thing, and one of the great reasons why negro suffrage was pronounced to be expedient, was that the negro vote would be needed to help the Republican party to defend the public credit from the assaults which the Southerners were expected to make upon it. Senator Sumner, we remember, quoted with horror a passage from one of the letters of our correspondent, who was then travelling in the South, in which he reported an interview with a young man—we believe in Virginia—in which the young man said he was willing to acknowledge himself whipped; but that if anybody supposed he was going to help to pay the cost of whipping him, that person was—we veil his language under a paraphrase—in a very remarkable degree mistaken. We accordingly all set to work to get the negroes enfranchised—our motives, of course, being mixed. Some were affected most powerfully by one consideration and some by another; but we presume there has hardly been any advocate of the Congressional plan of reconstruction who was not affected powerfully by the hope that negro suffrage would strengthen the Republican party sufficiently to enable it to fulfil the national obligations to the persons whom the party had induced to lend money to carry on the war.

The negroes have been enfranchised, and the South is nearly back into the Union. The process of reconstruction has lasted long, and caused much irritation, and given rise to much discussion. The Southerners have certainly not kept very quiet, and adversity has apparently deprived them of none of their old frankness. We believe we know pretty well from their own acts and declarations what it is that is uppermost in their minds, and yet, as far as our observation has gone, nothing worthy of note has come from any Southern source indicating that a desire to evade or prevent the punctual payment of the national debt is prevalent amongst the Secessionists, or, at all events, influences their political action or forms part of their political programme. They are troubled about many things, but apparently the best means of cheating the public creditor is not one of the things which seriously occupies them.

Yet the public credit is generally admitted to be suffering more or less damage. The Republican party has done all it can to uphold it, by formally denouncing all attacks on it as a "crime," and making its defence a part of the party platform, but somebody is attacking it, and damaging it, too. It is not the Southerners. They say nothing about it. It is not the negroes. As far as they have spoken their minds about it at all, they have given every reason to believe that it, at least, has nothing to fear from them. It is not the Democrats. It is true, a large portion of the Democrats are in favor of repudiation in a disguised form, and just now are putting this idea in the forefront of their battle, and abuse the "rascally bondholders" a good deal. But then this is, after all, rather harmless work, for two reasons: one is, that the Democrats are not in power; the other is, that they are not likely to be. What Pendleton says on this subject is not much heeded in the money markets of the world, because Pendleton is well known to be a private gentleman, and to be likely to remain so. Nor are the utterances of the Democrats in Congress of much consequence, because they are a very insignificant minority.

Who is it, then, that is filling the world with alarm about the national good faith, and disgusting and disheartening everybody who looks to the United States for the display not simply of greater material prosperity, but of a higher moral tone than older nations? Why, a knot of arch-radicals—men who have been the chief supporters of negro suffrage, who have had more than most men to do with "putting the war through," and getting people to advance money to carry it on—none of your weak-kneed, weak-backed, milk-and-water brethren, but regular "whole-souled, reliable statesmen," "educated up" to the highest attainable point of ardor and enthusiasm—"friends of mankind," too, whose performances, could he behold them, would kill Anacharsis Clootz with envy. There is Mr. Benjamin F. Butler at the head of them; there is—we were going to print a list of the names of his followers—but our daily contemporaries have done it much more effectively than we could do it. Suffice it to say, that amongst the names of those who voted with him last week to cheat the public creditor of the tenth part of his interest, will be found those of few men whose "soundness" has ever been doubtful, or who have ever allowed themselves to lag in the rear when any "leaping ahead" was to be done. Having exhausted nearly every extreme except the extreme of dishonesty, they have fallen back on repudiation. The impracticable and unreasonable they have begun to find intolerably stupid and monotonous, so they are now trying the knavish in search of a new sensation.

Moreover, there was an argument in very common use during the war, which Bentham in his "Book of Fallacies" calls the *noscitur a sociis* fallacy, and which consists in alleging that what you say cannot be sound, because certain persons known to be bad agree with you in it. This played a very prominent part in the argumentation of the New York *Tribune*, and of all that peculiar school of logicians of which it is the head, and has been constantly used by them to refute the plainest and most sensible opinions upon the questions of the day. There is no fallacy by which the voice of reason is so often drowned, for it has the great recommendation of being within the reach of the meanest capacity. It is one of the first weapons which your thoroughbred blatherskite clutches when he finds himself hard pressed. During the last three years—though we are glad to see it is rapidly losing its effect—it has been constantly employed to frighten timid or sensitive men into acquiescence in all sorts of follies. Under it, any Copperhead or Democrat has only to concur in your opinions, or to take up a position beside you, in order to cover you with confusion and destroy all confidence in you. For instance, when we were arguing against the return of P. T. Barnum to Congress, we were informed that none of the reasons we gave for desiring his defeat were worth attention, inasmuch as they gave satisfaction to the Copperheads of the Fourth Connecticut District.

This being the accepted orthodox logic, however, we hardly expected to see prominent Republicans ranging themselves with Copperheads in the House of Representatives in assaults on the public credit, and yet that is the spectacle we now witness. It is, to say the least, singular that in the various attacks Mr. Butler and his followers have been making on the Tax Bill, he has had the hearty co-operation of the Democrats; but what is more singular is, that the same persons who did not think there was time for Mr. Schenck's Tax Bill to pass, also think that the interest on the national bonds should be taxed ten per cent. What is most singular is, however, that such a doctor in the law as Mr. Butler should now make light of the great *noscitur a sociis* argument as a foolish argument which has no weight, and impudently persevere in his evil courses. We trust that some of the "organs" which admire this gentleman, and consider him a pillar of the Church, will take note of his heresies, and put in force whatever course of discipline may be necessary to prevent his giving further scandal, and to correct his manners and excesses.

There is one other argument about which the present course of events causes us serious anxiety. We have found no proper name for it in the ordinary works on logic, but it ought to have one, and a good one, and we have contrived one ourselves, which we offer with great diffidence, but which we trust will not be found unsuitable. We propose to call it the *argumentum a gaudio infidelium*—the argument that you cannot be an honest or good man because what you say or do rejoices the Copperheads. This, too, was a favorite one with the *Tribune*, until Mr. Greeley bailed Jefferson Davis, when it was used against him by the New York *Times* in a cruel and indecent manner, and it fell out of use in Mr. Greeley's paper. Its ordinary form is this: "On Mr. ——'s motives we cast no imputation; they may be good, or they may be bad; but this we *do* know, that there is not a Copperhead from Maine to California who is not made happier by what he did last Monday," or Tuesday or Wednesday, as the case may be. Now, we do not ourselves think much of this argument. We have known it to fail, and we ourselves never use it. It is too delicate for ordinary political discussion, and it is certainly falling into disrepute. But before it loses all

its power, we propose to turn it against the sixty-one Republicans who followed Messrs. Cobb and Butler in their attempt to disgrace their country last week, and ask them whether they know that there is not a Copperhead or Secessionist in the United States whom their conduct has not delighted and inspired with hope? Nay, more, whether they know that there is not an enemy of popular government on the face of the earth who will not hear of it with delight, and who will not treasure it up for use in defence of caste and privilege, and that there is probably nobody who, during the next five years, in any quarter of the globe, preaches great political possibilities for the human race, who will not have it cast in his teeth, and whom it will not confound and make ashamed?

## THE REAL OBSTACLE TO LOANS AT LOW INTEREST.

One great difficulty in dealing with the repudiators in the Republican party arises from the fact that they resolutely refuse to discuss—a trick which they have not unnaturally learned from the War-Horse section of the House of Representatives. Mr. Cobb, our readers may have noticed, immediately after moving his resolution—a most important resolution, too, likely to depreciate the property of millions of people in all parts of the Union and the world—"moved the previous question." He was unwilling to allow one word of debate upon one of the most momentous subjects that has ever come before the House. During the short parley which followed, only one approach to argument was made, and that was by Mr. Butler; he informed us that what he and his confederates proposed to do was what the English did. This, let us say, was a perfectly characteristic speech. Your genuine War-Horse always turns his tail in a menacing manner towards anybody who ventures to question the superiority of the United States to all the other nations of the earth; but when, as is not at all uncommon, he has himself some scheme of unusual folly in contemplation, one of the first things he does is to search the records of foreign countries, and especially those of England, for some similar piece of wickedness and absurdity, and if he finds one he produces it triumphantly, and rests his case—as if the sole mission of the United States was to be no worse than the worst of other nations, and as if a companion in his sin was all that a sinner needed to purge him of his guilt.

Unfortunately for Mr. Butler, in this case the argument is worthless. England has never inflicted a special and exceptional tax on revenue derived from government securities. The question of taxing them at all was fully debated when the first income-tax was proposed, and all the arguments pro and con. were carefully considered. It was decided that it would be unfair to exempt income derived from one source from burdens to which incomes from all other sources were subjected. The holders of government securities were, moreover, more than any other class, interested in the safety of the government. This argument did not apply, it is true, to foreign holders, and a sincere desire was manifested to exempt them, if possible; but the foreign creditors of England were then, as they are still, so exceedingly few in number that it was not worth while to make special provision for their exemption, and even if their number had been larger, it would have been impossible to exempt them without opening the door to frauds, which would have made the collection of the tax from the native holders practically impossible. It was decided, too, and rightly decided, that in placing the government securities under the same tax as all other species of property, the best possible security was provided against any attempt to cheat the owners by disguised repudiation, inasmuch as a tax which pressed them too hard would not be submitted to by the rest of the community. Sacrifices which people are to share, they are not generally so ready to impose. We feel satisfied that if Mr. Butler will put a considerable portion of his fortune into the hands of trustees, with instructions to keep it invested in government bonds, all other holders will cheerfully submit to any special tax which he may think the welfare of the people requires to be levied on the interest.

A tax imposed on the interest of government securities has always something suspicious and abnormal about it, because it is a tax imposed by a debtor on his creditor at the discretion of the former, and sound morality, therefore—the care which every man ought to have both in his private and public course for the moral sense of his children—requires that no such tax should ever be imposed without every precaution being taken to deprive it even of the appearance of unfairness, and the only way of doing this is to treat the creditor simply as a member of the community—tax all alike, and ask no questions for the purpose of discriminating between incomes derived from different sources, *unless there has been a special agreement not to tax him.* In that case anybody who says, "Tax him nevertheless, he has no remedy," deserves the penitentiary a great deal more richly than nine-tenths of its present inmates.

For the only precedent for the Cobb-Butler resolution we must look to Austria and Italy. The Reichsrath has just passed a law taxing government coupons about 16 per cent., in some cases by the simple imposition of a tax, and in others by a forced conversion in which new securities at a lower rate of interest are given in exchange for the present ones. All that can be said about this is that it is either a fraud or an act of bankruptcy. The Austrian empire has been within the last three years on the point of extinction. Its escape from its present difficulties is still doubtful. It is threatened by nearly every danger, internal and external, by which a state has ever been beset. The revenue is at present little more than sufficient to pay the army and the civil servants of the government, and any increase of taxation in the present temper of the various races of which the empire is composed would be futile or perilous. Under these circumstances, the choice of the government lies between total bankruptcy and partial repudiation, and the creditors are so well aware of this that they accept the latter, if we may judge by the rise of the Austrian funds, with thankfulness.

Italy, on the other hand, is struggling frantically for bare life. She is burdened with charges which it is generally believed she cannot meet by ordinary taxation, and yet failure to meet them means death. Nearly all her creditors are foreigners, and her parliament has forced on the ministry the levy of a tax on their interest. The thing is a disgrace and scandal. There can be only one excuse for it, and the Italians themselves do not offer any other—overwhelming necessity. It is the act of a nation at its wits' ends, an act which no high-minded Italian likes to talk of or think of. The other great European repudiator is Spain, whose swindles have been so barefaced that the quotation of her securities is not permitted on any bourse in Europe, and a measure of similar severity is now in contemplation with regard to Italy and Austria. Yet it is these three countries that some of the men whom an inscrutable Providence has permitted to assume a prominent position in the Republican party, ask us to copy or compare ourselves with in regulating the dealings of the United States with those who trusted it in the hour of its distress. They tell us in one breath of the magnitude of our national resources, of the prodigious capacity of our population, of the unparalleled rapidity with which the national wealth and national strength increase; they are never tired of picturing the magnificence of the future, both near and remote, which awaits us, and the dread and envy with which the wearied and despondent Old World regards us—and in the next they ask us to descend to expedients for saving a few millions a year to which only the poorest, weakest, most sorely tried, or the most demoralized and shameless of civilized nations resort.

The Chicago Platform hit the nail on the head when it said that the true way to convert our debt at a lower rate of interest was to raise our credit. No government pays as high a rate of interest as money will bring if invested in industrial undertakings; but people are content to take a lower rate of interest from governments for the sake of great security and regularity. But if you make government securities doubtful, either as regards the payment of the interest or principal, they are the worst securities in the world. On all others, the courts of law may enable one to realize something if the worst comes to the worst; but if a government proves unfaithful to its engagements there is no remedy. Our bonds were all issued on disadvantageous terms because the security was very poor. The nation was engaged in a war of which no man could foresee the termination; it was rolling up a debt of which nobody could foresee the total amount; and that debt was dependent for its payment simply upon the good faith of a people who had never been greatly tried, and the shrewdest financiers in the

world doubted its good faith. Those who lent the money were, in fact, the laughing-stock of the European exchanges. The Republican orators and editors encouraged them to lend it, however. They said the Government would soon come out of the war victoriously, and they proved to be right. They said the debt would not prove too large for the national capacity, and they proved to be right. They said it would be held sacred by the people—as sacred as the memory of the dead who died in the war, and would be paid as promised without ifs or buts or excuses. Whether they were right in this still remains to be proved. We believe they were; but it must be admitted, too, that such incidents as the Cobb-Butler vote in the House of Representatives go far to justify those who during the war decried the Government loans. These are the very things *they* predicted. They said, even if the North won, even if the debt did not prove too large for its capacity, it would not pay; they said that the high rate of interest was all humbug; that it would be lowered in a few years under the preaching of unscrupulous demagogues to an unscrupulous multitude, and at this moment it is impossible to say that this was pure calumny.

It cannot be too widely known that all assertions that England has ever forced a conversion at a reduced rate of interest are gross misrepresentations. Mr. Butler produced it a year ago in support of his first attack on the public credit. It was promptly exposed in Boston, but he characteristically takes no notice of the refutation, and is still using the argument for the delusion of the masses. The price of the English funds in the market is of itself a proof that the English Government has not been guilty of this particular form of swindle. No government which has ever evaded its obligations can get 97 per cent. for its promises to pay. It has effected several conversions when it found itself paying a higher rate of interest than could be obtained on similar security elsewhere; but the penalty with which it threatened its creditors, in case of non-compliance, was payment in coin. There is only one reason why the credit of the United States should stand lower in the market than that of England; there are a dozen reasons why it should be able to borrow on better terms than any government in the world. In the present condition of the European continent, the enormous armaments, and the great political uncertainty with which every nation is afflicted, the bonds of this Government ought to be eagerly sought at even four per cent. per annum by the vast body of annuitants which is found in every civilized country in the Old World, and they *would* be sought but for the recurrence of such incidents as the voting of the Cobb resolution, and the figure which politicians like Mr. Butler are allowed to cut by the party which carried on the war and incurred the national debt. No prudent man likes to place his fortune, or that of his wife and children, at the mercy of a body which suddenly proposes to clap a tax of ten per cent. on interest under the "previous question," and in violation of the public faith solemnly pledged; and those who desire to see the United States borrow at low rates will do well to set a mark on Cobb's followers, and do what in them lies to see that they go back to Congress no more.

The mode of dealing with the creditors of a great nation which these men seem to think suitable would cover a private firm with everlasting infamy. Suppose Brown Brothers & Co. were, during a crisis like 1857, when they were suffering some losses from failures, to summon their creditors to their parlor, and the senior partner were to address them in this fashion: "Gentlemen, the times are hard; we have been suffering some losses, but our resources are still great; in fact, they may be said to be unimpaired. We have, however, effected assignments of our property, so as to leave you without legal remedy and leave us free to act as our judgment shall prescribe. We are abundantly able to meet our engagements in full, but we have determined to pay you only fifty cents on the dollar; to do more would necessitate a certain amount of care and self-restraint and hard work on the part of ourselves and our families, to which both they and we are unwilling to submit, and, in fact, will not submit, particularly as most of you, it is quite evident, are well off, and can do without the money. We have only to add that in making this announcement to you we are acting under the advice of the well-known Tombs lawyer, Mr. Baker. He has assured us, and you are doubtless aware, that worse swindles than this are perpetrated every day, so that this of ours need not, and will not, excite any great astonishment. Numerous cases have occurred in his experience in which mercantile and banking firms have not only not called their creditors together and made them the handsome offer we make you, but have gone clean off without paying a cent—a course which, in Mr. Baker's opinion, was even more sensible than that which we are adopting. We trust we shall hear no complaints from you; indeed, you will hardly have the impudence to make any, considering that your motives in dealing with us have been throughout purely mercenary. If any of you have ever honored our drafts from personal affection, we have yet to hear of it."

What would the world say to this?

## THE LATEST PHASE OF THE RIGHTS OF NEUTRALS.

The report of the English Commissioners on the Neutrality Laws has at last been made. It is now six years since the necessity for some addition to the Foreign Enlistment Act was conclusively shown by the easy departure of the *Alabama* and other Confederate cruisers from English ports. But if we complain of the length of the period which England has consumed in swinging around towards our position, our strictures can at least go no further; for her ponderous momentum has carried her over so large an arc that this report places her at a distance even further removed than that of the United States from her former objectionable stand-point. The proposed legislation is briefly as follows: That it shall be a misdemeanor to fit out, arm, despatch, or cause to be despatched, any ship with intent or knowledge that the same shall or will be employed in the military or naval service of a belligerent against another belligerent with whom England is at peace; or to build or equip any ship with the like intent; or to commence or attempt to do, or aid in doing, any of these acts. When reasonable and probable cause is shown to the Secretary of State for suspecting any breach of this statute, he has power—a power which it is to be presumed that no Secretary would be at the peril of declining to exert—to issue a warrant for the arrest and search of the vessel and for her detention until proof of the incorrectness of the suspicion is duly made. Further, a *prima facie* case is taken to have been thus made out against the vessel; and the burden of proof is accordingly shifted upon her owners, who must thereupon, before they can obtain her release, furnish positive affirmative evidence sufficient to put it beyond a doubt that they and their vessel do not fall within the purview of the act.

Certainly such legislation is thorough enough and severe enough. Mr. Vernon Harcourt, one of the commissioners, regards it as far too severe. The true object of a Foreign Enlistment Act, as it is called in England, or a Neutrality Act, as it is called in this country, is simply to aid the nation which passes it to meet those obligations to other nations which are imposed upon her by international law; and to this end such acts give power to government officials to interfere for the prevention of the breach of such obligations; they have never been designed to curtail any privileges which a people would otherwise be free to enjoy. Such, then, being the true object of the act under discussion, Mr. Harcourt's objection lies to making the simple building of the ship a misdemeanor. He argues that such mere building is allowed by international law; and that, therefore, it is unnecessary and unjust to push the statute beyond its proper purpose in order to subject a strictly legal business to needless, vexatious, and perhaps ruinous interference. There seems to us considerable force in this objection. It is certainly founded on a very sound distinction of international law—the distinction between the lawful trade with, and unlawful assistance to, a belligerent—the distinction which creates the difference between the cases of the Confederate cruisers built and equipped in England and the case of the *Meteor*.

The distinction is so important that we will endeavor, by the help of these two cases, to make it clear. Judge Nelson's recent decision in the latter case we regard as sound law and pure justice. Even if the Government had succeeded in proving that this vessel, without martial equipment or a fighting crew, was to be sent to Panama in the hope that either Spain or Chili might there buy her, she was bound on a strictly legal venture. Nay if, going in such condition to Panama, negotiations for her sale to Chili upon her arrival there had been already opened, or had even been concluded—we only suppose this case, we

saw nothing in the evidence to support it—she could then only have been subject to the risk of seizure on the way thither—confiscation by Spain as contraband of war. Beyond this, our Government would have been under no liabilities, would have broken no obligations, to Spain by reason of her open clearance and departure. Such a vessel is, as Mr. Harcourt says, a fair and proper subject of trade between a neutral and a belligerent. On such a voyage she is just like gunpowder or muskets, a simple commercial venture in contraband of war; which means only that if captured she may be confiscated, not that the government who knowingly allowed her departure from one of its ports has broken any obligation of international law.

On the other hand, the Confederate cruisers when they left the English ports were already in a great measure armed and equipped vessels of war; practically, they were then and there fighting ships of the rebels. Their despatch was virtually a coalition *pro tanto* between the neutral and the belligerent; it was not simply an effort to trade in the ordinary and regular course of commerce. They sailed not to find a good market, but to prey upon American commerce. This was the purpose which the parties in England who despatched them had in their minds at the time.

This last statement brings us to the fact that the crucial test between legality and illegality lies in the intent of the builders or owners. The intent that the vessel shall be employed by one belligerent in hostile operations against the other creates criminality. But the phrase "intent" is construed with great strictness. A hope, a wish, an expectation, is not necessarily an intent within the meaning of the law. Neither is an intent to offer the vessel for sale to a belligerent an intent that she shall be employed in hostile operations against the other belligerent. The *Meteor* was built for the use of our own Government; it was only at the close of our war that her owners thought it desirable to sell her if they could get a good price. In herself she was a legal article of merchandise, of sale, if the transaction was not tainted by any illegal intent. Her owners could have sent her to Panama with the *hope* or the *expectation* that she would be there bought by either Spain or Chili. Their grounds for such hope or expectation might be more or less satisfactory, but in no case could this have been construed into an illegal intent. On the other hand, the builders of the *Alabama* sent her out from Liverpool with the clear intent then present in their minds, and with the distinct purpose, that she should at once enter into the service of the Confederate States as a hostile war cruiser against American merchantmen. The difference is substantial, not technical. Since, therefore, it is clear that the building and the sale of vessels suitable for warlike purposes may be a strictly legal business on the part of a citizen of a neutral country, Mr. Harcourt's fear that the proposed enactment against the mere building, or even beginning to build, might often ruin the projectors of perfectly justifiable enterprises, seems to us far from groundless. If England, though gratuitously, put such restrictions upon herself, it is probable that hereafter she may, upon occasion, expect us to do likewise. Probably we shall be unwilling to comply, and should deny her right to require it of us. No one now demands it of her, and it seems to us a pity needlessly to include the clause in her proposed legislation.

## RUSSIAN NEWSPAPERS AND MAGAZINES.

I.

THIRTEEN years ago Alexander the Second ascended the throne of the Czars, and over a decade has already elapsed since the inauguration of the new era in Russia. Everybody is familiar with the vast domestic reforms which have been carried into effect during this period; but what is less generally known is the fact that the participation of the public by word and deed in the domestic affairs of that country likewise dates only from the dawn of the new era. The public and the press of Russia are alike young and inexperienced in political life. At the same time, the position which the press occupies toward the population is entirely different from what it is in the countries of Western Europe. The Russians are still exceedingly impressible by anything printed; as a general thing, they treat it as indisputably true, and not as a mere individual opinion. Consequently, the few journalists and authors of the country never take great pains to present that which they lay before their readers in as strong a light as possible; and, moreover, the small number of cities, the sparseness of the villages in the interior of the country, and the almost entire absence of an intermediate class between the summits and the lowest layers of society, are decidedly unfavorable to a sifting and winnowing discussion of what is to be read The press, in discussing political, scientific, and social questions generally, must aim not only at the further development of the knowledge of the educated classes, but oftentimes also at the diffusion of the most elementary information. The whole public life of the country is a series of political events but slightly connected with one another, rather than an organic and progressive process of civilization; fluctuations, sudden leaps forward and backward, impart an exceedingly lively physiognomy to it, but are extremely unfavorable to steadiness of progress and to the stability of the reforms which have already been achieved.

Until 1862, the revolutionary journals, pamphlets, and books which gifted agitators, such as Alexander Herzen, Bakunin, Dolgorukoff, and kindred spirits smuggled into Russia by tens, nay, by hundreds of thousands, exerted a powerful influence upon public opinion, and most of the domestic journals, having democratic and socialistic tendencies, added to the longing of the people for radical reforms. But the terrible conflagrations which devastated St. Petersburg in May, 1862, and the outbreak of the insurrection in Poland and Lithuania, seemingly put an end to the strifes of the contending parties, and blended them all into a fierce and irresistible blaze of national sentiment. The organs of the democratic and socialistic era either were silenced or lost their influence over public opinion. Two journalists, Katkoff and Leontyeff, the editors of the *Moscow Gazette*, by fiercely inveighing against the former tendencies of the press, paved the way for the truly wonderful influence which their journal was soon after to gain over the national party of Russia. The so-called liberal journals demanded that the Government should extend over the whole country the violent and socialistic measures introduced in the western provinces, and destined to elevate the lower classes at the expense of the boyars. The conservative press opposed this line of policy, asserting that the Russian nobility deserved more considerate treatment at the hands of the Government. But when the Government, in its course toward Poland and Lithuania, acted more and more in accordance with the law of conquest and theories of confiscation and forfeiture, the national party took a bolder stand in favor of the extension of the Russian system over all of the western provinces, and the political differences of its organs disappeared in the common attacks which all of them made upon the peculiar system of administration still prevailing in the non-Russian provinces of the empire. A terrible *væ victis* resounded, in the first place, against Finland, and then, for several years, against the Baltic provinces, and their social, political, and religious peculiarities, their language and ancient privileges, were assailed with intense bitterness. Under the pretext that separatistic tendencies were on the eve of assuming a character extremely dangerous to the existence of the whole empire, that their leading men had entered into a conspiracy with the Polish insurgents, and that they were in favor of the annexation of their provinces to Prussia, Denmark, or Sweden, the whole press of the national party finally sought to render the Government distrustful of the frontier provinces, in order to induce it to pursue toward them the same system of Russification which, the Government says, the law of self-preservation compels it to employ in Poland and Lithuania.

In one respect, however, the national press of St. Petersburg differed from that of Moscow: in the former, political democracy and conservatism, or rather revolution and reform, were the two elements opposed to each other; in the national press of Moscow the adherents of Russianism were opposed by the advocates of Panslavism. The Petersburg press was milder and more theoretical in its tone and polemics; the journals of Moscow were more reckless in their choice of means, and more radical and outspoken in advocating the national cause, but, at the same time, less servile toward the Government. In consequence, their influence was soon by far greater than that of their Petersburg contemporaries. The tone of the Moscow papers, flattering as it did the vanity of the Russian people, was, at the same time, more in keeping with their intellectual condition, and, consequently, they obtained in the course of a few months a very large circulation. The Government maintained a sort of reserved neutrality between the various camps of the national party and press, so that it would have been difficult to say with which side it sympathized. Its whole attention seemed to be engrossed by the preparations for the convocation of the provincial assemblies and the reforms of the courts and several branches of the administration, which were to be carried into effect at the beginning of the new year.

Suddenly, on the 1st (13th) of September, 1865, the whole country was startled by the appearance of an imperial ukase which established a sort of liberty of the press for the daily papers of the two capitals, St. Petersburg

and Moscow. By this ukase all such journals were fully authorized to decide whether or not they intended to submit, as heretofore, to the censorship of the press officials. During the next two months nearly all the large and influential papers resolved to avail themselves of the new privilege. Strange to say, however, while a great many papers had formerly advocated the abolition of press censorship in the most emphatic manner, the ukase excited more astonishment than enthusiasm, nor did it add materially, as had been expected, to the circulation of the newspapers. This was the more singular as the new system, although it was to be applied only to the newspapers published at the two capitals, in reality delivered nearly the whole press in the old Russian provinces from the shackles of the censorship; for that the intellectual life of the Russian people centers in, and is almost exclusively confined to, St. Petersburg and Moscow, is a fact which the organs of the national party never tire of deploring. Thus, one of the most prominent journalists of St. Petersburg, Mr. Korsch, says in one of the leading national papers, the Russian *St. Petersburg Gazette* (January 11, 1866), that not a single new journal had been started during the preceding year in the old Russian provinces. "In the silent solitudes," he says, "which are called Russian provinces, there are only two or three oases which seem to be animated by political life. In all these provinces there are but two daily papers. The two journals published at Kiev are triweeklies, and the papers issued in the interior of Russia are weeklies, controlled by the local authorities, whose decrees they print without ever devoting any attention to general politics. Moreover, the two dailies above referred to, the *Odessa Gazette* and the *Wilna Gazette*, are published in annexed provinces, and the latter is an official organ."

What was still more singular, the abolition of the censorship did not exert a very perceptible influence on the intellectual character of the Russian press. Nearly all the papers seemed to be utterly destitute of a true sense of the dignity of journalism, and at a loss to understand that it was now incumbent on them to place the new achievement on so solid a foundation that the first gust of wind should not be able to overthrow it. It was as if all they cared for was to prevent such a gust from reaching them. The control which they exercised over their own columns arose not so much from the desire to lay valuable and carefully prepared matter before their readers as from their apprehension lest the Government should inflict on them some of the rigorous penalties fixed by the press law. The journals scarcely ventured to discuss questions which the censors had formerly forbidden them to allude to, but confined themselves to less guarded comments on topics that would not be likely to involve them in difficulties with the Government. The most visible fruit of the new press régime was the increased virulence with which the newspapers attacked one another.

At the same time, the monthly press, the magazines, and reviews, which had hitherto played such a distinguished part in the political and literary life of the nation, lost much of their former importance. It seemed as if they had deemed it worth while to discuss social and political doctrines, to record and characterize the progress of Russia since the inauguration of the new era, to familiarize the Russian people with the developments of Western civilization, and to communicate to them the results and achievements of modern science, only as long as they had to wrest their pages one by one from the clutches of their reluctant and distrustful censors. In place of their somewhat diffuse, but withal profound and valuable, essays, their columns contained henceforth nothing but flippant and puerile criticisms of what had been achieved during the reign of the Emperor Alexander, or the trashiest and dullest tales and essays. Little attention was henceforth paid to the enlightenment of the Russian people in regard to the progress made by the Western nations in art, science, and literature.

Shortly after issuing the new press ukase, the Government, by another decree, granted additional privileges to the metropolitan newspapers by reducing the postage upon them throughout the empire, while that charged for the provincial journals remained as exorbitant as it always had been. This newspaper postage business in Russia is an exceedingly curious one, and it really seems as if the rates of postage were fixed according to the political proclivities of the journals, and as if the post-office forwarded those papers which are on good terms with the Government at much lower rates than those which are hostile to it. Thus, for instance, the following semi-official papers, the *Northern Post*, of St. Petersburg, the *Wilna Gazette*, and the *Odessa Messenger* pay the lowest postage—namely, two silver rubles—throughout the empire. The *Journal de St. Pétersbourg*, the organ of the Department of Foreign Affairs, the *Börsenzeitung* (printed in German), which is sometimes used as a semi-official organ, and the *Moscow Gazette*, favored by the Government on account of its large circulation and great influence, pay three silver rubles a year; the Russian *St. Petersburg Gazette*, the *Golos* (the *Voice*), etc., four silver rubles. Four silver rubles are also the postage rates charged for all the daily papers in the Baltic provinces, while the Polish papers have to pay five silver rubles a year.

Compared with all these advantages granted to the metropolitan journals, the continuance of the censorship for provincial papers, as well as for all kinds of pamphlets and books, exerted, as a matter of course, the most depressing effect upon the latter. It is well known that in countries where the daily press is impaired in influence or character, or neglects any of the tasks imposed upon it, the writers of *brochures* and books seize upon the field thus left unimproved, and, owing to the greater thoroughness and method with which they treat the subjects in question, cause the journals to resume their discussion under more favorable circumstances. Such, however, is not the case in Russia. Aside from the fact that the peculiar character of the book trade in that country, and the exceedingly imperfect means of communication between the different cities, render the distribution of books and pamphlets both difficult and very slow, the censors never allow a *brochure*, much less a large book, to appear at the very moment when the public takes the liveliest interest in the subject of which it treats. In Russia it is almost impossible to publish even the smallest political pamphlet in the nick of time, unless the moment when it will tell best is known a long time in advance. And yet it is nowhere more necessary than in Russia that every literary manifestation should follow in the wake of the event to which it refers, inasmuch as the public at first takes the liveliest interest in all public affairs, but, with astonishing fickleness, loses all interest in them as soon as another event, however unimportant it may be, attracts its attention.

The character of the daily press of St. Petersburg and Moscow is in perfect keeping with this peculiarity of the Russian public; it is extremely fickle, flighty, and inconsistent; it treats the most insignificant matters with the same zeal and emphasis as the most important subjects. Now, it might be supposed that the more important events and questions, after being dropped by the metropolitan papers, would be taken up by the provincial press, and thus be kept before the people, so that a salutary interchange of views would take place between the organs of the central provinces and those of the frontier provinces. But no such thing is possible in Russia. Not only was the censorship of the provincial press maintained in its full rigor, but it was rendered even more oppressive and intolerable in the very provinces most noted for their literary activity and productiveness. Such was the case both in Poland and in the Baltic provinces. Owing to the ukase of the 14th (26th) of December, 1865, the newspapers published at Riga, Revel, Dorpat, Mitau, etc., no more dare to criticise any act of the Government than they did during the reign of the Emperor Nicholas, when even the most timid criticisms were resented in the most barbarous manner. The extreme severity with which the Polish press was treated is, of course, to be accounted for by the process of Russification then in course of execution in that province. But in the Baltic provinces the Government did not consent to pursue the same course until the almost unanimous voice of the Russian press, which had been repeatedly worsted in argument by the German papers of those provinces, had called upon it again and again to do so.

The press of the western provinces having been effectually muzzled, and the press of the interior being too insignificant to be considered either a rival or a formidable opponent, the papers of St. Petersburg and Moscow now held undisputed sway over the whole field of Russian journalism. But this time again the influence of these seeming advantages was far from salutary. While the tone of the metropolitan journals became more arrogant and overbearing than ever, the quality of their reading-matter grew more and more unsatisfactory. The simple fact was, that there was in the whole of Russia almost no editor capable of treating in a thorough and intelligent manner the great social and political reforms which the Government was intent on carrying into execution. As long as the Russian press had only to point out what reforms should be introduced, it was perfectly equal to its task, powerfully supported and assisted as it was in its opposition to the existing state of affairs by the doctrines and spirit of the so-called Russian "Nihilism," which at one time seemed to have affected nearly the whole people, and which, if the system of oppression pursued under the Emperor Nicholas had been persisted in after his death, would have been certain to bring about a terrible democratic revolution. But no sooner had the Government entered the path of reform than the press seemed utterly unable to grapple with the questions arising from the new state of affairs. "Nihilism" still lingered in, and exerted a powerful influence over, the minds of most of the prominent journalists, and this accounts, to some extent, for the lack of ability which they displayed after their journalistic task had assumed an entirely different aspect.

## THE NEW PROCESS OF MUMMIFICATION.

FLORENCE, Italy, June 20, 1868.

SOME few months since the French and Italian papers were full of descriptions of Prof. Marini's discoveries of the process of mummification, petrifaction, and his methods for restoring mummified bodies, or portions of the same, to their original volume, color, and appearance. The English papers pooh-poohed the accounts; decided *a priori* that they must be exaggerated. Our curiosity was aroused, and, availing ourselves of an introduction, we visited the professor in his modest abode, and spent yesterday afternoon in examining his specimens and in listening to his explanations; and as his labors bid fair not only to advance science, to protect students of anatomy from its attendant dangers, but also to alleviate human sufferings, we feel no doubt that the subject is one fraught with interest for all classes and all countries.

The first specimen the professor showed us was the foot of an Egyptian mummy, of which the half remained in its mummified condition; the other half was restored to its normal color, form, dimensions, and suppleness. Shutting the window and holding a candle behind the foot, you see the transparency of the soft, the shadows of the hard, substances. Another foot, perforated by a ribbon and sealed, with the inscription: "Pied à l'état sec vu le 29 janvier, 1868, Nelaton," was presented supple, fresh, and of normal color, and on the reverse of the parchment was written: "Ce même pied examiné le 26 février, a repris sa souplesse assez complètement pour que j'aie pu disséquer assez facilement le muscle abducteur du cinquième orteil, Nelaton." Next came a hand, on which was written: "Paris, 14 novembre, 1864. La main est à l'état sec, C. Sapey;" and lower down: "Le 25 novembre, 1864. Cette main a repris sa flexibilité et tous les caractères qu' elle présente à l'état frais, C. Sapey."

On this hand Nelaton experimented. Hitherto it has been impossible to inject the arteries with wax or other substances used in anatomical studios, on account of the salts which form in the arteries themselves, preserved by systems hitherto known; whéreas by Marini's system a corpse may be injected with the substances necessary to facilitate a perfect study of all the arteries, even after many years of preservation.

Considering the number of students who annually lose life or limb in the act of dissecting, if Marini's system shall denude the corpse of its venom and present a harmless subject to the student, for this gain alone humanity will have cause for gratitude. According to some of the most celebrated anatomists this point is already gained. "Where," writes Professor Corrado Tommasi, "Marini has reached the summit of art in anatomical preparations, is in the process by which he obtains the preservation of animal tissues in a fresh state. Among his preparations he possesses an arm detached in September, 1864, from a corpse in the *École pratique* of Paris (bearing the seal and signature of Professor Sapey), which seems freshly severed from the body to which it belonged. All the organs which enter into the composition of this member—skin, tissue, nerve, muscle, etc.—have preserved the size, color, consistency, and suppleness of a fresh corpse not yet rigid. This arm may be desiccated to-day, and be used for an anatomical demonstration precisely as it was used three years since in the Practical School of Paris.

"Nor is this process of Marini applicable solely to partial fragments of the human form, since he preserved for an entire year in a fresh state the corpse of Professor Martini, of Cagliari, previous to petrifying it, and four months after death dressed it, and had a photograph taken so perfect and expressive as to delight all those to whom Martini was known. In the experiments performed before the commission of the Medical Academy of Florence, Marini arrested the already commenced putrefaction of the corpse of a four-years child, restoring to it all the appearance of freshness, which it still maintains despite the intense heat of last year's summer. The brain, the spinal marrow, the most delicate tissues of pathological formation, are perfectly preserved with all their normal appearances, and apparently for ever. A microscopic examination of all these preparations demonstrates that the elements of the tissues have suffered no variation of form or dimensions; possibly one observes a slight opacity, especially where albuminous matters abound. But there is no coagulation even of these substances, no granulous appearance in the contents of the cellular elements or of their derivations."

The photograph of Professor Martini to which Tommasi alludes I enclose, leaving it to those who see it to say whether it appears to have been taken *four months after* death, as the acts and documents of the municipality of Cagliari prove beyond all doubt that it was.

These two processes of *transitory mummification*, and the preservation of animal tissues in a fresh state, are obtained by the immersion of the body in a liquid composed of *vegetable* substances whose component parts are Marini's secret, jealously kept hitherto, to the displeasure of the medical faculty, who fear that, like Segato, he will take his discovery with him into the grave. On this point I ventured to question him, and he assures me that he has no such intention, that he has already declared to the commission of the Medical Academy of Florence that he will reveal his secret to them, and afterwards to the public, as soon as they shall present their report on the experiments of which they have been witnesses. As usual, Marini has not proved a prophet in his own country. Even as in the case of the brothers Lollini, it was left for the Professors Tardieu and Nelaton to proclaim to the world the excellence of their surgical instruments, and to award them the first-class gold medal at the Paris Industrial Exposition, while Italian surgeons persisted in exalting the superiority of the Charrière manufactory, and the Italian Government in supplying the army and navy from the same, so it was to Nelaton and his *confrères* that Marini had to look for any official recognition of his wonderful discovery. But a worthier motive than this natural pique keeps him silent yet. His experience in the substances best adapted to preserve inanimate matter from decay led Marini to experiment on animate matter affected, if we may so express it, by premature decay, by death in life.

In the hospital of S. Maria Nuova, in Florence, with the consent of the attendant surgeons, Marini applied his lotion to several patients affected with cancer, ulcer, and similar diseases. In the first place, this lotion was applied to a foot covered with ulcerated and bleeding sores, or, as the *Sperimentale* expresses it, large *fungous masses abundantly sanguineous.* The ordinary method adopted by Dr. Rosati and by his predecessor, Professor Paoli, had not succeeded in bringing about any useful modification of the wound which could point to the hope of cicatrization of the surface. On the contrary, the rapid reappearance of the fungi after their removal pointed to the necessity of operation. Marini's liquid was tried for a month. Rapid and profound were the modifications that ensued. At the end of the month two-thirds of the affected part were cicatrized. Professor Marini absenting himself from Florence, the application was discontinued. In a few days the wound broke out afresh, nor did the cicatrization proceed one step. The lotion again applied, the patient has recovered all that he lost during the professor's absence.

In the case of another patient the liquid produced, in a very short space of time, cicatrization of a varicose wound which had defied all other treatment. After the quotation of other cases by Dr. Rosati, one of which he requested the members of the society from whose *procès-verbal* we quote to watch and examine, Dr. Billi certified that he had applied the Marini liquid to one of his own relations affected with cancer of the tongue; that said cancer, which had proceeded with frightful rapidity for two months, and which, according to the first surgeons, could not be extirpated, had been *arrested* by the application of Marini's liquid. Other cases are still under cure. Two women affected with internal cancer are now being treated by him in the hospital, and but last week he was summoned to attend the sister of the Syndic of Naples, on whom his liquid has already produced the desired effect. The surgeons, even those who apply his lotion, are not on good terms with him, because he will not reveal the ingredients of which it is composed. He justifies himself by saying, that when he first applied the lotion to cancer, especially to internal cancer, it had the great defect of fostering, rather than stopping hemorrhage; that for this defect he has found the remedy, and that when he has brought his liquid to what he considers perfection, he will, in his own way and on his own terms, reveal his secret.

It is to the curative results of Marini's discovery, to the cure of cancer and of hospital gangrene, now in course of experiment, that we attach more importance than to any other, singular and interesting as all are. His preservation of animal food is also a useful invention; meat desiccated in one year has been eaten the next, as his liquid has no smell and no deleterious effects.

His petrifactions are the most curious, though perhaps of least practical utility, of all his discoveries, as any animal substance once reduced to a state of petrifaction cannot be restored to its fresh state as when only mummified or dried. He showed us petrified livers of human beings and animals, a petrified medal of Garibaldi's blood, a petrified rabbit, etc., etc.; strike them with a hammer, and they give the ring of stone, and, like stone, they break into fragments if hit hard enough; but they are not as cold as stone, and, if you hold a light behind them, they are transparent at the edges. As his last specimen, the professor uncovered a small table standing in the middle of the room, which, to all appearances, was made of Florentine mosaic encrusted in the ordinary cement. Pointing to the bright red bits, he said: "That is human blood, that bullock's, that fowl's. Those purple bits are liver; those, lights; those, lungs; that is bile; the cement of

the whole is human brain." We laid our hands on this extraordinary conglomeration and found it less cold than marble, but to the touch of the hammer it gave forth a similar sound.

A similar, though far more elaborate, table was presented to the Emperor of the French, who was deeply interested in Marini's discoveries, which he caused to be thoroughly investigated by Professor Nelaton.

In this table, composed of blood, bile, liver, tissues, brain, four human ears are encrusted; in the centre is poised a woman's foot, which preserves its natural color and transparency, the whole bearing an even and brilliant polish. It has been sent by the Emperor to the Orfila Museum, whence it is to be transferred to the Museum of Natural History. W. M.

# Correspondence.

## MR. WARING'S ELEMENTS OF AGRICULTURE.

To the Editor of the Nation:

My love for precision of statement—a love which has waxed strong under the sound teachings of the *Nation*—impels me to ask you to correct two errors into which you have fallen in the review of my "Elements of Agriculture," in your issue of 18th inst.:

1st. The book has been reduced in size, not "enlarged," in its present edition; and far from being offered as a "general treatise," it is offered conspicuously as "a book for young farmers."

2d. I am at a loss to know upon what paragraph of the book you could have based your assertion that *I say* that "the subject of agriculture is too large and varied to be treated in a small compass, and that accordingly he has been compelled to make general statements—some almost inaccurate, and many very unscientific—in order to save time and space, but hopes the reader will excuse the want of finish and possible confusion."

Surely, I never entertained precisely this opinion of my work; and on a close examination of it, I can see nothing to suggest to you the idea that I express it. If you find that I am correct in my opinion, will you kindly modify your charge of—absurdity?

Respectfully,
G. E. Waring, Jr.

Newport, R. I., June 25, 1868.

[We think Mr. Waring has just cause of complaint, in that the notice of his book which appeared in the *Nation* made him seem to say of it things which it would undoubtedly have been self-stultification for him to say, and which, moreover, he did not say. The injustice is due, however, to clumsy phraseology, and not to intention on the part of the reviewer. Mr. Waring's preface is deprecatory, perhaps too much so, and with the impression made by it, and by his own examination of the book, strong on the reviewer's mind, a little want of care in the construction of his opening sentences did the mischief. We are very sorry for it, all the more because the reviewer thought exceedingly well of the book, and did not mean to take any lower estimate of it than perhaps Mr. Waring would take himself.

As regards the size, the reviewer read, liked, and reviewed the first edition, but not having it by him when he read the second, he was led by the appearance of passages in the latter with which he was not familiar to suppose it had been enlarged. In speaking of some of its statements as "unscientific" and "inaccurate" he simply meant that they did not contain the whole truth, or mixed and confused it so as to throw difficulties in the way of the unscientific reader; but there was not one of these which he deemed of serious weight or looked upon as injuring the book for general use. They deserved mentioning, but this was all, and we do not think it would be worth our while, or that of our readers, to point them out in detail. We can say with truth that anybody who buys Mr. Waring's book will not only have a much better book than Mr. Waring's preface leads them to expect, but the best book of the kind there is in existence.—Ed. Nation.]

## THE CHURCH MILITANT.

To the Editor of the Nation:

In your paper of the 18th instant, under the head of "The Church Militant," referring to the movement to enlist soldiers for the Pope's army in the United States, you say that it is illegal—call it a "breach of the law." Will not you in a future article show, for the benefit of those who are not learned in the law, wherein this breach exists? I am ignorant of the fact. I supposed that such things were only illegal when done for the purpose of raising troops or procuring munitions of war to be used against a power with which we are at peace—that is, violating our *neutrality laws*. If the *Papa* of Christendom is now at peace with our friends, armed men for him are not for the immediate purpose of being used against our friends, therefore not for the purpose of violating our neutrality laws. But I am really ignorant on this point, and write in good faith to ask for enlightenment. I should also be extremely glad if you would give, more at length than heretofore, the *points* yielded under the Concordat of 1855 by Austria, and the changes made under the recent laws in respect of marriage in that kingdom in particular. I should be very glad if you would also tell us the civil relations of marriage in France and Italy, and indeed in the different countries of Europe, so as to show how the civil power asserts itself in France, and, I believe, in Catholic Italy as well.

I am very glad that in the article referred to you are bold enough to expose the pretensions of Romanism—that equality is a deprivation of her *just* rights. Nothing short of supremacy over the consciences of men will ever satisfy that cormorant. J. S. P.

256 Livingston St., Brooklyn, N. Y., June 29, 1868.

[The law of the matter is plain as a pikestaff. The second section of the act of 1818 declares:

"That if any person shall, within the territory or jurisdiction of the United States, enlist, or enter himself, or hire, or retain another person to enlist or enter himself, or to go beyond the limits of the United States *with intent to be enlisted or entered in the service of any foreign prince, state, colony, district, or people as a soldier, or as a marine or seaman on board of any vessel of war or letter of marque or privateer*, every person so offending shall be deemed guilty of a high misdemeanor, and shall be fined not exceeding one thousand dollars, and be imprisoned not exceeding three years."

The only exception to this rule is the case of foreign men-of-war in our ports, which are permitted to recruit among persons of their own nation temporarily sojourning in this country. It has been decided, however, that it is not a crime to go abroad with the intention of enlisting, or to transport persons with their own consent who have such intention; the crime is in engaging persons here to go abroad with such intention, so that anything the Pope's agents may do here to get recruits for him will be a clear violation of the law. We are glad to see that the Catholic bishops in this country have, as becomes them, formally repudiated all connection with the scheme, and have denounced it and thrown the responsibility of it on the *simulacrum* of a "War Department" which the Vicar of Jesus Christ keeps up in Rome. But the Pope's moral responsibility cannot be got rid of in this way. His generals cannot and are not likely to send out crimps to the ends of the earth to collect recruits without his knowledge or consent.

The Concordat of 1855 was a reversal of the policy which Austria had pursued since the time of Joseph II., who made the clergy almost independent of Rome, at least as far as the law could do it. It not only secured free intercourse between the clergy and the Pope without the intervention of the state, which was reasonable enough, but it secured for the church the right of holding property to any amount of any kind free from state control. It perpetuated tithes wherever they had not been already abolished. It gave the bishops complete control of all schools and colleges both as regarded teachers, books, courses, and discipline. It made marriage a purely religious rite, with the form or consequences or conditions of which the state had nothing to do, and gave the ecclesiastical courts exclusive jurisdiction over all cases of divorce and suits raising questions of legitimacy and the like. The measure caused the most intense exasperation among the people, but this circumstance the clergy treated as of no consequence, and took and kept as long as they could all the power the besotted court chose to give them. In France and Italy marriage is a purely civil contract, entered into before a civil officer, under conditions prescribed by the code. The religious ceremony the parties add afterward or not, as they please. It does not in any way affect the validity of the contract.—Ed. Nation.]

## THE AGRICULTURAL PROSPECT.

To the Editor of the Nation:

The very startling figures of your article on the "Financial Prospect" are incontrovertible. Nothing remains to us but to accept them, and enquire after the causes which are producing effects so humbling to our pride and depressing to our hopes.

Some of the causes are certainly indicated by the fact that so many young men are leaving agricultural pursuits, and crowding, to excess, all the avenues to professional and mercantile life. This process is going on with remarkable activity, even in those portions of the country where undeveloped agricultural resources are most abundant, and where agriculture is certainly more profitable than any other branch of industry. What malign causes are at work among us to produce such a state of things is worthy of most serious enquiry.

I cannot help believing that the unstable and fluctuating character of our currency is exerting a good deal of influence in this direction. It encourages the hope of stepping into a fortune without labor, by a few lucky speculations; and thus fosters a gambling spirit, which is most unfriendly to regular industry in any laborious occupation. Society has been in a condition to favor and stimulate such a spirit from the very beginning of the late war, and will continue to be so till our standard of value becomes again as unchangeable as a stable currency can make it. This cause is powerful enough, and has been long enough in a state of activity, to produce very disastrous results upon a whole generation of young men.

It is also to be feared that another and perhaps more permanent cause is acting in the same direction. Foreign immigration is constantly furnishing us so many farm laborers that men of American birth and education are strongly tempted to leave the work of the farm to them. The influx of foreigners discountenances and disparages labor, in the estimation of native-born Americans, almost in the same manner as slave labor disparaged and discountenanced the labor of the white man. Neither American men nor women expect or are willing to work as their fathers and mothers did before them.

If this is so, it must, ere long, produce a very disastrous change in our national character. The rapid increase of our wealth, in former years, was largely owing to the fact that the American farmer was at once the laborer and the intelligent, educated landholder. The union of the hard hand and brawny arm of the laborer, the intelligence of the educated man, and the independence of the land-owner, in the same person, constitutes one of the most characteristic features of American life. If causes are at work among us tending to obliterate this characteristic, very serious evil consequences are to be apprehended to every interest of American society. If one of these consequences shall be found to be that our national wealth declines, it will be matter of regret, but not of surprise, to thoughtful men. While we have abolished slavery by a war of almost unprecedented cost, have we not been at the same time, in another direction, producing and perpetuating some of the worst consequences of slavery?

There is a third cause of the decline of our agricultural wealth, perhaps more powerful than either of those which I have named, which I have not room to remark upon. I mean a partial and inequitable system of taxation.

J. M. S.

## HORSES AND BONDS.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: A citizen of this town sold to the Government in 1861 three horses, for which he holds a voucher for four hundred and fifty dollars.

Another citizen in July, 1863, subscribed for and purchased five one hundred dollar five-twenty bonds, gold being then at a premium of, say, $1 40. Both instruments are silent as to kind of currency. To-day both claims mature. You claim that the Government is bound to pay the one in gold, the other in greenbacks. Why the difference?

Yours truly,

Charles M. Walker.

Adrian, Mich., June 26, 1868.

[Did the officers and agents of the Government, high and low, assure the First Citizen when he sold his horses that his vouchers would be redeemed in gold? Did the leading members of Congress, including the chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means, encourage him and others in open Congress to bring in their horses freely, and hand them over to the quartermaster, with the assurance that they should eventually receive hard cash for them? Was he induced to sell the horses on the faith of representations to the same effect made month after month in long advertisements in all the papers of the Union, signed by the agents and brokers of the Government, and in editorial articles which these agents caused or procured to be written, and which the loyal editors wrote or published in good faith? If he did, he is on precisely the same footing as the Second Citizen, and anybody who seeks to pay him for his horses against his will in paper, bearing forty per cent. discount, or who advocates and supports such payment, is a person with whom we advise both Citizens to hold no more intercourse than is absolutely necessary. Let us add that it is not at all uncommon to buy horses with promissory notes. We do not approve of the practice; but it exists. All kinds of goods are purchased in the same way; but when and where has Mr. Walker heard of anybody who seriously proposed to redeem interest-bearing bonds payable at a certain date by a promissory note payable at no particular time, and bearing no interest?—Ed. Nation.]

# Notes.

## LITERARY.

Mr. James Miller announces the publication, from advance sheets, of Rev. Henry Kingsley's "Stretton."——Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co. intend issuing, under the general title of Lippincott's "Boys' Globe Library," a series of the standard books of adventure in the torrid, frigid, and temperate zones, of expeditions against the carnivora and other sections of the animal kingdom, of deeds of bravery and chivalry, and so on, through the list of things in which boys take delight. "Sanford and Merton" is to begin the series, and is to be immediately followed by "Robinson Crusoe." Among Lippincott & Co.'s republications to come, are Tallack's "George Fox, the Friends, and the Early Baptists;" a third edition of "A Handbook of Average (brought down to the present time, and including Spence *vs.* Union Insurance Company)," by Manley Hopkins; Chavasse's "Advice to a Wife on the Management of her own Health," etc.; Professor Wilhelm Lubke's "History of Art," as translated by Miss F. E. Bunnett; and "Greater Britain," by Mr. Wentworth Dilke, who was in this country with Mr. W. H. Dixon.——Messrs. Leypoldt & Holt announce "Chikkin Hazard," the very amusing travesty on "Foul Play" which has been appearing in *Punch*, and a translation of a German work, "Free Soil," by Karl Trenzel. ——W. J. Widdleton will publish Doctor Doran's "Saints and Sinners," and I. Disraeli's "Literary Character of Men of Genius."——Roberts Brothers will issue, as two volumes of the "Handy Volume Series," Shenstone's "Essays on Men and Manners," and Miss M. B. Edwards's "Doctor Jacob." Two other works announced by the same house are "The Prodigal Son," which consists of four sermons by the Rev. Morley Punshon, and "The Nature of the Atonement, and its Relation to the Remission of Sin and Eternal Life."——J. C. Garrigues & Co. announce "The Teacher's Guide to Palestine; containing a Complete List of the Names of all the Cities of Palestine, their Historical Interest and Scriptural Associations." It is prepared by Mr. Henry S. Osborn.

—Professor Max Müller has recently written a note to Messrs. Charles Scribner & Co. which disposes of a report that perhaps has been current here, although we have heard nothing of it, to the effect that he intended coming to this country and while here would deliver lectures. For the reason set forth in the note we copy what the distinguished professor says in reference to the matter: "I have received several invitations to lecture in the United States. I suppose some mistake has occurred. A colleague of mine, Professor Goldwin Smith, intends to visit the United States. My professional work at Oxford makes it impossible for me to absent myself from England long enough to give a course of lectures in the United States. Perhaps a short notice in the American papers would save trouble to the presidents or secretaries of the colleges or institutes who are writing to me on the subject. Much as I should like to visit the United States, I should feel that, as a lecturer on language and religion, I was carrying coals to Newcastle, considering how many excellent lecturers on those subjects you possess in America."

—The late decision of the House of Lords in regard to copyright begins already to affect the dealings of English publishing houses with our American houses and American authors. We hear of two London firms that have recently made offers which would not have been made if the Lords had not decided that books published in Great Britain before publication elsewhere are exclusively the property of the author or his repre-

sentatives, whether written and owned by British subjects or by foreigners. Of these proposals, one is made to a New York firm which does a heavy publishing business. It covers the whole list of their publications; that it will be accepted is not yet certain. The other offer was made to a lady of this city who has written a successful book for children, and is asked to write another. Let us say to such of our national legislators as desire "a truly American literature" that probably the lady in question will not write the worse because she knows that her book will be sold on both sides of the Atlantic, and will not be stolen on either side. And no one will say that the better she writes, the more un-American she will be.

—The *Indiana School Journal* for July lays down and establishes by statistics three propositions in regard to female teachers: 1st (what is very natural), That the older States employ more than the new; 2d, That in every State their ratio increases from year to year; 3d, That the cities especially show a very large excess of them—the older the greater. The tendency being very clear, the editor concludes that it is idle to oppose the employment of female teachers, even if it were desirable to do so, which he is far from thinking. The facts might suggest, however, quite other reflections. We believe that women as teachers have done less service on the side of education than of discipline, in which they have manifested a decided superiority over men both as to means and results. They could not govern by force, and they have governed without it; but they would probably not have had the chance if they had not consented to work for smaller wages than men. We are not disposed to deny the female teacher "her patience, her self-sacrifice, her quick sympathies, her warm affections, her deep devotion to her work," and to admire "often her admirable success in that work." But all these useful and, in some measure or other, indispensable qualities, are combined in the great majority of instances with very limited attainments and intellectual development, not to speak of temptations, from which men are exempt, to quit the profession at the earliest opportunity. The virtual monopoly by women of teaching in all the primary grades is therefore, perhaps, not wholly to be regarded with complacency; and although it certainly distinguishes American institutions from those of any other country that provides for popular instruction —notably from the Prussian school system—it ought not to be accepted as the equivalent of a service upon which each member enters for life, with a high degree of scholarly preparation, and sustained by the certainty of an honorable retirement with a pension when age shall have rendered him incapable of teaching any longer. Viewed in this light, the statistics referred to furnish one of the most forcible arguments for the higher education of all our women—using, we may say, that term in its widest acceptance.

—The Florence *Diritto*, a democratic paper with decided anti-Garibaldian leanings, declares that the chief fault of the press of Italy is its habit of discussing not principles but persons. It eschews study, the *Diritto* truly says, and sets little store by thought, and devotes itself to the easier labor of abusing this man and lauding that; the substance of things it shows a wonderful unwillingness to touch. The *Diritto* proposes, then, in order that this bad state of things may come to an end, that all the journalists of the kingdom should meet in convention and frame a set of rules for the securing of journalistic courtesy and fair play. The covenanters are to be put upon their honor not to disobey the provisions of the code thus made and adopted. No such rules will ever do much towards keeping journalists in order, and we fancy their practical effect among the Italian editors would hardly be more than this, that editorial duels, whether with pens or other weapons, would become considerably more frequent than they are now, a new field for wrangling being added to the arena already at their disposal. As was recently pointed out in these columns, Italy has so very few readers that very few of the journals are anything more than the organ of some one of the all but innumerable cliques into which Italian politicians are divided. The journalist there does not throw himself upon the general public, write to please them, and decline to be owned by a party or a set—probably he would starve if he tried to do so—he is hired to fight for some leader. Under such circumstances it is easy for journalism, even when it represents a leader who represents a great principle, to be personal and undignified. We all know that infinitely too much of the same thing is to be seen among us, and how it affects the character of our press we know. There is a kindred thing observed often among the smaller papers of the remoter districts, though by no means always among them only, which is highly amusing—not less amusing, we take it, to the fierce "gentlemen of the quill" themselves, when they consider of it, than to the distant spectator. We refer to the "dog-eat-dog" terms on which the rural editor is apt to live with his brethren. Never is he so vivacious in manner, so bold and full of glad activity, so efficacious, as when he has it in hand to expose the political, moral, social, even physical, deformities and shortcomings of "the knight of the scissors" who keeps the shop over the way. And in his less vigorous moments, when he declines battle and allows himself rest, his eye is still filled to a most remarkable extent with the doings of his kind. Next in importance to the political movements of the statesmen of his own party and the low demagogues of the other, he seems to estimate the activities of other editors like himself and journals like his own. We are in the habit of looking at dozens—we were going to say hundreds—of newspapers which are entirely made up of attacks on other papers, news about other papers, or "conveyings" from other papers. Most of it is done in good humor, however, and much of a carnage-lover and cannibal as he seems to be, the editor, small or great, at heart is generally at peace with the whole fraternity.

—There is a custom which we have observed in this State, in New Jersey, and in Pennsylvania, but nowhere in New England, among builders, of fastening a bush or small tree to the ridge-pole of a new house as soon as the rafters are raised. The last instance we noticed was of a ferry-house on the North River—a building far removed in sentiment from the home-dwelling with which, we suppose, the custom originated. In Switzerland, we believe, the same practice prevails. In an illustration to Uhland's "Zimmerspruch" which we find in the *Familien-Zeitung*, the roof is decked not with a bush, but with an elaborate dome of evergreen garlands, while an extemporized rustic quartette accompanies with music the master's invocation of God's blessing on the house yet open to rain and sunshine. The paper whose title we have quoted began to be published in this city on the 1st of June (Francis Hart & Co., 63 Cortlandt Street, and L. W. Schmidt, 24 Barclay Street), promising to appear fortnightly at the low price of six cents a number. The form is a sixteen-page quarto, and the first two numbers are very attractive in typography and in the illustrations, which are quite numerous. The prospectus foreshadows a paper of the same kind with those transatlantic publications which reach so wide a circulation in this country, made up mostly of stories, and more or less profuse in illustrations; but special pains will be taken to reproduce the best works of the authors and painters of the Fatherland. Accordingly portraits and biographical sketches are here given of Caspar Braun and Karl von Enhuber, artists scarcely known to the American public. There is also a wood engraving after E. Bosch, of Düsseldorf, who has tried to paint Oliver Twist learning bad ways in Fagan's den; but Fagan looks like a benevolent grandfather watching a game of blind-man's buff. Other engravings deal with current events, accidents, trials, street life, etc., etc. For a family journal the *Zeitung* makes rather a bad start in printing, as its first "editorial," an article on life insurance, and a thrilling story that runs through the first two numbers, and turns upon life insurance. We have in dubious connection with these a full-page advertisement of a well-known company of this city. In a more conspicuous place is an advertisement of a quack medicine.

—The Rev. Dr. Robert Vaughan, editor of the *British Quarterly Review*, and formerly Professor of Ancient and Modern History in the University of London, is recently dead. He was a very diligent worker, and produced a considerable number of works, chiefly historical, which ensure respect for his abilities and a certain degree of permanence for his name. Though a Nonconformist, and affiliated with the Liberal party in England, he took strong sides in his *Review* against the North in our late struggle; and when he visited this country, in 1866, was severely dealt with for his unfriendliness by Chaplain Quint, at the Congregational Council. He was at least seventy years of age when he died.

—A curious controversy has arisen in Berlin, owing to the declaration of Mr. Knak, a very orthodox member of the Synod, that he believed the earth stood still, and that the sun moved round it. This very unscientific doctrine finds its counterpart, to go no further back, in the edict of the first Alexander of Russia, that geology should not be so taught in the universities as to be inconsistent with the Book of Genesis. Mr. Knak, however, has a less tractable following than the Emperor, and no sooner had he made his remarkable delivery in the Synod than the agitation which had been for some time going on against the orthodox majority of that body broke out into a meeting in the Town-hall—into two meetings, attended by many eminent literary and scientific men, at which letters were read from Professor Raumer and President Lette. These resulted in a declaration which "concludes with the statement that the Holy Scriptures are the book of religious life, and not intended to give information respecting the laws of nature;" and that *eppur si muove*. To make sure of a fact so jealously guarded since Galileo's day, a hundred professors, academicians, schoolmasters, etc., subscribed to the declaration. It is said that the

protest will not stop here, but is likely to raise the question of the influence of the clergy upon the schools.

—Two new weekly papers that have arisen in Paris under the new press law are to be styled the *Electeur* and the *Tribune*. The former is one of the names which has been slighted in this country, and the latter may or may not have been borrowed from Mr. Greeley's paper. MM. Jules Favre and Picard are the best-known names on the staff of the *Electeur*. A correspondent of the *Daily News* expresses some doubt as to the success of journals to which leading orators of the Corps Législatif contribute, and believes that these men will not long be content to repeat—and we should be disposed to add, to anticipate—their speeches in articles under their own signature. In France, however, the natural opposition between tongue and pen is perhaps less general than in any other country; and M. Eugène Pelletan, who is to write for the *Tribune*, is an instance of a deputy who passes from the Chamber to the printing-office, and back again to his bench, with no loss of power or of reputation. His acutest collaborateur is M. Glais-Bizoin, whose forte as a deputy consists in sharp interjections and queries when ministers are on their feet. In the same company appears Gen. Cluseret, who, since his return to France, has been writing for the *Courrier Français*. His checkered career while in this country is not yet forgotten: how he started the *New Nation* in the interest of Gen. Frémont, with whom he presently quarrelled irretrievably; how he kept a famous account-current with Gen. Grant from the Wilderness down, which the Democrats will do well to unearth, along with the editor's prophecies; and how he ended by turning Fenian, as the best opportunity of employing his military genius and making it recognized, and was to have commanded a Fenian force in Ireland. The *Tribune* has received permission to be sold in the streets while opposing the Government.

## THE EARTHLY PARADISE.*

This new volume of Mr. Morris is, we think, a book for all time; but it is especially a book for these ripening summer days. To sit in the open shade, inhaling the heated air, and, while you read these perfect fairy tales, these rich and pathetic human traditions, to glance up from your page at the clouds and the trees, is to do as pleasant a thing as the heart of man can desire. Mr. Morris's book abounds in all the sounds and sights and sensations of nature, in the warmth of the sunshine, the murmur of forests, and the breath of ocean-scented breezes. The fulness of physical existence which belongs to climates where life is spent in the open air, is largely diffused through its pages:

> . . . "Hot July was drawing to an end,
> And August came the fainting year to mend
> With fruit and grain; so 'neath the trellises,
> Nigh blossomless, did they lie well at ease,
> And watched the poppies burn across the grass,
> And o'er the bindweed's bells the brown bee pass,
> Still murmuring of his gains: windless and bright
> The morn had been, to help their dear delight.
> . . . . . Then a light wind arose
> That shook the light stems of that flowery close,
> And made men sigh for pleasure."

This is a random specimen. As you read, the fictitious universe of the poem seems to expand and advance out of its remoteness, to surge musically about your senses, and merge itself utterly in the universe which surrounds you. The summer brightness of the real world goes half-way to meet it; and the beautiful figures which throb with life in Mr. Morris's stories pass lightly to and fro between the realm of poetry and the mild atmosphere of fact. This quality was half the charm of the author's former poem, "The Life and Death of Jason," published last summer. We seemed really to follow, beneath the changing sky, the fantastic boatload of wanderers in their circuit of the ancient world. For people compelled to stay at home, the perusal of the book in a couple of mornings was very nearly as good as a fortnight's holiday. The poem appeared to reflect so clearly and forcibly the poet's natural sympathies with the external world, and his joy in personal contact with it, that the reader obtained something very like a sense of physical transposition, without either physical or intellectual weariness. This ample and direct presentment of the joys of action and locomotion seems to us to impart to these two works a truly national and English tone. They taste not perhaps of the English soil, but of those strong English sensibilities which the great insular race carry with them through their wanderings, which they preserve and apply with such energy in every terrestrial clime, and which make them such incomparable travellers. We heartily recommend such persons as have a desire to accommodate their reading to the season—as are vexed with a delicate longing to place themselves intellectually in relation with the genius of the summer—to take this "Earthly Paradise" with them to the country.

The book is a collection of tales in verse—found, without exception, we take it, rather than imagined, and linked together, somewhat loosely, by a narrative prologue. The following is the "argument" of the prologue—already often enough quoted, but pretty enough, in its ingenious prose, to quote again:

> "Certain gentlemen and mariners of Norway, having considered all that they had heard of the Earthly Paradise, set sail to find it, and, after many troubles and the lapse of many years, came old men to some Western land, of which they had never before heard: there they died, when they had dwelt there certain years, much honored of the strange people."

The adventures of these wanderers, told by one of their number, Rolf the Norseman, born at Byzantium—a happy origin for the teller of a heroic tale, as the author doubtless felt—make, to begin with, a poem of considerable length, and of a beauty superior perhaps to that of the succeeding tales. An admirable romance of adventure has Mr. Morris unfolded in the melodious energy of this half-hurrying, half-lingering narrative—a romance to make old hearts beat again with the boyish longing for transmarine mysteries, and to plunge boys themselves into a delicious agony of unrest. The story is a tragedy, or very near it—as what story of the search for an Earthly Paradise could fail to be? Fate reserves for the poor storm-tossed adventurers a sort of fantastic compromise between their actual misery and their ideal bliss, whereby a kindly warmth is infused into the autumn of their days, and to the reader, at least, a very tolerable Earthly Paradise is laid open. The elders and civic worthies of the western land which finally sheltered them summon them every month to a feast, where, when all grosser desires have been duly pacified, the company sit at their ease and listen to the recital of stories. Mr. Morris gives in this volume the stories of the six midmonths of the year, two tales being allotted to each month—one from the Greek mythology, and one, to express it broadly, of a Gothic quality. He announces a second series in which, we infer, he will in the same manner give us the stories rehearsed at the winter fireside. The Greek stories are the various histories of Atalanta, of Perseus, of Cupid and Psyche, of Alcestis, of Atys, the hapless son of Crœsus, and of Pygmalion. The companion pieces, which always serve excellently well to place in relief the perfect pagan character of their elder mates, deal of course with elements less generally known.

"Atalanta's Race," the first of Mr. Morris's Greek legends, is to our mind almost the best. There is something wonderfully simple and child-like in the story, and the author has given it ample dignity, at the same time that he has preserved this quality. Most vividly does he present the mild invincibility of his fleet-footed heroine and the half-boyish simplicity of her demeanor—a perfect model of a *belle inhumaine*. But the most beautiful passage in the poem is the description of the vigil of the love-sick Milanion in the lonely sea-side temple of Venus. The author has conveyed with exquisite art the sense of devout stillness and of pagan sanctity which invests this remote and prayerful spot. The yellow torch-light,

> "Wherein with fluttering gown and half-bared limb
> The temple damsels sung their evening hymn;"

the sound of the shallow-flowing sea without, the young man's restless sleep on the pavement, besprinkled with the ocean spray, the apparition of the goddess with the early dawn, bearing the golden apple—all these delicate points are presented in the light of true poetry. The narrative of the adventures of Danaë and of Perseus and Andromeda is, with the exception of the tale of Cupid and Psyche which follows it, the longest piece in the volume. Of the two, we think we prefer the latter. Unutterably touching is the career of the tender and helpless Psyche, and most impressive the terrible hostility of Venus. The author, we think, throughout manages this lady extremely well. She appears to us in a sort of rosy dimness, through which she looms as formidable as she is beautiful, and gazing with "gentle eyes and unmoved smile,"

> "Such as in Cyprus, the fair-blossomed isle,
> When on the altar in the summer night
> They pile the roses up for her delight,
> Men see within their hearts."

"The Love of Alcestis" is the beautiful story of the excellent wife who, when her husband was ill, gave up her life, so that he might recover and live for ever. Half the interest here, however, lies in the servitude of Apollo in disguise, and in the touching picture of the radiant god doing in perfection the homely work of his office, and yet from time to time emitting flashes, as it were, of genius and deity, while the good Admetus observes him half in kindness and half in awe. The story of the "Son of Crœsus," the poor young man who is slain by his best friend because the gods had foredoomed it, is simple, pathetic, and brief. The finest and sweetest poem

* "The Earthly Paradise: A Poem. By William Morris, author of 'The Life and Death of Jason.'" Boston: Roberts Bros. 1868.

in the volume, to our taste, is the tale of "Pygmalion and the Image." The merit of execution is perhaps not appreciably greater here than in the other pieces, but the legend is so unutterably charming that it claims precedence of its companions. As beautiful as anything in all our later poetry, we think, is the description of the growth and dominance in the poor sculptor's heart of his marvellous passion for the stony daughter of his hands. Borne along on the steady, changing flow of his large and limpid verse, the author glides into the situation with an ease and grace and fulness of sympathy worthy of a great master. Here, as elsewhere, there is no sign of effort or of strain. In spite of the studied and *recherché* character of his diction, there is not a symptom of affectation in thought or speech. We seem in this tale of "Pgymalion" truly to inhabit the bright and silent workroom of a great Greek artist, and, standing among shapes and forms of perfect beauty, to breathe the incense-tainted air in which lovely statues were conceived and shining stones chiselled into immortality. Mr. Morris is indubitably a sensuous poet, to his credit be it said; his senses are constantly proffering their testimony and crying out their delight. But while they take their freedom, they employ it in no degree to their own debasement. Just as there is modesty of temperament we conceive there is modesty of imagination, and Mr. Morris possesses the latter distinction. The total absence of it is, doubtless, the long and short of Mr. Swinburne's various troubles. We may imagine Mr. Swinburne making a very clever poem of this story of "Pygmalion," but we cannot fancy him making it anything less than utterly disagreeable. The thoroughly agreeable way in which Mr. Morris tells it is what especially strikes us. We feel that his imagination is equally fearless and irreproachable, and that while he tells us what we may call a sensuous story in all its breadth, he likewise tells it in all its purity. It has, doubtless, an impure side; but of the two he prefers the other. While Pygmalion is all aglow with his unanswered passion, he one day sits down before his image:

> "And at the last drew forth a book of rhymes,
> Wherein were writ the tales of many climes,
> And read aloud the sweetness hid therein
> Of lovers' sorrows and their tangled sin."

He reads aloud to his marble torment: would Mr. Swinburne have touched that note?

We have left ourselves no space to describe in detail the other series of tales—"The Man born to be King," "The Proud King," "The Writing on the Image," "The Lady of the Land," "The Watching of the Falcon," and "Ogier the Dane." The author in his "Jason" identified himself with the successful treatment of Greek subjects to such a degree as to make it easy to suppose that these matters were the specialty of his genius. But in these romantic modern stories the same easy power is revealed, the same admirable union of natural gifts and cultivated perceptions. Mr. Morris is evidently a poet in the broad sense of the word—a singer of human joys and sorrows, whenever and wherever found. His somewhat artificial diction, which would seem to militate against our claim that his genius is of the general and comprehensive order, is, we imagine, simply an achievement of his own. It is not imposed from without, but developed from within. Whatever may be said of it, it certainly will not be accused of being unpoetical; and except this charge, what serious one can be made? The author's style—according to our impression—is neither Chaucerian, Spenserian, nor imitative; it is literary, indeed, but it has a freedom and irregularity, an adaptability to the movements of the author's mind, which make it an ample vehicle of poetical utterance. He says in this language of his own the most various and the most truthful things; he moves, melts, and delights. Such, at least, is our own experience. Other persons, we know, find it difficult to take him entirely *au sérieux*. But we, taking him—and our critical duties too—in the most serious manner our mind permits of, feel strongly impelled, both by gratitude and by reflection, to pronounce him a noble and delightful poet. To call a man healthy nowadays is almost an insult—invalids learn so many secrets. But the health of the intellect is often promoted by physical disability. We say therefore, finally, that however the faculty may have been promoted—with the minimum of suffering, we certainly hope—Mr. Morris is a supremely healthy writer. This poem is marked by all that is broad and deep in nature, and all that is elevating, profitable, and curious in art.

## BIGELOW'S FRANKLIN.*

Apparently Mr. William Temple Franklin was an early but well-developed specimen of the Cultivated American Gentleman, as we were wont to meet him in the marginal notes to articles in old English reviews. He used to hold "a recent conversation" with the reviewers, in which he deprecated the melancholy spirit of mob violence rampant in "The States." He had found it impossible to engage in politics in this country, because, had he attempted to do so, it would have been first necessary to submit himself in every way—socially, morally, intellectually—to the tyranny of the majority. Popular favor over here was to be secured only by slavish subserviency to the crude opinions of a herd which no man of education and refinement could respect. The Americans in general—the reviewer was compelled to believe after conversing with him, and extremely sorry he was to say so—were definitively opposed to the marriage relation, to the payment of taxes, to the stated preaching of the Gospel, except by the most ungrammatical persons, and to the wearing by anybody of any apparel not composed of undressed coon-skins. They worshipped nothing but money, for the acquisition of which idol they would do anything. For example, the rightful owner of the soil—the untutored Indian—in order that he might sign away all his lands, was frequently intoxicated with rum by the Federal Congress, and then was exposed to the contagion of the small-pox, and goaded into a declaration of war against his cold-blooded and more scientific neighbor. In short, if the reviewer had not been misinformed, several millions of people of English blood, having crossed the Atlantic, or having been born on the western side of that ocean, had utterly lost their respect and liking for intellect and for character, and developed a besotted fondness for mental and moral worthlessness, and an affection for the scum of Europe.

William Franklin, the son of the philosopher and the father of Temple Franklin, was never a loyalist; on the contrary, he was the last royalist governor of New Jersey, was imprisoned by Congress on account of his activity in opposition, and after the war lived and died in the mother country as a government pensioner. His son, so far as he took sides, was with his grandfather and the republicans; not, however, in perfect contentment. He thought the government had treated him unjustly; that he ought to have been sent abroad in a diplomatic capacity. So on his grandfather's decease, in 1790, he betook himself to England to his father, and was ever afterward as good an Englishman as being a soured American could make him. He had in his charge most of Benjamin Franklin's papers, and, among the rest, the manuscript of the famous "Autobiography." This he withheld from the public for more than a quarter of a century. There is a theory that he was bribed to this course by the British ministry, who were afraid of revelations from Franklin as to the secret history of the American war. The charge was more than once brought against him in his lifetime, and his indignant denial had small effect in disposing people to disbelieve it. Mr. Bigelow, though he does not formally adopt it, is inclined, apparently, to think it correct, and he adds something of importance to the evidence previously before us. He discovers in one of Temple Franklin's letters, written in England in 1791, a statement that he had just then received seven thousand pounds sterling, from some unnamed source and for a reason which was never made known. It is not unnatural to infer that probably this sudden sum of money was the consideration which moved young Franklin to make his surprising delay of twenty-six or twenty-seven years in publishing a work that adds so much to the honor of his name. It may, however, be an incorrect inference; we are inclined to think that it is. It is very likely that neither William Franklin nor his son was at all convinced that the "Autobiography" would add greatly to the honor of their name; that it would be for their best interests in English society to publish the story in which the great philosopher Franklin, the very ingenious Doctor Franklin, the profound statesman "qui eripuit fulmen cœlo sceptrumque tyrannis," and so forth, appears as a runaway apprentice, as a journeyman printer, as the son of a poor and dissenting mechanic, as bound in wedlock to a woman who, it was reasonably believed, had another husband knocking about the world somewhere—who, in short, to say the best of it, was a very unaristocratic progenitor to be acknowledged as an immediate ancestor by a gentleman who had been his Excellency the Governor, and had been widely pitied as a person who had been driven from a country where the mob had risen against their betters. William Franklin died in 1813, and we, for our part, imagine that had he lived four years longer we should have had no edition so early as "the edition of 1817." Then again, in considering the question of Temple Franklin's bribery, it must be borne in mind that the manuscript autobiography was by no means all of his grandfather's works that he had in his hands; there is no certainty that others of Franklin's papers may not have been dangerous, and may not have been purchased. It is hardly to be supposed that the British ministry gave pounds sterling by the seven thousand for the suppression of a work which they had not examined; it is no more to be supposed, we should say, that George the Third himself,

* "Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin. Edited from his Manuscript, with Notes and an Introduction. By John Bigelow." Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

had he been the examiner, would have recommended the outlay of more than sixpence or a shilling for the suppression of this particular work. It has no secret history in it, a good half of it was already in print in France, and it stops short in 1757, nearly twenty years before the War of the Revolution, and eight or ten years before the troubles began.

It must be remembered, too, that even if the publication of Franklin's memoirs had been laid on William Franklin and his son as a duty, it very likely would not have been regarded by them as a sacred duty. Judging from the "Autobiography," family affection among the prudent Franklins in general was not specially strong; and as to the particular case of William and his father, and Temple and his grandfather, we know that between the former pair there had been estrangement which lasted for years, and, indeed, never came to an end till the father's death ended it; and that young Temple is to be suspected of lukewarmness in affection, to say the least of it. William Franklin's disagreement with his father and his natural authority with Temple Franklin, who naturally let a live father weigh more with him than a dead grandfather—these things, and an unwillingness to make more manifest than could not be helped their ancestor's vulgarity in point of birth, and the course of his early life, seem to make the supposition of British gold unnecessary to account for the fact that it was not till 1817 that we had an authorized edition, and that when we did get it, it had been tampered with and made vastly more genteel than the author left it. "To William Franklin, Governor of New Jersey," the edition of 1817 begins. "Dear Son," without any title, was what the doctor wrote. "*I* was not a little surprised," the autograph reads in another place, "and Keimer stared like a pig poisoned." Keimer does nothing so ill-bred in the family edition—"Keimer stared with astonishment." Twelve hundred alterations the editor saw fit to make, all of them in the interest of polish and gentility, so that we may say that Mr. Bigelow has given us the "Autobiography" for the first time. It should be said to the credit of Temple Franklin, who, we dare say, was much tempted to do it, that he altered none of the facts of the story. He was culpably negligent and indifferent, however; his conduct as editor is very well reconcilable with the supposition that his grandfather had inspired him with little affection, and is hardly reconcilable with any other supposition. His twelve hundred alterations he must have made in the proof; the manuscript we should say that he had never carefully read, or, at any rate, that he had pretty thoroughly forgotten it. When, at last, he came to the point of printing, he begged M. Le Veillard—a French friend for whom Franklin had had made a copy, which Le Veillard kept with reverential care—to exchange copies with him—his reason being that the printer into whose hands he had put the original itself found Franklin's handwriting hard to make out—and M. Le Veillard's copy he made the basis of the authorized, Franklin family edition, although the least examination would have shown him that the original which he treated so lightly contained eight highly interesting pages, which Le Veillard's wanted.

Luckily, Mr. Bigelow, when in France as American minister, became aware of the existence of the Le Veillard manuscript, and succeeded in purchasing it. He has published it with a pleasant introduction; and, as we have said, has given us the "Autobiography" complete in English for the first time. The edition of 1817 was, as we have seen, defective in two ways—by senseless "improvements" in the text and by omissions—and the other editions in English followed that one, or else followed a translation of an early French edition which brought the memoirs down no farther than to 1730.

So much for this new edition, in which, for the first time, we get all that Franklin wrote, and all as he wrote it. Of the memoirs themselves—which are Franklin himself—it is late in the day to be saying anything. It is not only late, but nothing, perhaps, would be harder. To criticise it thoroughly, is to go to the bottom of things—to answer jesting Pilate and to find the *summum bonum*. From the beginning of the world till now, mankind divides into two classes, of which you may say that one are natural-born lovers and believers, and the other are natural-born haters and despisers of this "Autobiography." Is religion the policing of society, or is it more? Is the ideal the only real, or is it a more or less hateful delusion? What is God? The men "diligent in business"—of clear heads due to good digestions consequent on sagacious feeding—who finally "stand before princes" according to the text, are these the children of whom Wisdom is justified, or are they servants, not heirs? In short, is this world the be-all and the end-all and is "the beautifull regularity of Philadelphia" the be-all and the end-all of this world, or is the teacher who makes it so to be reviled as a hog of Epicurus's sty? It is as men answer these questions that they extol or abase Poor Richard. In fact, there are disciples who incline toward acceptation of the general doctrines of which our Philadelphia philosopher has fairly enough been made the representative, who yet yield him only a qualified fealty, and have helped as much as some of his natural enemies to keep his fame down. It is not given to the mass of mankind, only to one here and there, they say, to be "earthly" without fulfilling the whole of the scripture which reads "earthly, sensual, devilish." The earthiness of Mr. Parton's "greatest of Americans," unaccompanied by his weight of brain, is the mud and mire in which the race has been stalled since Adam, and which it is the labor of prophets, priests, poets, the poor metaphysician, and other non-producers, to lighten and brighten; and it would bother all the saints—of Positivism, we were going to say—of M. Comte's old age to "inform the clay" of more than a few of us if they had no more than a spark from Saint Franklin's easily accessible heavens.

Still, there is need of no quarrel between the disciples and the scoffers. Or, in the golden age, there will be no need. And Franklin will then get his due of praise as the most common-sensible of men in a world not ripe yet for pure common sense, and which, when it is ripe for that, as that is now known to us, will be ripe for something better. For "common sense" is in the nature of a means to an end, and how to attain that end perhaps Marcus Aurelius and others will teach us better than our good-natured, strong-bodied, strong-headed Philadelphia *philosophe*. But even now there is no great need of quarrel. It ought to be quite possible, we suppose, for Mr. Bronson Alcott, of Concord, to agree with Mr. Bigelow when he frames a wish for "the rising generation of Americans" that they may "study the lessons of humility, economy, industry, toleration, charity, and patriotism which are made so captivating in this 'Autobiography.'" The transcendentalist, when he sees the world sinking into base prosperity, and feeding fat under the shrines of the housekeeping gods, may comfort himself with the remarks of his own Saadi concerning the relation between the manure and the roses. "The intelligent are aware," says Saadi, "that the zeal of devotion is made warmer by good fare, and the sincerity of piety rendered more serene in a nicety of vesture: for he that is poor is well-nigh being an infidel;" and it will be a sad day for loathed materialism when we all have walked with Poor Richard far enough to have got ahead of the world.

## ARKISM.*

Mr. Lesley delivered his course of lectures on "Man's Origin"—we omit the following two words of the title-page, which the author also ought to have omitted—in the winter of 1865–6. Two years passed before they were committed to print. In the meanwhile, new discoveries in archæology had been made, which demanded numerous changes in the text, additions and omissions, and, in fact, the sacrifice of "the simplicity of the original arrangement." "Portions of the book," therefore, now "take on the aspect of detailed discussion, suitable only to a scientific memoir, while other portions retain their original character of bird's-eye view." Nothing, we further learn from the preface, "beyond a general sketch of the present bearings of science" upon the theme of the lectures was contemplated. "Nothing is closely reasoned out. Much is left to the original instinct, and more to the literary education of the reader."

This preliminary account of the nature and object of his labors is, however, hardly justified by the book itself, which has in reality the tone and air of a treatise *de omni scibili*. There is hardly any subject in the whole field of knowledge on which it does not touch, and not lightly or doubtingly, but with emphasis and confidence. Hardly any of the great problems of science or history are passed over or left in shadow. In fact, we do not think we are doing Mr. Lesley injustice when we say that he leaves little or nothing to either the reader's "original instinct," whatever that may be, or to his literary education. He presents him with a clean-cut theory on nearly every vexed question, whether in geology, palæontology, archæology, philology, zoölogy, mental and moral philosophy, or, finally, on "Arkism," "the most ancient symbolism of the priesthood," and he unquestionably brings to the work the results of great and varied reading; but we feel bound to say that, although Mr. Lesley's eminence in certain fields of science is well established, he seems in the present undertaking to have put away from him the larger portion of his scientific spirit. We might almost fill a volume with illustrations of what we consider over-confident presentation of doubtful matters, and incorrect presentation of matters which are not at all doubtful, but which Mr. Lesley does not seem to have given himself the trouble to master. In fact, the lectures might pass under the form of rambles among the sciences, by a man of culture and imagination, for the entertainment of a popular audience of limited education in

* "Man's Origin and Destiny, sketched from the Platform of the Sciences in a Course of Lectures delivered before the Lowell Institute, in Boston, in the Winter of 1865-6. By J. P. Lesley, Member of the National Academy of the United States, Secretary of the American Philosophical Society." Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1868.

winter evenings, but they are not what a scientific man of Mr. Lesley's standing ought to offer to the world as his sober and revised utterances on a theme so tremendous as "man's origin and destiny."

We cannot, of course, pretend to follow him through all his devious wanderings, or criticise all his assertions and generalizations, particularly as he claims for a large portion of his performance simply the character of a "bird's-eye view." But we will test him on one subject in which he descends into "detailed discussion." The point toward which everything converges in his disquisitions — which he unfolds, develops, and elaborates, following the traces of "the Hebrew Scriptures, of the Talmuds, of the Cabbalists, of the Freemasons, of Jacob Bryant, Harcourt, Davis, and Faber"—is "the system of Arkite symbolism; the religious representation of the ark of Noah, the water on which it floated, the mountain on which it rested, and the man whom it preserved." He is no believer in the deluge—"a phenomenon which we well know to be physically impossible"—but he finds the belief in it spread all over the world; he finds "the worship of the mountain, ship, and flood" embodied in the architectures, Pantheons, and creeds, the names, languages, and literatures, the fables, sagas, and mysteries, the institutions, games, and customs of all continents, countries, and ages. Arkism, he believes, is a key to numberless riddles of ethnology and philology and archæology, and he looks down with contempt upon the cultivators of those sciences who reject or ignore it. "I do not at all agree," he says, "with the common explanations of the Hindu mythology, as published by Muir, Max Müller, and other Sanscrit scholars. Their theories seem to me to have no system. I think it is because they have no basis. They have not yet the key-note." He almost pities such lexicographers as Gesenius and the "philologists of Professor Whitney's school," who "forget all about the priests," and ignore that element in language which he calls "the *bardic* element, because it consists of words invented by *bards* (poet-historians and poet-priests of old times), an element produced by the cultivation of the civilized intellect; an element of religious, moral, and social terminology, which now forms the chief and almost the sole bond of communion between the various languages of the earth." The soul of that element is Arkism. It is well, then, to see some specimens of Mr. Lesley's Arkite expositions, particularly after this cool disposal of Max Müller, Professor Whitney, and other simple-minded philologists.

One of the most ancient sagas of the cyclic poets is the story of Pelops. Tantalus, his father, had two children, Pelops and Niobe, and was in the habit of giving entertainments to the gods, who enjoyed his hospitality. But he blabbed their secrets, and finally cooked the boy, Pelops, and served him as a *bouilli*. The immortals found it out after eating Pelops' shoulder off, and sent Tantalus to hell, where he stands up to his lips in water, but unable to quench his raging thirst, and with a stone hanging over his head constantly threatening to crush him. Pelops, on the other hand, had an ivory shoulder put in by Mercury, and was taken charge of by Neptune, who finally restored him to his father's throne, and his descendants reigned at Argos. Niobe, the sister, had her children killed by Diana, was turned into a stone, and now sits in monumental misery on the top of a mountain in Phrygia. This story, Mr. Lesley asserts, is the counterpart to the Biblical legend of Noah and Mount Ararat, and this is how he proves it:

"Tantal-us represents the TOR, or mountain, submerged to its very lips. The stone above his head is the ark about to touch the mountain-top. Tantalus is in Tartarus; is, in fact, the same as Tartarus, the place of Torture, the cavern in the mountain, the home of mysteries and horrors and woes, the hölle, hole, or hell of the Germanic nations. Niobe, the daughter of the mountain, is again the ark, turned to stone; her name, Niôb, is the Egyptian word Θεβ, the ark of Osiris, and the Hebrew word Theba, Noah's ark. The Greek TAURUS, a mountain, is the Arabic TEL or TOL, a mountain. But the Shemitic nations wrote all their words backward, from right to left, and so this word TOL becomes LOT, whose wife (her name is nowhere given) was also turned, like Niobe, to stone. Pelops, Niobe's brother, was the Noah of the story. First, his father offered him up to the gods, as the Brahma of the Hebrews offered up his son Ikswaca (Isaac). Neptune, or the rising deluge, carried him up in the golden car (the ark) to the top of Olympus, until his father was destroyed, that is, until the Ararat was sunk to his very lips in the hell of waters. Then he was restored. His descendants reigned in Argos; they were priests of Arkism. He himself became the divinity of the TOR, the city of Troy," and so on, *ad infinitum et ad nauseam*.

Here we see Tan-*tal*-us represents the mountain of the ark, because "*tel* and *tol*" is "the Arabic for mountain." But *tel*, and not *tol*, is the Arabic for mountain, and our author puts in "tol" of his own mere motion, merely to bring about a greater resemblance to *tor*, which, he says, is the Phœnician word for "mountain," a supposition which he probably bases on the name "Tyre" (Hebrew *Tzor*), compared with the Chaldee *tur*, mountain. Tantalus thus represents the mountain, because *tel* is the Arabic word for mountain. But "Tantalus is in Tartarus; is, in fact, the same as Tartarus." And what is "Tartarus"? Why, "the place of *tor*-ture," to be sure. Now, non-Arkite philologists have always supposed that *tor*ture came from the Latin *tor*queo, to twist or wrench, but the error may give them a faint idea how much they have to learn.

What part does Niobe play in this interpretation? Our readers will be surprised to learn that she also is "the ark," sharing that honor with the stone which overhangs Tantalus's head. Her name, too, we learn from Mr. Lesley, is simply the Hebrew word *teba—meaning ark in general, and not Noah's only*—we suppose because there is the sound *b* in both. Mr. Lesley's discovery that the name *Lot* is derived from the Arabic *tel*, a mountain, "because Shemitic nations wrote all their words backward," is something on which we cannot bind ourselves to offer any observations, as it opens up a field to philological enquirers such as few of them have certainly ever dreamt of. We have always known that Eastern nations wrote from right to left, but the assertion that the Shemitic people "wrote their words backward" is the greatest contribution made to this field of science since the discovery of Sanscrit. Nay, psychologists may examine the phenomenon with no small profit.

Pelops was the Noah of the story, his father serving him up to the gods as a ragout, just as Abraham—a *descendant* of Noah—offered up his son. Olympus, we read in another passage, was "the Ararat of Europe." It "was called OLUMpos," corresponding with the "Latin word for *formerly* or *in ancient times* . . . OLIM," "with the word ALP," and with "the English word ARM, . . . precisely as the Hebrew *dor*, an arm, corresponded to the Phœnician *tor*, and the Arabic *tel*, a mountain." It is true the word for arm in Hebrew is not *dor*, but *zeroa* or *ezroa*; but the corresponding Chaldee word has a *d* instead of the *z*, which may suffice in Arkite philology. That Pelops' descendants reigned in *Argos* suffices to declare them priests of Arkism—though the Greek word for ark is κιβωτος. That "the Tor" was the city of Troy is proved to us by the name of Hec-*tor*, "the Lord of the Tor"—though we find *tor* also in names of enemies of Troy, like Nestor and Mentor. Peloponnesus is designated "Pelops' ship, or Pelops' isle," νησος meaning isle—though not ship.

In this way, so much more ingenious and fanciful than ingenuous, Mr. Lesley proceeds throughout his work, etymologizing, mythologizing, and ethnologizing in a most wondrous strain, and piling up conclusions which the overwhelmed critic must decline to examine. *Tor*, with *Ark* and *Teb*, two words for Noah's vessel, and a few related syllables, are made to explain thousands of things. The Dorians, we thus learn, "were worshippers of the TOR;" "the Doric column is channelled like a mountain with valleys. The Doric channels are the radius descending to the water." The Roman capital was not so named because it was the *caput* or *capital* of the city, but because it represented the *cap* of the *tol*, "the ship upon the mountain-top;" it being so easy to "identify *cap* with *ship*." Druids were men "of the TOR-TREE, *i. e.*, the oak," which was called by the Greeks "the mountain, δρυς, TORUS." An *altar* is "the mountain," "al-tor"—*al* being the Arabic definite article. The "shaft of the Toric [Doric] column, στυλη" (*sic*); the "*table*, . . . . the altar of love (al TOR), the *tabor* of home life;" the "*S-tool* on which the mother sets her feet;" "Stol . . . the universal Sclavonic word for table"—are all derived by our book from *tor* and *tel*, so that the *s* is a prefix or denominative sign, and not a radical element of the word, Mr. Lesley wisely omitting to compare such words as Gr. στοα, pillar; ἱ-στη-μι, στη-σω, to set; Heb. *shith*, to erect, to set, *shath*, pillar; Lat. *sta-re*, to *stand*, *sed-ere*, to sit, *sta-tuo*, to set, to erect, *sisto*, *statum*, to set; Ger. *steh-en*, to stand, *sitz-en*, to sit, *setz-en*, to set, *stell-en*, to set; Slav. *sta-c*, *sta-ty*, to stand, *sied-zic*, *sidy-ety*, to sit, *stav-ic*, *stav-ity*, to set, *stan*, stand, *stul*, stool, chair; our *stand*, *sit*, *set*, *seat*, etc., in all of which ST *is the radical element*. "ORACulum is an Arkite thing," and thus not derived from *orare*, as *periculum* from *periri*, or *curriculum* from *currere*. *E-rigere*—unlike *e-ripere*, *e-rumpere*, *di-rigere*, etc.—we are told to consider as Arkite, because "the Latins said ERiGere, as we still say EReCt."

The Greek word for dove, περιστερα, was both Arkite and Toric, for it signified, says our book, "the βαρις of the Tor, the ship of the rock." So is, we are told, the German *Tur-tel-taube* (our turtle-dove), which is so fortunate as to embrace in its syllables the *tor*, *tel*, and *teb* of the Phœnicians, Arabs, and Hebrews, an honor which cannot be claimed by the turtle-*shell*. The s-*til*-ted s-*tor*-k, we learn further, is "the bird of the mystic TOR." "You may see it drawn . . . . sitting on a *black pyramid*" or "BAR-BAR of old Egypt," for "πυρμιδ is directly convertible into βαρβαρ," and "*bar-bar-ous*"—in Arkite philology—means "pyramidal." Arkite philology also discovers in a Greek *Centaur*, "half man, half horse," a priest of the mountain; in the name of the Swiss, Tell, "a purely Arkite look;" and

another Arkism in the name of Diogenes, the "Goddess (*sic*)-born," who "dogmatized in a *tub*," which is an Arkite thing.

We are also taught to "recognize in Vishnu the Fish-Noah." (So we might recognize Noah's ark in New-Ark—NU-ARK—and New-York—NEWy-ORK—and the ark of *man* (Chal. *Anash*) in *Ark-ans-as*).

We have mentioned above several intentional inaccuracies. There are others. To make the Hebrew *barzel*, iron, convertible into *Sil-ber*, *silver*, it is (at one place) spelled *bersil* (p. 171). *Sheshai* is rendered SSI to make it resemble Susim (p. 148)—which in correct Hebrew is Zuzim. That "*Mim* is the Hebrew name for the waters of the sea" (p. 278), is required by the context, but is doubly incorrect; *mayim* is water in general. "Jehovah" is changed into "*Ihoua*," to bring about a resemblance to "the Great Hou" (p. 305). In referring to Numbers (xiii. 22), the words "by them" are added to confirm a theory (p. 144). Our Canaan, for the Hebrew Kenaan, is spelled *Cainan* for the sake of Cain (p. 358). A "Hebrew name of the jackal, TAB," is mentioned in connection with other *tabs* (p. 321), which, if not an invention, is a singular formed from a mistaken plural, *tab-im* for *tan-im*, jackals, the Hebrew non-final *n* resembling the *b* in bad prints. *Oren*, to confirm its correspondence with *urna*, etc., is designated the "tree of which idols were made," though the verse quoted from Isaiah has several names of trees (p. 339). A part of these misrepresentations, however, may possibly be ascribed to the author's scanty knowledge of Hebrew, and Hebrew matters in general, which he treats with exceeding superficiality, whether speaking of Abraham, who is a myth, a Brahma, and yet has a date (p. 283); or of the Mosaic monotheism; or of the "Psalms of David," the age of which he seems entirely to misapprehend; or of Solomon, who appears in various shapes; or of Zoroastrianism in connection with Judaism. But we have no excuse for misstatements like the following: "The poets *before* Homer and Hesiod were known as cyclic poets" (p. 215); "the *earliest* of them was called Arctinus." There are others of the same kind, but we have no room for further specifications.

We have only to express once more, in conclusion, our great regret that such a performance should have come from the pen of a scientific man of Mr. Lesley's standing. If it were simply a composition produced by a "belles-lettres scholar," as a *jeu d'esprit*, it might pass; but to have "Man's Origin and Destiny" treated in this way by a Member of the National Academy of the United States and Secretary of the American Philosophical Society, is really too bad.

*Words from the Poets.* Selected by C. M. Vaughan. (London: Macmillan & Co. New York: Pott & Amery. 1868.)—The principle of selection acted on in the compilation of this volume was to select not the consummate flowers of poetry for trained lovers of it, but to take pleasing pieces, "healthy in tone and just in sentiment, elevating in thought, beautiful in expression," capable of interesting the children of English parochial schools and the class of people represented by such pupils. It is very well adapted to that end. Mr. Vaughan has trusted with a wise confidence in the generally elevating effect of beautiful things, and has no desire to make poetry preach direct sermons. And he has not been careful to select such pieces as a National School girl might have written, such as are rather below her capacity to appreciate than above it.

It is a book prepared for the English market, so it contains nothing distinctively American, and a little it does contain that is distinctively English. The honor of the first page is accorded to "Rule Britannia." But it is true to say that, on the whole, the book is as much worth liking and will do as much good here as anywhere else where the English language is spoken. And even the American who takes a narrower view may properly introduce it among his patriotic young; Longfellow disputes with Wordsworth the place of most prominence; Mrs. Sigourney appears as well as Mrs. Hemans; Percival, Frances Osgood, Sprague, and Goodrich are to be found along with Rogers, Cowper, Hood, and the rest. Briefly, it is a pretty collection; if all our school children knew it by heart they would be the better, and it is worth their fathers' and mothers' liking.

*The Book of Evergreens:* A Practical Treatise on the Coniferæ or Cone-bearing Plants. By Josiah Hoopes, of the Phila. Academy of Natural Sciences. (New York: O. Judd & Co.)—A convenient manual of information about coniferous trees, mainly compiled from works of a larger, more purely scientific, and more costly character. The classification adopted is simple, and will be satisfactory to nurserymen. Those who hope for instruction in regard to the character of the recently introduced evergreens, when mature, with reference to their use in landscape composition, will be generally disappointed. The author might easily have obtained much better information than he has done about many, and, by doing so, would have much increased the value of his book to a large class of readers. Observations in regard to the color, form, and habit of young plants of coniferous trees are likely to be very deceptive when applied to old ones. For example, young trees of Pinus Sabiniana sometimes present "a compact mass of deep green verdure gracefully extending to the ground," and if the full-grown trees could be expected to be of this description, Mr. Hoopes might be justified in saying that no other evergreen is more desirable. But the fact is far otherwise. Long before the tree reaches its full size, its foliage becomes excessively thin and dull and feeble in color, so that for landscape purposes it is the most worthless of the pines.

## BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

| *Authors.* | *Publishers.—Price.* |
|---|---|
| Benedict (E. C.), A Run through Europe | (A. S. Barnes & Co.) |
| Braddon (Miss M. E.), Dead-Sea Fruit | (Harper & Bros.) $0 50 |
| Bulwer Lytton (Sir E.), A Strange Story, and The Haunted and the Haunters | (J. B. Lippincott & Co.) 1 50 |
| Johnson (Rev. S.), The Worship of Jesus | (Wm. V. Spencer) 0 50 |
| Macé (J.), History of a Mouthful of Bread | (Harper & Bros.) 1 75 |
| The Servants of the Stomach | (Harper & Bros.) 1 75 |
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## The Week.

CONGRESS has been hard at work during the week, and has disposed of a large number of private and public bills. Mr. Sherman's Funding Bill was passed in the Senate on Tuesday, with some modifications. Mr. Butler's bill to tax the interest on the bonds has been quietly killed, and will have to take some new form before it will again be heard of. The Electoral College Bill, amended, was passed in the Senate by a vote of 28 to 5, and in the House by 112 to 21. Mr. Johnson will of course veto it, and it will, no doubt, be at once passed. As before, when it appeared as a joint resolution, the bill had Mr. Trumbull's opposition. Florida, North Carolina, and Louisiana being already present in Congress in the persons of their representatives, and having otherwise complied with the conditions laid down in the bill, it seems strange that there should have been any thought of including them in a bill whose justification is that some bill is necessary for the prevention of doubt and confusion next March. Every argument for the passage of such a measure is an argument against making it wider than is necessary, and we are unable to see why, if Florida is put in, Tennessee should be left out. The Freedmen's Bureau goes out of existence—except as regards its function of educating the children—on the first of January next, in all the States which are by that time fully restored. Mr. Garfield, of the Military Committee, has had the pleasure, as Mr. Schenck had the other week, of seeing his work taken out of his hands and altered by Mr. Butler. We are unable to say that Mr. Butler's alterations were not improvements. He still further reduced the number of major-generals and brigadiers, already made small by Mr. Garfield's bill—made quite as small, Mr. Garfield would probably say, as the exigencies of the service permit. However, Mr. Butler, with the help of the Democrats, got his amendment through. The army is shrunk by the new bill to something like 25,000 men. Mr. Reverdy Johnson on Thursday bade farewell to his fellow-senators, and being unable to read his remarks prepared for the occasion, they were read for him by Senator Vickers. The proceedings of the Democratic Convention were discussed in both House and Senate as soon as the names of the nominees were known. The tall talk of General Blair's letter gave occasion to draw once more the old line, and the discussion turned on treason and loyalty. Evidently the Republican Senators and Representatives are very well satisfied that they are to fight Seymour, and will not feel so much anxiety to adjourn and take the stump as they might have felt if the Democrats had taken Chase or Hancock or Hendricks. On Tuesday the House voted to pay for Alaska.

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The party generally throughout the country is of the same mind, so far as we can judge from the newspapers, whether Democratic or Republican. The *World* is "trembling with courage," and boldly assumes the election of its candidate; speaking of him as President Seymour, making remarks about his cabinet, and even awarding the succession to Mr. Pendleton. Its abuse of Grant is another indication of its confidence in the result. But the Democratic press generally is not enthusiastic at all. On the other hand, the Republicans congratulate each other on the now perfectly assured success of Grant and Colfax—although, as the *Tribune* showed the other day, a change of about thirty-six thousand in the popular vote of 1864 would have made McClellan President, though he carried but three States in the electoral college. We shall, however, we have no doubt, see work enough done in the course of the next three months. While the convention was in session, and ever since, the weather in this region has been of such almost unexampled severity of heat that we see not many signs as yet of the liveliness that was expected to mark the Republican camp as soon as the Democrats had put their man up. It is too hot for anything more than the quietest of quiet satisfaction that Seymour is the nominee.

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The only person who can really be said to have suffered seriously at the hands of the Convention is Chief-Justice Chase. In spite of all his efforts, and in spite too of the amazing readiness he displayed during the last few days to swallow Democratic propositions, no matter how bristly or how sinuous, he did not obtain any higher recognition than four votes. Had he got the nomination he would have incurred dislike and contempt in about equal proportions. As it is, although he is just as bad as if he had succeeded, we fancy the contempt largely preponderates in the popular feeling about him. He has the satisfaction of knowing, too, that he has destroyed popular confidence in his decisions, and that no weight whatever will hereafter attach to any judgment of his on any one of the great constitutional questions arising out of the rebellion and reconstruction which will doubtless come before his Court. It was quite evident, two years ago, when he was haranguing negroes, and going to Ohio to vote for "the great party," etc., that some such fate as this would come upon him eventually, but we hardly thought it would come so soon. We notice a good deal of fuss amongst some of our contemporaries *now* about his "dragging his silk gown in the mire." If they had made this fuss a year ago, instead of encouraging him in his folly, they might have saved him; and he, had he listened to the teachings of human experience, and the great traditions of the judicial bench, instead of editorial bosh, might have furnished coming generations with an example, instead of a warning.

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In spite of the Chief-Justice's moral downfall, the conviction appears to grow steadily amongst the Democrats, that it would have been better to take him just as he is than do what they have done, and there are still rumors of the formation of a third party, of course with the Chief-Justice at its head. Whether these rumors will ripen into facts is, however, more than doubtful. A second nomination now would be tantamount to defeat, and it would be a confession of imbecility which Democratic politicians are hardly likely to make. A notable feature of the campaign thus far is the absence of "enthusiasm." Grant seems carefully to avoid the whole of the theatrical apparatus commonly used to excite it, and it shows both his honesty and good sense. Enthusiasm, however useful when great dangers are to be faced, and great sacrifices to be borne, ought to play as small a part as possible in the ordinary political work of an intelligent, educated people. It is mostly demagogues who profit by it, as it generally enables them to fix people's attention on things indifferent, and draw it away from things important, as when, for instance, a voter is so wrought up by a candidate's face, or figure, or oratory, or gait, or costume, or celebrated sayings, that he forgets all about his char-

acter and capacity. It is high time for the Republican party, at least, to leave it to the Democrats, and even amongst the Democrats, we have no doubt, it will be before many years confined to the latest products of the New York naturalization mill.

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To the *Sun* is largely due whatever approach Chief-Justice Chase made recently to getting the Democratic nomination. We do not say it suggested to him, or to anybody else, the idea of his becoming the Democratic candidate; but it certainly familiarized his mind and that of the public with it, and made it seem feasible. The subsequent miscarriage of the scheme we cannot help ascribing to the Chief-Justice's own meddling. Had he kept quiet, and written no letters and had no interviews, and left the matter in the hands of the *Sun*, we do not say he would have got the nomination, but he would have avoided a good deal of the humiliation under which he now labors. The *Sun* is now engaged in trying to get a suitable office for Mr. Greeley, and has pressed him hard for the governorship. We sincerely hope it may be able to provide him with something satisfactory. Its want of success hitherto with him and the Chief-Justice will not discourage it, we know, for it acts from far higher motives than mere desire of success. The difficulty it has to contend with in Mr. Greeley's case is peculiar. In public, few members of conventions have the courage to deny his fitness for any office in the country, and we verily believe that if he were proposed for the Chief-Justiceship of the Supreme Court or the command of the fleet, there would be clergymen and country politicians found to maintain openly that he was equally well fitted to hear appeals in admiralty or to be an admiral himself—such are the terrors inspired by his editorial cowskin. But the minute the voting by ballot begins, the cowardly fellows repudiate him under the veil of secrecy. The business of the *Sun* will be, therefore, to secure *vivâ voce* voting on his claims, and, as soon as it does this, our word for it, its efforts will be crowned by his nomination.

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We think it is high time that the persons, whoever they may be, who are working to get the pensions of the soldiers and sailors repudiated, and have their widows and orphans forgotten, should be exposed. As every political convention, of all parties, which has met since 1864, has solemnly declared its determination to have these pensions paid, and the widows and orphans held in remembrance, it is, of course, impossible to doubt that secret efforts are being made by the evil-disposed to make the soldiers and sailors the victims of a cruel and outrageous breach of faith. We are glad, of course, to find that they meet with no encouragement from politicians; but we do think the politicians ought to reveal their names to the public, so that popular indignation may be brought to bear on them. Men who are capable of baseness of this kind are capable of anything, and will probably before long attack the pensions of the War of 1812, and to prevent their doing further mischief, they should be put under the surveillance of the public eye.

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We begin to get our regular allowance of that pleasant literature which is in season during Presidential campaigns, and this fall's crop is likely to be a luxuriant one. The *Times* has just made the usual request to the other papers not to be indecent and scurrilous, and the *World* has made the remark that "it is easy to see what kind of a campaign the Radicals intend making it, namely, a campaign of defamation." After this it is in order to begin at once making enquiries into the hereditary diseases of the candidates, the number of indictments which were at one time out against the father of either of them, the thefts each committed in boyhood, and other matters of the same sort. We learn that General Blair was always the tyrant that we now know him to be. It appears (and the man whose shirt Blair sunk was in the late Democratic Convention) that when Montgomery Blair and Frank were small boys they were bathing with some others in a certain canal, and that Frank Blair, supported by Montgomery, "lit on" a very small boy, took away his shirt, threw it into the water, and sank it. But it turned out, we are further informed, very much as it will with him in the coming campaign; that is to say, he made a mistake; it was his own shirt he sunk. It is a good stroke in this narration to mention that the boy was in the Convention—it boldly challenges the two Blairs to deny it if they dare do so in the very presence of the witness of their cruelty. Mr. Seymour, we learn, besides writing letters to Clement C. Clay, and negotiating with the Confederate Government, is insane, or rather there is insanity in his family. It breaks out into mania in the males of the house about the fourth of March, when they are fifty-eight years of age. Still, the Blairs and the Southerners are not going to wait, and though Blair would have the succession if Seymour was crazy, as well as if he were killed, there is going to be an assassination some time soon after the inauguration. As for Grant, he is known to be a frightful drunkard—Mr. Phillips being an original authority for the truth of the story, and Mrs. Cady Stanton and the *World* keeping it all going. This naturally brings out an affirmation from an editor in the West, to the effect that Grant's complexion is beautifully fresh and clear, and contradicts effectively "the rebel lie." Colfax, we are told, once brutally informed a "boy in blue" who called on him (destitute of visiting-cards, he was) that he, Colfax, "*had no time for soldiers*"—which, it is thought by the Democratic papers, will cause that next November "*the soldiers will have no time for him.*" We also learn from the *World* that a "prominent Union officer," who knows Grant well, has staked his reputation, "while driving with a friend a few days since," that "Grant would proclaim himself a dictator" within twelve months after his inauguration. What we like about this story is its air of close accuracy; the very circumstances under which the "prominent officer" tells the story—in a buggy, taking an airing—being set down in black and white.

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General Hancock having attended to the affair of the nomination might probably go back to Texas and try to bring about as good a state of things as he found when he went there. Under Sheridan and Pease the average number of murders committed monthly was, so far as known, nine. This not counting assaults with intent to kill, rapes, and so on, which, added to the murders, made a horrible condition of society—a condition of things so profoundly horrible that, although there was profanity, there was less profanity, we dare say, than at first sight seems in Sheridan's remark, that, if he owned both hell and Texas, he would rent Texas and live in the other place. Since he went away, and the Hancock and Buchanan policy has had full swing, he would have about six times harder work to live in that State. The murders have risen from nine a month to fifty-four. The population, it must be remembered, is not seven hundred thousand. It is as if here in New York City we were to assassinate about seven hundred men, women, and children each year. To help towards the finishing of the picture, it may be said that out of nine hundred murders, one has been avenged by the law. A freedman was the guilty person, and he was hanged. Sometimes they acquit on such grounds as that the prisoner lost his arm in the rebel service. We say nothing of the political aspect of this slaughtering. The facts are set forth in a report on "Lawlessness and Crime," prepared under the direction of our Democratic Constitutional Convention, and possibly there may be exaggeration. But what right has General Buchanan to allow fifty murders to be committed monthly in a part of a Christian country which he has, to a very great extent, under his control, and for the good order of which the people of the United States, represented by him, are, in a peculiar sense, responsible to themselves and the civilized world?

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Mr. Julian, of Indiana, has written a letter to the papers, defending the Yo Semite Valley Bill, now before the Senate, and which he reported from the House Committee on Public Lands, on the ground that the action of Congress in presenting the valley to the State could not affect the claims of the two settlers who had duly appropriated two quarter sections under the pre-emption laws, and therefore had a valid title to them against everybody. He says that when the grant was made to the State the claims of these settlers were not known; had they been known, the act of Congress would have excepted them; and he insists upon it that the settlers must be left where they are, and cannot even be bought out without a gross breach of faith and without spreading a sense of insecurity among our pioneers. It is not easy to see, however, why it should be a greater hardship for a pioneer to be bought out for the public benefit than for men in thickly-settled portions of the country.

The latter are called on every year for the surrender of property for public use, and make no complaints, or, if they did, would be laughed at. Moreover, although all Mr. Julian says in praise of the taste, culture, and character of the squatters may be strictly true, they will, like other people, have heirs and assigns who may not possess their virtues.

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The flunkey nature seems to remain the same in all climates and under every variety of social and political institutions. A striking example, too, of the way in which it hungers after meanness and malignity, and despises justice and decency, whether the object of its adoration be the crown, the royal family, or "the masses," or "the working-man," or "the party," has just been afforded in Australia, where society in Sydney banded together to ostracize a leading member of the bar, because he, in the exercise of a sacred duty, defended O'Farrell, who made the attempt on Prince Alfred's life. O'Farrell, to the Sydney people, was, of course, "the greatest criminal of the age." So in hunting him down they bade adieu, just as some of their brother flunkeys did here a short time ago, both to decorum and common sense. The Bishop of Sydney, as we recently mentioned, gravely informed his clergy that there were fathers in the community who were absolutely so ashamed of having begotten their children in a country so disgraced that they could not look their offspring in the face. This, as a specimen of raging, frantic folly was bad enough, and it was appropriately followed up by the social crusade against O'Farrell's counsel. The prince, however, gave his base admirers a lesson in justice and good manners by insisting that the counsel should be present at every entertainment given in his (the prince's) honor, and also receiving him very warmly on board his own ship. It is not pleasant to see princes teaching civilization to young democratic societies, but it is well they should receive the lesson, from whatever source it may come.

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The news from the European continent is meagre and unimportant, and is mostly made up of newspaper rumors. The real makers of news are off at the watering-places or in the mountains seeking repose and health, and the correspondents are thrown back on their wits for wars and alliances and threats and intrigues and coolnesses. The only thing of real moment that has been lately reported is General von Moltke's speech on the naval loan in the German Parliament. Bismark and he want the Confederation to have a good fleet as well as a good army, so that when the next struggle comes Germany will be able to present as bold a front on sea as on land; but the Parliament haggled over the vote for a while, though it at last gave in. General Moltke said, in substance, that there was no chance of peace either through general disarmament or general armament. The first of these expedients, even if practicable, must be temporary; the second, as we see, operates nearly as often in producing as in preventing war. What is wanted, therefore, is an armed nation—such as Germany will be when united—in the centre of Europe, by the very constitution of its society wedded to peace and devoted to peaceful arts, but strong enough in a military sense to *forbid* war among its neighbors. The remark has produced a good deal of sensation everywhere, but no weightier thought from a weightier man has been uttered for a good while. Universal peace will come when there are enough free and industrial and educated peoples, like the United States and Germany, in the world to prohibit the game of war between kings, and make the love of soldiering for soldiering's sake discreditable.

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There has been a most extraordinary debate in the Italian Parliament, arising out of the murder of Signor Cappa, the Royal Procurator, or public prosecutor, in broad daylight, at his own door in Ravenna. It came out in the debate that this was not an isolated case, but one of a long series of organized crimes, of which the public has, until now, heard nothing. A common councillor was stabbed in the same way recently, but it made no sensation, and nobody was brought to justice. The municipality were so thoroughly cowed that they were afraid to send a deputation to Signor Cappa's funeral, or even to utter a word of regret at their meetings. In the Province of Ravenna, containing a population of 209,000, there have been 64 murders in nine months, and convictions are almost unknown. The police are generally afraid to make arrests, and the witnesses refuse to depose, and the juries acquit. Generally, the malefactors withdraw from the public gaze for a brief period, but this is the only token of respect for the law they ever offer. In Ravenna, cases have occurred in which some of them have drawn bills of exchange on people who owed them nothing, but who, nevertheless, accepted the drafts without hesitation. In fact, the whole province is, and has been long, under the dominion of a large band of assassins, before whom police courts and all officials are powerless. Signor Cappa was sent down by the Government to restore order, and he entered on his task with undaunted courage, arrested 320 of the worst characters, and was preparing to bring them to trial when he was assassinated. The origin of this state of things is said to date back to the days of Papal rule, when the courts and police were so worthless that secret organizations, or vigilance committees, were formed by the citizens to execute justice. These, as might have been expected, soon degenerated into mere instruments of private hatred, and produced a breed of cut-throats who soon drove the decent men out of them, and converted them into bands of brigands. One of the most awful facts in the history of the Church is the moral condition of the provinces over which the priests have been allowed to exercise temporal rule, or even largely to influence the government. There is hardly a doubt that the ideas of law and justice and the moral sense are fainter amongst them than they have been at any time within the historic period.

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The Pope has at last opened his spiritual batteries on the Austrian reformers, as it has been for some time expected he would, by the delivery of an allocution which is, it must be confessed, in spite of the familiarity of the world with his opinions and his style, very amusing reading. He says the Austrian Government has passed "an odious law, establishing free liberty for all opinions, liberty of the press, of all faith, and no matter what confession or doctrine; it grants to the members of every confession the right of establishing public schools and colleges, and members of every confession are allowed to be admitted on the same footing with the sanction of the state." Another "abominable law," he says, forces Catholics to allow heretics to be buried in their cemeteries, if the heretics have none of their own; another still, which he stigmatizes in the same way, "suppresses all the influence of the Church over education, decreeing that the whole superior supervision of education, literature, and science, and also the inspection of the schools, appertain to the state, which finally decrees that religious teaching in the public schools must be placed *in the hands of the members of each separate confession;* that any religious society may open private or special schools for the use of its own youth," and so on. In fact his Holiness denounces as atrocious wickedness the establishment of the same relations between church and state regarding marriage and education which we have here, and threatens everybody concerned in bringing them about with the heaviest ecclesiastical censures. *Apropos* of the ideas entertained by the Catholic clergy regarding their *duty* in the matter of education, whenever they can secure the power of exercising it, a late utterance of the Bishop of Dordogne, in France, is interesting and instructive. He affirms that "to the Church, and the Church only, Christ gave the right and imposed the duty of teaching mankind."

"It is *not that the laity are prohibited from receiving education,* especially when science and literature are its object. We put forth no such claim. The Church accepts, encourages, and blesses devotion of every kind; but that which is true, and what we must loudly proclaim, is *that every person engaged in teaching is bound in conscience to accept the superintendence and control of the Church.* This right of the Church is imperative."

In fact, we need have no hesitation in affirming that the only limits which the Catholic clergy even here impose on themselves touching education is what is imposed by State authority, and that if circumstances should enable them to secure legislation placing the entire control of the schools or school funds of this State in their hands, they would think it a duty to seize the power thus offered them, and to treat the claims or protestations of those opposed to such legislation as of absolutely no consequence. Moreover, they avoid attracting public attention to their pretensions in this matter by resolutely refusing to discuss them publicly, and push their claims simply by quietly influencing Catholic voters and political managers, and, through them, getting all they can, while waiting for all they think they are entitled to.

## THE WORK OF THE CONVENTION.

WHAT is perhaps the most remarkable about the Democratic Convention is that it joins issue with the Republicans on only one point, and that is the proper mode of paying the national debt. Considering the number and variety of the questions which have divided the parties since 1852, the number of things in the Republican policy which the Democrats have opposed since the outbreak of the war; considering, too, the number of outrageous violations of the Constitution, and of all sound principles of government, of which they accuse the Republicans through their press and through their orators, one was naturally led to expect a platform bristling with propositions which Republicans would be compelled to traverse, and on which the people would be enabled to pass at the Presidential election.

For instance, we might reasonably have looked for an affirmation of the right of secession from a party which vehemently denied to the General Government the right to prevent secession by force of arms; and for a demand for compensation for the freeing of the slaves from a party which denied the validity of the Emancipation Proclamation; and for a declaration in favor of free trade from a party which has been a free trade party from its formation, and has treated the high tariffs of the last six years as monsters of absurdity; for a declaration in favor of hard money from a party which has always been the implacable foe of paper issues, and which denied the constitutionality of the issue of the legal tenders; and for a promise to undo the reconstruction work of Congress from a party which has maintained, and does still persistently maintain, the illegality and oppressiveness of every step in it; and, finally, for a declaration in favor of "a white man's government" from a party which has always treated the mental and moral inferiority of the negro race as a fundamental political fact which there is no getting rid of, and on which all political arrangements, in a country in which both races were found, must be based. It must be admitted by anybody who is familiar with the history of the last six years, that there never was a party in a free country which suffered less from lack of controversy. In fact, we do not recall a single case in which a party has been divided from its opponents by so many questions of the highest interest, and questions, too, which go down to the foundations of moral as well as of political science. If the Democracy only believes one-tenth part of what it says, no party has ever taken the field with even one-tenth as much responsibility.

In the platform as it lies before us, however, we find none of these things. The right of slaveholding and that of secession are given up on the ground that they have been "settled by the war, or by the voluntary action of the Southern States," as if a war wrongfully begun and wrongfully conducted could settle any question of constitutional or moral right, and as if the Southern States since the war—if Democratic accounts of their condition be true—have done anything voluntarily. It demands the restoration of the States to their rights in the Union under the Constitution, but deprives the demand of all value either to friend or foe by omitting to state what those rights are. It demands an amnesty for all political offences, but this can offend no one, as nobody has been punished for political offences, and nobody is likely to be. It demands the abolition of the Freedmen's Bureau and the reduction of the army, but the Freedmen's Bureau is already in process of abolition and provision has been made for reducing the army. The seventh article denounces "abuses in administration," and demands the "expulsion of corrupt men from office," one of those exceedingly amusing demands which appear regularly now in the platforms of all parties, and which, as no defender of abuses or of corrupt men ever shows himself *eo nomine* in the flesh in the political arena, must be aimed at some ghostly organization visible only to spiritualists. The doctrine of indefeasible allegiance also, against which the eighth article is aimed, now finds no earthly supporters; the right of the States to regulate the suffrage has been formally conceded by the Republican party; and if there be anybody who proposes to have the public "forget our soldiers and sailors," or refuse to "execute the guaranties given in their favor," he has thus far managed to conceal himself from an indignant community.

Of the abuse of the Republican party, of which the latter portion of the platform is composed, it must be said that, whether justifiable or unjustifiable, it offers no issues to an adversary. Neither policy nor principle can ever be wrapped up in vituperation, and the applicability of epithets is not a point which can ever be submitted to the people. This particular branch of the controversy between the two parties has to be worked out in the newspapers and on the stump, and to them we may safely hand it over in the full assurance that the Democrats will by next November have got as good as they will have given.

There therefore remains only one point on which the Democratic party offers to do battle. Out of the hosts of principles which it has upheld at one time or another during its long and checkered career; out of that vast collection of grievances which it has accumulated since 1860, and in describing which it borrows the language of the oppressed in the worst of past ages, it produces nothing worthy of being embodied in a positive proposition and fought for at the election. It has no reform to call for; it does not offer to carry any reform out, either in the administration of the Government or in the machinery of the administration. It goes into the canvass simply to maintain the doctrine that, wherever in a national promise to pay money the word "coin" is not mentioned, the debt shall be paid in "lawful money of the United States"—that is, in another promise to pay issued by the same debtor—and that the representations made in explanation of the original instrument by the officers of the Government, and the understanding of those who lent the money, and which has remained undisturbed for four years, shall count for nothing. Such a "battle-cry" as this coming from any political party would be singular enough; there was only one thing needed to make it by far the most singular battle-cry of history, and that was, that the party raising it should be a party which has always maintained that paper money issued by Government is not and cannot be "lawful money," and that, therefore, the currency in which it calls for the payment of Government debts is not simply inferior in value to coin, but has no value whatever; and this one thing the battle-cry in question has. The Democratic party, after many changes and reverses, at last takes the field in support of a compound swindle, made up partly of fraudulent bankruptcy and partly of uttering counterfeit money.

We know very well what satisfaction this extraordinary performance has given, and is giving, to the Republicans. The platform, combined with the character of the candidates who have been selected to stand upon it, seems to render Democratic success hopeless, unless, indeed, all principle and all honor have deserted the American people. The triumph, at the close of the war, of a party which put forth no claim to public confidence except its willingness in the richest country in the world to cheat the public creditor (we again repeat that all talk of "the letter of the law," in a discussion between a government and its creditors as to the rights of the latter, simply adds impudence to knavery), would indicate a degree of moral debasement which would certainly puzzle both preachers and philosophers, and would greatly increase the doubts and misgivings with which so many thoughtful and intelligent men are looking into the moral future of the world. We have, we confess, no doubt whatever about the result of the election; but we shall not be satisfied with simple victory. Nobody who has watched the proceedings of the Convention, has seen the influences which controlled it, and knows anything of the men who managed it, or of the ideas of government which were dominant in it, and who believes that, once equality is established in a State, honesty must form the main element in its progress, will be content unless it is shown not only that a majority, but that an immense majority, of the people repudiate the party and its doctrines. The course things have taken in the last three months goes strongly to confirm the suggestion we have several times made, that the basis of one party, at least in this country, would be rather ignorance and rascality than attachment to distinct and well-marked political ideas. At the Convention which has just adjourned no particular doctrine or principle which thoughtful men of any school of politics have produced or defended seemed to have any attraction or any authority. About all the great questions of government, the settled as well as the disputed, there was every indication either of ignorance or indifference. The thing which commanded most applause and secured heartiest concurrence was a small cheat

from which nobody in the room could expect to make over a few dollars, and for which no defence or apology can be discovered in the work of any statesman or moralist of any age or country, and yet it called forth the "wildest enthusiasm." The following that these men can command in the United States should not only be a minority; it is the duty of all good men to see that it is a small minority.

## OUR NATIONAL POVERTY.

"THE *Nation* has made the painful discovery that 'the people of the United States are, and have been for several years past, steadily decreasing in wealth.' The data for this calculation are as follows: (1) Milk and all its products are an absolute necessity; (2) Every effort will be made, therefore, whatever else may be sacrificed, to keep up the number of milch cows; (3) Milch cows have decreased 5 per cent. since 1860; (4) No consolation can be found in the increased number of sheep, though these have nearly doubled since 1860. *Ergo,* our people are fast growing poorer. Now, as the whole number of people has increased since 1860 at least 15 per cent., their average poverty in milch cows must be much greater than the *Nation* indicates. But is it not barely possible that we have increased our wealth in other articles more than we have lost in milch cows? And is it not also possible that a cow or two may have been omitted in 1867, since the returns of the Agricultural Bureau are by no means perfect? Again—has the *Nation* taken account of *all* the milk in *all* the cocoa-nuts of this great country? Until these questions are answered, we shall take the evidence of our five senses, and believe that the country is no poorer than in 1860."

The foregoing paragraph from the Springfield *Republican* is a fair epitome of the thousand-and-one comments upon a recent article of ours which we find scattered through our exchanges. The humor is the *Republican's* own, but its argument is nearly the same as that of all of our commentators. The "evidence of our five senses" is justly more trusted by most people than the conclusions of their logic; the abundance of cocoa-nuts is unquestionably more than an offset for the loss of milch cows; our surplus paper money is undoubtedly better proof of our wealth than a mere assertion that our stock of gold is steadily declining; and the nation's irregular and artificial activity under heavy taxes and protective duties furnishes the most striking evidence of our general prosperity, just as nothing so well proves the giant's strength as his ability to stagger on under the weight of burdens that would crush an ordinary man. Undoubtedly we are strong to carry weight, undoubtedly we have money in abundance, undoubtedly the land "flows with milk," but the weight we carry is exhausting us, the money that so abounds is paper money, and the milk that overflows the land comes mostly from the cocoa-nut.

It seems a truism, that all the individuals of a nation are wholly engaged in producing and distributing, by the aid of their whole labor and their whole property, all the things which all the individuals of that nation need to satisfy all their wants. It is a statement the general truth of which every one admits, though particular exceptions can be taken to it. One exception is, that a part of every nation—its army, its navy, its wealthy class—do not labor either to produce or to distribute. But this objection is more apparent than real, for the labor of the soldiers and sailors in protecting alike the producer and his product is held by the producer himself to be as essential to production as his own labor; while the wealthy, by contributing their property, aid production as effectually as if they contributed their labor. A more serious exception to our truism is, that not all the things which a nation needs are produced by its own labor, but that a part of them are produced by and obtained from other nations. But the force of this objection is derived from a false and exaggerated estimate of the importance of the so-called foreign trade of nations. The concentration of the latter at a few seaports or frontier towns, and its powerful influence over the domestic markets of a nation actively engaged in trade, give it an appearance of magnitude which is eminently deceptive. The total annual imports or exports of the United States, for example, do not amount in value to *four hundred* millions of dollars, whereas our total annual domestic product amounts in value to at least *ten thousand* millions, or more than twenty-five times as much. Besides, whatever any nation imports from abroad has really to be paid for by the export of something produced at home, so that to all intents and purposes the foreign article is just as much obtained by domestic labor as the domestic article. Hence we may safely leave out of sight both the so-called non-producing classes and all foreign trade, and adhere to our first assertion, that all the individuals of a nation are wholly engaged in producing and distributing, by the aid of their whole labor and their whole property, all the things which all the individuals of that nation need to satisfy their wants.

What do the wants of a nation consist of? The wants of a whole nation are only a multiplication of the wants of each individual household. Each household, as each individual, requires mainly food, shelter, clothing, warmth, light, and entertainment. These all individuals require in greater or smaller amounts and in varying proportions. The amounts and proportions in which different households require them depend upon the wealth, social position, education, and taste of its members, and vary accordingly. But there are always thousands of households possessing the same wealth, occupying the same social position, influenced by the same education and the same tastes, forming in one word a certain class in the community. All the households forming such a class will have, as nearly as possible, the same wants. Of course, everywhere there will be individual exceptions even among a class, but in all classes the average household will be in an overwhelming majority, and among such average households the wants will be so clearly measured and so much alike that in ordinary times the grocery bills, the butcher's and baker's bills, the house-rent, the dry-goods bills of each one of a thousand families in the same station of life, and in receipt of the same income, will at the end of the year be nearly the same in amount as those of the other nine hundred and ninety-nine.

Few people have any conception of the extent to which this assertion is true; but every one can, by enquiry among his friends and acquaintances, easily verify for himself its correctness, and can see how, in each of the different classes of society, expenses run in certain proportions which scarcely ever vary. Of an income of one thousand dollars in this city, for example, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, five hundred dollars are probably spent on food, two hundred and fifty dollars on rent, one hundred on dry-goods and clothing, and so on. And not only does the proportion, whatever it may be, hold good for any one class in society, but it is, with the exception of the very wealthy and the very poor, nearly the same in all classes of society. In fact, it is not unreasonable to assert that, in the average American household, one-half of the income is spent for food, one-fourth for rent, and one-fourth for all other wants combined. The figures of the United States census bear out the assertion in a very striking manner. We have seen that it requires all the labor and all the capital of all the people to produce all that is required for the wants of all. If, therefore, the wants of all bear certain proportions, it is necessary that the capital and labor employed in satisfying these wants should bear the same proportions. Of the labor it is difficult to get a correct estimate, but of the capital employed the last census (imperfect as it is) shows us, that as nearly as possible *one-half* consisted of farms, live stock upon farms, and farming implements, mainly employed in the production of food, while nearly *one-fourth* consisted of other real estate, city and town dwellings, with their household furniture, etc., the income from which constitutes the item of house-rent.

The conclusion to be drawn from all these statements is this: our wealth, national as well as individual, consists of that which will satisfy our wants. One-half of all our wants is summed up in the word—food. To show that our supply of food is diminished is to show that the most important half of our wealth, the means of supplying the most important half of our wants, is diminished. It is easy to laugh at our homely illustration, selected because it is a subject of simple numbers which everybody can understand, but it is not so easy to meet or deny the fact that food and house-rent have risen to exorbitant prices, that they absorb more than their former proportion of our yearly income, and that, although we spend more upon them, we get them in smaller quantities and of poorer quality. In food and house-rent we are worse off, poorer, than we were six years ago; we are richer in railroads, in iron-mines and foundries, in coal-mines and cotton-spindles, in lamb's-wool and paper money. But it is a poor consolation to a hungry man to know that iron is abundant and cheap, or that he can burn five tons of coal next winter instead of four; cocoa-nut milk will scarcely suit the baby nor go well with coffee and tea; nor is an

extra cheap flannel shirt a compensation for being crowded into two narrow rooms in a tenement-house.

The fact is, the war, protection, and paper money have artificially disturbed the course of our national activity, and changed our national productions from those which are most essential to our existence to those which were, for the time being, most profitable to the individual producer. The demands of the war, aided by the tariff, induced an immense increase in the production of iron, coal, and wool, and prevented a proportionate increase, nay, brought about a proportionate decrease, in the production of food. The fluctuations in price resulting from speculation, based in part upon the uncertainty of the currency, prevented the disturbance from being readily recognized, and the evil has gone on increasing until the unbearable result is working its own remedy. Working-men cannot pay for their food and rent at present rates of wages, but even the present rates of wages are ruinous to employers in many branches of manufacture. Hence strikes for higher or against lower wages are again becoming the order of the day, and will, we fear, from this time forward steadily augment in number and importance. The necessity of employing a larger proportion of income for the purchase of food and the payment of rent leaves less than before for the purchase of all other manufactured articles. A diminished demand for manufactured articles must lead to a diminished production, to the stoppage of mills and the idleness of many laborers, and to a diminished activity in general business. Of the number of men thrown out of employment by such a change, a large proportion always seek the farm, and by their labor add at once to the production of food and help to restore the former equilibrium. But in the meantime what is the value of the idle mill or the closed coal-mine that they have abandoned? If we are poorer in some of the principal articles of food, we are richer, far richer, so our critics claim, in factories and mines. But factories and mines have little or no value unless actively worked, and we have no hesitation in asserting, from simple observation of the laws of trade, that before next March one-fourth of the spindles of New England and one-third of the hammers of Pennsylvania will be idle. This is, of course, mere assertion, and has nothing to do with our argument. Our argument is, and we think it cannot be contradicted, that our most important want is food; that we are poorer in food than we have ever been; that we are richer in factories and mines, but that the wealth of factories and mines cannot offset the poverty in food, even if the factories and mines are worked; that we are poorer in the essential, and richer only in the non-essential—hence that we are certainly on the whole poorer.

Nothing has so much contributed to national and individual extravagance as the constant shouts of gladness at our immense prosperity, our unimpaired resources, raised by the press of the whole country. It is high time that this delusion be abandoned with all its mischievous consequences. The nation is at the present time far from prosperous. For months past we have had no official publication of the internal revenue receipts. Is it because they are so light that they dare not be shown? Already the notes of warning come from Washington, telling us to prepare for an increase of debt in July amounting to eighteen or twenty millions. The Ways and Means Committee are seeking from Congress the authority—demanded, it is said, by Mr. McCulloch—to issue a fresh loan of twenty-five millions, in the shape of three per cent. certificates, which are *legal tender* between the banks, a measure of the most positive and downright inflation. These are not signs of prosperity. Why, then, seek to delude ourselves? We are neither rich nor prosperous. Let us cease our bragging and resume our labor. We have been wasteful, and are poor; let us economize, and repair our substance.

## RECENT WARNINGS TO THE CORRUPT.

We ventured to predict two months ago that the Democratic Convention would not be found lagging behind the Republican Convention, in the matter of corruption, and that it would give us a denunciation of this particular form of evil which would be satisfactory to every right-minded man. We were not mistaken. The platform calls loudly for "the reform of abuses in the administration, the expulsion of corrupt men from office." Now this, as any one may see who considers the subject for a moment, covers the whole case. If abuses in the administration were reformed, and corrupt men expelled from office, we should have a government as nearly perfect as the material conditions of our society would permit. The two great parties into which the political world is divided being, therefore, both of opinion that corrupt men ought to be driven out of the public service, those persons will, if they have any delicacy of feeling left, at once withdraw from it. Even if they have no delicacy of feeling, they must acknowledge that even on the low ground of expediency it may be the very best thing they can do; because both the great parties having agreed as to their unfitness, they surely will shortly be all dismissed with disgrace, and perhaps with a public exposure of their iniquities. It would seem, in fact, that with regard to this great question the country is in the happy situation of having nothing to fear from the defeat of either party. Anybody whose sole political concern is corruption may vote for either the Democratic or Republican ticket as he pleases, with the full assurance that he will witness in any case the realization of his wishes.

Nevertheless, we confess that, perhaps owing to natural sourness of disposition, we are ourselves not quite satisfied. In other words, we do not believe the denunciations of corruption uttered by either party are worth the paper on which they are written. We believe the corrupt men in office read these denunciations with the same grim amusement with which most intelligent men out of office read them. They know perfectly well they mean nothing, and are not intended to produce any better effect than the soothing of obstreperous reformers. We do not mean to say that we think the Republican and Democratic parties stand on the same level in this matter. In fact, the moral difference which, as we have several times endeavored to show, exists between the composition of the two parties, apart altogether from their political differences, does lead us to hope for reform sooner or later from the Republicans, and prevents us from looking for anything of the kind at any time from the Democrats. There is in the ranks of the Republican party a vast body of persons to whom the condition of the public service, and the growing power of money in both politics and law, are matters of serious concern. Persons whom these things trouble—in other words, whose moral sense is nice, and whose political and social ideal is high—almost invariably vote the Republican ticket, often as much out of sheer abhorrence of Democratic morality as out of admiration of Republican policy. We do not, in fact, expect now or at any other time the smallest attempt at purification from the Democrats. That party, as long as it exists, will be made up in the main of coarser, more brutal, ignorant elements in the population, and pandering to their passions and prejudices, and ostentatious indifference to moral considerations, will always supply the leaders with the principal means of keeping their followers together.

We do think, however, that as long as the Republican party confines its efforts towards reform to declamation in its platform against corruption in general, it will be useless to ask people to place more confidence in its reforming zeal than in that of the Democrats. Nothing is easier than to denounce corruption. Editors, preachers, and moralists of all sexes and ages are doing this incessantly, and doing it twice as effectively as political conventions can do it. The work of political organizations is not the utterance of fine moral sentiments; their work is the contrivance and execution of practical measures of reform—in other words, the embodiment of fine moral sentiments in legislation. We do not need to have either the Chicago or the New York Convention tell us that corruption is a bad thing, or that all the corrupt men ought to resign. This we have found out for ourselves. What we want the Conventions to say is, that the men they put in power must, without unreasonable delay, enact this or that measure, making such and such reforms, prohibiting such and such abuses. The Conventions know perfectly well that resolutions denouncing corruption might be passed in every Republican meeting for the next ten years; and although the Republicans were all that time the party in power, there would not be one cent the less stolen from the Government, or one cheat or imbecile the less in office. Until, therefore, the party say authoritatively, that certain definite reforms ought to be made, the sensible portion of the public will take the liberty of laughing when

it simply confines itself to putting it on record that corruption is a bad thing. Writing "noble letters," as P. T. Barnum did during his canvass in Connecticut, and putting noble sentiments in platforms, as all parties do, are very well as far as they go, but they are no substitute for noble living, or for earnest, careful reformatory legislation.

It is not denied that Mr. Jenckes's Civil Service Bill would dry up one fruitful source of corruption—the most fruitful of all. It would not put an end to corruption, because it would not change human nature or suddenly raise the general standard of morality. But we have not met with a single denial in the newspapers or from orators that it would put an end to an enormous amount of dishonesty, that it would drive a large body of depraved and worthless men not only out of office but out of politics altogether, and that it would gradually lead to as near an approach to purity in the administration as the actual moral condition of the country will permit. We have, however, yet to hear the first formal words in its favor from any Republican organization. As soon as we see Republican leaders openly advocating it, as they advocate the Reconstruction acts or the honorable payment of the public debt, we shall believe in the sincerity of their desire for reform, but not till then. The party at large, we are sure, would welcome it. The American people has no interest in seeing its Government offices used as dens of thieves. The number of men who are interested in the present state of things is not more than a few thousands, all told; but they are unfortunately the persons who do most of the hack work of the canvass; and the party leaders, however honest they may be themselves, are afraid to talk of anything which will seem likely to deprive them of the means of rewarding their services.

We would warn the public, too, against the belief that by putting a pure man in the Presidential chair we can secure purity in the administration. Undoubtedly, General Grant will reform many abuses that Mr. Johnson now connives at or participates in. But under the present system, no matter how good he may be, the President is almost powerless. The distribution of the offices is only nominally in his hands. By far the greater portion of it is in reality in the hands of the Senators, Representatives, or local politicians and editors, whose recommendations he dare not disregard, and who are usually about as much influenced by consideration for the public welfare in pushing their protégés as by the motions of the heavenly bodies. Moreover, these persons, even when honest in giving their recommendations, have to give them to such a bad class and are so easily deceived, that some of the greatest knaves in the public service have actually often owed their places to very pure and patriotic men.

## MR. FESSENDEN AND THE BOSTONIANS.

The Boston *Commonwealth* does not often descend to anything so low and troublesome as argumentation, but occasionally when it fancies it sees "a crisis," it summons a "reasoner" to deal out high and low justice on those who incur its righteous indignation. It last week employed him to judge and condemn the persons in Boston who recently invited Mr. Fessenden to dinner, as a mark of their sympathy with him under the persecution brought on him by his course in the impeachment. The first point made is that Mr. Fessenden was not entitled to a dinner because he is not a great man, or associated with any great cause, like Burke or Peel or Cobden or Sumner; the second is that the inviters are mostly members of the Boston Union League Club, a dainty sybaritic organization which did no good work in the war, and did not invite such men as Mr. William Claflin to join it, and blackballed such men as Mr. Frank W. Bird. The third point is that the invitation was signed not by the same men, but by men of the same social or official position as signed protests against the Personal Liberty Bill. The fourth is that a man who is opposed to "the masses" on a great question does not deserve a dinner, and ought not to get one, and the writer reminds Hill, Lowell, and Norton, of Cambridge, that it was Fairfax, Cromwell, and Vane, and not Strafford or Falkland or Charles I., to whom Milton "wrote sonnets," and whom he "enshrined in his immortal verse." The fifth is that the Republican party can well afford to do without Fessenden, and that "the path of Truth through all ages is strewn with deserters," on which proposition we shall only remark that so is the path of Humbug and Folly, and that, in fact, it is mainly by desertions from these two goddesses that the work of progress is carried on. What is Truth, and where is Truth, are questions hard to answer even for "moral reformers." What is Folly, is a question which Providence graciously enables men to answer every day by means of their own experience.

Upon the force and applicability of the foregoing arguments we have nothing to say. They are those of a man who has passed his life shooting at a hay-stack, and who thinks the bull's-eye on a target a contemptible object. What concerns us in the article is his views about the nature of the impeachment trial, which *do* merit attention, as we know they are widely diffused amongst good people, and cannot, therefore, be too often overhauled. He says the impeachment is not a judicial proceeding: 1st, Because the penalty does not touch either life, liberty, or property; 2dly, Because "the Democratic partisans were all a unit against it;" 3dly, Because "the Chief-Justice talked freely" about it, and "the press affirmed or denied guilt while the trial was pending." We protest solemnly that, though the space at our command will not permit us to quote literally, we have faithfully reproduced the argument. If any one doubts us, and many perhaps will do so, we refer him to the *Commonwealth* of July 11.

We would observe on this that the nature of a trial does not depend on the nature of the penalty. To constitute a trial or judicial proceeding, it is enough that there be an enquiry under oath into a dispute either about law or fact, and that the consequence be to the disputants either loss or gain. If the enquiry be into the guilt or innocence of an individual, it matters not whether the penalty be the loss of life or property or liberty or reputation or office. If it be the deprivation of anything which a man values, it is still a penalty; and a person who undertakes under a solemn oath to enquire whether a particular individual merits this penalty or not, and to be guided in so doing "by the law and the evidence," is engaged in a judicial enquiry. The attempt in which the *Commonwealth* and other journals have been engaged, to persuade the public that an enquiry conducted under these conditions is *not* a judicial proceeding; that the senator's oath on the late trial, the oaths and examination and cross-examination of witnesses, are not marks of a judicial trial simply because the penalty is a peculiar one, is—the truth must be told—utter downright folly or an attempt to destroy one of the bases of human society. If the penalty had been simply reprimand, the investigation would have had just the same *character*, though its importance and interest to the community would have been much less, as if the penalty had been one of decapitation and quartering.

In the second place, the misconduct of the press or of the Chief-Justice, or the—if you will—excusable weakness of the press and the inexcusable indiscretion of the Chief-Justice, and the partisanship of the Democrats, no more affect the nature of the proceeding before the Senate than the brutality of Jeffreys affected the nature of the proceedings at the Bloody Assizes, or the applause of the white Jamaican mob the nature of the proceedings against Gordon. No doubt these things had much to do in plunging the *Commonwealth* and similar periodicals into the fog in which they evidently still find themselves, but they were a matter of no concern to good and wise men in the Senate. The duty of the senator was still "to do impartial justice according to the law and the evidence," let the newspapers, the Democrats, or the Chief-Justice do what they might.

The *Commonwealth* asks triumphantly whether "Alexander H. Bullock and others ever before offered a public dinner to a dissenting judge or a recalcitrant juror," and, anticipating the answer, says: "Out of their own mouths comes the evidence that the impeachment proceeding was not a judicial trial." Being of a humane disposition, we shall not make any comment on this beyond what is implied in the submission of the following points, as the real points in the case, for the consideration of the *Commonwealth*, and we hope if it discusses them it will not do so without much reflection. Let us add that we do not want in reply any vituperation or name-calling or vitriol-throwing, or any of the other pleasing tricks by which it usually gets rid of antagonists; nor do we want to hear anything about its "emotions"

or "aspirations" or "instincts," noble though they be; nor about "eternal justice" or "the eternal verities." We want plain argument, supported by recognized authorities or by the laws of the human mind. The points are these:

1. If the proceedings at Johnson's trial were not a judicial proceeding, what was the meaning and object of the senators' oath, of the oath and examination of witnesses, and of the *legal* portion of the Managers' argument?

2. Inasmuch as there was no article on which some senator of the party did not question Mr. Johnson's guilt, how do we *know* that a senator who doubted it, on all of them, was a dishonest man?

3. Supposing the trial to have been a judicial trial, have you ever heard of "a dissenting judge or recalcitrant juror" having been abused and threatened as Mr. Fessenden has been?

4. Considering how he has been abused and threatened, is it anything wonderful that those who believe him to have acted conscientiously should seek to dignify and reward conscientious acting by testifying in a public manner their respect for a man who, mistaken though he may be, has been persecuted for having (as they think) so acted? Is not some such testimonial required from them by the highest interests of society, no matter what comes of Andrew Johnson; and is not an invitation to dinner as simple, as suitable, and as easy a way of offering him this testimonial as any other? Would an invitation to a clam-bake or fish-fry be any better?

5. Is there anything more revolting in political history than the present attempt of the "moral wing" of the Republican party to elevate party obligations above all others, even those of a solemn oath, on the ground that the objects of the party are good; and is there any more repulsive reading outside the pages of Escobar and Father Bauny than the windy sermons in which these detestable doctrines are preached?

## A LOOK AT THE CONVENTION.

PERHAPS the spectacle of men in large bodies is never very impressive; unless, indeed, when, as in an army or a mob, or some such gathering, they give the spectator the idea of force. Take any single human being of an entire steamboat-load, consider him face to face, and he is a more awe-inspiring object than the whole "excursion" to which he belongs. Or climb up into Trinity steeple, and after gazing on the ant-hill of mankind below, turn to the contemplation of the person who has ascended with you, and whom you have at arm's length, a near body and soul. He paradoxically dwarfs the race. The reason of this readily suggests itself; we mention the fact only to excuse ourselves for saying that we were not very much impressed by the sight of the late assemblage of the Democracy in the new Tammany Hall.

Most of our readers have seen similar assemblages in similar places. A large hall draped with the stars and stripes, and further adorned, in this case, with representations of the shields of the States, which recalled the paintings that adorn new omnibuses; a platform at one end, filled with elderly men of what is called a gentlemanly exterior; galleries at the other end crammed with a mass of humanity vigorously plying fans; a mass of humanity in the benches between, sitting in long rows; men, not of gentlemanly exterior, handing ice-water; a stentorian-voiced secretary making himself heard above the noise of the talk ("The State of Missourah —casts her eleven electoral votes—as follows"); a feeble-voiced chairman endeavoring to make himself heard, and pretty regularly compelled to fall back on the mallet before he can do it ("The Convention will come to order. The gentleman is informed that disputes in the delegation *must* be settled within the delegation, and *cannot* be brought before the Convention"); a continual going to and fro of very important gentlemen who have to whisper a word or two close into the ears of other gentlemen ("That 's John A. Green coming this way, with his hand up to his mouth; now he 's talking with that bald-headed man"); bursts of "enthusiasm," often far wilder than one suspects till they reappear in the next day's papers; occasional speeches by gentlemen who make what seems, to distant hearers, an inarticulate noise, whose oratory is mainly of the visible kind, and consists in shaking the head, sometimes violently, sometimes weightily and slowly, sometimes at the Permanent Chairman, sometimes at the fist which is at the end of the outstretched arm ("That 's McCook that 's up now"); energetic remarks from one's neighbors expressive of delight or disgust—("There 's a gain of three for Hendricks") ("Seymour, Seymour; the child is born"); enquiries and answers; a pervading heat, and the concomitant rustling of fans, and, in this instance, display of shirt-sleeves in the galleries.

These are the principal things that went to make up the scene in Tammany, as they go, most of them, to make up the scene whenever we get together to nominate our candidates for the Presidency. As we say, it is never a very impressive scene. It came nearest to being so in the case of this last Convention when some well-informed persons wheeled out a cannon in the vicinity of the hall, and the solemn booming of the gun accompanied the votes "for Horatio Seymour." But then this was only relatively and momentarily impressive. Absolutely and leisurely considered, it was not very imposing. The cannon began long before the nomination was made, while yet it would have been possible for the friends of Hendricks or those of Hancock to defeat the nominee. And the cannon and a full brass band set the galleries shouting in what was really wild enthusiasm, and too obviously—too obviously for the interests of reverential respect for their deliberations—affected the votes of delegates. Yet it was easy to be affected by the vast mass of disappointment that there must have been in the assembly when the nomination fell where it did—which, indeed, there would necessarily have been wherever the nomination might have fallen. The list of the rejected was very long. One heart we know that must have been made sad by the failure of Asa Packer. The owner of it, who looked the incarnation of the Resolutions of '98, conversed eagerly with his neighbors on the prospects of "Pennsylvania's favorite son." As the roll of the States was called and Pennsylvania's name came, he regularly made an endeavor to start applause for Packer. "Pennsylvania adheres to Packer," he would say after each of many ballotings. "Yes, sir, they told me this morning that would be their course. And if she adheres to him he will be the man. This nomination is controlled by Pennsylvania. Let her stick to Packer and he will very soon receive the vote of the entire South. Why will he? Yes, but they do know him. When Mr. Davis's nephews and nieces were destitute at the close of the war Mr. Packer relieved them; he took them into his own house and sent them to school, and provided for them in every way. The South knows that, and they are only waiting to testify their appreciation of it, and you'll see before long. Their votes for Hancock are merely complimentary; they will go solid for Packer when the moment arrives. And we can whip with him. He could carry Pennsylvania sure; he is worth fifteen millions of dollars, and he would spend two of it in order to carry the State. You 'll see that he will be the man." Then there was the pungent grief of Mr. Pendleton's friends; and the more controlled sorrow of the Chase men, who, indeed, felt no personal affection for their candidate, but who did very much "want a man to win with," and who "had been whipped often enough;" and there were the Hendricks men who had been not unreasonably hopeful till the last minute, and who had the satisfaction of witnessing their defeat and of perceiving, when it was too late, just how it might have been made victory. Indiana, it was said, voted against Pendleton too soon, and ought to have left it for the Seymour men to kill him; as it was, it was upon their skirts that his blood seemed to be found, and the vengeance of the Pendleton men was the success of the New Yorkers and their concealed candidate. The talk that a Western candidate now would make a Western candidate four years from now impossible, was not, we imagine, felt to be very weighty; there being no certainty that the West will let the East have any more Presidents in any case.

However, to the casual observer, little or nothing of these disappointed hopes or ambitions was visible. There were far more New Yorkers present than people of any other State, and there can be no doubt of the popularity of Mr. Seymour with the mass of the State Democracy. Then he had wisely been made the President of the Convention, where his elaborately dignified manners and gubernatorial look no doubt made a good impression on every Democrat in the room. The declination of the nomination, too, was done with every appearance of feeling, and, at a distance, exhibitions of feeling are sure to give the impression of sincerity in the utterance which accompanies them. The speaker's voice trembled; he was emphatic in declaring that honor compelled him to refuse the candidacy; he abruptly left the chair when the tide seemed to be setting in favor of his friends. Then, for another thing, when the final ballot was entered upon, there was no good reason (outside of the Ohio, New York, and, possibly, some other delegations; certainly, in the galleries and lobbies there was no good reason for supposing) that the Convention might not sit for several more days. It took everybody by surprise, and a majority of the sweltering spectators it greatly relieved, when it suddenly appeared that a candidate was to be given immediately. Then, again, it must probably be conducive to enthusiasm—as that quality is found in crowds—when men can vote in a person's honor in his very presence. Add the voice of the

cannon coming in at short intervals, and the music of the band playing "Rally Round the Flag," and there is no difficulty in accounting for enough of hurrahing and hat-swinging and standing on benches to make the Democratic onlooker believe heartily what the speakers said when they swung the guidons and declared that Iowa or Delaware, or whatever State it might be, desired to change its vote and cast so many ballots for Horatio Seymour, and "This is a nomination, sir, with which we shall march to victory at the polls, and with which upon our banners we will hurl from power the vandals who now disgrace our country."

# Notes.

## LITERARY.

MESSRS. HURD & HOUGHTON announce these works:—"The Tragedian: An Essay on the Histrionic Genius of Junius Brutus Booth," by Thomas R. Gould; "Sketches Abroad with Pen and Pencil," by F. O. C. Darley; "The Holidays: Christmas, Easter, and Whitsuntide; A Book descriptive of Sports and Observances," by N. B. W., with illustrations by Darley; a four-volume Student's Edition of Macaulay's "History," and five books for youthful readers, namely—"Stories of the Prairies," being selections from the works of J. F. Cooper; "The Ainslee Stories," by Helen C. Weeks; "Little Lou's Sayings and Doings;" "Tales for Little Convalescents," by Mrs. S. H. Bradford; and a "Robinson Crusoe," illustrated by Mr. Nast.——We have not previously mentioned as in preparation by Messrs. Roberts Brothers, "A Book about Boys," by A. R. Hope, and "Little Women: A Girl's Book," by Miss L. M. Alcott.——Mr. J. S. Redfield returns to the publishing business, and begins by announcing a reprint, in the form of a duodecimo, of the articles on "Woman in her Various Aspects," which have been appearing in the *Saturday Review*. Perhaps he will be able to learn in the course of his negotiations whether the report is true that Mrs. Edwards, the novelist, is the author of the articles in question.

—A week or two since we spoke of an excellent work, "The Annals of Rural Bengal" (New York: Leypoldt & Holt), by Mr. W. W. Hunter, who, leaving the beaten track of British historians of India, busying himself neither with the debates in Parliament, nor the diplomacy of high officials, nor the episodical fighting which makes a good half of Indian history, as usually written, turns aside to an agricultural district, which he knows thoroughly, and shows us, from its obscure annals, how the mass of the people were affected in their lives and fortunes by the policy of their rulers. Philologically, also, we must not forget to say, his work is of value. We see advertised in the English journals a forthcoming book bearing on the same subject, and which promises to be of more general interest. It is the work of a Bengalee, educated in the English way. Baboo Bholonauth Chunder is the name of the author, and the title of his book is "Travels of a Hindoo" (London: Trübner & Co.) The English and American public—the Western reading public in general—may in this work for the first time look at the Hindoos with Hindoo eyes. They are, perhaps, the eyes of a sceptical Hindoo, but not the worse on that account.

—The attention of our readers on the Pacific coast may very well be called to an important publication which offers to "enable a person who understands English to communicate effectively with natives who understand nothing but Chinese." It is an "Anglo-Chinese Dictionary," by the Rev. W. Lobscheid. It has been in progress since 1864, and has had the labor of a large staff. Two of the four parts which the complete work will comprise are already published; the third and fourth will both be issued before the year closes. All the new terms which the Chinese have recently had to make for the new things with which their changed foreign relations have been bringing them acquainted, the dictionary gives, it is said, *in extenso*, and each word is fully explained.

—Of all the magazines that have flourished and decayed at Harvard among the undergraduates none, we believe, has been so successful as the *Advocate*, a bi-weekly journal established three years ago, and none, so far as we know, and we believe we have looked at all of them, ever so well deserved success. As a rule the college periodical of old times fell sick and died because sooner or later it was seized upon by that class of writers who abound in colleges and wherever else young writers abound, who do badly what older writers in the magazines of the world outside the college yard are doing better or well. There was little truth, we fear, in the theory that the faculty's notorious hatred of genius and love of the cruelest tyranny caused the *Harvard Magazine* and its predecessors to perish as they did. The *Advocate* is not without its rather too ambitious essayists and the poets are as of old; but on the whole the impression one gets from it is that of the light-heartedness, vivacity, and fun proper to youth. Some of the chaff is as natural and pleasant in print as it is in the talk of the young men among themselves, and in point of excellence as literary workmanship is very far superior to the old sort of thing—the reviews of Professor W. E. Aytoun, and the musings in the fire-light at the close of the junior year, and the essays on William the Conqueror, which once were in vogue. Then the air of genuineness and reality which the *Advocate* wears is increased by the fulness of its college news and its healthy show of advertisements, features of the new periodical which the old ones generally wanted. In the number before us the editors propose something of a change in the character of the paper. Hereafter they are going to give in each issue a column of news about graduates, and to make this full and trustworthy in its intelligence they will put themselves, so far as may be possible, into regular communication with the Class Secretaries. They intend, too, to publish, gratis, all notices of class meetings, etc., etc., which it is now the practice of the secretaries to print in the papers of various cities. Thus the *Advocate* may become, for certain purposes, a convenient organ of the graduates; and there is no need, and we hope no danger, that in doing so it shall any less than formerly please the graduate by the lively picture it gives him of the state of feeling and the tone of opinion among his successors in the old scenes. What money they can make from their subscription list the editors will give to the fund for purchasing books for the much suffering college library—"a worthy cause." In its typographical appearance the *Advocate* is one of the most satisfactory journals printed in the United States.

—The *Christian Examiner* for July very appropriately speaks a few words—which would have been better for more dates and greater fulness generally—in commemoration of the late Doctor Noyes. That able and honest scholar was always a chief support and ornament of the *Examiner*. The most striking event in the life of the magazine—perhaps in the life of Doctor Noyes as well—was the appearance in the *Examiner* for July, 1834, of an article in which it was maintained that "the supposed prediction of Jesus as a personal Messiah came from the misinterpretation of a few scattered passages, and had no ground in a right understanding of the record." For publishing this article Dr. Noyes, the author, was threatened by the Attorney-General of Massachusetts with a prosecution for blasphemy. George Rapall Noyes, deceased at Cambridge on the 3d of June, was born at Newburyport, Mass., in 1798. At the age of twenty-four he had passed through Harvard College and the Divinity School of the University, and was licensed to preach. He was not, however, ordained as a pastor until he was nearly thirty, when he was invited to become the minister of a church in Brookfield (1827-1834). He was afterwards (1834-1840) settled in Petersham. It was in 1827 that he published his "Amended Version of the Book of Job," a work distinguished by a bold application to the Scriptures of a method of handling which sacrificed dogmas and literary graces alike to an accurate rendering of the text. Everything was abandoned without hesitation which seemed to the critic and expounder unwarranted by the words before him. In this same spirit—which, be it said, was never at war with modesty and scrupulous endeavors after accuracy—Doctor Noyes afterwards translated all the second half of the Bible, and he left behind him the completed translation, soon to be published, of the New Testament. From 1840 till his death Doctor Noyes filled the Hebrew chair in the Divinity School at Cambridge, and his death is to be lamented not only as the loss of an able scholar and critical writer, but as the loss of a valuable instructor, whose usefulness increased with advancing years, which mellowed while they ripened his mind.

—How much the whole community is interested in the inviolability of the telegraph, plainly appeared from the severity with which almost every journal in the country animadverted upon the recent seizure of telegrams under the authority of Congress. At the time, we expressed the opinion that the seizure was a high-handed measure, but that in certain cases such seizures are justifiable, and we expressed or implied the opinion that the public anger was almost or quite as much due to Mr. Butler's being allowed to overhaul private correspondence and publish it at his own sweet will, as to any settled belief on the part of the people that in no case should Congress examine letters and messages; though, of course, making such examinations will always be a peculiarly odious exertion of power, and none but a blind or stupid partisan will ever consent, except under pressure of necessity, to irritate the people by indulging it. Of the law in the matter there is no doubt. "In no case," says the Western Union Telegraph Company

"no matter how skilful the plea made by the company, has it ever been able to evade the demand of any court for the production of despatches;" and the production of despatches is a matter of almost daily occurrence. Even where courts have required the production of messages sent by persons not parties to the special suit in hand, the company has in vain resisted the requirement. The company says further—and it is worth remembering—that the Congressional committee did not demand and did not receive the general files of its Washington office; certain despatches specifically described, so far as specific description was possible, were asked for and were furnished, and were furnished only upon written requisition. In conclusion, we may say that the *Journal of the Telegraph* is our authority for the statement that the telegraph companies "everywhere sustain" a bill now before Congress which the legal fraternity will, we should say, everywhere oppose as soon as they get information of it, but which, we imagine, the general public, past and future plaintiffs, as well as past and possible defendants, will look on with favor. The closing section provides: "That every message or despatch delivered for transmission to any such telegraph company shall be held and deemed a confidential communication made to such company by the person or persons so delivering the same; and it shall not be lawful for any such company, either in pursuance of any order, subpœna, writ, or process, or otherwise, to deliver, produce, exhibit, or allow inspection of any such message or despatch, or of any part of the same, or of any copy thereof, or to communicate or disclose the contents or meaning thereof, or of any part thereof, *to any courts, judicial tribunals*, officers, or persons, or any of them, other than the persons by whom the same shall have been delivered, or to whom the same shall have been originally addressed, or his or their agents, etc.: Provided, however, that in case of suit or other proceeding against any such telegraph company, its officers, agents, or employees, or any of them, for damages for any fault, delay, or failure in the transmission or delivery of any telegraph message, it shall be lawful for such telegraph company, its agents or employees, to produce any message or communication which may be material or necessary to his or their defence."

—Mr. Samuel Lover died in Dublin on the 8th of the month, at the age of seventy-one years. He was best known in this country as the author of "Handy Andy," a book not so well worth attention as some of his shorter stories and some of his pretty little songs. It marks very well, however, its author's true place as an Irish novelist, or rather as a writer of Irish novels—a place between that of Gerald Griffin and William Carleton, with their wonderful vividness and truthfulness of delineation, and that occupied by Charles Lever in his essentially false, vulgar, and trivial earlier books, such, for example, as "Charles O'Malley." In his later books Lever is a very different personage, and is not to be spoken of without a certain degree of respect. Mr. Lover was something of a painter, something of an actor, something of an *improvisatore*, an entertaining lecturer, something of a poet in both of the two ways that modern Irish poets are apt to tread in —the rollicking and the soft-sentimental; and, as everybody knows who has read "The White Horse of the Peppers" and "Barney O'Reirdon the Navigator," something of a story-teller and more of a humorist of a certain conventional sort. The "Irish Harps," and other collections of comic and pathetic songs, will take him honorably to posterity as the gay-hearted and kind-hearted man who wrote "Rory O'More" and "Molly Bawn" and "The Angel's Whisper," and for more than a generation yet the boys in all English-speaking parts of the world will properly rejoice in him as a writer for the boyish, as the author of the happy-go-lucky, light-hearted, rather vulgarizing "Handy Andy." For grown men, except for grown men considered as tenor singers, he can hardly be called a writer. He died generally respected and regretted; and with his departure the age of Byron and Moore and Scott seems to take another receding step away from our days.

—M. Ernest Renan's discussion of the condition of the higher education, in his "Questions Contemporaines," has called forth an interesting article in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, which offers a somewhat novel, but we have no doubt well founded, defence for what may be called the Government's monopoly of the colleges and high schools, instead of leaving them to be established by private enterprise. The writer says that private enterprise is so feeble in France that no high school or college would ever be founded or conducted by laymen, if the Government declined the task. The result of its withdrawal from all interference would simply be that the higher education, and in fact all education, would pass into the hands of the priests. M. Jourdain's recent report on education in France shows that even with regard to primary and secondary schools, where the field was opened to private enterprise, the priests rapidly got the better of the laymen. In 1856 there were 16,736 private schools, of which 12,888 were in the hands of laymen and only 3,848 founded by religious societies. In 1865 the proportion was changed, and there are now only 9,847 lay schools, while there are 6,502 clerical schools. M. Renan makes a fierce and well-merited attack on the too prevalent doctrine that it is the common schools that are the important thing in national education, and that the universities are of comparatively little consequence. "It is the university," he says, "which makes the common school"—meaning, no doubt, that it is the university which gives the teacher his standard and society its tone. "It has been said," he adds, "that it was the district schoolmaster who conquered at Sadowa. No; what conquered at Sadowa was German science and German virtue; it was philosophy, Protestantism, and Luther, Kant, Fichte, Hegel. The instruction of the people is the effect of the high culture of certain classes. Countries which, like the United States, have created a good system of popular education, without a high order of university education, will long expiate their error by their intellectual mediocrity, the coarseness of their tendencies, and their want of general intelligence." The United States, of course, is not open to the charge of having deliberately neglected university education, or deliberately contenting itself with common schools. It has done the best thing and the only thing with regard to both which a new country could do. Whether or not the result be as shocking as M. Renan fancies, this much is certain, that side by side with a prodigious development and improvement of university education we also witness among us a growing reverence for "the graduates of the common schools," as all that men need desire to be, against which it is the duty of everybody who is interested in the national progress to strive, for national force depends no less on the degree of the national culture than on its diffusion.

## MORAL MEDICATION.*

This is a somewhat diffuse, but a very sturdy and honest and, with certain limitations, a very sensible book. The sleep of which the author principally treats is the artificial or "magnetic" sleep, the so-called hypnotic state of Braid; and the purpose of the treatise is to show the essential identity of this and some other abnormal conditions, such as fascination, hallucination, and the like, with ordinary slumber, and to advocate the application of it to the treatment of various forms of disease. The theoretical fabric of the author seems to us in many places insecure (to speak mildly), but a part of his generalizations may be accepted provisionally as giving a very convenient and simple form of expression for the course of the phenomena. The "attention" is to him the great working agent which presides over all the changes, bodily or mental, conscious or unconscious, which we undergo. When it diffuses itself equably through all our several senses, we are awake and with our wits about us; when it flows more particularly towards one form of sensibility, at the expense of the rest in a slight degree, we are more or less "absorbed" and "abstracted." When it withdraws itself entirely from the reach of sensibility, and retires into unconscious caverns, where its existence, if recognized at all, can only be recognized afterwards by its effects, we are sound asleep; when from this latent condition it emerges, but only into a very limited and one-sided connection with the world of sensibility, we are dreaming, somnabulic, delirious, cataleptic, etc., etc.

We think this extended use of the word "attention" to be by no means inappropriate. The phenomena of somnambulism, mania, etc., are connected with those of what is commonly called attention by such a number of gradual steps, all characterized by a diminution of mental activity in some directions, running parallel to its exaltation in others, a narrowing of its channel proportional to its deepening, that it seems quite justifiable to grasp all the terms of this series of facts of mental concentration under the name by which the most familiar term is known to us. The hypothesis that the nervous system is a sort of receptacle of definite size and shape, in which the attentive mind, like a small quantity of some fluid, distributes itself in very various manners at different times, is, of course, a crude mechanical image; but it is serviceable, and it seems doubtful if, for a long time to come, we shall be enabled to attain a conception really much more precise of the relation between matter and consciousness. The assumption of "non-functional nervous currents," that is, the transmission of nerve-force generated in one part of the system to be expended in another without the intervening organs being excited, is hardly a bit more definite.

Our author seems to think that the sum of the mind's operations, conscious and unconscious, should at all times be a constant quan-

* "A. A. Liébault. Du Somneil et des Etats analogues, considérés surtout au point de vue de l'Action du Moral sur le Physique." 8vo. Paris: Masson. 1866.

tity, and that the investigator is bound in every case to establish the equation. This entirely gratuitous assumption leads him to some curious theories. Thus, in ordinary heavy, and for aught we know dreamless slumber, he accounts for the disappearance of that part of the mind which at other times animates the senses, muscles, etc., by saying that it has become "fixed" upon the "idea of repose." Sleep, in other words, is an active function set up by a state of extreme concentration of the attention. One of the characteristics of all these concentrated states of the attention is the inertia of the mind in them, its passivity or want of "initiative," and the author consequently thinks that the only reason why we ever wake at all from our slumbers is that we make a resolve to do so before dropping asleep, and that a part of the attention remains fixed on this resolve, measures the time more or less exactly, and finally recalls the rest from the place where it stands monotonously "pointing." We are very unwilling to accept such an account of the facts, not so much for the reason that we have no consciousness of the "idea of repose," or of the resolve to awake, as because what we now know of the circulation in the sleeping brain leads us to infer that its functions as a whole are depressed, and that while the senses are steeped in deadness, it is by no means necessary to suppose that the mass of attention which they have lost is necessarily engaged elsewhere in glaring fixedly upon an "idea," or anything else. Most of the facts of somnambulism seem quite consistent with a diminution in the total amount of energy in the brain. The oblivion in which somnambulists are almost invariably plunged after waking, shows that the material changes on which their sleeping ideas depended were very faint, otherwise they would have left recoverable traces. The vividness of their perception at the moment may be explained by their being the *sole* channel through which whatever small amount of free attention the nervous system could furnish was poured. But the total amount of this may be much less than in the waking state.

In these dark places we must often advance without even a physical analogy to guide us. And little as we are able to conceive of the actual process, it seems now established as an indubitable fact that one state natural to the mind is that of inertia, a condition in which it is the passive slave of a limited group of impressions. The peculiarity of the state seems to consist rather in the limitation of the impressions than in the fatality with which they tow the mind after them wherever they chance to go. For the mind naturally accepts every impression as a reality. Professor Bain speaks obscurely of a mental law of inertia, "analogous to the first law of motion," which gives rise to our belief in the uniformity of nature, and makes us think that what has been will be. Dr. Liébault insists on our original and native "necessity of belief," and probably neither the ordinary dreamer nor the somnambulist who is at the mercy of every suggestion of his magnetizer, exhibits in *that* any very exceptional property. The remarkable feature in his condition is that so many points of his sensibility are paralyzed and incapable of vibration. The enormous network by which our ideas and impressions are associated when awake, seems to have all its meshes severed but a few along whose narrow path the attention proceeds, and dwells immovably when the path ends. The fine degree to which this specialization is carried in artificial somnambulism is very remarkable. The somnambule is "*en rapport*" with the "magnetizer," as every one knows, but not with other persons present. Dr. Liébault says this is a simple consequence of the fact that the idea of the magnetizer has been continuously carried over from the waking to the sleeping attention of the patient. One by one, as the mental narrowing proceeded, other objects of sense dropped out, but the idea of the operator being uninterrupted, the sensible impressions in immediate connection with that idea are animated by it, and do not share in the general closure. "The somnambule sleeps less for the magnetizer, of whom he has a vague idea, than for the other spectators, of whom he has no idea at all." But not only does the sleeper hear his operator alone, he only hears him when directly spoken to. "When the operator talks to other people or makes a noise in the room, the subject is impassible." Even this is analogous to what happens in our waking hours. "We have heard a man in a public-house," says the author, "make a speech against the character of another beside whom he was sitting, but without knowing it; while the individual thus attacked, absorbed in playing cards, did not notice that he was spoken of, and yet, at the same time, answered very well another person who saluted him by name." A mother in ordinary sleep will wake at a very slight noise made by her infant, while she will sleep through much louder disturbances which have another cause. By suggestions made through the sense which is open, other channels for the attention may be opened, and the patient led through all sorts of experiences in turn by the operator. Even in ordinary sleep, something of this sort is not infrequent. The tactile sensibility being the last to expire in this condition, it is often possible, by placing the fingers for a couple of minutes on the forehead or other part of the skin of a sleeper, to lead out the attention, as it were, through the fingers to the voice, and thence to various subjects which one may suggest.

The famous seeing, hearing, smelling, etc., by the pit of the stomach in certain cataleptics, which has played such a part in the history of somnambulism, is attributed by the author to nothing more than this specialization of sensibility. He has made the same experiments, and, to succeed, it was only necessary "to suggest these two principal ideas: . . . . . first, the fixed idea of only replying to questions made at the pit of the stomach; and, second, that of neglecting words not addressed to the same place." It was the ear that heard, but only under these suggested conditions. The helpless passivity of the mind is illustrated by many cases given by the author. Here is one: "We told a somnambulist that she should see one of her neighbors dressed like a nun. As we had kept her eyes closed during the time we were describing the details of the costume, we were surprised at her perceiving afterwards a nun in wooden shoes and a colored apron; we had forgotten to give her the notion of the shoes of the order, and to abstract that of the apron." Another somnambulist was reading. A screen being interposed between the book and his face, he, of course, ceased to read, but had no consciousness of the screen. His visual attention was only determined to the book, and remained simply vacant when that was cut off from him. The extraordinary intensity with which the attention thus narrowed down receives the reports of the sense to which it may be confined, is established beyond a doubt, and is probably the cause of most of the apparent miracles which somnambulists perform. Two deaf-mutes, treated by the author, became aware of sounds previously unknown to them. A somnambulist distinguished infallibly by his tongue, among six glasses of water poured from the same decanter, one which had been warmed by some one's finger-tips being held over it for two minutes. In the same way the memory may be momentarily exalted.

But now there come phenomena of a still more obscure kind—those in which an idea is received by the mind consciously, but executed outside of the consciousness. Perhaps the most familiar example of this occurs when people go to bed with the resolve to awake at a certain hour, and do so. The measurement of the time here is often much more accurate than any the subject could perform while awake. Other cases are commonly referred to the action of the "imagination" on the body; thus, a sick person thinks her physician intends to purge her, receives a dose of opium, and is purged, etc. "Numerous experiments made on sleepers have corroborated the principle that all thought relative to the sedation or excitement of the vegetative functions is interpreted exactly in the economy. Magnetizers have diminished, by suggestion, the pulse of somnambulists. We have succeeded by suggestion, in somnambulists, in slowly producing the congestion of a very limited part of the cutaneous surface; and we have in like manner determined hæmorrhages of mucous membranes for a time fixed in advance. We have made them small or abundant as we pleased, and we have caused them to continue or to cease." "We have affirmed to several somnambulists that they should be purged, either immediately or a long time after awaking; we defined the number of diarrheic evacuations, and without their retaining any idea of our intervention, these effects, the development of the fixed ideas imposed, were realized, point by point. . . . In order thoroughly to convince ourselves of the reality of the acts suggested and accomplished, we ordered during sleep that subjects should sing after awaking who had never had the habit of doing so; we induced them to make, several hours and even several days later, inconvenient visits, which had no particular motive, or even actions reputed crazy. At the moment indicated, the idea of executing the acts imposed arose in the mind, and while accomplishing them the agents believed firmly that they were acting from their own initiative." "Again, if one present an imaginary idea to the attention of a somnambule, whether it be the idea of an object of vision or of touch, and if he be assured that he shall keep it fixedly for days and even weeks after awaking, the hallucination which results will last out the designated time. We have made thus toothaches and the pains of stigmatization tenaciously persist in persons to whom suffering of this sort was previously unknown."

Dr. Liébault claims that such powers as these in the mind should be enlisted in the service of therapeutics. As the mind calls forth disease in hypochondriacs and hysterics, so it should be employed to banish it. And the state of artificial sleep which enables us to mass the attention fixedly upon one point, or to withdraw it from another upon which it has morbidly accumulated, is the easily manipulated instrument which we may use for the purpose. Of course, all subjects are not equally amenable to the treat-

ment, nor all disorders in subjects that are. The author's claims are not extravagant. He does not profess, like so many of his predecessors, that this is a panacea. But what he says is that, in most somnambules, the power of thought is superior to that of drugs; and, as a large proportion of us all are somnambules, that the mental method of treatment should be more systematically applied by physicians than it has been. Our author complains that the profession has only recognized hitherto in the means of moral medication "an unaccountable and intractable force, designated by the name of imagination. . . . '*Prenez ce remède tant qu'il guérit*,' said Bouvard. These words are profound. . . . There should no more be an aristocracy of remedies than of physicians, and as soon as we can purge a patient with opium, or with nothing at all, let us do so." As a contribution to moral medicine of more value than the records of animal magnetism, the author gives an account of his own practice. It is not very extensive (he appears to be a country physician, and only to have tried the power of sleep in a limited number of his cases), but failures as well as successes are candidly reported, and the total result should certainly encourage other practitioners to follow in his traces. The most satisfactory item is that of "anemia." Out of 39 patients only 7 failed to be impressible. Of the remaining 32, who were amenable to moral means, he tabulates the results thus:

| Anemias treated. | No. | Radical cure. | Very probable cure. | Temporary cure or relief. | Failure. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1. By affirmation while awake, . . . . . | 5 | 3 | 2 | — | — |
| 2. By affirmation during charm, . . . . | 18 | 7 | 2 | 9 | — |
| 3. By affirmation during somnambulism, | 9 | 6 | — | 2 | 1 |

Of the other disorders treated, most seem to have had a more or less nervous element. The largest contingent of success was in relieving pain and discomfort in a great variety of cases. There are some other very remarkable cases of relief (*e. g., phthisis pulm.*), but the number of cases is too small to draw conclusions. Of course, the principle in suggestion is to divert the attention, to displace it from morbid symptoms, and to concentrate it upon functions which are torpid. To practitioners who are desirous of trying their success, we cordially recommend the perusal of this book. They will find in it a great many sagacious practical hints, besides many observations promising to be of scientific importance, which we have had no space to note. It seems high time that a realm of phenomena which have played a prominent part in human history from time immemorial should be rescued from the hands of uncritical enthusiasm and charlatanry, and conquered for science; and this will never be done unless educated medical men, who are daily forced up to the very threshold, shake off the discreditable shyness which has hitherto characterized them, and walk boldly in to take possession.

## GEORGE SAND'S MADEMOISELLE MERQUEM.*

MADAME SAND'S last novel—the last in a very long list, the reader will remember—is decidedly not one of the best of her works; but as it has enjoyed the rare fortune of being translated in this country, a few critical remarks may not fall amiss. The time was when Madame Sand's novels were translated as fast as they appeared, and circulated, half surreptitiously, as works delightful and intoxicating, but scandalous, dangerous, and seditious. To read George Sand in America was to be a socialist, a transcendentalist, and an abolitionist. You may obtain from the biography of Margaret Fuller an impression of the sort of influence which she exercised in certain circles, and of the estimation in which she was held; of the large credit attached to her philosophical and didactic pretensions, which seem to us somewhat vain; and of the apparent indifference bestowed upon her vast imaginative and descriptive powers. One of Miss Fuller's first acts on reaching Paris, we learn from her life, was to call upon Madame Sand, effecting thereby, as it seems to you in reading the life, a very curious and anomalous conjunction. It may be added, however, that although George Sand figures in Miss Fuller's memoirs, the brilliant American is not mentioned in those of her illustrious sister. For ourselves, the first occasion on which Madame Sand became to us something more than a name was on the perusal of a chapter in Thackeray's "Paris Sketch Book," in which the author, in a moralizing mood, pulls to pieces one of her novels. The work in question was "Spiridion," from which, unfortunately for his intent, he translates a passage of some length. We cherished the passage in our memory—and indeed the writer admits its great beauty—but we retained a very vague impression of the drift of Mr. Thackeray's sermon. The impression was vivid enough, however, when subsequently we came to read "Spiridion" (which we must premise to be a tale of a purely religious cast, without incidents and without love, without the mention, indeed, throughout of a woman's name), forcibly to suggest the reflection that it was a piece of signal impertinence in the author of the "Sketch Book," holding, as he obviously did, the lightest and most superficial religious opinions, to measure his flimsy convictions against the serious and passionate ideas propounded in Madame Sand's work. We can perfectly well understand that Thackeray should not have liked "Spiridion"—to ourselves it is not an agreeable book—but there can be no better instance of that superficial and materialistic quality of mind which constantly chafes the serious reader of his novels, than his gross failure to appreciate the relative dignity of Madame Sand's religious attitude and of his own artificial posture. But these are things of the past, and possibly best, forgotten. The last of Madame Sand's novels translated in America was one of her prettiest tales, "Teverino," which, we believe, had but little success. Since "Teverino" the author has produced a vast number of romances, and exhibited a greater fecundity, we think, considering the quality of her work, than any writer of our day. With all her precipitation, not one of her tales (we believe we have read them all) can be said to have forfeited the claim to literary excellence. This is certainly more than can be said for the productions of her *confrères*, Messrs. Dumas and Eugene Sue.

Your foremost impression, we fancy, on reading the work before us, "Mademoiselle Merquem," is of the extraordinary facility in composition begotten by the author's incessant practice. Never has a genius obtained a more complete and immediate mastery of its faculties. In the pages before us they seem to move not, as in common minds, at its express behest and injunction, but in harmony with its very instincts, and simultaneously with the act of inspiration. This perfect unity of the writer's intellectual character, the constant equilibrium of the powers reigning within its precinct, the confidence with which the imagination appeals to the faculty of utterance, and the radiant splendor which the latter reflects so gratefully from the imagination—these things, more than any great excellence of form in particular works, constitute the author's real claim to admiration and gratitude. These things it is which bestow an incomparable distinction on this actual "Mademoiselle Merquem" far more than any felicity of selection in the way of events and characters. The narrative gushes along copious and translucent as a deep and crystalline stream, rolling pebbles and boulders and reflecting all the convex vault of nature. Madame Sand's style, as a style, strikes us as so far superior to that of other novelists, that while the impression of it is fresh in your memory, you must make up your mind to accept her competitors wholly on the ground of their merits of substance, and remit for the time the obligation of writing properly. The great difference between the author of "Consuelo" and "Mademoiselle Merquem," and the authors (let us say) of "The Newcomes" and of "David Copperfield," is, that whereas the latter writers express in a satisfactory manner certain facts, certain ideas of a peculiar and limited order, Madame Sand expresses with equal facility and equal grace ideas and facts the most various and the most general. The things which we can imagine Thackeray and Dickens attempting to say will be found on reflection, if we are not mistaken, to be but so many variations of a small number of stock ideas and images. Thackeray will say nothing that cannot be said humorously, colloquially, and lightly—in the light sentimental manner, at best. Dickens will say nothing that cannot be said specifically—applied to a particular person or thing. But the movement of Madame Sand's thoughts seems to us as free as the air of heaven. They progress with equal ease to the right hand and to the left, and she considers and contemplates all things with a superior and impartial mind. You do not feel that she looks at the world in any degree as a specialist. She handles men and women, the rich and the poor, the peasant and the noble, the passionate and the joyous, with equal sympathy and power. This characteristic gives to her descriptions of natural scenery and of personal character a breadth and profundity which we miss in corresponding passages in other novelists. We shall perhaps be excused for attempting to illustrate the sense of our words; and we choose for the purpose a short description of mountain scenery in "Teverino," premising that it is one of a dozen in the same work, and that it appears to be flung upon the paper absolutely without effort and without the consciousness of doing a fine thing:

"Our travellers had reached the summit of a long and painful ascent, and on emerging from the bed of rock in which they had been confined they saw an immense valley stretched out beneath them at a giddy depth. From the plateau on which they stood gigantic rocks, crowned with snow, still lifted themselves towards heaven. Nature was bare, grotesque, frightfully romantic; but before them the road, descending with a rapid inclination, plunged in a thousand picturesque contortions toward the

* "Mademoiselle Merquem: A Novel. By Madame George Sand." New York: G. W. Carleton & Co. 1868.

gradual slopes of a region fertile, smiling, and richly colored. What could have been more beautiful than such a spectacle at sunset, when through the angular framework of the Alpine scenery you discovered the splendor of the fruitful soil, the blooming sides of the intermediate hills, all glowing with the western fires, the gulfs of greenness unrolled into space, the enkindled streams and lakes scattered like burning-glasses through the mighty picture, and, further still, the belts of blue, mingling but unconfounded, the violet horizon, and the sky sublime with light and transparency."

There are in modern novels descriptions more elaborate than this, more *précieuses*, as the French say, but none, we imagine, more free, comprehensive, and sincere. The mind producing it seems not to have isolated and contracted itself in the regions of perception, but to expand with longing and desire.

Madame Sand's literary career has been, as the reader knows, a very long and eventful one. It is marked by a vast number of moral and intellectual stages or stations, and now, towards its close, it assumes a form in which the sagacity and serenity of age are very finely blended with the freshness and lightness of an immortal imagination. "Mademoiselle Merquem" bears the stamp of an intellect weary of the contemplation of disorder, and of an inventive faculty for which, not to move and act—not to frolic through space like another Ariel—is simply to die. Herein resides both the strength and the weakness of Madame Sand's imagination. It is indefatigable, inexhaustible; but it is restless, nervous, and capricious; it is, in short, the imagination of a woman. The romance before us is conceived and executed with a heartiness, a good faith, a spontaneity, which assuredly justify our use of the word "immortal." Madame Sand will die, but not her imagination. "Teverino," from which we have quoted, bears the date of 1845. Now there is no story which, as a composition, more truly than "Teverino" lives and breathes, unless it be "Mademoiselle Merquem."

The author's faculties seem not merely to have preserved themselves, but to have undergone a positive rejuvenescence. Nevertheless, we confess that we prefer her earlier works. Her later novels are almost too limpid, too fluent, too liquid. The creative spirit is well-nigh too impersonal, too impartial, too ethereal. A couple of years ago Madame Sand published a tale, "Le Dernier Amour," which, in spite of a very disagreeable subject, seemed to us as we read it the last word of narrative art. The progression of the story was as noiseless, as unrelenting, as the luminous growth of the moon. Nevertheless, as we say, we have a vague preference for the earlier tales, in which an occasional crudity or a fitful turgidity of diction appeared to remind us that we were dealing with literary and not with vital phenomena. Madame Sand's masterpieces, however, are scattered throughout her career, and in many cases stand cheek to cheek with some of her most trivial works. "Simon" appeared in the same year with "Mauprat," and "Les Beaux Messieurs de Bois-Doré" about the same time as that marvellous romance of "La Daniella." But taking it as a whole, and judging it in a liberal fashion, what a splendid array does this career exhibit! What a multitude of figures, what an infinite gallery of pictures! What a world of entertainment and edification! From our own point of view there has been none in modern years to compare with it, and to find a greater magician we must turn to the few supreme names in literature. Madame Sand is said to have celebrated but a single passion—the passion of love. This is in a great measure true; but in depicting it she has incidentally portrayed so many others that she may be said to have pretty thoroughly explored the human soul. The writer who has amply illustrated the passion of love has, by implication, thrown a great deal of light on the rest of our nature. In the same way, the writer who has signally failed to achieve an adequate conception of this vast object, must be said to remain an incomplete and partial witness. This is the case with Balzac, in so many respects Madame Sand's superior, and who is never to be considered as slighted by any praise bestowed upon his comrade. Balzac's merits form a very long story, and he is not to be dealt with in a parenthesis. An intelligent reader of both authors will, at times, be harassed with the feeling that it behooves him to choose between them and take up his stand with the one against the other. But, in fact, they are not mutually inimical, and the wise reader, we think, will take refuge in the reflection that choosing is an idle business, inasmuch as we possess them both. Balzac, we may say, if the distinction is not too technical, is a novelist, and George Sand a romancer. There is no reason why they should not subsist in harmony. A large portion of the works of both will eventually be swept into oblivion, but several of the best productions of each will, we imagine, survive for the delight of mankind. Let us softly add the expression of our belief that for Balzac, booked as he is for immortality or thereabouts, this is a very happy circumstance. You may read "Consuelo" and "Mauprat," and not be ashamed to raise your eyes from the book to the awful face of Nature. But when you have been reading "Le Père Goriot" or "Un Ménage de Garçon," you emphatically need to graduate your return to life. Who at such a moment better than George Sand can beguile the remorseful journey, and with "Consuelo" and "Mauprat," or even with "L'Homme de Neige" and "Mademoiselle Merquem," reconcile you to your mortal lot?

## POMEROY'S CONSTITUTIONAL LAW.*

In Professor Pomeroy's new work we have, what has been long a desideratum, a medium-sized volume combining a judicial exposition of the text of the written Constitution with a statesmanlike investigation of the source from which it derives its authority, as the primary act of public law.

It is remarkable that all the older writers have substantially ignored the underlying enquiry upon which the relative authority of the Constitution, as necessarily referable to some one or other political source, depends. They have directed much of their effort to a defence of the political value or expediency of the frame of government prescribed by the Constitution. But this was a task which had fallen upon a previous generation, and which had been so ably performed for it by the authors of the "Federalist," that their successors the commentators, in attempting to do the same thing for their own contemporaries, have been obliged to repeat their language. Nearly the whole of the "Federalist" may be found cited by Story. But all this vindication of the existing fundamental law is now obsolete. The Constitution stands a matter of fact, and its authority dispenses with the need of recommendation. The question is to understand it as matter of fact in two aspects—to know, first, From whom it proceeds, or, Why it continues to be law; and, secondly, What it requires.

There is a difference of opinion as to the relative importance and, indeed, propriety of these enquiries. The legal effect of the written instrument is obviously the subject of constitutional law, as it is ordinarily spoken of, and is the subject of professional explanation. Constitutional law, thus regarded, is constantly growing and developing itself, through the related operations of the judiciary and State and Federal legislation. We must, therefore, expect that new summaries from time to time will be needed. Many of the questions treated by the earlier writers at the greatest length, and as being most open to discussion, have become settled by judicial usage, and the events of the last ten years have brought out new classes of questions which are yet more or less subjects of controversy and which require renewed professional study. Mr. Pomeroy has the faculty of expressing legal ideas with clearness. He has been industrious and judicious in the classification and analysis of the authorities on particular questions, and the extent of the examination which they respectively receive is proportioned to their practical importance in view of the exigencies of the present time. His work deserves, too, to be commendably distinguished from a mere running commentary on the text of the Constitution. In general plan and development it corresponds with the character of the subject matter, as being the public law of a nation. Without caring to justify or defend the Constitution, as containing provisions more expedient than others which might be devised, the author gives much attention to what might be termed the legitimacy of the Constitution; or, in other words, to what is the only other question of fact, besides that of its legal effect, which can arise—that is, From whom does it proceed, or by whose will does it continue to operate as law?

Some may be disposed to ignore this enquiry as dangerous to the authority now accorded to the instrument; and to persuade themselves and others habitually to regard it as an inevitable and self-ordained something, which has supreme political force *ex necessitate*, inconsistent with the recognition of anything higher in order of time or in relation of cause and effect than itself. Mr. Pomeroy begins with this enquiry as a fundamental one in the public law. In the view commonly received as to the origin and authority of the present Constitution, it is ascribed to voluntary compact between the political organizations of the people which succeeded to the original colonies; each of these is supposed to have constituted a State, in the general and large sense of the word—that is to say, a separate and independent nationality. On this statement of its historical genesis it has been held, by one class of jurists, that a new political body, with national rights, powers, and sovereignty, was formed by the compact. By another class it has been held that no such result followed, or was contemplated; but that these rights and powers were only delegated to a government agreed upon, while the in-

* "An Introduction to the Constitutional Law of the United States. Especially designed for students, general and professional. By John Norton Pomeroy, LL.D." New York: Hurd & Houghton. 1868.

dividuality and capacity of the compacting parties continued after, as before, the agreement. The first class affirmed the indissoluble nature of the union of the States as the result of grant and contract. The other affirmed its constant dependence on the will of the parties to the compact of government, that is, the several States, as being always individually sovereign in their essence. Some writers and jurists, though few, it may be, as compared with those legal and political authorities who have supported the two views above stated, have maintained that there is no place for any such question as to the dependence of the national unity upon the character of the Constitution; that, as matter of historical fact, the existence of a nation, or of a unitary political people, is independent of the existence of the States, and that when the States came into existence they became such only in being organic parts of a whole; the acquisition of independent power was by the people as a nation. No state ever was, severally, in possession of sovereignty or independence. The government, under the articles of confederation, was, in fact, a temporary usurpation by the State governments, as against the political people, of powers, for national purposes, which had never been confided to these governments. This theory is that which Mr. Pomeroy accepts.

It follows, naturally, from this theory of the national Constitution, that Mr. Pomeroy inclines to the support of the powers of the general Government, when the question is of their extent as compared with those of the States, and asserts the interpretation of the written Constitution to be the prerogative of this Government and not of the States. Also, as between the departments of this Government, he holds that the Supreme Court is the final interpreter, its decisions being "binding not only upon the parties to suits litigated before it, but upon the several States and upon the executive and Congress," a doctrine which hitherto has been maintained by "general assent, and which can be established by considerations drawn from the Constitution and from the nature of our Government, which seem to be absolutely irresistible." The principle that each department of the Government was the sole judge of the extent and character of its powers under the Constitution, an independent interpreter of that instrument, had been entertained by Presidents Jefferson and Jackson. But the author points out as dangerous a modern school of theorists, "representing ideas new in this country, who would raise Congress to a position equal in power to that of the British Parliament, would reduce the executive to the political level of the British crown, and entirely destroy the judiciary as a coordinate department of the Government." In a chapter on the three coordinate departments the author very earnestly expresses his conviction of danger that, in the inevitable struggle between them, the popular branch, or the legislative, will obtain and hold the ascendency:

"The Constitution is well so far as it goes; the design was good; the checks and balances were carefully and skilfully arranged; but no mere organic law can place a lasting barrier to the advance of a popular legislature. Step by step their powers are exceeded; the nation acquiesces; the precedent becomes established; and a system of construction is finally elaborated which takes the place of the written Constitution as a practical guide to the Government in its official duties. Unless the people always give life and force to the complicated machine established by the Constitution, keeping their servants and agents within the bounds assigned, the process described is sure. We may regret it, but we cannot prevent it. The next step would inevitably follow, which would be the consolidation of the national legislature into one body. Should this result be accomplished, the liberties of the people would be gone, only to be regained by another revolution. Nothing could withstand a legislature consisting of one house, practically wielding all governmental power, restrained by no checks of organization or function. No tyranny could equal its tyranny."

As compared with earlier works, more attention has in this been given to the question of impeachment and to the President's powers and duties. It is worthy of notice that so impartial a writer should, before the recent impeachment, have given the opinion that, though the President may not, as a general rule, judge independently of the validity of statutes passed, there may be two exceptions, which we pointed out in the *Nation* of March 5.

It is almost universal to refer, as Mr. Pomeroy does, the security of individual liberty to the States rather than to the national powers. We desire particularly, however, to notice that, in another place, Mr. Pomeroy pointed out as a misfortune or a mistake the fact, or at least undisputed judicial doctrine, that we have never during our national existence had a national Bill of Rights, and that the first eight articles of the amendments are a limitation in favor of private rights only against the powers held by the national Government. We believe there is a very prevalent misconception on this point. Indeed, we have seen the contrary of this statement positively asserted in a work on the Constitution published within the year past. The thirteenth amendment, read in the light of history, will probably be accepted as a prohibition of chattel slavery by State law, though it is not impossible that, hereafter, we may hear it urged that this amendment too can be a prohibition only against national, and not against State powers. But unless the fourteenth amendment is adopted, life, liberty, and property are dependent, to any extent short of absolute "slavery," which, except as chattel condition, is a vague term, upon the unlimited will of the States, without appeal to the national authority. Who can say how much virtue there will be in the legislative power given to Congress in the thirteenth amendment? The first section of the proposed fourteenth amendment is in these words: "No State shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States, nor shall any State deprive any person of life, liberty, or property without due process of law, or deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws." When we recall the nature of those police laws which once were enforced in every State of the Union in which slavery existed, we may conceive of the possible bearing of such provisions. Mr. Pomeroy justly considers "this amendment far more important than any which has been adopted since the organization of the Government, except alone the one abolishing the institution of slavery."

It would, indeed, be almost a revolution; it would give to the liberty of the individual inhabitant the will of the nation as its basis, instead of the will of a State. Yet we believe there is a very common prejudice that the State, as the smaller and weaker political power, is a safer trustee than the more powerful nation; as if the individual might hope more successfully to resist an encroachment on his liberty on the part of the State than he could the same on the part of the nation. This feeling is ascribable to the common notion that liberty, as against power, is something not positive but negative; that it subsists by antagonism to power and exemption from law. The fact is, that the smaller the community upon which the liberties of the individual depend, the more uncertain is his freedom. This is evident to reason, and proved by the whole history of feudalism. It is not out of place to remember that when the American colonies acknowledged the crown of Great Britain, the inhabitants, if of European descent, were guaranteed in the possession of individual rights against all governmental authority by the Magna Charta of the English barons, resting on the will of the British nation. During the Revolutionary and ante-constitutional period these rights were allowed, unconsciously it would almost seem, to slip from the broad base of national power, to which they naturally belonged, to the protection of the first guarantee offered them in the form of charter—the State constitutions. In all probability a bill of rights, clearly in regard to both national and state power, would have been prominent in the national Constitution if the status of the negro and Indian races had not, from the earliest period, been left to the independent action of the colonial authorities. Negro slavery fell to the share of State law, and thereby the liberty of the free-born white man fell into dependence on State power, and State rights gathered strength in secret to claim sovereignty against the nation. The day is past now that a national bill of rights, limited to a law of personal extent, should be framed. It must now be law of universal extent; law common to all, *jus commune*, as the common law of England, in England.

One other very important defect in the national Constitution Mr. Pomeroy has also noticed. Admitting that it should be left to the people of each State to determine what persons shall be electors in organizing the State government—

"It is certainly an anomaly that the general Government of the United States should have no control over the choice of its own delegates in Congress. It must be conceded that this is a defect in our organic law which needs amendment; it was an unnecessary and unfortunate concession to the theory of State sovereignty and independence. One code of rules should certainly prevail throughout the country to regulate the choice of representatives, and this should be the work of Congress or of the people in its sovereign capacity. The more national branch of Congress, that which comes directly from the people, should be entirely under the management of the one body politic which is represented in the general Government."

The author's political theory of the origin of the Constitution must, of course, exclude any claim of right in the States severally to withdraw from the Union; inasmuch as it was not founded upon any compact to which they were the consenting parties. The authority of the national Government to resist by military coercion the attempt to divide the Union is affirmed, with all its legal consequences. We are disappointed, however, by finding that Mr. Pomeroy has passed over the question of the effect of attempted secession and armed rebellion upon the political existence of the States. His idea of constitutional law is certainly broad enough to include this enquiry, though thoroughly political in its nature, and not contemplated by the written Constitution. The existence of acts of Congress for the temporary government of certain States, the so-called reconstruction

legislation, must have its place in constitutional history, and constitutional law must either accept or reject it.

We cannot, however, wonder that the author should hesitate in approaching these questions, where the light of judicial decision grows dim and uncertain, and where the enquirer must rely on the soundness of his own first principles and the correctness of his own deductive process. If space allowed, we should be tempted to enquire whether, even admitting his historical basis for the national Constitution, there is not in his conception of "The People," the ultimate possessor of sovereignty, an error which would make any satisfactory conclusion on these points impossible. "The people themselves, the entire mass of persons who compose the political society, are the true nation, the final permanent depositary of all power." That this is true in a very general sense, in all countries, irrespectively of their particular form of government, we can admit. But yet we doubt whether it is of any particular value in the public law, or sufficiently precise to distinguish the ultimate power-holders in this republic in the existing crisis in its fortunes.

## DAISY.*

Daisy Randolph, like her predecessors, Ellen Montgomery, Elfleda Ringgan, and the rest of them, is a too good little girl, who makes a triumphal passage from infancy to maidenhood, discomfiting sinners, fascinating and confounding the ungodly with the sight of so much saintliness in so small a space, and not only earning a title to the goods of the next world, but gaining a more than tolerably fair share of those distributed in this. Most people who read novels know what and how well Miss Warner writes. According to Mr. Matthew Arnold, her "Wide, Wide World" is sure of a place in the "Palatine Library of the future," when the world shall have fallen into the hands of the Philistines; and in the Church of the same period—not Mr. Norton's, by the way, but that treated of in a recent *Galaxy*—her heroines are likely enough to be canonized as saints. Meantime, let us confess that we regard her as a corrupter of ingenuous youth; and the fact that she is so unconsciously—that she apparently cherishes no deep-laid schemes against modesty and meekness, and that greatest of Christian virtues which "vaunteth not itself and is not puffed up," but is, on the contrary, only too confident that she herself is a "guide of the blind, a light of them which are in darkness," only makes the matter more disheartening. It is not impossible to fancy people who write novels of the "Guy Livingstone" stamp as being freed by advancing years and the calamities of life from their carnal bondage, and mourning in sackcloth and ashes over their former misdeeds. But a case like Miss Warner's is hopeless. The Word is made flesh for her in a sense quite other than the theological one. Her books show how the carnal mind, which is enmity against God, may persuade itself that it is possible to overcome that enmity and yet retain all its pleasing carnality. They are sermons preached, as the clergymen say, from the latter clause of the text which promises that under certain contingencies "all these things shall be added unto you." The text is a good one, and the theme it suggests is often enough handled by novelists; but our quarrel with Miss Warner is that she debases and materializes the "kingdom of God and his righteousness" by her interpretation of "these things." The moral of the book is, Be good girls, do up your penance and mortification with the proper flourish of trumpets, and you shall speedily be translated to spheres where silver and china, real lace and heavy silks will be the imperative duties of your position. Look, for instance, at the book under consideration, in which, to be sure, the author set herself an absurdly impossible task. Daisy has not the advantage of being the passive subject of biographic praises; she tells her own story, and what a story it is! It is the confessions of a fair saint after saintship has begun; after the inward foes have been trampled on, and the sole duty of life is to let the celestial light shine on other people. She has to tell how good she is, how modest, how pure, how conscientious—above all, how innocently unsophisticated. To do her justice, she never attempts to shirk her duty; beside her, the young woman who enquired which cow gave the buttermilk was a prodigy of worldly wisdom. Even she would hardly have chronicled the little conversation which ensued between Daisy and her partner at a West Point "hop," on her remarking that there were plenty of ladies present, nor detailed with such pleasing unconsciousness its effect upon him:

"'Plenty,' he said. 'What then?'

"'Only,' I said, 'so many people came and asked me to dance in the few minutes I stood by Mrs. Sandford; and one of them looked quite disappointed that he could not have me.'

"I was met by a look of the keenest enquiry, followed instantly and superseded by another flash of expression. I could not comprehend it at the time. The eyes which had startled me by their steely gleam, softened wonderfully with what looked like nothing so much as reverence," etc.

We don't mean to imply that there are not girls who could make such remarks quite innocently, but then we question their ability to interpret so readily and favorably the glances of the male eye, and totally deny their inclination to write autobiographies to glorify a life-time full of similar experiences. Daisy, however, has no scruples on that head. With a sweet pathos she recounts her sorrow at finding her father not quite up to her standard of goodness, her trials and prayers over the multiplication table, the yearnings of her spirit over her seven hundred slaves, and the good effects on them of the prayer-meeting which she established in her kitchen, presiding herself at the mature age of eleven years, and, as she says, impressing them with the keenest sense of her immeasurable superiority to them. Later, at school, she makes the sacrifice of wearing worsted plaid instead of a merino, and a grey dreadnaught instead of a velvet cloak, thereby bringing down upon herself great scorn from her companions, but much approbation from above. Providence interferes, however, in the person of a mother less conscientious in the matter of spending money than her heroic daughter, and supplies her with India muslins, real lace, Parisian dresses "which she dared not fail to use and wear," and, as a consequence, with the instant adulation of the before contemptuous school-girls. And then her lover! Miss Warner loves a lover, and though her favorite hero is apt to be a Methodist clergyman, she does not disdain, when such a paragon as Daisy is in question, to reward her with one of a more generally acceptable description. The clerical lover is a trifle repugnant to the lay fancy, which finds the purposes of the ideal better served by the celibate orders. Christian Thorold is a West Point cadet who, after such an effusive love scene as one always gets from this writer, goes off to Washington at the first call for troops without any title to his first name beyond the fact of having received it from his sponsors in baptism. To be sure he promises to "earn his name," but Daisy's narrative stops there, and the reader is quite certain that when the war is over he will be as ardent as ever and need conversion enough to give an excuse for another novel.

Considered as a literary work simply, there would be no excuse for devoting so much space to this book. It does not, however, pretend to be a novel merely—it is a religious novel, it aspires to be a teacher. We have no especial fault to find with Miss Warner as a writer. One can get through her books without being seriously displeased by anything but their bad morality. It is bad morality, we take it, to set up a material standard of excellence and reward it by a material success, to substitute a process of accretion for a process of growth, to preach the duty of giving up "hops" and outward adornments and ignore the absence of modesty and honesty and self-knowledge. Miss Warner does all these things, and that she does them not wilfully but through ignorant misapprehension of the nature of virtue, and does them under the assumed sanction of a sacred name, only makes the duty of calling her attention to the fact more imperative.

* "Daisy. Continued from Melbourne House. By the author of 'Wide, Wide World,' 'Queechy,' etc." Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1868.

*The Poetical Works of Sir Walter Scott, Bart., containing "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," "Marmion," "The Lady of the Lake," "Don Roderick," "Rokeby," Ballads, Lyrics, and Songs.* With a Life of the Author. (New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1868.)—The volume that contains all this is a book of more than six hundred clear-faced, handsome pages, in larger print than one would have supposed possible, on good stout paper, and with a neat paper cover. We are very glad that Messrs. Appleton are able to sell such a book at the low price they have set upon it. In the whole range of English literature it would be very hard, if it would not be impossible, to find an author who so completely as Scott unites in himself all the qualities that go to the making of a thoroughly healthy writer for the average reader. To love him (*peream qui ante nos*, etc.), is a manly education. What with this volume of the poems, which is sold for half-a-dollar, and the tartan-covered edition of the novels, which is sold at twenty-five cents a volume, the complete works of this delightful author may very well be in the hands of every boy and girl in the country.

*Pictorial History of the Civil War in the United States of America.*—By Benson J. Lossing. Illustrated. (New York: T. Belknap & Co. 1868.)—Mr. Lossing's second volume extends from the battle of Bull's Run to the capture of Vicksburg and Port Hudson. To the labor of compilation necessary in the preparation of this as of the first volume the author has added that of visiting in person the battle-fields of the South, and the result

is a record—for more than this his history does not pretend to be—that will take a very high, if not the first, rank among similar chronicles of the rebellion. All things considered, we incline to give the preference to "Harper's Pictorial History," although in point of fulness, so far as we have compared the two, Lossing's seems to be superior. But this is often because the latter preserves details, such as the names of ships and the commanders of petty forces, which obscure the general effect of the narrative; or, as foot-notes, fill a certain amount of otherwise valuable space. Not seldom, however, as in his account of the capture of Port Royal, he thus saves incidents which are petty only in comparison with great events, and which are both enlivening to the story and an aid to the just comprehension of it. The quarto Harper's—a form determined by the size of *Harper's Weekly*, from which the plates are borrowed—is afflicted with more and huger useless illustrations than is Mr. Lossing's octavo volume, of which the engravings are often of trivial enough subjects, but never disfigure half or the whole of a page, and consist largely of portraits. In this last respect, however—contrary to what is the case with landscape views, which are nearly as effective on a small as on a large scale—Harper's has an easy supremacy, Mr. Lossing's miniatures suffering by their reduction, and too frequently, besides, doing little but suggest to one who knows the person sought to be represented. The author promises his third volume after a much shorter delay than that which preceded the appearance of the present, owing to the Southern journey already alluded to.

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*Harper's Phrase-Book; or Hand-Book of Travel-Talk for Travellers and Schools.* Being a Guide to Conversations in English, French, German, and Italian on a new and improved method. By W. Pembroke Fetridge. (New York: Harper & Brothers, 1868.)—This is a very neatly executed little work of three hundred pages, which American travellers on the European continent will find very convenient to have in their bag or pocket. The type is so distinct and clear that even he who travels running can read it. The conversations, which consist chiefly of questions "put in such a form that they can be answered by *Yes* and *No*," without the addition of the customary answers in detail, embrace a large number of phrases for use in every-day intercourse in and out of the hotel, while a hundred and twenty pages are filled with an ample vocabulary arranged according to matter. Phrases and words are the same in all the four languages. A few conjugations are added, as well as rules for pronunciation of the French, German, and Italian. These rules are, of course, concise, and not much burdened with exceptions. They form, perhaps, that portion of the book which most entitles the author to speak of improvement on similar productions. The omission of detailed answers we believe to be a feature of more questionable utility, especially for schools. The accuracy of some of the "rules," too, may be disputed. Thus, we should not explain the French sound, *u*, by stating that the nearest to it in English "is *oo* in *moon*." Nor should we state that the German *g*, excepting the final syllable *ig*, "ought always to have the hard sound like the English *g* in *garden*," which it hardly has in *genug*, and certainly not in *weg*, etc. In general, however, we must speak with high praise of the correctness of this hand-book; misprints or inaccuracies—like "*Das* Kamin" for "*Der* Kamin" (p. 187), or "*a*lbergo" and "*A*rbergo" for "*Al*bergo" (p. 183), in a phrase differently rendered in the different languages)—being exceedingly rare.

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*Russian and English Phrase-Book, specially adapted for the Use of Traders, Travellers, and Teachers.* By Agapius Honcharenko. (San Francisco: A. Roman & Co. 1868.)—"Our relations with the coasts of Asiatic Russia," says our author in his brief prefatory remarks, "are but just commenced, and must grow to be more and more important with every year; and for every purpose of amity and commerce a knowledge of the Russian language must be of the greatest advantage to the Americans of the Pacific coast. . . . . To assist in spreading the knowledge of this tongue we have established the first Russian press ever put up in America." A good and useful enterprise, indeed, which we wish may turn out to the advantage of all concerned—Americans and Russians, authors and publishers. The first product of this our "first Russian press"—a little book of 100 pages—has a decidedly good look. The Russian part of the "Phrase Book" is clear, fine, and very correct. The English part, however, ought to have been made considerably more correct. But this is a defect which but little interests the American student of the language, and can very easily be avoided in future productions. What we find necessary to point out here is, that the English equivalents for Russian letters are in many cases faulty. The equivalent for Zhivyete is not the English but the French *j*, that is, the *zh* of many of our pronouncing dictionaries; for Khyer, not the English but the German *ch*, that is, *kh*; for Tzi, not the English but the Polish *c*, that is, *tz* or *ts*; for Shtcha, not *sch*, but *shtch* or *shch*. The addition of Latin *bonus, bona, bonum*, declined in both numbers, to the Russian declension table might have considerably aided the author in convincing some, at least, of his contemplated scholars that a language which has *dobriy, dobraya, dobroye, dobrave, dobromu, dobrim, dobrom, dobriye, dobrikh*, etc., etc., for *good*, is not necessarily a barbarous one, though it may not be, as Mr. Honcharenko states it, "quite easy."

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*Aldeane.* By Laura Preston, author of "In Bonds," etc. (New York.)—Aldeane is a young woman whose history is full of romantic possibilities. She is not beautiful—which is a point Miss Preston should have made more of. She has that wide mouth which has made the fortune of many a heroine, and she is a governess who marries into her employer's family. Moreover, a great mystery surrounds her. Supposed to be the daughter of her mother and the sister of her brother, she turns out to be the niece of the one and the cousin of the other, and sustains to a morose and malignant step-father only that slight degree of kinship which would naturally flow from her being the child of one whom he had vainly loved in his youth. Under these circumstances she goes South to teach, and not being tainted with any pestilent Northern heresies, finds there the warmest and most chivalrous friends. Her employer proves to be not only her father's brother, but another of the unfortunate victims to her mother's charms—which facts, when discovered, strengthen greatly his attachment to Aldeane herself. Also, she is sought in marriage by a discharged and disreputable overseer of venerable years, who is implicated in some deeply mysterious manner in the family secrets. Not only this, but she finds another relative in a magnificently handsome man, called George Raymond, supposed to be a wealthy Northerner, but really a runaway slave, the son of Aldeane's father and a negress, who appears in the story as a somewhat demoralized old cook, but whose youthful beauty is said to have been great. Raymond is employed in making love to one of Aldeane's pupils, in order, by marrying her, to revenge himself for the ill-usage he received when a boy from her mother. He is drowned on the eve of marriage, but as his betrothed dies broken-hearted for his loss, his labors seem to have been not quite in vain. At last Aldeane's father, who has been missing, and supposed to be dead for years, turns up all right, recognizes his daughter, and makes her one of the wealthiest of Southern heiresses, which, as she is a young person capable of reflecting that "though she is poor she is human," and of asking her lover once on a time if he takes her to be "a block of sculptured marble," is a reward not disproportional to her merits.

Miss Preston is a Californian novelist, whose previous writings we have not read.

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BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

| *Authors.* | *Publishers.—Price.* | |
|---|---|---|
| Brockett (Dr. L. P.), Men of Our Day | (Zeigler, McCurdy & Co.) | |
| Challen (J.), Island of the Giant Fairies, a Poem, swd | (Howard Challen) | $0 30 |
| Du Huys (C.), The Percheron Horse | (Orange Judd & Co.) | 1 00 |
| Good Stories, Part IV., swd | (Ticknor & Fields) | 0 50 |
| Holmes (Rev. P.), Tertullian against Marcion, trans | (Chas. Scribner & Co.) | |
| Leland (C. G.), Hans Breitmann's Party, swd | (T. B. Peterson & Bros.) | 0 50 |
| Lives of General U. S. Grant and Schuyler Colfax | (T. B. Peterson & Bros.) | 1 00 |
| Moore (Rev. A. Y.), Life of Schuyler Colfax | (T. B. Peterson & Bros.) | 1 50 |
| Scott (Sir W.), Complete Works, swd | (D. Appleton & Co.) | 0 50 |
| Spen (K.), True of Heart, a Tale | (Virtue & Yorston) | |
| Ruskin (J.), Modern Painters, 5 vols | (John Wiley & Son) | 18 00 |
| Wallis (Rev. R. E.), Writings of Cyprian, Vol. I., trans | (Chas. Scribner & Co.) | |

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# Fine Arts.

## THE FINE ARTS OF JAPAN.

II.

THE large prints in color, described in our last, are very popular art indeed; they are low priced, costing only a few cents in Nagasaki, and are produced by thousands for the most every-day decorative uses. Still lower priced are the round fans, now so common in all our cities, made of paper printed with bright-colored pictures, and stretched upon the spread splinters of split bamboo. As cheap and common as anything can be are some of the small books in which the letterpress and the pictures are mingled together on the same page, and printed apparently, like a page of *Harper's Magazine*, at one impression. There are many differences between the different kinds of this popular art, many peculiarities of the different artists who have produced it, and many points in which it is manifestly inferior to the more carefully executed work of a higher class, especially to the remarkable works which we are taught to ascribe to Oksai, of

which more hereafter. But the remarkable thing about all the Japanese pictures is their similarity of style, as if all should be the work of a guild of designers within whose body the traditions of this strange art are preserved. It cannot be said that its methods of representing objects are uniform. On the contrary, those things which the Japanese artists best understand, as flowers and leaves, birds, insects, and reptiles, are drawn without formality, with absolute freedom, and with almost absolute truth. But the fact itself that a flower or a flying bird is given as firmly, with as few lines and with the same general touch in the cut on a cheap fan as in the most elaborate printed picture, is, to artists of European training, proof sufficient of the existence of some permanent and authoritative system of teaching, of a school, in the true sense of the word, in which all the draughtsmen of Japan have learned to draw, and in which all the decorative designers have gained their knowledge of a general system of decoration. To compare this for a moment with our own popular art: the recently published cuts after drawings by Mr. Homer are remarkable for the freedom of drawing they display, for the vigor of gesture and general truth of action of the various figures. If one can imagine a whole race of artists taking after Mr. Homer in these good qualities of his work—for instance, the designers of the illustrations in the *Ledger* on the one hand, and those of the title-pages of popular music on the other—he can also understand that it would seem evident that some common influence would be discoverable which would sufficiently account for the strong resemblance. And that is precisely the case in Japanese picture-making, in which manifestation of human intelligence there is to be seen a most extraordinarily diffused power over subjects of art generally considered difficult.

If, however, we assume that this general and similar power is the result of a general and similar training, the strange part of it will be not the similarity and wide diffusion of the power, but its character and degree. All oriental fine and decorative art is traditional, proceeding by fixed principles and allowing of invention only within precise limits. Japanese art is confined within very positive limits; thus, we have seen already that it is without shadow and almost without shade, and we shall see hereafter that its limitations in the matter of sentiment are even more marked; but within its pale it can do so much, it is so mobile and active, it contains so much clear expression of a kind of thought which we generally suppose modern and occidental, that it has been a wonder to all European artists and critics. We are generally content to suppose, in a vague sort of way, that to a Chinese artist a bird is a bright colored thing of pretty shape, useful for decorative painting on porcelain, and although this is inaccurate enough, it is not so obviously false as to correct itself. But this could never be supposed of the Japanese work. A large print, representing a branch of *Camelia Japonica* with flowers and leaves, and a bird perched upon it striking at a moth, will be so free and truthful in drawing and contain so much knowledge and so much vivacity of expression as to be a noticeable work of art among any collection whatsoever of drawings of natural detail. Especially wonderful is their way of representing flying birds; that subject rather repels Western artists, who mainly avoid it and generally fail when they try it; but the Japanese would seem to have, as a people, better eyes than we, for flying birds are as accurately rendered in their pictures as the same birds seated on a branch, and the freedom and rapidity of motion expressed is nearly always most striking and inimitable.

Another premise must be mentioned before we reach the conclusion which seems inevitable: this peculiar art—wholly distinct from the art of China, and, independent of what we consider the commonly accepted laws, beyond all experience—this strange development in the farthest East of a school of drawing founded firmly upon observation of nature—is new; a century and a half will certainly include its whole duration to the present time. It seems that Japan, as it was known to Europeans in the seventeenth century, had not this remarkable art, but a decorative and representative art more nearly resembling that of the Chinese, more mannered, stiffer, more exclusively decorative and symbolical. The few pieces of unquestionably ancient Japanese art that have come under our notice have borne out this statement. The old work was not like the Chinese so as to be mistaken for it, but was akin to it; whereas the modern work is of the peculiarly original and bold character we have tried to describe.

Now, there exists a series of works of the most extraordinary merit, in their way, which are ascribed to an artist of the eighteenth century, a man who died in 1780 or thereabouts, and whose name the French writers give as Oksai, the English as Hoxai. We have no knowledge of him beyond the floating traditions of his name and date, and the ascription to him of the works of art in question. We hear of original paintings by him, of great merit and highly prized in Japan; but the only works which have reached the West are the books of prints after his designs.

These books of prints are not very large or strong; they have an uniform size of six by nine inches, and contain from forty-two to fifty-four pages. The set appears to comprise either twenty-four or twenty-seven volumes, although Mr. W. M. Rossetti has stated, in the *Chronicle*, that there are thirty-five separate parts. Mr. Rossetti describes in full one book of the series that we have never met with, and we have seen nineteen of them. They seem to be a sort of encyclopædia of illustrations. Whether the idea of making the series was historical, to record the world as the artist saw it, or decorative—to supply subjects and motives to the designers who should come after him—whatever the original intention the result is a perfect microcosm of pictures. We shall select one book for brief description, taking it because the impressions of the cuts are the clearest within reach: for these books are evidently very popular and the blocks hard-used and much worn. Opening at the right hand, or the end of an European book, we find, first, three pages of letterpress and, what is not usual, an ornamented title. Some of the Oksai series have very elaborate and tasteful title-pages. The first picture is on a left hand page, and represents a man clothed in a rich robe walking along a raised terrace or roof, and carrying, raised high in both hands, a black box about sixteen inches long and a little less in height and depth. This may be the author carrying his casket of treasures. The next subject fills the two pages which face one another; a maiden kneels before a superb and stately warrior, and offers him a square tray, upon which a paper lies open, and upon this a branch covered with blossoms. The chieftain, perhaps a daimio, perhaps only a yakonin of power and influence, is armed with two swords, bow and quiver; he has thrown upon the ground his huge umbrella-like hat, and extends his right hand for the offering. In another double picture three women are spinning with a curious upright machine with a windlass, and folding cloth around a revolving drum. In another a field of grain or grass is seen, and a path winding through it; a man sits under a tree upon which his sword and a great wooden hoe are hung, and seems to have bought a book of a young woman who stands before him with three packages, apparently containing books; she is about to go, while the man has laid his book open before him. In all these the erect figures are about six inches high. The pictures are printed in black and two shades of blue, except the first one, which has red in it as well, and a brown and a purple, which may have been produced by printing one color over another.


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## The Week.

THE close of the session is now very near at hand, and both Houses, with numbers that would be somewhat diminished but for the admission of some of the Southern States, are working hard. No Funding Bill has yet been passed, and, as we write, there is no certainty that any will be passed this summer. The Tax Bill has been signed by the President, but recalled, apparently under the pressure of a powerful lobby, which sees the destruction of the whiskey-ring in the reduction of the tax. On Monday last the veto of the Electoral College Bill was received. There was nothing new in the general position taken, which was that Mr. Johnson has been all right since the summer of 1865 and Congress all wrong. This we do not call especially absurd argumentation; it is merely presenting the practically impossible view of the question as the only view; but in the details there was a good deal of merely childish argument. The bill was passed over Mr. Johnson's objections by the heaviest majority yet given on such an occasion—namely, 45 to 8—the admission of new Senators making the difference, but the passage being certain, of course, in any event. The House, also, on the same day, passed the bill—yeas, 134; nays, 36. Miss Vinnie Ream was let back into the Capitol at the instance of Mr. Stevens. On Thursday last, the Senate passed a joint resolution extending the time for the payment of taxes in the Southern States till January 1, 1869. On the same day, Mr. Conness insisted that the regular business of the day should be laid aside, and the bill Protecting the Rights of American Citizens Abroad should be taken up forthwith. He was in a hurry, apparently, lest the hoary monarchy of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland should grant everything that the United States ask or want, before he could mail certain *Globes* to his constituents. His motion was rejected, and the bill did not come up till a day or two afterward, in due course, when no final action was taken upon it. Probably final action has already been taken on it, for, no doubt, it will never pass the Senate. On Friday, the Senate passed the Alaska Appropriation Bill, first striking out, at the instance of the Committee on Foreign Relations, the House's preamble ordaining that itself should have joint power with the President and the Senate in making treaties which involve appropriations. Mr. Stevens, in the House, avowed himself a repudiator at all costs, at the expense even of supporting Seymour and Blair. On Saturday, the President sent in his proposed Amendments to the Constitution. They were sent to the Judiciary Committee, which seems a superfluous bit of respect.

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The Fourteenth Constitutional Amendment has been so long before the people that the average reader has very likely forgotten just what it is. It provides: 1. That all persons born or naturalized in the United States are, in virtue of their national citizenship, citizens of the State in which they reside. 2. It forbids the enforcement of any State law that abridges the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States and ordains absolute equality of all citizens before the law. 3. It apportions representation according to population, and when political rights are denied any class in any State it diminishes the number of representatives in accordance with the diminution in the number of electors. (This embodies the conditions of restoration offered the South three years ago, and obstinately rejected.) 4. It provides that the man who, having taken an oath as Senator, Representive, member of any State Legislature, or judicial or executive officer of any State to support the Constitution, afterwards engaged in rebellion, shall not be eligible to any office, State or Federal, unless Congress, by a two-thirds vote, relieves him of his disabilities. To ratify the amendment twenty-three States were requisite. Mr. Seward's proclamation, just issued, provisionally declares it ratified. Arkansas, the two Carolinas, Louisiana, Florida, and Alabama may be States, and may not; he does not know, he says. If they are not, six States are wanting. Further, it is not certain whether or not Ohio and New Jersey legally have the power to withdraw the assent which they once gave. This question is now under advisement by the Judiciary Committee, who seem to be in no haste to report upon it. The Supreme Court will, we suppose, have to settle it finally; for probably there is no hope that New Jersey will, after the fall election, reverse her latest decision, though that Ohio will save the court the trouble of considering the matter is, we imagine, as sure as that her Legislature is to meet. On Tuesday, Congress passed a concurrent resolution declaring the amendment part of the Constitution.

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We have always felt satisfied that Mr. Johnson's long silence was due to intense absorption in some scheme for the promotion of the national welfare. Such men as he rarely ruminate in vain. Accordingly, he has sent a message to Congress recommending four amendments to the Constitution, for one of which something may be said—the abolition of the election of the President by the Electoral College and the substitution of a direct election by the popular vote. The second provides for the succession of the Secretaries of State, of the Treasury, of War, of the Navy and of the Interior, of the Postmaster-General and the Attorney-General, in the order in which they are here named, to the Presidency in case of the death or disability of both the President and Vice-President. He thinks it improper that any member of the legislature or of the judiciary should have, as now, any interest in creating a vacancy in the executive chair. Thirdly, he is not satisfied with the present mode of electing senators. He says "experience" (whose he does not mention) has established the necessity of a change, and he wants to have the senators, too, chosen by the people. We suppose he has reached this conclusion by a comparison of the Senate with the House, and has been struck by the greater wisdom, knowledge, self-restraint, and decorum of the products of the popular choice. Finally, he is not satisfied with the judicial tenure of office for life or during good behavior, so he proposes that the Federal judges be appointed for twelve years only. This sage suggestion, we presume, is the result of the calm contemplation, by a powerful and penetrating mind, of the blessings of an elective judiciary for short terms in those States in which this beneficent institution already flourishes. We do not, of course, know what action Congress will take on these proposals; but we do know that the author of them ought not to be allowed quietly to retire into Tennessee next March if the nation can find means of retaining him in the capital to watch the working of the machinery of government. There is one other amendment which he has not proposed, but which we feel satisfied must have occurred to him, and of

which he would heartily approve, and that is an amendment extending the privileges of foreign ambassadors to counterfeiters and "whiskey thieves." He pardons these people so generally when they are convicted by the courts that he must entertain doubts either on high moral grounds, or on grounds of expediency, as to the propriety of trying them at all.

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We hear several new and imaginative tales of and concerning the various candidates in the political field. To begin with the apparently most abandoned one: Last fall it appears that a certain gentleman, formerly a major-general in the Union army, passed down the Mississippi River on a steamboat which lay for some time at the levee of St. Joseph, and, in reply to one citizen of St. Joseph who avowed his belief that Sherman was much an abler man than Grant, the general above-mentioned said, with a burst of profanity, that "Grant knew more than Sherman and all the balance of them banged into one." That general was F. P. Blair. "Where is he now?" is the question that at once suggests itself, and which he would no doubt find what Mr. Swiveller calls a "staggerer." We learn that Blair went through college at a rate that proved him one of the ablest members of the Blair family—he stayed at Yale rather less than a year. We suggest to some "ready paragraphist" that, by consulting the elderly inhabitants and reliable gentlemen and other citizens of New Haven of a known turn for history, he might unearth a great many acts of turbulence and crime committed by "this man for whom law-abiding patriots are asked to vote." New Haven would be a fertile field. He seems to have felt the inspiration of his old stamping-ground when he was in Connecticut campaigning a while ago. They publish "his bill at the Allyn House in this city"—namely, Hartford: "Two days' board, $10; lemons and whiskey, $65; total, $75." Seymour is, if anything, worse than Blair in the weekly account. When General Wadsworth was nominated for governor in 1864, they informed Seymour of it, we are told. Seymour said: "He will be a strong candidate. *Our soldiers run well this year.*" This offsets the "boy in blue" and silver-waiter story against Colfax, and it is to be feared that Democrats will go on telling that "branded lie" with more industry and ardor than ever.

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Perhaps, though, one of the neatest things of this general character that has been got up during the week is to be found in Mr. Johnson's veto of the Electoral College Bill. We do not know if it was intended to pay off Seymour for walking off with a certain nomination, but it throws an efficient "half-brick" at him and hits him hard—a wound from a supposed friend, too. The veto argues on the question, What States are to be considered as having been in rebellion within the meaning of the act?—not the Southern States, it says, if to make a State rebellious the treason of *all* its inhabitants is necessary; but if it be said that the treason of a part only of the inhabitants is enough, why, then, it must be remembered that there was rebellion in the State of New York—which directly suggests a well-known speech made to his friends by a distinguished statesman of Syracuse. Mr. Seymour will be curious to know who composed the message—whether it was the new Attorney-General or the President.

---

Mr. Conness has a bill before the Senate for the protection of the rights of American citizens abroad, which, amongst other things, gives the President the power to arrest and detain any subject of a foreign power found within the jurisdiction of the United States, if he should see reason to be dissatisfied with the treatment experienced by any American citizen at the hands of the foreign power in question. Mr. Sumner made an able and energetic appeal to the Senate against the measure, and especially against this provision of it, showing by various citations the barbarous character of such a remedy, and its hostility to the usages and principles of intercourse between civilized nations. On Mr. Conness, we need hardly say, he produced not a particle of effect, as that gentleman immediately afterwards took the floor on his hind legs, and snorted and whisked his tail in a manner fearful to behold. We ought not, perhaps, to offer Mr. Sumner advice on a matter of parliamentary tactics; but having studied the war-horse nature carefully, we trust he will pardon us if we say that we think he took the wrong method with Mr. Conness. When you tell a war-horse that what he proposes is unprecedented, or is condemned by the publicists or statesmen of civilized nations of the present or bygone ages, you simply attach him to it more firmly than ever. Nothing delights him more than to learn that he has produced something absolutely novel or likely to shock the prejudices of calm, thinking, conservative men. On hearing this, and especially if he hears it from an authority of Mr. Sumner's weight, his tail goes higher than ever, and smoke pours from his nostrils. The way to take him, if you want to dissuade him from the support of any cherished scheme, is to assure him that it is an old and well-known one, and has the sanction of the principal foreign jurists and text-writers. Information of this sort seldom fails to disgust him with any measure, however dear.

---

Thaddeus Stevens said in Congress, when the Government bonds were being first offered to the public:

> "A dollar in a miser's safe, unproductive, is a sore disturbance. Where could they invest it? In United States loans *at six per cent.—redeemable in gold in* 20 *years*—the best and most valuable permanent investment that could be desired."

Thaddeus Stevens said last week, however, the money being all paid in, that sooner than assent to the monstrous doctrine that the bonds were payable in gold, "he would vote for the other side, Frank Blair and all." It thus appears that to him all the great issues arising out of the war, and which now divide the two parties, count for little or nothing compared with the success of a scheme for cheating the national creditors of what is really to the nation a small sum. We called attention months ago to Mr. Stevens's share in getting people to pay over their money on what he now proclaims to have been false pretences, and it is nearly two years since we began to point out, at the cost of much obloquy, the fact that the Stevenses and Butlers, Wades and the like, having openly abandoned all pretence of being guided by sound political principles or by the lessons of human experience, and having taken for their standard of right and wrong, expedient and inexpedient, some kind of slip-slop theory which made universal suffrage a perfect political panacea, had ceased to be fit guides for the Republican party, and would eventually lead it into the ditch. The bulk of the press, however, kept praising them to the skies, as the very embodiments of virtue and knowledge, and, finally, the party came very near ranging itself under their crazy lead in a determined attack on the reputation of some of the most valuable, clear-headed, and deserving members of the Senate; and ridicule of their "brains," their "learning," their "judicial-mindedness," which have, in reality, furnished the party with nearly all its legislative claims to the gratitude and remembrance of posterity, became for some weeks the main occupation of the lower order of party hacks.

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The want on the part of these leaders of any sound and carefully considered rule of conduct, their apparent readiness to fall in with any cry, however disgraceful or immoral, provided it seems likely to swell the party vote, is now generally acknowledged. They have themselves fully justified all we have ever ventured to say about them. Even the New York *Tribune*, which supported them in their indecent and absurd assaults on better men, is forced to inform the venerable Thaddeus Stevens that his last great "moral idea" is neither more nor less than "a gigantic crime," and that if he wants to be an accomplice in it he had better walk over at once, as he threatens to do, to the Democrats. Much should be forgiven to the *Tribune* for its course on this question. In spite of its absorption in the bewildering business of exposing "lies," "falsehoods," "slanders," and "calumnies," and its somewhat clouded notions of jurisprudence, it has seen into the greenback swindle from the beginning with truly admirable perspicacity, and has certainly not left the authors of that scheme in any doubt about its opinion of them. Its comments on Thaddeus Stevens, last Tuesday, were a model of "plain dealing."

The course run by the Funding Bill is curious. The House has left in it nothing of Mr. Sherman's, except what might be called "the seminal funding idea." It still funds, but does nothing else that Mr. Sherman intended it to do. The rate of interest offered, too, is so low—3.65 per cent.—that it is difficult to see what the motive for conversion will be. The least taste in the world of a swindle—it had to have this—has been given to it by a provision taxing coupons in gold where all other property is taxed in currency. Mr. Boutwell proposed in vain a sensible substitute, providing two classes of bonds—one for foreign holders at four per cent., and one for native holders at five. His idea was, of course, to sell one species abroad and one at home; but how is the wily foreigner to be kept from taking the five per cent. bond if he wants it, and what difference does it make who takes either? A four per cent. bond will bring one price in the market, a five per cent. bond another, and natives and foreigners will have their choice. Payments of interest in London or Amsterdam, doubtless, would make a difference to foreign investors, but scarcely one per cent. difference. The bill now goes to a Conference Committee, which can hardly reconcile the two Houses.

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The most remarkable feature in the campaign, thus far, is the increasing boldness and prominence of the Southern Democratic politicians. They are exhibiting all the indiscretion which spoiled their game in 1865, and have thrown off the reserve which they seem to have imposed on themselves after Mr. Johnson's defeat in his conflict with Congress, and which they managed to keep up during the earlier part of the proceedings of the Convention here. We hear now a good deal of the old talk—of resistance, of "the bayonet," and so forth—and it comes from men, too, such as Wise, and Wade Hampton, and Forrest, whose political career, most of us supposed, was closed when they surrendered. The chances are, however, that they will do enough of this kind of thing to make it not only harmless, but highly useful to the Republican party. The Southern politicians seem to possess the art, in the highest perfection, of ruining their own cause.

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The President has just nominated a batch of ministers—Mr. John L. Dawson to Russia, Mr. Henry Wm. Watts to Austria, and General Rosecrans to Spain. Of these, the first and last have been laid on the table, but there is thought to be some chance of Mr. Watts's confirmation. There seems to have been some expectation that General Banks would get the Austrian mission, and the *Springfield Republican* spoke of it recently as likely to prevent a renewal of the controversy of two years ago about his re-election. There is, it seems, trouble about him in his district. The hostility to him increases, and his renomination becomes more and more doubtful. We feel sure the dauntless Mr. Copeland is ready for him, and will give a good account of him when he comes home. We have ourselves only one objection to his going to Austria, and that is, that the House would be left without anybody to guide it on foreign affairs and international law. To the Austrians he could do nothing but good. Baron von Beust is slow and methodical, and needs a little excitement, and the whole empire is behind the age. A boxful of speeches and documents, judiciously distributed by Mr. Banks in court circles, would wake the aristocracy up, and reduce the Archduchess Sophia, who is said to be the evil genius of the dynasty, to confusion and insignificance.

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The theory that the presumption of international law that nations are equal in the forum of morals should no longer be confined, as heretofore, to the nations of Christendom, but should be extended to all civilized governments, is every day gaining ground amongst publicists and statesmen. A formal acknowledgment of it—if we are not mistaken, the first—has just been made in the treaty concluded between the United States and China; and there is no question of its beneficial influence on Western—or, should we say, Christian?—practice in dealing with communities in an inferior stage of civilization and physically weaker. But the application of the theory will probably be found surrounded at the outset with serious difficulties. One of the first and most obvious consequences of the admission of a state into the family of civilized nations is, of course, the subjection of foreigners residing within its limits to the jurisdiction of its courts. Hitherto the citizens of all Christian states residing in Pagan or Mohammedan ones have been specially exempted from the jurisdiction of the courts of the country, from the belief that owing to its inferior moral condition a stranger would not get justice from its judges. The exemption has caused, as might be expected, countless abuses and failures of justice, and Turkey and Egypt have of late been trying to get rid of it. But the foreign residents in those countries loudly protest against any change, and allege, and we believe with truth, that in nine cases out of ten the trial of causes in which Europeans were concerned before native judges would be a mockery; yet these powers insist, and with reason, and China will doubtless insist, that if we believe what we say in our treaties of their equality, we ought to be willing to submit to the test of pleading before their courts. The fact is that "the unjust judge" is an object of reprobation in all codes and traditions and systems of morality, but it is only in those nations which carefully uphold legal forms and treat rules of procedure with reverence that the just judge is found anywhere out of the sacred books and the apologues and the poetry—a fact of which we beg the Sons of Thunder to take notice whenever they are flattering themselves that they can govern the United States simply through common schools, popular lectures, stump speeches, the *Weekly Tribune*, and what one of them recently called "the human mind" as distinguished from the "legal mind." Whenever they succeed in establishing their great moral régime, they may rely on it, judges to whose decisions civilized men will trust life or property—judges, indeed, in whose justice any intelligent man will *believe*—will become as scarce as the dodo, though the character of "the upright judge" will be frequently sketched in sermons and in magazine articles and poems.

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We made a slip of the pen last week in speaking of the relations of the Catholic clergy to education. The French bishop whom we quoted is the Bishop of Périgueux, and not of Dordogne. It was in a letter to the Préfet of Dordogne that he laid down the law, the préfet being engaged in the wicked work of trying to improve "higher education."

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The Pope has summoned an œcumenical council to meet in December, 1869, in which all the Church's troubles are to be fully discussed; but judging from the tone of his later allocutions, and the propositions of his encyclical, the gulf which separates the Church from the world is too wide to be bridged except by a compromise, and the Church cannot compromise.

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There may be said to be no foreign news whatever. In Germany Mr. Bancroft is busy bringing all the states into the treaty recognizing the citizenship of naturalized Americans as complete. Lord Stanley, we are informed by cable, has sent despatches out announcing his readiness to accept the American view of the question, and probably by the end of the year there will not be a naturalized American citizen who will not be able, while on his European tour, to snap his fingers in the face of the mightiest monarch on earth, should he feel so disposed, without incurring other penalties than those to which a native American of similar notions of propriety would in like cases be exposed; so that Mr. Conness will have to get his bill passed quickly, if he means to have a British subject locked up in expiation of Fenian sufferings. The Church trouble grows in England; and in France the Government is the butt of fierce attacks in the Chambers on the financial situation—M. Thiers and M. Jules Favre, as usual, leading the van of the opposition. The law permitting meetings to discuss anything but politics, is being used to some extent, and considerable ingenuity is being shown in the selection of topics of discussion which at least smell strongly of politics.

## THE POLITICAL SITUATION.

Both the great parties of the nation having now framed their platforms and selected their candidates, the political campaign is formally opened; and although the extreme heat of the weather prevents an active canvass for the present, there is no reason to doubt that it will soon commence with great vigor on both sides, nor is there any great difficulty in foretelling the result. The malignant elements of the Democratic party have been too strong for its shrewdest leaders, and have doomed it to another defeat. But the Eastern managers have been too shrewd for the fanatics of the party, and have driven the latter into a corner from which they could not escape otherwise than by a surrender in the nominations of all that they had gained in the platform. On the other hand, the defeated faction manifested unusual wit and sagacity in adopting a way of escape from their dilemma, which gave their favorite candidate all the honors of magnanimity now, and a claim of inestimable value upon the party in the future.

Some of our readers know how this was done, but many do not, and to them a brief account of the inside working of the Convention will be interesting. On the morning of the nomination the New York delegation had agreed to present the name of Chief-Justice Chase as soon as the vote for Mr. Hendricks should fall off. But, contrary to their expectation, the vote for Hendricks did not decline, and he regained all that he had lost the day before. This arose in part from the willingness of many delegates to vote for any one rather than Chase. It soon became evident that Hancock had no chance, and a bargain was struck between his friends and those of Hendricks, to combine on the latter for President and the former for Vice-President. While arrangements were being made to secure a two-thirds vote for this combination, the Pendleton men hastily resolved to do anything which would prevent its success, partly from indignation with the betrayal of Pendleton by the friends of Hendricks, and partly to keep the field clear for Pendleton in 1872, by the nomination of an Eastern man at this time. Obviously, there was only one name with which this could be successfully done, and although it was a bitter pill to nominate the one man who had made Pendleton's nomination impossible, yet common sense pointed out the necessity of such a course, and perhaps comforted the Ohio delegation with the thought that the honor was, after all, a barren one. At any rate, the nomination was resolved upon, and the fact was privately communicated to Governor Seymour by Mr. Vallandigham. Governor Seymour resisted to the utmost, but in vain. He was assured that his remonstrances would be disregarded, as they were. And no one who witnessed the uproar of enthusiasm with which the Convention received the nomination, and the terrific clamor with which it drowned the candidate's objections, could wonder that he lost courage to resist it. We have ourselves no doubt of his sincerity in declining the nomination. He is sagacious enough to know that he cannot be elected, and yet he will be tormented for months by a natural hope that some lucky chance will give him success—a hope which his reason will always condemn, but cannot banish. The canvass will wear upon his mind, therefore, just as much as if he were ultimately elected, yet will end in disappointment and comparative obscurity. It is no kindness to Horatio Seymour to make him a Presidential candidate, and he knows this as well as we do.

Mr. Seymour cannot be elected, for the simple reason that he will get no votes worth mentioning, except from the regular Democratic party; and the next election is notoriously to be decided by the votes of lukewarm Republicans. But if other reasons were necessary for his defeat, they may be found in the fact (highly creditable to him) that he cannot arouse the enthusiasm of the Western Democracy, who are more interested in effecting a covert repudiation of the national debt than in any other issue of the day. He is the chief of that wing of the party which has all along opposed such schemes. He is well known to be in favor of a return to specie payments. He lives in the midst of a community which would be ruined by national repudiation. The savings-banks of this State are alone a guaranty that Horatio Seymour can never consent to a breach of the public faith. His assent to the platform makes no difference. Every repudiator instinctively feels that he can receive no *practical* aid from the favorite of New York bankers, the intimate friend of Belmont, the relentless opponent of Pendleton.

The nomination of Frank Blair for Vice-President is one of those singular freaks into which the necessities of a party sometimes lead it. A Western soldier was wanted for the place; and almost every prominent soldier at the West is in favor of Grant. The ridiculous names of McClernand and Ewing, the only ones mentioned besides that of Blair, show the straits to which the party was reduced. General Blair's military record is respectable, but his political vagaries have made him one of the most utterly uninfluential men in the country. He brings no popular strength whatever to the support of the ticket, and will repel many votes from it.

But although the Democratic ticket is not one that can be elected without some extraordinary change in public sentiment, it does not follow that the Convention has acted very unwisely in its choice, at least as far as the chief nomination is concerned. It is very doubtful whether any other nominee would have come nearer to an election. The Western radical Democrats were in earnest in their threats of opposition to Judge Chase, if nominated. Mr. Pendleton would have lost nearly everything at the East. Mr. Hendricks would not have aroused enthusiasm anywhere. Governor Seymour will have the unanimous and hearty support of his party in the East; he will almost certainly carry New York, New Jersey, and Connecticut; and it is not impossible that he may carry Pennsylvania, though we think he will not. The party will come out of the contest unbroken and well organized, with a fair prospect for substantial triumphs in the future.

The loss of New York is a serious affair to the Republican party. It is due entirely to a single cause—the rigid Excise Law of 1866, a law just and proper enough in itself, but too much in advance of the public conscience to be sustained in the State. On the single issue of reconstruction, the State could be carried for Grant as easily as Ohio. On the financial issues it would decide overwhelmingly for the Chicago platform.

We wonder if there are any Republicans still obtuse enough not to see that the failure of impeachment has been the salvation of the party. With Mr. Wade dealing forth thunder from the White House, anticipating all Gen. Grant's appointments, and dragging down the ticket by his candidacy for the second office; with Gen. Butler as minister to England, and other equally appropriate selections for the leading offices; with the ardor of the venal politicians dampened by their failure to obtain all the places that they hoped for, and that of honorable and unselfish men chilled by the carnival of office-seeking in the midst of a campaign,—he must be a sanguine man who believes that the Republican party would have done nearly so well in the election as it will now.

The new constitution having been rejected in Mississippi, and none having been yet framed in Texas, those States cannot participate in the Presidential election. It is probable also that Virginia will be excluded, by delay in ratifying the Constitutional Amendment. This would reduce the number of electoral votes to 294, or, if Virginia is restored, 304. These will, in our judgment, be divided as follows:

| Grant. | | Seymour. | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Alabama, | 8 | Arkansas, | 5 |
| Florida, | 3 | California, | 5 |
| Illinois, | 16 | Connecticut, | 6 |
| Indiana, | 13 | Delaware, | 3 |
| Iowa, | 8 | Kentucky, | 11 |
| Kansas, | 3 | Maryland, | 7 |
| Louisiana, | 7 | New Jersey, | 7 |
| Maine, | 7 | New York, | 33 |
| Massachusetts, | 12 | Oregon, | 3 |
| Michigan, | 8 | Georgia, | 9 |
| Minnesota, | 4 | Virginia (if restored), | 10 |
| Missouri, | 11 | | |
| Nebraska, | 3 | | |
| Nevada, | 3 | | |
| New Hampshire, | 5 | | |
| North Carolina, | 9 | | |
| Ohio, | 21 | | |
| Pennsylvania, | 26 | | |
| Rhode Island, | 4 | | |
| South Carolina, | 6 | | |
| Tennessee, | 10 | | |
| Vermont, | 5 | | |
| West Virginia, | 5 | | |
| Wisconsin, | 8 | | |
| | 205 | | 99 |

## CONVERSION.

The House has reduced the Senate Funding Bill to a condition in which its authors will not know it. The clause authorizing gold contracts is stricken out, and for the three varieties of bonds, running for different periods and bearing different amounts of interest, a single bond exempt from all taxation, and running forty years, and bearing three dollars and sixty-five cents per cent. interest, has been substituted. The bonds are to be used in redeeming the outstanding interest-bearing debt of the United States; but the conversion is only to be made at "the option of the holders" of the present securities. This last provision, which was inserted in the Senate, and which we are, we confess, somewhat agreeably surprised to see retained in the House, of course deprives Mr. Sherman's funding plan of its only objectionable feature. A conversion such as that which he offered at first as a means, and the only means, of escape from total loss, was of course only a disguised form of robbery. Whether the bill now before the House be passed or not, it is not open to criticism from a moral point of view. The question presented for discussion therefore is, Will the present holders agree to convert on the terms offered them? Under the bill they have their option—in other words, the Government pledges itself that should they refuse no harm shall come to them, or, at least, no harm of which they will have a moral right to complain.

Now, what are the inducements offered to a man now holding a five-twenty bond, which pays him (income-tax off) five dollars and seventy cents per cent. per annum, to accept in its stead a forty-year bond, bearing three dollars and sixty-five cents interest payable on its face, both principal and interest in coin? They are two in number, and two only. One is, the increased length of the term the new bonds will have to run, their exemption from all taxation, Federal as well as other; the second is the removal of the doubt which now, in the minds of many people, hangs over the question, whether a large portion of the five-twenties are, or are not, payable in coin. These advantages would, doubtless, be to many, perhaps most, holders a sufficient inducement to submit to the conversion if the security offered were a little better than that they now hold, or if the interest were not exceedingly low. But here is where the difficulty arises.

If a private debtor comes to his creditor and says: "I have come victorious out of the lawsuit which you were good enough to lend me money to carry on. I have recovered possession of my estate, and now hope in a few years, with care and industry, to be as prosperous as ever. I have, as you know, borrowed a great deal at different times, for different periods, at different rates of interest, so that my affairs are in a very confused and disorderly condition. I want to regulate them and reduce them to uniformity. I offer you, therefore, a long bond for the short one you now hold of me, and offer also to settle that little dispute we have had as to the terms of payment by substituting a clear and distinct expression for the ambiguous one of which you complain. I borrowed from you, as you know, owing to the desperate condition of my affairs at the time, at very high rates of interest, and as matters have turned out you have made a very good bargain. I do not complain, nor do I seek to evade our mutual understanding; but it will improve your security and my position if you will come into the arrangement I propose, and accept, in consideration of my agreement not to pay you off as soon as you expected, a lower rate of interest."

Now, the answer a creditor would make to this would, of course, largely depend on his opinion of the debtor's character. If he had found him invariably loyal, fair, civil, uncomplaining, and wanted only the interest on his money, he would, in nine cases out of ten, accept. If, on the contrary, the debtor, as soon as the lawsuit was over, had begun to dispute about the terms of the contract; to stand on the "letter of the law;" to disavow or deny solemn public declarations repeatedly made; to abuse his creditor personally as a bloated and selfish person; to make it a matter of reproach to him that he had not lent the money from pure affection; to treat his comfortable worldly condition as a circumstance tending to weaken the debtor's obligation to him; and, finally, to talk of his (the debtor's own) unwillingness to pay as a good reason why he should not pay, or should pay less than he promised—in this case, we take it, the creditor would treat the proposal to convert as simply a fresh piece of impudence. He would reply: "My fine fellow, I know perfectly well what you want. Your recent conduct has convinced me you are a scoundrel, and that you mean eventually to repudiate your debt. Your present proposal is simply an ingenious attempt to let me down easy—or, in other words, to rob me by degrees instead of doing it all at once. But I will not assist in the *hocus pocus*. If you mean to cheat me, you must do it yourself, and do it in the lump."

Now, we are very far from insinuating that the promoters of these funding bills, either in the House or Senate, really mean them to be anything else than what they call them—a fair and reasonable settlement of the public debt upon a firm and permanent basis, and as advantageous to the creditor as to the country. But what we do say is, that the surrounding circumstances are such—the conduct and language of a considerable portion of the Republican party, as well as of the whole Democratic party, has been such during the past year as throws suspicion on the whole plan, and makes its success very doubtful. Conversion at a lower rate of interest is always a delicate process. It requires the highest character on the part of the Government and the utmost confidence on the part of the creditor to make it successful. If the motives of the former are tainted by the slightest appearance of bad faith, the creditor's natural tendency is to hold off. He says to himself, that if he is to be swindled he would rather run the risk with a six per cent. bond in his pocket than with a three-sixty-five bond. And it must be remembered that if any considerable portion of the creditors decline, the process is *pro tanto* a failure.

Considering how desirable this conversion is, how pleasant and even glorious it would be to diminish the public burdens, simply by the use of the popular confidence in the national honor, it was, of course, in the highest degree necessary that the public creditor should be treated, at least so far as language is concerned, with courtesy and consideration. It was a duty doubly incumbent on the Republican party so to treat him, because its wisest men foresaw clearly, and a man did not need to be very wise to foresee it, that as soon as the war was over, and the social condition of the South at all settled, the enemies of the Government would combine with the opponents of the war to get rid of the debt. We are now witnessing the realization of this anticipation. The Democratic party at the North has actually settled down on repudiation as its sole capital, and though the South has, from motives of policy, not as yet shown itself very prominently in the movement, it is coming rapidly in, growing rapidly bolder in its language, and we venture to predict that the great political object of the two combined will, for some years to come, be not the undoing of reconstruction, but *the release of the nation from the pecuniary cost of the war*. This was expected by the Republican party, and it was met by it at Chicago in the proper manner; but the declaration then and there made is being rapidly got rid of by the Radical wing of the party, either by putting their own construction on it, or by freely denying its authority, and they are joining the Democrats, as we have seen in the recent divisions in the House, in a determined onslaught on the public creditor. Wade Hampton knows perfectly well that at this moment he could not strike a deadlier blow at his old enemy than by procuring the repudiation of the debt. He can accomplish through this what his arms could never accomplish—the debasement of the North; and finding the Butlers and Cobbs ready to help him, what is more natural than that they should gradually draw nearer to each other? All other issues are dead or dying—Congressional power of reconstruction, negro suffrage, State rights. The "rascally bondholder," the detested fellow who, in 1863-4, brought army after army into the field, covered the South with hostile troops and horses and munitions, when millions of Southern ears were listening for the news of Northern bankruptcy, stands still in the gap. What can be more delightful to the Cavaliers than to despoil him, and what can be more piquant than to have Radical help in doing it?

The fact that desire is felt to lower the interest will not hinder conversion; it is a proper desire. The United States can offer better security now than they could offer in 1862–4, and ought to have the benefit of the improvement of their condition. What is injuring the public credit is the *spirit* displayed towards the public creditor. The speeches made about him in and out of Congress, by prominent Radicals

as well as by Democrats, show not a desire to adjust his claims fairly, but a desire to get at him and damage him as an extortioner, a person with whom faith need not be kept, who may be specially taxed without giving reason for it;—witness the passage of the Cobb resolution under the previous question; witness Butler's repudiation of the notion that there is such a thing as a national conscience; witness the support he receives from the more frantic "moral organs;" witness the readiness of a large portion of the Republicans in the House to stand by him in repudiating the Chicago platform; witness Thaddeus Stevens's open declaration that he would sooner vote for Blair than accept the doctrine that the debt is payable in coin; witness, too, the constant and, we may say, exclusive use of the argument *ab inconvenienti*—that it is not pleasant to meet our obligations as we are now doing—as a complete answer to all appeals to the force of contracts and the sacredness of the national honor.

Anybody who sees these things may well ask himself, What reason is there to believe that these new settlements will quiet agitation against the public creditor when the old one did not prevent it? If plighted faith did not hinder Cobb from getting sixty-one Republicans to vote for the imposition of a special tax of ten per cent. in addition to the five per cent. income-tax already levied on the interest of the six per cent. bonds, what is there to prevent him getting a majority next year, also, to impose a similar tax on the new three-sixty-five per cent. bonds, or from taxing them out of existence altogether? What guarantee has this new security which the old one did not possess? Is there enough difference between five dollars and seventy cents per cent. and three dollars sixty-five cents per cent. to make it at all likely that "the poor man" who found the one an intolerable burden will regard the other as a sacred obligation? If nobody is bound to keep his promises unless it is convenient to keep them, how do we know that the $130,000,000 now solemnly set apart to meet the interest on the new bonds will not be voted next year an outrageous imposition on the "toiling millions"? If these questions do not suggest themselves to nine out of ten bondholders when they are asked to make this conversion, it will be because they are extraordinarily stupid.

The conversion, in short, will not succeed unless the party in power takes stronger measures than it has yet done to rid itself of all responsibility for the talk of its wilder and more worthless members. If party discipline have any value whatever, it ought to be enforced in cases of this kind. The banner of reason and morality must be upheld by it with a stronger hand than now if the nation is to save its honor as well as its life. The party is surrounded with a great cloud of "bummers," who are preaching everywhere that universal suffrage is its only god; that its supreme reliance is in numbers; that the ballot is its panacea; that misery and injustice will disappear from the earth with the appearance of all adults at the polls; and that they have got it "educated up" to such a pitch that reason, experience, and the forms of law are no longer necessary for the government of men. The sooner some means is discovered of shaking off these irregulars, the better it will be. They are not numerous, and they are not powerful; they are not valuable, and they are utterly irreclaimable. They are always "in the advance," but they make the main body odious by their robbing of hen-roosts and rummaging of garrets, and swaggering amongst the women and the old men. It is high time that the provost-marshal was sent after them, with instructions to drive them over to the enemy.

## THE CHURCH AND THE WORLD.

The Pope has summoned a general council of the Catholic Church to meet in the Basilica of the Vatican on the 8th of December, 1869. Those ecclesiastics who cannot appear in person will be entitled to do so by proxy. The object of the council is declared by the bull to be to assure the integrity of the faith, respect for religion and ecclesiastical laws, improvement of public morals, and the removal of the ills afflicting civil and religious society. These are, however, the objects for which the Church is always working, and to speak of them as the objects of a general council explains nothing. The real objects are, doubtless, the consideration of questions which the bull puts in a subordinate position—the maintenance of the temporal power, of the sacramental character of the marriage ceremony, and of the control of the priests over the education of the young. It is said, but we believe not openly avowed, that the council will be asked to declare the Pope infallible—that is, to clothe him with powers which have from the beginning been reserved to the Church itself, and which would put him in a position towards his fellows such as no mortal in the Western world has ever filled, and would, in an age of declining faith, put the faith of the most faithful to a severer test than it has ever yet undergone.

What the exact position of Catholicism in the world is, whether it is gaining or losing, or how much it is gaining or losing, it is almost impossible to determine. The same thing may be said of all the other Christian sects. Statistics, if they could on such a point be collected even with an approach to accuracy, would reveal nothing, or next to nothing. The strength of a Church is in the ratio of the zeal of its members, and not of their numbers. In fact, numbers were never more deceptive as a test of strength than now, for the number of persons who have no objection to belonging nominally to religious organizations for which they have no real liking or sympathy was never so great as now. The amount of money the Catholic Church or any church spends proves little also. That its treasury should be well filled is one of the natural results of the growth of wealth in every country, and of the increased power of collection created by the concentration of population in great cities, and the facilities for "getting at" people afforded by the railway and the post-office. What these things have done for the art of raising money even from the very poor was strikingly illustrated by the history of the Fenian organization in this country.

But this much is certain, that whatever signs of prosperity the Church may show in the number of its members, or in the number or costliness of its places of worship and charitable institutions, as an organization it is on the eve of some very serious changes in its position, which are probably nowhere so strikingly visible as at Rome, which may be called its nervous centre; and it is to the alarm and anxiety which the prospect of these changes there inspire that we owe the present call for a general assembly. The present crisis is to the ecclesiastical imagination really more alarming than the Reformation. At the Reformation men left the fold in states with a great banging and uproar; and their going, and the defiance and detestation they breathed in going, only strengthened the zeal of those who remained behind. Moreover, wherever the Papacy retained its sway, it retained the temporal arm on its side; the state remained part of the church and the church included the state. The idea that a state, *as such*, could do without a church never entered anybody's head. For fifteen hundred years, therefore, the church has found herself upheld by political legislation, and her right to rule the consciences of men acknowledged on the statute-book in every country in which the majority of the population has made outward profession of faith in her. The calamity she is threatened with now is a far worse one, to her imagination, than any which has yet overtaken her, viz.: the cutting of the bonds between her and the state—not by recreants or heretics or men who repudiate her claims to divine origin and authority, but by communities which acknowledge her spiritual sway but have grown indifferent about her; which do not either dislike her enough to abandon her, or like her well enough to allow her any longer to meddle in their affairs. With Protestants and infidels, Turks and Jews, she knows how to deal, and has had long experience in dealing; but with Catholics who will not take the trouble to repudiate her, and who yet show unwillingness to pay priests, or to let them control education, or to treat their celebration of marriage as a thing of any value, and who in doing so have the state at their back, and against whom there is consequently no appeal in this world, she does not know how to deal. She has refused steadily in Europe, at least ever since Constantine, to treat with the individual man, apart from the state, where she could possibly avoid it, and has treated political organizations as being merely means furnished by Providence for carrying her teachings into effect. She now finds herself threatened everywhere with complete separation from the state—in other words, with the loss of dignity and of power, and with a forced depend-

ence upon the voluntary contributions of her communicants. This is in reality what the Pope has in his mind when he talks of the prospect of the Church having "to return to the catacombs."

The idea of a free church in a free state, such as the Catholic Church is here, has never, it must be remembered, been tried anywhere but here. It is still a strange or unfamiliar idea to the great majority of Europeans of all creeds; but during the last few years it has been making considerable progress. This progress has been greatly stimulated by the discussion about the temporal power in Italy, about the Protestant establishment in Ireland, and by the great agitation which prevails everywhere on the subject of marriage and popular education. Every one of these questions has brought into strong light various pretensions of the Church, which till now can hardly be said to have been questioned, at least in Continental Europe, but which have been found on discussion to have hardly any strength left in the popular mind. The attempts of the clergy to retain their hold on education have revealed the bitterest hostility to them on the part of the men of the educated classes in nearly every country. Even the peasantry begin to show signs of indifference. The quiet and facility with which the Church has recently been despoiled of its landed property in Italy, the readiness of men of all classes and conditions to buy it, and even to pay high prices for it, is of itself a striking indication of the extent to which the popular faith in the supernatural powers of the Church has been weakened. Even in Austria the public has openly revolted against Papal meddling with temporal affairs, and in fact against all legislative acknowledgment that the opinions or practices of the Church are matters of any concern to the state; and the controversy which has followed has called out expressions of hostility to the clergy which are hardly consistent with the retention of much respect for their teaching. It is not at all likely, in fact, that the connection of church and state will survive the next twenty years in any country in Europe except Spain. Even in France, in which the payment of the clergy of all denominations by the Government puts this connection in its least offensive form, its dissolution begins to be talked of, and not simply by materialists and philosophical politicians, but by ardent friends of religion like Montalembert, in the interest of religion, and from the fear that its prolongation will intensify the bitterness which the participation of the clergy in politics has already created.

Now, this prospect of being left to the tender mercies of the faithful, after fifteen hundred years of governmental fostering, is what is dreaded at Rome, and it is dreaded all the more because there is no use in denying that the prevalent and growing hostility to church establishments is the sign and result of diminished respect for Church teaching, and not of regard for the Church's spiritual influence. Statesmen and politicians, when they are arguing against church temporalities, present their scheme in the manner best calculated to soothe the clergy, and there is doubtless truth in their representations that the complete severance of the bonds between church and state would promote the interests of religion; but it is nevertheless also true that the success they are meeting with in their attacks on church establishments, and on the meddling of the clergy in legislation, is due to diminished regard on the part of the masses for Church consolations and authority. Wherever civil marriage has been established by law, the disposition among the masses to be content with it and to dispense with the ecclesiastical sanction grows apace. The indifference of the men to church ordinances also grows apace, and so does their hostility to clerical interference with education.

What is, perhaps, most extraordinary is that the Church, instead of accommodating itself to these tendencies, fights against them most desperately, and the more untenable it finds its positions becoming under the advance of science and the growth of individual independence, the more desperately it defends them. There is a stage of resistance, however, at which desperation becomes ludicrous, and that the Church has reached it is abundantly proved by the present Pope's allocutions and encyclicals. The audience the old man obviously has in his mind when he composes these things is the European communities of the eleventh century. Nobody reads them now without smiling either internally or externally. The course of the clergy on what is called "the woman question" is also a curious illustration of their inability to deal with the problems of modern life. Putting female suffrage out of sight altogether, there is no denying the growth amongst women of all countries of profound discontent with the position in which mediæval jurisprudence and sociology have left them. Even those who are not dissatisfied with their exclusion by law or usage from nearly every pleasant and lucrative mode of earning a livelihood, or who accept marriage as "woman's mission," are dissatisfied with the theory of the wife's position on which both the law of marriage and the popular notion of her moral rights and duties are based. There are very few people of either sex who do not feel that there is much to be done before women can be said to hold their proper place in society; that, as long as the female half of the human race occupy in every country the position of a "prey," without either enough moral or physical strength to enable them, even in the most highly civilized communities, to dispense readily with "male protectors," or to take charge comfortably and confidently of their own destiny, something is wrong; that there ought to be no rest till it is set right; that if better education be needed, it ought to be supplied; if better laws, they ought to be passed; if other and better usages, they ought to be established. In this enquiry certainly the clergy should play the leading part; and the Catholic clergy most of all, because no other clergy are so dependent on women for their influence. There is no country in the world in which they retain any hold on the educated or intelligent men; and yet, to all doubts or questionings about women's condition, about the sufficiency of her education, and about the justice of her legal helplessness, they oppose implacably the maxims of mediæval jurisprudence, or texts of Scripture, which when the family was a legal organism represented in society by the oldest male had force and pertinence, but which in modern society—pulverized as it is into individuals, in which even parental responsibility little more than suffices for the provision of food, clothing, and education in infancy—are as unfit to form a basis of legislation, or even of social usage, as the injunction to turn the right cheek when we are smitten on the left or surrender our coat when robbed of our cloak.

## "LITTLE DIGS."

THIS colloquialism is known to everybody, we suppose, and always, we suppose, it means the same thing, namely, a brief, somewhat malignant remark of the kind called personal, made in a sly, concealed sort of a way. Perhaps it may be doubted if malignity belongs to every little dig; but a certain degree of malice will, we think, be found in the most innocent of them—in the very mildest remark which any one would think of calling a dig. There may be a doubt, too, whether the quality of slyness and concealment is an essential quality, but it is, we take it; so far, at any rate, as concerns the spoken dig the doubt is to be disregarded, and so far as regards the printed variety a little consideration causes it to disappear. As used by women—and nobody will deny that people, male or female, who are of feminine natures are apt to be most accomplished in the use of it—it is in any given case almost a certainty that the remark shall seem harmless or unintelligible to everybody but the particular person for whose irritation or punishment the little dig contained in it is designed. Every one will recall occasions when he suffered great anguish from little digs which it was impossible that anybody but himself and his tormentor could understand. It is, of course, not necessary, nor often possible, that the intention of irritating should be concealed; the expression and manner of the victim and victimizer alike commonly make it clear to the spectator that secret stabbing or pin-sticking is going on, but as a rule the stabs are not individually perceivable as such. The printed dig, on the other hand, may be and generally is entirely intelligible on the face of it, as well as obviously intended to produce uncomfortableness. But a little while looking at the matter shows that this intelligibility in the one case is not at bottom inconsistent at all with the unintelligibility in the other. If we confine ourselves to the outside of the thing which—to make a noun—the Little Digger produces, there is an inconsistency; not so if we consider the thing produced in its relation to the nature and character of the producer. For cowardliness and some malignity are principal traits in the character of any person who habitually deals in little digs, whether he works with the pen or with the tongue only. Now, the newspaper furnishes that hiding-place for the malignity which the cowardliness demands, and serves the printing little digger just as the veil of unintelligibleness and ambiguity

serves the speaking one. The woman who gives her husband a succession of little digs for half a dozen meals always can—and when he begins to rage and prepare for serious fighting she usually does—take refuge in some other interpretation of the distasteful remarks. She is not fond of open warfare, and discreetly, if not valiantly, she provides herself with a loophole of retreat. The same woman doing the same thing in the public prints would be perfectly plain in speech; would speak as boldly as if she were writing an anonymous letter. There is, however, a word that should be said in behalf of some of the makers of little digs. (By the way, it is a word that will partly relieve us of the accusation of insolence and great shallowness in what we have been saying about the feminine aptness for this species of weapon.) There are people not particularly malignant and not particularly cowardly who, in the expression of their displeasure, are not more able than at other times to be simple and downright; subtleties delight them; it would be as impossible for them to make attacks except by innuendos and far-off hints—non-committal, which allow of reserve—as it would be for the typical masculine nature to refrain from going directly and without concealment at whatever provokes its hostility. As a matter of historical fact, the two worst cases of habitual little diggers that we know—they are both men, by the way—both have for their distinguishing characteristic delicacy of mental apprehension; only one of them is cowardly, and one of them is particularly free from malignity or more than seeming spitefulness—in other words, he plays with spitefulness, having an intellectual appreciation of its uses and an intellectual enjoyment of it, and being too sound morally to be a truly spiteful person.

The little dig in its oral form we are not here going to consider. It is a wide subject, and almost any of our readers is perhaps as well qualified to treat of it as we are. But the thing, as it appears in print, we have had an exceptionally good opportunity to see and understand. To know it is not, we find, to love it. Some examples will give our innocent readers a clearer idea of what we mean than much general talk about it, and we begin with a very mild and hardly reprehensible one which, a day or two after the Democratic Convention hadn't nominated Judge Parker for the Presidency, appeared in a New Jersey paper:

> "The following advertisement we reprint as news matter, without charge, from a Monmouth County paper:
>
> 'JOEL PARKER, Attorney-at-Law,
>
> has resumed the practice of law at Freehold, N. J.'"

On the whole, Mr. Parker himself would not probably object to that little dig, which has but a slight savor of malice. The other one is maliciousness itself, and as for its truthfulness—for properly characterizing that Mr. Greeley would be required. The writer, without having the slightest authority for doing so, and merely to give a dig at a man whom Tammany abhors, makes Max Müller speak in this way of his justly distinguished colleague:

> "In fact, we quite agree with the ex-professor's eminent colleague at Oxford, Max Müller, that the transportation to America of such lecturers upon history and philosophy as Mr. Goldwin Smith is very like 'sending coals to Newcastle.'"

As will be seen, by perusal of this second specimen, it is not easy to illustrate by examples. To do so is almost to become the digger's accomplice in crime by helping his concoctions into publicity. As regards this case, however, it was proper for us, as having first published Professor Müller's letter referred to, to deny the correctness of the construction put upon it. But we have had recently any number of the most acrimonious little digs, which are fresh in the memory of everybody in the country, and to which we refer without scruple. Reference to them can do no harm; it will serve our purpose and will hurt nobody's feelings, unless, indeed, some stray little digger may have grace enough left to blush at the recollection of his own rascally handiwork. We mean, of course, the attacks made upon Mr. Trumbull and Mr. Fessenden, who may boast that they have been more abused by more cowards, and more unjustly, than any two men in the last half-century of American history. There was a fortnight or so this spring which was the very heyday of the little digger. It was then that he printed "significant straws" showing that "among the visitors at the White House to-day were Senator Henderson, Senator Fessenden, Perry Fuller of Kansas, and Senator Doolittle"—as who should give a little dig and say, "The corrupters and the corrupted meet together in secret assemblage, and gloat over the defeat of the wishes of an earnest and patriotic people." He used to note how Trumbull entered the House of Representatives, and, "after shaking hands with Niblack and other Democratic members, went away"—which is as much as to say, "See how the traitor and the enemy collogue together." He made lists of the number of Mr. Fessenden's relations who are, or have been, in the public service, in order that the people might be informed of the greediness of a senator so ungrateful as to refuse a simple vote for the good of his country. He proved that "this same Lyman Trumbull," in the winter of 1866, was very near losing his seat in the Senate, which is a little dig meant to imply that the said Trumbull, now so stiff and pertinacious in holding his own opinion, could once eat humble pie, and did eat it, for fear he should be turned out of office. In short, it was then that he got behind the fence of the anonymous and threw more vitriol than he ever had before with great ardor. Some of his kin are still doing it. It is not a week since a Massachusetts paper, which ought to be, and hitherto has been, above it, permitted somebody to get under cover and make about Mr. Fessenden, *àpropos* of what we recently said of his brother, a brutal remark, which had every indication of having had great pains taken by the little digger in its preparation.

It is a fact not to be forgotten, in regard to this latest carnival of small villany, that there was not a creature engaged in it who three months before would not have squirted dirty water on anybody or stuck pins into anybody whom he thought Mr. Trumbull or Mr. Fessenden might wish to see drenched or pricked. For those gentlemen he had all his life been swinging his hat. In January last he would have asserted the truth that it was to Mr. Trumbull and Mr. Fessenden and their "judicial minds" that we owed either the whole or a great part of all that is valuable and that will be durable in the legislation of the last five years. If you had disagreed with him, he would have declined argument, for the true little digger has the true feminine dislike of argument, and would very likely have made a pretence of agreeing with you; or it is possible that, having others like unto himself with him at the time he might have plucked up his courage and gone on bawling. Whichever he did—whether he deafened you or wheedled you, and smiled sickly smiles—it would have been all the same; in a day or two you would discover him giving you a little dig in some paper which he owned or which he had the run of. We know one engaging creature of this kind who habitually revenges himself for any little grievance he may think has been put upon him by at once going away with speed and jotting down on you some such thing as this: "It had been thought that every father of six children in the neighborhood of Smith Park knew how to behave himself at a public gathering. The conduct of a certain paterfamilias who sat in a conspicuous place at the last Morris Brothers, Pell, and Trowbridge concert causes the contrary opinion to prevail." Or something like this: "A certain gentleman from Savin Hill was probably very much surprised to find that loud talking in a railroad car against New England's most honored sons is not the way to make friends among our people."

We notice another curious thing as having been made plain in the late series of attacks on the seven senators, and that is that some of the most wickedly envenomed of the little digs were made by persons supposed to be exceedingly strong as regards morals and moral ideas and the cause of progress. Possibly we have hit on the true explanation of the fact: Every aggressive and violent "cause" has of necessity a wonderful attraction for natures essentially feminine, which are sure to take violence for strength; and if persons of such natures are men, and are self-conscious, as men of such natures are apt to be, they go not only involuntarily, but voluntarily and eagerly, into the service of such causes, in the hope that by their fierceness and fearsome boldness their virility may the less be questioned. This is how we have been accustomed to account for the presence in the abolition ranks—among men of whom John Brown was the type, and the men of predominating moral convictions—of many of the very flaming and terrible persons of the minor-poet order. Well, the late little digging, it is to be confessed, happened to be to a great extent done from an anti-slavery point of view. It is evident how the feminine character of the sort of anti-slavery men we have been speaking of may, and indeed must, have led them, moral and progressive as they are, into great excesses of giving little digs.

Bad as many of those excesses were, we do not know that the Presidential campaign will not furnish examples of worse. The campaign against Grant, as conducted by the *World*, must kindle fires of ingenuous joy in the breast of, say, an American who reads it abroad among the bloated aristocrats who believe Northern Yankees to be cowards and republicanism to be by nature scurrilous. And setting aside the shame which such a course on the part of so able a journal brings upon the country, and the frightful example set, which is, we dare say, corrupting half a dozen of the young journalists who are to write for the next generation—setting these considerations aside, what decent person, seeing the regular outpouring of filth on a man who has no remedy for the anonymous injury and insult, will not sympathize with him amid undeserved indignities?

## ENGLAND.

LONDON, July 3, 1868.

THERE is one topic which is proverbially supposed to furnish the staple of English conversation—I mean the weather. Just now it is even more eagerly discussed than usual, though for a different reason. Instead of the national mist and fog, we have had a long series of weeks of uninterrupted sunshine. Nothing like it has been known for years, and the consequences are becoming serious. The country is parched and baked. Hyde Park, instead of a refreshing green, is showing a dusty brown, suggestive of the Sahara. The grass is catching fire, and the prospects for harvest are becoming extremely doubtful. Meanwhile, in London, we are thirsty and suffering. Our dogs are all muzzled in compliance with a new police regulation; as the poor beasts suffer and pant miserably, and as the doctors now tell us that hydrophobia is really commonest in winter, it seems to be a useless cruelty to tie up their mouths under this burning sun. We console ourselves with knowing that the weather, though bad for farmers, dogs, and cockneys, has its advantages for travellers; we may hope that our foreign visitors are acquitting us of the ordinary imputations upon our climate; and the improvement is not inappropriate at this moment when one of the chief amusements is the reception of distinguished strangers. Mr. Longfellow has been heartily welcomed and, I should fear, must be almost overwhelmed by the general anxiety to do him honor. The last symptom of the feeling has been the appearance of some verses in this morning's *Times*, whose signature, "C. K.," I may venture to translate into Charles Kingsley.* They will, I hope, do more credit to the American than to the English poet; for the best thing to be said of them is that they express in rather ineffectual language the very general desire to give your countryman a hearty welcome, both on his own account and in some sense too by way of return for the hospitality shown to Mr. Dickens. Mr. Cyrus Field, too, was treated to a dinner of congratulation the other night to commemorate his services to the Atlantic Telegraph. It was chiefly remarkable as bringing together such political opposites as Sir John Pakington and Mr. Bright. They did their best to honor the guest of the evening, and if Mr. Bright's best is rather superior to Sir J. Pakington's best, their intentions were doubtless equally good. The greatest excitement, however, is naturally due to Sir Robert Napier's return from the Abyssinian expedition. He is being received with the warm enthusiasm which is due to one who has proved that English troops can still make long marches and overcome great natural obstacles. Mr. Disraeli praised him last night in his most elaborate eloquence, which, as usual with Mr. Disraeli's more pompous efforts, grazed very closely the borders of the ridiculous. He observed that the elephants of Asia had carried the artillery of Europe over the mountains of Africa, and through places that would terrify the trapper, and appall the hunter of the Alps. If the trapper refers to America, it is really hard that Australia alone should have been excluded from this brilliant bit of buncombe. A still more daring flight was the assertion that the standard of St. George was planted upon the heights of Rasselas. Poor Abyssinia is in a very bad way when so brilliant an orator can think of no better guardian angel for her mountains than Rasselas. One or two remarks may perhaps be made upon this Abyssinian expedition before it is finally dismissed to the limbo of forgotten campaigns. The war was due, as the *Pall Mall Gazette* has reminded us—not without a certain complacency—to two causes: first, to the inexcusable carelessness of Lord Russell and Mr. Layard, or some other Foreign Office authorities, who contrived between them to insult poor King Theodore after a most unnecessary fashion; and secondly, to the persistent way in which the papers—and especially the *Pall Mall Gazette*—managed to keep the case before the country. We did wrong originally, and we were extremely anxious to back out of the whole affair. The constant agitation in two or three newspapers alone prevented it from being huddled out of sight, and our wounded honor being left to heal itself. The fact is rather characteristic of the way in which things are managed just now, when no Government is sufficiently strong to take any decided line about anything, but allows itself to drift helplessly before the breath of public opinion—at one time into a reform bill, at another into a petty war which costs us five millions of money in killing a few savages and rescuing some not very interesting captives. However, when it was settled to do the business, it was done well, and we are all too glad to look at the result and forget the rather unstatesmanlike series of blundering bad management by which it was preceded. Sir Robert Napier is, and well deserves to be, the great lion of the season, for getting us so well through a very awkward scrape. Personally, he seems to be a man for whom every one entertains the highest possible respect. He is to be made a peer.

* Since attributed to Mr. Charles Kent.—ED. NATION.

With these excitements we have already forgotten the action of the House of Lords in throwing out Mr. Gladstone's Suspensory Bill. There has been a certain quantity of exultation about it on one side, and of indignation on the other; but neither exultation nor indignation has been very lively. The fact is that our new masters, the householders, will decide for us what is to be done, and every one knows that the House of Lords will not really hold out in face of a strong majority in the new Parliament. The debate was rather creditable to the assembly than otherwise. The arguments on both sides have been worn so utterly threadbare that little is to be made out of them, even by the ablest orator. Some of the orators, indeed, were very able. I was present during the first night of the debate, and the spectacle was rather striking after listening to an animated discussion in the Commons. The Lords meet, in the first place, in a really fine chamber, where there is ample room for every one concerned. The House of Commons is almost mean in its ornamentation and size. On an exciting occasion every inch of space in it is crammed to repletion, and every unit of the crowd—of course, excepting the spectators—seems bent on trying the strength of his lungs. In the House of Lords the galleries are occupied in great part by ladies, who can sit comfortably and display their dresses to advantage. In the House of Commons they are put behind a grating, in a kind of den, and only such glances are to be caught of their features as are to be seen of an Eastern woman above the edge of her veil. The House of Lords, in short, is full of color and light and space, instead of being a dingy, crowded, noisy receptacle for bad air. But its chief grace is derived from the bench of bishops. They, of course, mustered thick on the occasion of a great Church question, and looked inexpressibly fine in their flowing robes of fine lawn. The benches which they occupy look as if some flock of beautiful white birds had settled down with unruffled plumage to contemplate the floor below. The lay peers, it must be confessed, are not very superior in appearance to commoners, and lounge upon their benches with hats on in studious disregard of dignity. Lord Derby was the only speaker of much merit on the first night. He still retains some of the fire of manner which made him so effectual a combatant in oratorical struggles. His voice is clear, and he started with much fervor, throwing himself, with characteristic gallantry, into the most untenable position, and taunting his adversaries as robbers and wanton despoilers. But the atmosphere is unfavorable to eloquence. It imperceptibly calms down rhetoric as an invisible gas extinguishes flame; and Lord Derby has no longer his old physical vigor. After a good opening burst, he appeared to tire, and occasionally stumbled over awkward bits of grammar. He had not impetus enough to carry him over the obstacles of refractory relatives and pronouns and difficult concords. His flights grew shorter and more feeble, and at last he became positively dull: he took to that most wearisome variety of Parliamentary eloquence—an elaborate attempt to prove from the pages of Hansard that some opponent had used different language one year from that which he had employed twenty years before. He gathered himself again for a peroration; but the whole gave me the impression of a speaker suffering from want of sufficient stimulus. The roar of a House of Commons cheer compared with the gentle "sucking-dove" utterance of the House of Peers explains the difference of the rhetoric. No man, or scarcely any man, can rise to real eloquence without a thoroughly excited audience. Or, if another explanation be wanted, any one may conceive himself speaking in a room with twenty bishops in lawn sleeves. They diffuse around them a holy calm, somewhat as a large lump of ice extends a cooling influence throughout a room. Bishops in the background would, I am sure, weigh upon the soul of the boldest orator. The bishops, indeed, contributed something to the debate. The Archbishop of Canterbury dropped a few dignified sentences, which, I hope, were not a fair indication of his powers in the pulpit. The far more lively Bishop of Oxford, who is, indeed, a man of quite irrepressible vivacity, managed to be more amusing. The worst of him is that he is always oscillating between unctuosity and buffoonery. In the pulpit he puts too much oil into his style; in the House of Lords he is content to be broadly humorous. The two best speakers, however, were the Lord Chancellor, who even performed the feat of drawing cheers from the galleries at the conclusion of his speech, and the Marquis of Salisbury (late Lord Cranbourne). Both of them were fresh from the House of Commons, and had retained a good deal of the vigor of the more popular assembly. I need not speculate as to the length of time during which their constitutions will effectually resist the debilitating influences of the thin atmosphere of the loftier region. They both possess a manly and sensible style, though Lord Salisbury's *forte* lies rather in hard-hitting personalities, and Lord Cairns's in clear legal statement, and were certainly more than a match in mere speaking talent for the Liberal members of the House.

Meanwhile the political campaign is beginning. The elections

will be vigorously contested, as there is so strong an element of uncertainty in the new constituencies. Mr. Mill, for example, whose seat was supposed to be safe, is threatened with a strong competition in Westminster. He has offended large classes by his proposals for Irish confiscations, and perhaps made himself a little ridiculous (by ridiculous I mean simply an object of laughter) by his advocacy of woman's rights. Such engines as can be brought to bear upon the electors will undoubtedly be worked against him without scruple. I hear, indeed, on what I believe to be good authority, that his prospects with the new class of voters are good. The story went that he would be opposed by General Eyre, and, if the election were in the hands of the clubs, the general's prospects would be good. As it is, the story is a mere "shave." Mr. Vernon Harcourt ("Historicus") is pretty safe to come in as a Liberal member for Oxford; but I have at present heard of few expected changes of any general interest. Indeed, the most remarkable thing hitherto is the smallness of the apparent alterations. The old caucuses are at work, and the old list of members seems to be presenting itself to the new constituencies. It is possible that no great change is to be anticipated until, under some warmer excitement, the new voters begin to feel their power. Hitherto the attempt to get up a No-Popery cry seems to be a failure, and has only resulted in a few insignificant riots.

# Correspondence.

## THE BONDS AGAIN.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Suppose the Secretary of the Treasury and the Chairman of the House Committee of Ways and Means and the agents for sale of bonds and the newspapers had in July, 1863, promised to pay the buyers of the five-twenty bonds fifty per cent. interest in gold, instead of six per cent., as the law promised, would the Government now be bound to pay fifty per cent. interest in gold thereon? Are the acts of a government or municipal officer binding on the people beyond the terms of the law under which he acts? And do you not think those who invested millions of dollars in Government securities knew the terms of the law under which they were issued?

And why is it that, if the Government charters a steamer worth half a million dollars and pays one hundred dollars a day for its use, that its right to tax the boat is undisputed, while if it hires half a million dollars and pays six per cent. thereon, it is dishonest to tax the bonds?

Why should not foreign capitalists pay their proportion of tax to sustain and carry on the Government they look to for protection and security, as well as our own citizens? It seems to me that every one may fairly be chargeable with knowledge of such an obligation as well when they lend money to the Government as when they build railroads here.

And lastly, the *Nation* hits hard and well at fustian; but is not the talk of the "widows' and orphans' pittance," and of "scoundrelism" and "rascally repudiators" of the same kind, though perhaps more touching, as that of the "subsidized minions of a bloated bondholding aristocracy"?

In other words, we owe a debt. Let us pay it according to the terms of the law, no matter who holds it; but give no greater advantages to the bondholder than to the tax-payer, for the rights of neither, as I think, are superior to the other.

Yours, etc.,

Charles M. Walker.

Adrian, Mich., July 14, 1868.

[It is difficult to reply to a letter like the foregoing, we admit; but the difficulty consists in deciding how far back to begin. What has raised the "coin or greenbacks" controversy is that there are two kinds of currency just now familiar to people's minds. The law does not, in all cases, specify which the Government meant the bonds to be payable in; but its agents explained, in order to get the money, that the law meant *gold*, and the present repudiators stood silently by and never contradicted or corrected this explanation *till the money was all paid in and spent*. They now for the first time raise the point. We know what this is called in transactions between individuals. The promises of Government agents openly made through several years, and *not disavowed*, are, when money has been obtained from individuals for public use by means of them, binding on an *honorable* people. Nothing binds knaves; and "the people," not being suable, are not legally bound to anybody for anything. When a government talks of its "legal obligations" as something separate and distinct from the public undertakings made by its officials on its behalf, it does something which, when done by an individual, makes the mildest man long for a cudgel. The case of the steamer Mr. Walker surely does not put seriously. Government bonds are already taxed. If Mr. Walker holds any he knows perfectly well he pays five per cent. on the income derived from them, as on that derived from all other property. The reason why it is dishonest to tax them *more* than other property is taxed is, that this would be in reality a forcible reduction of the interest, or, in other words, a swindle. It would be simply a roundabout way of saying, "We promised you six per cent., but will only give you five." The reason why foreigners ought not to be called on to support governments to which they have lent money, is the same reason which forbids Mr. Walker levying contributions on his creditors, if he has any, for the support of his family or the extension of his business. His creditors are interested in his success, just as the foreign creditors of the Government are interested in its success; but that would not justify him in stopping a portion of his interest every half-year in order to ensure his life or to speculate in real estate. As to "fustian," Mr. Walker evidently does not use the word in the sense in which we use it, so that his objection to it does not touch us.—Ed. Nation.]

# Notes.

## LITERARY.

Messrs. Hurd & Houghton announce "The Linden-Tree Cottage" and "The Accepted Sacrifice," being poems by Mrs. Angelica Bishop Barrett; "Poems," by Horace P. Biddle; "Admiralty Jurisdiction and Practice in the United States," by David Roberts, Esq., and "Military and Anthropological Statistics of American Soldiers," by B. A. Gould, M.D.——Messrs. Charles Scribner & Co. are busily preparing what will, we suppose, be the most popular of the holiday gift-books—"Kathrina," illustrated with about seventy pictures from designs by Mr. W. J. Hennessy, engraved by Mr. Linton personally. Another book that will be popular among the dealers in such things will be a photographically illustrated edition of Ik. Marvel's "My Farm of Edgewood." Of other books in preparation for the holidays by various houses we have heard some rumors, but as yet nothing definite. ——G. P. Putnam & Son will publish a translation of a German novel, "The Amazon," by Franz Dingelstedt.——Leypoldt & Holt add another to the very agreeable novels of the author of "Who Breaks, Pays," and "Skirmishing"—Mrs. W. C. Jenkin she turns out to be—and the new book is called "A Psyche of To-day."——"The Catholic Publication Society" announces "Memorials of Those who Suffered for the Catholic Faith in Ireland during the Sixteenth, Seventeenth, and Eighteenth Centuries," by Myles O'Reilly. The same house will publish a translation of the Life of Père Ravignan; "Love's Sacrifice," by Lady Herbert of Lea; and Adam Moehler's "Symbolism."——Messrs. Roberts Brothers are to give us a translation, also by Miss Preston (H. W.), of more of Sainte-Beuve's biographical sketches. The volume will be entitled "Portraits of Famous Men contemporary with Madame Swetchine and Madame Récamier."

—When Mr. Frank Moore began his "Rebellion Record," it is possible that he may have been of the half-dozen men who foresaw that the struggle would be as protracted as it afterwards proved. If he was, he gathered scraps and documents for a public which in its heart was as hopefully prophetic as Mr. Seward, and which purchased the early issues of the *Record* with far less caution than it was wont to use in making subscriptions to cyclopædias, and other works published in parts, which proverbially exceed the estimate of the prospectus. There was a time, we think—when rebellion had grown unmistakably into civil war, and that again was blossoming into revolution, with no certainty that authority would maintain itself—when the *Record* was, perhaps, the most discouraging thing on which the troubled patriot could reflect. This regular, remorseless, impassive, impartial, unlimited publication was like an assurance of misery as it was a constant reminder of past trials and reverses. Or it was like the Englishman in the "Wandering Jew," who attended every exhibition of the beast-tamer, in order to witness the catastrophe which he confidently expected, and which his evil presence at last occasioned. Mr. Moore's persistency, happily, survived the era of doubt, and the title which he gave to his chronicle has been saved from the ridicule that might have befallen it. At last the publisher, Mr. Van Nostrand, announces the end of the *Record*, Part lxxiii. closing the eleventh volume. We presume there can be no question that there never was so complete a body of *mémoires pour servir* published as this, and at least that it is destined to be the resort of all

those who wish to study, from a political, social, or military point of view, the events of the years 1860–1865. That no libraries fit to be called such, whether public or private, can dispense with it is certain. The portraits of prominent officers and politicians which have generally accompanied each monthly part, have been of a high order of excellence, and add materially to the value and attractiveness of the *Record*.

—Some of the most amusing things in our periodical literature are to be found in the *Historical Magazine*, which, often with singular vividness, reproduces for our inspection our ancestors as they lived and moved in their simplicity. For our study first, usually, and for our inspection not till afterwards—it is the materials for the picture rather than the picture itself that are given us. The last number of the magazine contains the sixth of a series of articles contributed by Mr. Moore, the librarian of the New York Historical Society, to which he gives the general name of "Work and Materials for American History." In the article before us he publishes from the original manuscript in the British Museum a scoffing and gibing account of a well-known incident in the very early history of Massachusetts—namely, the mutilation of the standard by rigid John Endicott. It will be observed that the author has rather a low opinion of the conscience-stricken soldiery:

"In 1633 or thereabouts when people were Revelation mad and drunk with scism & blind zeal one of ye chief men of Boston in New England being then in authority & warmd with a lecture against that which ye Ignorant call superstition, with a daring Impudence set up for a Reformer of ye Kings Colour's & haveing taken ye same in his sanctifyd hands took his conscience to witness against a monstrous Idol that he found there in, to witt, a great Cross, & there upon drawing his Knife bravely cut it out with a great deal of self satisfaction & applause & ye next day boldly confess'd & defended ye same.

"This unparralel'd Act created great differences in ye Town, amongst all sorts of People, as well amongst those who have nothing to do with affairs of such a nature as those that had, in so much that ye very women were fit to pull coive's about it. As for ye common Soldier's who had as little of Religion as Courage or Honesty amongst them, most of them commended ye Act declairing that theyd sooner turn Heathen's & yield to ye Enemy than follow or fight under a Popeish Idol."

The author goes on to give the arguments made use of by "the Reverend Spite-Fires that were summond from all ye Country round & commanded to lay their heads together upon this weighty Matter." We have no space to do more than reproduce a little that was proffered by each side. Those who held the lawfulness and expediency of the worshipful master Endicott's act, urged, fifthly, that

"If the Partakeing of Idolothytes in ye Places where ye Idols are worshipd, express a Communion with Idols & Idolaters; then ye setting up of ye Cross in ye Places where Idolaters do worship it, namely in ye Banner, is an Expression of Communion in their Idolatry. Tis true such meats when sold in ye Shambles might be eaten without scruple of Conscience; but besides this that it was onely a common place where these might be eaten, whereas ye Cross in ye Banner is in ye Temple where ye apocaliptic Gentiles adore it."

To this it was replied, not, we think, with great conclusiveness, that meats, though sacrificed unto idols, were permitted to be eaten if bought and sold in the market, and a cross, there could be no doubt, was as much an Effect of Art and a Creature of God, as any meat, etc., etc. But in their "Thirdly," the party that desired the deposition of Endicott (and who triumphed on the final vote) were very cogent. Perhaps there is ground for suspicion that the wicked prelatist who summarized the arguments may have foisted in adulterations and coinages of his own. The "little dig" about the thirst for lucre is rather more in his manner, we should say, than in that of the clerical gentlemen:

"3dly If that ye Cross first used by Constantine had in it any thing unwarantable, it follows not, that ye following use of it, is of ye same Lump with ye first, for if it now be used upon another Design the uncleaness is taken away. Besides Constantine brought ye Cross with as much unwarantableness into his Coin's as he did into his banner, but tis certain that there are few or none this day that would refuse money tho' they got thereon a Popish Idol, but would set mighty esteem on it ye bigger & ye better ye Cross was."

—Among late English books, most of which are to be found at Scribner, Welford & Co.'s, we notice these: The Rev. Henry Parry Liddon, a preacher whose eloquence gives him a great following just now among the young men at Oxford, is enough of a scholar and a thinker to make his discourses bear the voyage to this country without losing their attractiveness for the readers of religious literature. He was the Bampton lecturer for 1866, and his eight lectures are now in a second edition. In England almost nothing is stereotyped, and the former edition (Rivington's, Oxford) has been for some little time out of print, and sold at a premium on the regular price. A new edition being called for, it was decided to make it comparatively cheap, and the volume before us is not higher in price than similar American books. We have previously mentioned the name of the Rev. Mackenzie E. C. Walcott's "Sacred Archæology," and now mention it again after having seen it and given it a cursory examination. Our clerical readers will find it a book of considerable value. It is designed chiefly for the use of clergymen of the Church of England or that of Rome, but will be useful to readers and students of other denominations. It is a popular dictionary, containing information on every topic connected with churches and church worship. The author began its compilation years ago; whenever in his reading he found a term which he did not understand, he kept watch for an explanation of it, and the result is a mass of information, gathered from a hundred fields, and from which, doubtless, there is not a man in the world who might not learn many new things. As Mr. Walcott says, an interleaved copy of it, in two volumes, or as many as the owner might like, would furnish amusement and be of value; it is only by the gleanings of many hands that such books are made to approach completeness.

—To the almost innumerable collections of poetry, three have recently been added. One was compiled by Archbishop Trench, who has himself written verses showing at least cultivated poetical taste. His hand-book is as good as the average; it is to be regarded merely as a collection of pieces, and cannot take rank with such a volume as Palgrave's, which is an educator of the poetical capacity. Another volume is due to the labors of Frederick Locker, perhaps the very best English writer of *vers de société* since Praed, and, to our mind, at least the equal of that writer. His collection is made up of *vers de société*, and the task of giving a very full view of that field of poetry without admitting the indelicacies abundant there, and without omitting things necessary to the completeness of the view, he seems to us to have done very well indeed. A third book of like nature is one which, commendable as it is, would be liked better if it performed what it promises. The compiler is Emily Taylor, and the title of the book is "Memoirs of Some Contemporary Poets." The poets were all known to the compiler, either personally or through an intimacy with persons who were intimate with poets, and her preface promises that use shall be made of this fortunate circumstance. We do not see, however, that any hack writer, with the ordinary sources of information, could not have done all that is done in the biographical notices. The volume is worth having, because it contains poems by many respectable authors of late date, about whom it is worth while to know something, and who will, most of them, hardly be found in the regular cyclopædias of poetry. Such are Mrs. Barbauld, Miss Fanshawe, Sarah Flower Adams, William Roscoe, and Margaret, Mary Anne, Jane, Henry, William Stanley, and Robert Roscoe, a family which altogether ought to have produced a poem, but which we fear did not, either altogether or separately. The Baroness Nairn, who wrote so little, and everything that she did write wrote so well, is one of the chief figures in the book. Miss Taylor gives the latter part of Lady Nairn's "Land o' the Leal" in a form different from the usual one. The many lovers of the poem will perhaps thank us for giving the variation:

"Sae dear 's that joy was bought, John,
Sae free the battle fought, John.
That sinful man e'er brought
To the land o' the leal.

"Oh! dry your glistening ee, John,
My soul langs to be free, John,
And angels beckon me
To the land o' the leal.

"Oh! haud ye leal and true, John,
Your day it's wearin' thro', John,
An' I'll welcome you
To the land o' the leal.

"Now fare ye weel, my ain John,
This warld's cares are vain, John,
We 'll meet and aye be fain
In the land o' the leal."

Miss Taylor offers no proof that hers is the authentic reading. Few will think that the poem is not better in the commonly accepted version, which, for one thing, wholly wants the first three lines above given.

—The bad behavior of the undergraduates of Oxford on Commemoration days is in great part a conventional and arbitrary thing, and argues much less against the general character of the young men for gentlemanliness than some people think and say. The youth in the gallery who raises wild cries at the stranger in the white hat or grey coat, who makes remarks other than laudatory on the distinguished gentlemen who are up for doctorates, who interrupts the Vice-Chancellor, who shouts and hoots during the delivery of the Public Orator's addresses and of the prize poems and essays, is doing his duty by the "customs of the day" rather than indulging the taste for low barbarity with which he is yearly charged in

the newspapers. This conduct is not nearly so horrifying as it is often made to appear; as, for instance, it is made to appear in a late defence (*Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes*) kindly volunteered by "An Honorary M.A." He represents himself as having conversed with certain foreigners who rejected summarily his excuses for the conduct of the undergraduates. "But you see," he told them, "these compositions (prize poems, etc.) are long, cannot be heard distinctly by all who are present, and become too tedious." To this the foreigners very properly cried "Shame! Shame!" The fact of the matter is, we suppose, that whether the compositions were long or short, whether the owner of the white hat were present or not, the traditions of the day would be kept up, and rather more strenuously each year, as long as the government suffered any degree of carnival or saturnalian license. We are not saying that the custom would not be vastly more honored in the breach than in the observance, but only that any given shouter and hooter is probably much less of a barbarian than the foreigner or the "Honorary M.A." who is the object of his attentions is apt to admit. To the question, Why the state of things is worse now than it was twenty or thirty years ago, various answers are given. Mr. Grant Duff has said that the devotion to athletic sports has assumed the dimensions of a national calamity, and it is held that great numbers of the students have entirely lost respect for literary pursuits and literary success, and feel no sympathy with the prize poet or essayist. It is said, too, that there has been "a gradual but conspicuous decay of discipline," and, as a prominent instance of this, is cited the appearance on the streets of young men arrayed "in those wonderful costumes which have been described as 'vestments,' and which would have driven a proctor of thirty years ago to commit suicide." "A very simple man" looking about for a remedy for the particular evil of which we have been speaking hits on this one, which we hope may be tried if the University authorities are unable, single-handed, to cope with the noisy minority. "Let," he says, "tickets be given to ladies only on condition that they will immediately leave the theatre on a signal from the Vice-Chancellor, to be given at his discretion." In this country we should probably put proctors or policemen in the gallery, and afterwards try a little expulsion of ringleaders from college.

—Under the operation of the new press law in France, new journals are daily springing up in the Departments as well as in Paris. We see the names of the *Indépendant Remois*, established at Rheims; of the *Union Libérale*, at Tours; the *Libéral Bayonnais*, at Bayonne; the *Libéral de Seine-et-Oise*, at Versailles; the *Avenir Démocratique*, at Lyons; and at Caen the *Suffrage Universel*.

## ABORIGINAL AMERICAN MYTHOLOGY.*

The second volume of Professor Max Müller's "Chips from a German Workshop" opens with his elaborate dissertation on Comparative Mythology, which was published originally as one of the Oxford Essays, in 1856. It is not strictly true that from its first appearance "dates the origin of a new science;" but that essay certainly gave a new impetus to the "science of religion," and threw open to English students a large and interesting field which had previously been entered, somewhat timidly, only by German explorers. Following quickly upon the republication of Professor Müller's essay comes Dr. Brinton's "Treatise on the Symbolism and Mythology of the Red Race of America," which is, upon the whole, a substantial contribution to the science which the friend of Bunsen has done so much to develop. Dr. Brinton was already known to students of American archæology by his "Notes on the Floridian Peninsula; its Literary History, Indian Tribes, and Antiquities," published in 1859; but in the present work he enters a much wider field, and one which but few have explored with the same broad aims as those which have guided him. From a bibliographical note appended to the first chapter, which, by the way, might well have taken the place of the very brief and vague preface to the book, it appears that the list of those who preceded the author in the department of American mythology embraces only five or six names; and none of these offers us a satisfactory interpretation, or even an adequate report, of the facts which lay spread before them. Carl Knortz's "Tales and Legends of the North American Indians" (in German) was probably not yet published when this list was made out. In the comprehensiveness of his design, and perhaps in familiarity with the facts, Dr. Brinton is superior to all his predecessors; he is also quite thoroughly imbued with the scientific spirit; yet, for reasons which will come to view as we proceed, he has failed to do what he might have done for the anthropology of America.

* "The Myths of the New World: A Treatise on the Symbolism and Mythology of the Red Race of America. By Daniel G. Brinton, A.M., M.D., Member of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, etc., etc." New York: Leypoldt & Holt. 1868.

"During the last fifty years," says Professor Müller, in the preface to his two volumes of essays, "the accumulation of new and authentic materials for the study of the religions of the world has been most extraordinary; but such are the difficulties in mastering these materials that I doubt whether the time has yet come for attempting to trace, after the model of the science of language, the definite outlines of the science of religion" (p. ix.) To trace definite outlines, either in the mythology or in the philology of the New World, is, as every one knows who has tried it, a peculiarly difficult task; and Dr. Brinton must not be condemned for eschewing it. The attempt would have been premature. There is, nevertheless, ground of complaint against our author in the fact that he has so little apprehended the *importance* of "definite outlines," and the desirableness of having in the mind's eye, in all such investigations as his, the largest possible scientific scheme. It is only thus that a collection of mixed materials can be transmuted into a valuable addition to the aggregate of our systematized knowledge. Perhaps it would be unfair to demand that he should have wrought with the framework of the "science of religion" before his mind; for it is a science which has not yet grown into definite form. There is more of it in Professor Müller's preface, already referred to, than anywhere else in English literature. But American ethnology is a department which has well-defined limits; and to this Dr. Brinton might have made an important contribution had he done his work with more of the scientific method. This, however, was not his aim. He simply proposes to "invest the fruitful theme of American ethnology with a more general interest," and announces distinctly, on page 82, that his "purpose in this work is not comparative mythology." We regret this; or, rather, we regret that the "comparative" element in some form has not been more largely introduced; that the search after relationships, by which so much has been accomplished in philology, has scarcely been attempted in the work before us. The consequence is that the book is chiefly an assemblage of facts grouped according to the author's fancy, interesting enough to the "thoughtful general reader" referred to in the preface, but serving the man of science simply as a directory, to show him what paths he must follow and where he must dig. Whether to the general reader or to the man of science, there is nothing more interesting than the discovery of relationships; and, while it is well enough to know "the fancies of the Sioux concerning thunder" (p. 151), and a hundred other fancies gleaned from a hundred authors, yet he who has once had his eyes opened to the existence of the "comparative" method will find himself, as he reads, constantly attempting to connect the strange legends or customs together, and at the same time to discriminate between them on some well-defined basis. The ethnological bearings of the American myths are of decidedly greater consequence, just now, than their philosophic or theological significance; and those would have been much more readily discerned had they been classified according to some ethnographic scheme. A comparison of the religious system of the Toltecs, for example, with that of the Incas on the one hand, and that of the Algonkin tribes on the other, would be more instructive, at once to the student and to the general reader, than a hundred myths culled indiscriminately from all the American tribes. But no such comparisons of system with system are to be found in Dr. Brinton's book.

These defects, however, exist side by side with characteristics which make the work, as we have said, a substantial contribution to modern science. No one can read it without perceiving that the author is familiar with the ground he has gone over, and has explored it with patient care. There is scarcely a page without foot-notes, and these, as well as the text, are of such a character as to leave no doubt respecting the author's extensive and accurate learning in his department, or the thoroughness of his method. The volume opens with a chapter of "general considerations on the red race," in which he discusses (1) the peculiarities of the American languages in their bearings upon American mythology, (2) the isolation of the red race, and (3) its predatory character, insisting that it is beyond all others a hunting race. This is followed by a brief but excellent ethnography, on the basis of language, describing the various families of the race as they existed at the date of the discovery; and some opinions are ventured, in conclusion, respecting the course of the American migrations, the age of man in America, and the unity of the red race. The proper subject of the book is entered upon in the second chapter, which is devoted to "the idea of God." Then follow in succession, and without a very obvious plan, chapters on the sacred number; the symbols of the bird and the serpent; the myths of water, fire, and the thunder-storm; the supreme gods of the red race; the myths of the creation and the deluge; the origin of man, the soul and its destiny, and the native priesthood. The last chapter discusses "the influence of the native religions on the moral and social life of the race." When we consider the vastness of the subject, and its inherent

difficulties—resulting from the diversity of languages, the want of native literatures, the uniqueness of the race, and the prehistoric character of the materials employed—we cannot do otherwise than accord high praise to the author for diligent research, discriminating criticism, good sense, and, we may add, a large charity. He has placed before the American public what ought to interest them more deeply in the original American race than the entire bulk of "Lo-the-poor-Indian" poetry, with the Leather Stocking tales thrown in.

In each of these chapters Dr. Brinton has overthrown some too hasty generalization, dissipated some false impression, or shown the emptiness of some misrepresentation which, by virtue of its antiquity, had become quite respectable, and in one or two of them he has given us something valuable in the way of hypothesis and interpretation. He seems to have proved, for instance, that there was not in any of the American religions a conscious monotheism, and, on the other hand, that there was no well defined dualism, the numerous assertions to the contrary notwithstanding. He also denies the existence of any genuine phallic worship in America, and reduces to the lowest point the ethical significance of the "serpent symbol," to which Mr. Squier has devoted a book. He recognizes in the flood-myths simply "an unconscious attempt to reconcile a creation in time with the eternity of matter." He credits the Indians with a firm belief in the resurrection of the dead. He establishes the mythical import of many names, local and personal, which have commonly been supposed to be historical; and, in reply to the assertion of Waitz, in his "Anthropologie," that "no natural religion appears to have been able to develop from a germ within itself anything whatever of real advantage to civilization," he points to the Toltecs, the Peruvians, and the Mayas, insisting that their advancement must be attributed not to the influence of heroes and great men—for these have only a mythical existence—but to the dominance of certain noble ideas among them, which found embodiment in their supreme divinities—in Quetzalcoatl in Mexico, Zamna in Yucatan, and Viracocha in Peru. It is certainly to the credit of uninstructed human nature that it should have given expression to such a prayer as that to Viracocha, reproduced on page 298:

"O Pachacamac, thou who hast existed from the beginning and shalt exist unto the end, powerful and pitiful; who createdst man by saying, Let man be; who defendest us from evil and preservest our life and health; art thou in the sky or in the earth? in the clouds or in the depths? Hear the voice of him who implores thee, and grant him his petitions. Give us life everlasting, preserve us, and accept this our sacrifice."

A prominent place is given in the volume to the sacred number *four*, because of the prominence of this number "in the religions of the red race. This is so marked and so universal," says the author, "that at a very early period in my studies I felt convinced that if the reason for its adoption could be discovered, much of the apparent confusion which reigns among them would be dispelled. Such a reason must take its rise from some essential relation of man to nature, everywhere prominent, everywhere the same. It is found in *the adoration of the cardinal points*." He proceeds to establish his interpretation by reference to the inevitable presence of four cardinal points in our conceptions of the natural world, and the importance of such points to a race of hunters. From this one discussion a very fair idea of the author's method may be derived—which is the method of the rational school of mythologists, in distinction from the symbolical. "Some essential relation of man to nature" lies at the basis of every myth, and finds expression therein. He applies this principle throughout—to the solution of the myths of water and fire, the myths of the creation and the deluge, and the myths concerning the origin and the destiny of man.

But the most interesting example of this method, and that which reminds us most forcibly of Professor Müller in his famous essay, is in the sixth chapter, which treats of the "supreme gods of the red race." The myths to which we refer are those relating to Michabo, the chief deity of the Algonkin tribes. His name has commonly been taken to mean the Great Rabbit, and has served as a proof that the red men worshipped brutes. But Dr. Brinton informs us that the root *wab*, which appears under all the variations of this name, means not only "rabbit" but "white"—in other words, that there are two distinct roots having this same form, and that from one of the two are derived the Algonkin words for the light, the dawn, the morning, the day, and the east. He therefore translates Michabo, "the Great Light," and its synonym, Manibozho, "the Spirit of Light, or of the morning"; and at once the stories in which Michabo is the central figure receive a natural and beautiful solution. We can see at once why he is the grandson of the moon, why his father is the West Wind, and why his mother is a maiden who dies in giving him birth.

"For the moon is the goddess of night, the dawn is her daughter, who brings forth the morning, and perishes herself in the act, and the West—the spirit of darkness, as the East is of light—precedes and begets the latter as the evening does the morning. Straightway, however, continues the legend, the son sought the unnatural father to revenge the death of his mother, and then commenced a long and desperate struggle. 'It began on the mountains. The West was forced to give ground. Manibozho drove him across rivers and over mountains and lakes, and at last he came to the brink of this world. "Hold," cried he, "my son, you know my power, and that it is impossible to kill me."' What is this but the diurnal combat of light and darkness, carried on from what time 'the jocund morn stands tiptoe on the misty mountain-tops,' across the wide world to the sunset—the struggle which knows no end, for both the opponents [combatants?] are immortal" (pp. 166, 167).

How natural and how instructive the comparison of such legends as this with the very different, yet strikingly similar, legends of the ancient Greek and Sanskrit mythologies!

We hope, in conclusion, that this interesting and handsome book will do much to popularize the study of American ethnology. The red race, not as it appears in Cooper's novels and in the poetry already referred to, but as seen through scientific eyes, ought certainly to engage, to a larger extent than hitherto, the thoughts and the labors of American students, and indeed of the American people. Our past relations to that race, however we may estimate our dealings in the light of the moral law, have been such as should impose upon our consciences a duty of commemoration. Our fathers slew them, and the least that *we* can do is to build their sepulchres. But apart from this, we cannot learn too soon, or believe too fully, the sentiment expressed so long ago in the house of a gentile centurion, that "God is no respecter of persons; but in every nation, he that feareth Him and worketh righteousness, is accepted with Him." It is some such doctrine as this which lies at the foundation of all true democracy.

## DE TROBRIAND'S "ARMY OF THE POTOMAC."*

It is not too much to say that it is fortunate for the people of the United States that General de Trobriand accepted a commission in their army in the late war. He did good service in the field, and the merit of his services was recognized. He was promoted to the grade of brigadier-general and brevet major-general in the volunteer service, and, when the war was over, he received the further reward of a commission as colonel of the Thirty-First Regiment of infantry in the regular army. But, good soldier as he was, he has done more for the country since peace was declared than he had done before. He possessed a rare combination of qualities fitting him to report us and our cause aright in Europe, and he has used them admirably. A Frenchman by birth and education, he came to this country in early manhood, and made it his home. He is a man of character, intelligence, and culture—a man of observation and of conduct. He served almost all through the war of secession, and he often found time to make minutes of events as they were occurring.

The scholar has recorded what the soldier saw, and the record makes a very excellent and interesting book; but its value is immensely enhanced by the fact that it is written in French by a Frenchman who speaks of what he knows, and published in France by a Frenchman of sufficient military rank to make it likely that his book will attract attention. Its merits are such that, if it is begun, it will be finished. Thus, the character of the composition, the language in which it is written, and the rank of the author unite to promise for these volumes an extensive European circulation. It is just such a book as it is good for us to have foreigners read. The author is thoroughly sound in his political opinions, as here expressed, and warmly in sympathy with the anti-slavery character of the late struggle. He is well informed as to the course of events which preceded and led to the secession of the South, and he begins his book with a very clear, satisfactory, and succinct statement of them. He is a man of sense; and while he is clear-sighted enough to perceive the defects existing in the state of things among us, and especially in military matters, and is honest enough to mention them, yet he is equally able and always ready to suggest such explanation and apology for them as the case may admit. He was a studious soldier as well as a gallant man, and his account of the organization of our army is accurate and ample. He had large experience in different positions, from that of colonel of a regiment to that of division commander, and his term of service extended almost continuously from the first summer of the war to Lee's surrender.

Having given, in his first three chapters, an account of the causes of

* "Quatre Ans de Campagnes à l'Armée du Potomac. Par Régis de Trobriand, ex-Major-Général au Service Volontaire, et Colonel au Service Régulier des Etats-Unis d'Amérique." Paris: Librairie Internationale, 15 Boulevard Montmartre, au coin de la Rue Vivienne. A. Lacroix, Verboeckhoven et Cie, Editeurs, à Bruxelles, à Leipzig, et à Livourne. 1867. [For sale by F. W. Christern, 863 Broadway, New York; price $4.]

the war, and of the manner of its commencement, and a sketch of its earlier events, the author proceeds, in the fourth chapter, to describe the transformation of the "Gardes Lafayette," a French regiment of New York militia, into the 55th Regiment of New York volunteers, a three-years regiment in the service of the United States. At midsummer of the year 1861 Mr. de Trobriand was elected colonel of the regiment, and on the 31st of August he set out with it for Washington. In this and the three following chapters he tells the story of the movement of the regiment to Washington, its arrival there and establishment in the neighborhood, and of the leading features of that first winter of the war. He tells it with a truth and spirit which will be acknowledged by all who were then in service. The passage of the troops through Philadelphia and Baltimore, the indifference with which they were received in Washington, so strongly contrasted with the enthusiasm that attended their departure, the vast floored barrack at the railway terminus in which they passed their first night there, the pitching of their camp, their experiences with the rain, wind, and mud of the South, the inspections and reviews, the improvement of the army and growth of the defences of Washington, pay-days and court-martials, presentations of colors, visits to the camp of Mr. Lincoln and the French princes, the surging to and fro in the city of the great wave of speculators, contractors, and intriguers, the crowds of uniforms in the hotels, the popularity of the South with the residents of Washington and the corps diplomatique, the enthusiasm for McClellan—all these and many other things are recorded or referred to by the author in a way which will awaken a thousand recollections among those who were in or near Washington that year. The remainder of the first volume is occupied with an account of the experiences of the Army of the Potomac and of the Army of Virginia until General McClellan was relieved from his command and succeeded by General Burnside. Colonel de Trobriand was present with his regiment at the battle of Williamsburg, but a fever kept him from taking part in the other battles of the Peninsular campaign, and his ccommand was not present in the battles of Pope nor in the Maryland campaign.

In the second volume the author describes the battle of Fredericksburg, of which he saw the movement on the left under Franklin; the battles of Chancellorsville and Gettysburg, in each of which he took an active part; the brilliant affair of Kelly's Ford, in November, 1863, in which he commanded a brigade, forced the passage of the river, and carried the position of the enemy beyond, while Sedgwick, higher up, was storming their works at Rappahannock station; and all that he saw of the campaign which commenced with the passage of the Rapidan and the battle of the Wilderness, in May, 1864, and ended with the surrender of Lee on the 9th of April, 1865. Besides, he gives a very satisfactory account of the part of the campaign which he did not see, and completes the story by a sufficient statement of what was going on meanwhile in other parts of the theatre of war, and of all the important events, political and other, of the time.

The book is charming because the author is competent to tell what he saw, and saw what he undertakes to tell. Many newspaper correspondents wrote most picturesque accounts of battles, but they either did not see these same battles at all, or saw them from a distance. But here we have the work of a man who was in the thick of the fighting. He commanded a regiment until June, 1863, and he commanded a brigade until three days before Lee's surrender. Thus he had rank enough to give him a good chance to see what was going on when his own command was not engaged, and yet not rank enough to keep him apart from the very smoke and dust and blood of the combat. His descriptions have often the reality of a dream. A man who made the Peninsular campaign will feel, in reading his account of Williamsburg, as if he were fighting the battle over again, and one who had the fever there will find the whole of that dismal time reproduced—the low ground, the flies, the luxuriant vegetation, the wet and swamps, the cry of the whippoorwill, the glistening of the beautiful woods when the Southern sun shone on them wet with Southern rain, the loneliness when the troops moved away and left the hospitals, the magical change by which solitude and silence succeeded in a moment the crowd and hum of an encampment which numbered more grown men than are to be found in a great city

His accounts of the battles of Chancellorsville and Gettysburg deserve especial praise. The former gives a better idea of the confused character of fighting in a wooded, broken country, especially at night, than most writers have been able to convey, and one reads the account of the night attack made by Birney's division with almost matchless interest. Such sentences as "Plus on approchait, et plus on voyait les baïonnettes du premier rang s'abaisser en décrivant un arc de cercle," make one feel that what he is reading is the real thing, and not a make-believe. The latter is valuable for the clear and spirited description which it contains of the severe struggle in which Sickles was forced back from the advanced position at Gettysburg, which he had imperilled the whole army by taking.

These volumes are enlivened by criticisms upon many prominent officers, and by many interesting anecdotes. The author is very severe upon McClellan, both as a soldier and as a man. His condemnation is well-founded, but it is none the less true that our armies fared better under him than under Burnside, Hooker, or Pope, and, as he is no longer either a soldier or a candidate for office, we can afford to be to his faults a little blind, and to remember that it was under his leadership that we took the first lessons in the art of which we now see he was not an able exemplar. Moreover, the character of General McClellan's corps commanders must never be forgotten when his failures are discussed. Two of them amounted to nothing, and passed into obscurity early in the war; another was cashiered; another, who had probably more ability than all the rest put together, was never fortunate. The fifth carried the dash and recklessness which might have been in place at the head of his cavalry regiment to the command of a magnificent corps, and shipwrecked one of its divisions at the Antietam by his headlong manner of putting it into action, and his disregard of the information and suggestions offered to him by one of Mansfield's division commanders, who had been on the field some hours before him. General de Trobriand tells a story about the evacuation by the enemy of the right of their lines at Yorktown, his reporting the facts to the corps commander, and the neglect with which his report was treated, which affords an apt illustration of what we are saying. He adds the neat remark: "La ville prise, c'était un victoire; la ville évacuée, ce n'était qu'une déception."

It is delightful to read the epigrammatic sentences in which the appearance and manners and character of various officers, or classes of officers, are mentioned. The sketches of Blenker, Stoneman, and French are good sketches of men whose names were more widely known than their merits deserved. Those of Hooker and Hancock give an excellent idea of the strength and the weaknesses of each. The brief mention of General Seth Williams does justice to the sterling merit of that most excellent and much regretted officer, and the gallery is enriched by an excellent portrait of Humphreys, who was probably, when the war ended, the best corps commander in the service of the United States. There are many light touches also, which are agreeable and illustrative, as when we are told how a general passes by, in the lines of a battle, with a cigar in his mouth and his horse at a walk, and tells an officer, loud enough for all the men around to hear him, that everything is going well. The telegram received by a private individual at Fort Monroe, on the 30th June, 1862, from the Secretary of War, and printed here—"Is the enemy at White House? And if not, where are they?—Stanton"—is a vivid reminder of those days of doubt and alarm.

We found next to nothing in these books to find fault with. As a rule, almost without exception, matter and manner were alike satisfactory. The first volume is a little wanting in military incident, but the reason of it is that circumstances permitted the author to be present but seldom in the engagements of the first eighteen months of the war. The remarks on the first Bull Run battle do not show much study of the best accounts of it. We are sorry to see that the author defends the practice of picket-firing; but so he does, and he alleges the usual arguments in favor of it. Two or three times, moreover, there peep out indications of a peculiar character, whether individual or national it is not easy to tell. Thus, on the day after the battle of Williamsburg, he visits a hospital, out of mere curiosity, finds a Southerner of seventeen years, "almost a child, with blue eyes and long light hair, whose leg has just been taken off above the knee, asks him his age, and why he enlisted, and on being told, "Pour défendre mon état contre ses ennemis," replies, "Dites pour rompre l'Union au profit de vos meneurs d'esclaves." In the same hospital he heard many of the sufferers asking for water. The surgeons had only one man to help them, and he was busy burying the amputated limbs. As Colonel de Trobriand, having finished his visit of curiosity, is leaving the hospital, he meets this man, and we quote: "'Sam,' lui dis-je, 'si vous êtes un bon homme, allez tout de suite au puits chercher de l'eau pour les blessés qui ont grand soif.' C'était tout ce que je pouvais faire pour eux." The oddest example of all shall close our notice. The author tells the story of two men, the term of service of whose regiment had expired, and who were to return with it to their homes the following day. Believing that their speedy departure would make identification impossible, they offered violence to a woman in the neighborhood. They were arrested, tried, found guilty, sentenced to death, and hung. The author says: "Je ne dis pas que ce ne fût d'un bon exemple; mais le temps de service expiré, à la veille de revoir les siens . . . c'est dur."

## THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW FOR JULY.

WHAT with Sterne, Dryden, Frere, Curtis, and the book reviews, the literary element rather predominates in this number of the *North American*. The article on Sterne is by Mr. Adams Hill, who has got up his facts as industriously as he did for his essays on Lamb and Swift. As in the case of those authors, so in this, he undertakes to set aside the common opinion in regard to his subject, and, as happened to him before, he fails. Doubt, generally, is the mother of knowledge, and the frame of mind in which he examined the evidence as to Sterne's character was probably the best frame of mind in which to undertake the task of satisfying himself in the matter. But in specific instances Doubt often makes no addition at all to the family; Mr. Hill offers nothing that should have convinced his own mind that Sterne was not what he was held to be; unless, indeed, he formerly entertained an opinion of him considerably worse than the one that has prevailed among ordinarily intelligent students and critics. We, for our part, find it hard to see how anybody can read two pages of Sterne together and think of him as sincere. He himself pretty well describes, under a figure, his own method with his readers—and by implication pretty well describes himself—when he tells of the man who poured sentiment over the dead ass: "He then took his crust of bread out of his wallet again, as if to eat it, held it some time in his hand, then laid it upon the bit of his ass's bridle," and finally "looked wistfully at the little arrangement he had made, and then gave a sigh." We are bold to say that we have not very much confidence in the man's power of appreciative criticism who does not everywhere in Sterne's letters and other works find proof that he was as insincere, untrustworthy, and humbugging as he was clever. It is futile work to say that he was not, and then leave such an assertion unsupported by any new facts or any new light on the old. We find no new ones and no new light in Mr. Hill's article, and there are too many things like this: "Mr. Thackeray's sketch in one of the 'Roundabout Papers' is purely fanciful: 'Yonder lean, shambling, cadaverous lad who is always borrowing money and leering at the housemaids is Master Laurence Sterne,'" etc. But by-and-by, on the next page even, Mr. Hill quotes from an autobiographic description, which shows us "a pale face," "spider legs," and "a cadaverous bale of goods for a body," and what any good biography would tell us concerning the housemaids or their equivalents would easily be enough to make Thackeray's sketch, as a whole, seem not "purely fanciful," nor fanciful at all. Good painting such a sketch would seem, we imagine, however bad it might seem as whitewashing. It is a principal objection to these attempts to reverse well-established decisions that the writer who seeks the reversal is very apt indeed to do great injustice to many estimable witnesses, whose characters, quite as much as that of the prisoner at the bar, are worthy of consideration. And, of course, the writer's own tone during the process is in great danger of being displeasing.

A better article by Mr. Hill, calmer in tone and in every way more satisfactory, is his sensible account of the "Chicago Convention." Very good reading, too, is Mr. Simon Newcomb's article on "Meteoric Showers." It is only within a year, it appears, that there has been an adequate and well accepted theory of the phenomena in question, and this Mr. Newcomb sets forth plainly. Clearness is also to be predicated of the account of "The Lumber Region of Michigan," by Mr. C. H. Brigham. It is only in this country that such an article could have been written. It is a story of the immense natural resources of a virgin region seized upon by the pioneers of civilization—a picture of the substitution within a few years of the college and the steam-reaped wheat-field for the primeval forest and the huts of savages.

Longer or more important unliterary articles than these just mentioned are one on "Liberal Education," by Mr. John Fiske, and one on "The Religious Reform Movement in Italy," by Mr. H. C. Lea. Mr. Lea is not an unfriendly critic of an ideal Catholicism, but as regards the actual Catholicism of Italy, as it exhibits itself in the lives of the priestly class, in the government of the Papal dominions, in the attitude of Pius IX. and his trusted advisers towards every phase of what enlightened non-Catholics have agreed to call progress, he is severely critical, and apparently he is quite hopeless of better things evolved from within and not forced from without. He will no doubt be attacked for what he has said on these and other points, and we promise to keep our readers advised of any successes obtained against him. The whole matter becomes interesting in the light of the fact, not so well known as it ought to be, that the Church in this country (and here it wears a pleasing show of liberality and of consonance with our American ideas of liberty and the purity of religion) is increasing greatly in the number of its communicants and laying foundations of power. Speaking of the General Council which is to meet in November next, Mr. Lea expresses an opinion opposed to that of some observers, and believes that the Council will do nothing more than register Papal decrees, and that it is idle from the assembled prelates to hope for anything but slavish subserviency to the Holy Father. We suppose this is most likely true; still a crowd sometimes develops a very different spirit from that of the individual members composing it, and it is not impossible that the bishops may refuse to part with the last vestiges of their independence, and that the Pope's reluctance to call a council may be proved to have been well founded. Mr. Lea's article is throughout instructive and readable. Before leaving it we may be allowed to quote a becoming jest which Mr. Lea reports as having been made by the pious Monseigneur Dupanloup when he was told of the slaughter of the Garibaldians. "It was necessary," said he, "that blood should flow, '*Transtulit illos per mare rubrum.*'" It is no wonder, after that, that ungodly men wanted the *chassepot* beatified into Saint Chassepot, and no wonder that Bishop Dupanloup is much loved by persons "outside the pale."

The subject of Mr. Fiske's article is the book of "Essays on a Liberal Education," edited by Mr. F. W. Farrar, which during the past year has, with an almost countless number of similar books, been making so much stir in England. We see everything to commend in the article, and while we do not look—it would be vain, we suppose, to look—that the bigoted devotees of classicism or the, if possible, still more bigoted devotees of "useful" and "scientific" education should agree with it, we are mistaken if its conclusions will not be soon everywhere received by all sensible thinkers on the subject as sound in theory, and practical enough to go to work on immediately wherever there is opportunity to carry them into effect.

Readers who read with pleasure Mr. Howells's recent remarks on Longfellow will find in his "George William Curtis" a companion piece which elegantly pays the tribute that none of us feel like withholding from one of the most graceful and agreeable literary friends that any American can find among his countrymen. Mr. Curtis, as a sentimental writer and as a satirist, is well remembered by Mr. Howells, who then proceeds to consider him as a moralist. He is chiefly the latter, his critic thinks. Only to his contemporaries we should say—we ourselves being much of the mind of Mr. Howells's friend—who, whenever he has a present to make, gives away "Prue and I"—and thinking Curtis's best literary claim to continued remembrance and liking to be his work as a sentimental essayist. He has other than literary claims, as no one will forget who remembers his political value in the services which his weekly paper renders to the cause of decent government, and his services in his magazine—it is his in a higher sense than any one's else—to the cause of the civilization of the country.

Mr. Norton revives for us John Hookham Frere, a man of the sort that Emerson somewhere speaks of as commonly to be met in England—men who have seen everything, who know everything, who can do everything, and who keep quiet about it all. Frere was a statesman, a scholar, a wit, a man of genius, the author of literary performances which plainly reveal his culture and abilities, and yet one whose fastidiousness and reserve and carelessness of applause have resulted in his being forgotten, or recollected chiefly as the respected friend of Scott and Byron and the other intellectual magnates of his time. The breed is not yet extinct in England. That we may have it here, and the scholarly culture and the unvulgarity that its existence presupposes, is a thing to be desired, and the article we are speaking of will help on a consummation so much to be wished. It is to be hoped some one of our publishers may be disposed to act on Mr. Norton's recommendation, and give to the better class of readers the now unobtainable works of the best of English translators, one of the best of English humorists, one of the most elegant and acute of English scholars, and an excellent poet.

Mr. Lowell writes of Dryden, making, after all that has been said of "glorious John," much the best essay on the poet that has yet been written. Whatever critic, or student of English literature, or of literature in general, or indeed of human nature in general, does not read it is unfair to himself. We say "human nature in general," thinking of the often repeated words (somewhat indefinite) of an extremely enthusiastic admirer of Lowell's—"the most Shakespearian man since Shakespeare"—words which, we take it, refer to the younger poet's insight by sympathy into any and every phase of character brought under his eye. We do not know if he is unequalled in this power since Shakespeare—though the name of a disputant for so much honor does not now occur to us, certainly not the name of a disputant who joins Lowell's power of expression and certain other powers of his with his eye for character. Fitz-Adam, Parson Wilbur, Mr. Sawin, will at once occur to the reader as examples of this faculty in

the creative mood; but perhaps in the "Rousseau," the "Shakespeare," and by flashes in all the other essays we see it in equally, if not in more satisfactory exercise. But the tail end of a short article is not the place to treat of this subject. As for the "Dryden," we do not feel that we have any additions to it to offer, nor any exceptions to take, nor any subtractions to suggest, and will only repeat our advice to people to go and read it.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

| *Authors.* | *Publishers.—Price.* | |
|---|---|---|
| Bartlett (J.), Familiar Quotations, 5th ed | (Little, Brown & Co.) | $3 00 |
| Collyer (Rev. R.), A Man in Earnest, Life of A. H. Conant | (H. B. Fuller) | |
| De Lesdernier (Mme. de), Headland Home, a Tale | (James Miller) | |
| Dickens (C.), Tale of Two Cities, and Great Expectations | (Ticknor & Fields) | 1 50 |
| Littell's Living Age, Vol. IX | (Littell & Gay) | |
| National Academy of Design, Exhibition of 1868 | (D. Appleton & Co.) | |
| Pollard (E. A.), The Lost Cause Regained | (G. W. Carleton & Co.) | |
| Punshon (Rev. W. M.), The Prodigal Son, swd | (Roberts Bros.) | |
| Rebellion Record, Part LXXIII. and last, swd | (D. Van Nostrand) | 0 60 |
| Table-talk and Opinions of Napoleon Bonaparte | (Roberts Bros.) | |
| The Art-Journal, July, swd | (Virtue & Yorston) | 1 50 |
| The Workshop, No. 6, swd | (E. Steiger) | 0 50 |

# Fine Arts.

## THE FINE ARTS OF JAPAN.

III.

If the present or late Shogoon [Tycoon] is to be the last of those powerful deputies, and the awakened imperial power is to take the place among sovereignties which the military leadership or mayorship of the palace has long assumed, the government of the Shogoons may be remembered as contemporaneous with the great time of Japanese art. The vigorous and independent art which we have tried to describe took its beginning after the first Shogoon, Taiko-Sama, as his name is generally given, had established his derived, but nearly absolute, executive office, and made it hereditary in his own family. And now that his successor has abdicated and the West is finding out that it must revise its treaties made during fifteen years with "his Majesty the Tycoon of Japan," the fine arts of Japan also are abandoning their thrones. The art of China is dead; still they paint porcelain and carve ivory, with dim recollections of bygone splendors, but the old and good art is gone, and can never come again. The art of Japan is deteriorating, and a few years more of intercourse with Europeans will finish it. The decorative arts of an Eastern people cannot bear the evil effect of the European market; Chinese art has died of the demand for dinner sets, backgammon boards, work-boxes, and chessmen for exportation; and Japanese art is moribund now that Mr. Vantine can sell two or three hundred thousand fans a year, with glove-boxes and teapots in proportion. The workmen who have the exceptional skill required for the finest work, to whom have descended those secrets of workmanship and that familiarity with design which we find so extraordinary, will not continue to do fine work when cheap articles of sale have begun to pay well. When Shanghai was opened for trade, delicate inlaid work was to be bought there; one large, round table we know of which was bought for eighteen silver dollars; similar work bought there now at four times the price is very inferior in design and in workmanship. So a bronze vessel of exquisite finish which cost forty silver dollars in Nagasaki a few years ago, a French bronze-worker would not attempt to reproduce for less than six hundred francs. The native workmen hear of European prices, and there is every probability that the Japanese founders and engravers who did this wonderful piece of work are now engaged in making the common silver-inlaid bronze vases and candlesticks of poor workmanship and no particular design for the European market.

There is this one thing to be said on the other side, this one reason to hope. The princes and rich men of Japan are asserted to be great lovers and collectors of their countrymen's handiwork. It is known that pieces of ancient and rare porcelain and lacquer bring enormous prices in Japan, and that such gems remaining in Europe from the time of free intercourse, two hundred years ago, have been re-exported to Japan of late years, and sold there at higher prices than it was thought they would have fetched in Paris. But from this connoisseur spirit not much good can be expected to come beyond the mere preservation of the good art which already exists. Paris has been showing a lively taste for Japanese curiosities these three years past, and gives great prices for rarities, and has established manufactures of clever enough imitations, but this furore can do nothing to save the fine art of Japan from speedy decay; nor does it seem probable that the better informed native connoisseurship will be able to do more.

This art of Japan, which was born, as we think, and which is dying with the government of the Shogoon, finds its highest development in, and is represented by, those works of the great Oksai of which we have spoken in a former paper. It cannot be supposed that this art actually began with his labors; his drawing is too perfect, his conception of his subjects too firm and vigorous, for that to be the case; no such knowledge and skill as his have ever in the history of art been gained by the unaided and original efforts of one man. But it is no less evident that he brought it to its highest point of development, and that, as regards all Japanese art since his death, he may be considered the founder and originator from which all has come. Just as Giotto created the types for Italian art, and, though basing his work upon that of his predecessors, may yet be said to have painted the first Deposition, the first Death of the Virgin, and the first Salutation, which all subsequent art took as inviolable precedents, so Oksai settled it for ever how to represent humanity in its daily life, in war, and in worship; how to describe, in line and color, the wild superstitions of his countrymen, and how to picture the plants and animals of his own land, and those of which strange stories were brought by travellers. It would be of the greatest interest if we could learn what his own handiwork was like, what sort of touch and handling was his, and what his full chord of color. But we only know him by his drawing, and by his characteristic treatment of the subject of his art.

It is of this that we propose to speak: the common subjects of Japanese art, and the treatment of them by the Japanese artists, especially by Oksai. And first of the subjects of mythology and legend, magic and apparitions. There occur frequently figures of seated gods or demi-gods, around whom are priests or worshippers, not very reverential in manner, nor at all bowed down with awe, but going through with formal ceremonies of worship. In one large picture covering two pages, a rocky sea-coast is shown; on a high crag is placed a seated, cross-legged figure, dignified and calm, possibly a statue, but we think the god himself in unruffled meditation. Squatted close by the water's edge are two priests, one of whom holds in his left hand a staff with an ornamental head, with rings in it, as if to clash or rattle together, and in his right hand, high above his head, a black dish. From the dish issues a dense cloud of black smoke, which grows larger and spreads irregularly, and half emergent from the smoke is a portentous green dragon, not large, nor bigger than an alligator, but of splendid ferocity of aspect, and certainly large to have come out of a basin, like Pharoah's serpents from their little cones of cyanide of mercury. The other priest has filled a bowl with sea water, which he tosses up and scatters about, looking intently at the monster in the cloud. Now, both these incidents—the cloud-born dragon issuing from a bowl, and the tossing up of water as an offering—occur again and again in the pictures; and, for the dragon, beasts of his kind with the same admirably fierce head and action, and like him wrapped in cloud, are a large part of the paraphernalia of the Japanese mythology. In one impressive picture a priest is waving a sort of flag or pennon; a dense black cloud or vapor-like smoke drives full in his face, with a furious wind before which the trees bend and rock, and in the cloud comes a beast vastly larger than the other, terrible and savage-looking, but not seemingly meaning mischief. Indeed, these celestial serpents seem to come in answer to prayer, and as guardians; and a picture exists, which we have not seen, representing a lady who goes safely through the sea, protected by this formidable friend, though assailed by all the monsters of the deep.

Beside the stately god who sits on the rocks by the sea, and who appears now and then in other situations, we find other divinities. One, like a man of stalwart form, with two curved and sharp-pointed horns upon his head, sits staring at his priests with a fierce look which they seem to return. It must be noticed that this ferocity of aspect seems to be inseparable from the ideas of the Japanese of dignity and manly virtue, and is one of the worst blemishes upon their art. This being with the horns may be identical with the god of agriculture whom Koempfer speaks of, who was a fabulous Emperor of China about three thousand years before the time of Christ, and who taught the people to till the ground. Another god rides through the clouds seated on a great fish like a perch; it is not winged, but seems borne up by the clouds which half conceal it. This is a favorite subject; we find it twice in the Oksai series, and again on the first page of a volume by another celebrated artist, named Boun-Tujo; again, in low relief, upon a bronze bell, eighteen inches high, a very interesting work, and again in gold lacquer, moulded solid, and raised from the top of a splendid tortoise-shell box. Another favorite deity is a fair-faced woman, who appears among clouds, with folded arms and downcast eyes, heavily draped, a scarf flying out like a halo around her head, and her head and whole body emitting powerful rays of light. Her worshippers wave burning torches in her honor, and it seems that they scale mountain heights to reach her abode, for they are always standing on

jagged pinnacles of rock. This subject occurs often; we have it in a colored picture by Oksai, again chased upon the cover of a silver box, and, on a large scale, and with splendid details of costume, painted upon a plaque or disk of porcelain. It is probably the same goddess who appears riding upon a dragon, very different in appearance from the awful creatures described above; when the goddess appears in this way it is always as a giver of gifts. She may be identified with the Japanese Eve, so to speak, or mother of their race, whom Koempfer calls Isanami. The god whose picture occurs the most frequently is a wonderfully corpulent personage with drooping ears, his face wearing a good-natured leer, and little other expression; he is generally cross-legged and nearly naked, and in this way is constantly represented in bronze; there is a statue of him now at Mr. Fountain's store. There are some things about him and his worship which go to prove him the husband of the lady last named, and the Adam of the Japs, Isagani Mikotto by name, according to old Koempfer. There is another divinity whose image we find given in one way only—engraved or in relief upon a huge bell. The bell we spoke of above is in New York, in all its bronze solidity; but this one we see in pictures, hung high and surrounded by priests, mounted on a car and dragged by strength of men; it is represented as ten feet high or so, and bearing always the figure of this god, whose appearance is not otherwise remarkable.

In a very splendid colored drawing, probably of great antiquity, and undoubtedly of a time before Oksai, a god comes down upon a rolling cloud, to visit, in a dream, his sleeping protégée. That incident we do not find in any of the recent work. But another curious part of the old drawing is known to modern art as well—the thunder demon, who, in a black cloud, and surrounded by a ring of little drums, rolls out his alarum. He is a fiery red and deformed man, and his aspect is particularly malicious. Evidently the Japanese have no liking for thunder, nor belief in any beneficial influence from it. In one of the Oksai books appears also a lightning fiend, he also vermilion red, without the drums, and seated on a black cloud, from which red, forked lightnings blaze in every direction. It seems that the Japanese do not suppose the thunderbolt an attribute of their Zeus or father of gods and men, but hand that weapon over to a subordinate and evil-disposed fiend, or two such—

> "Of middle air the demons proud,
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## The Week.

THE week just passed has probably been the last week of the Fortieth Congress—at least it is far from certain that there will be any session in September. By dint of hard work at the end of the session both Houses pretty thoroughly finished what work was before them, and have left over only a dozen or so unimportant bills and some nominations unacted upon. Of unfinished bills Mr. Boutwell's, for the more efficient government of Mississippi, Texas, and Virginia, was of most consequence; of the offices remaining unfilled, the two most important are that of Commissioner of Internal Revenue and that of Naval Officer of this port. General Rosecrans was easily confirmed as Minister to Mexico, which will partly compensate him for his failure to get the Spanish mission—a post that Mr. Hale has contrived to keep. He is one of the fathers of the Republican party, and personally popular; so, despite the offence he gave at the time of the McCracken affair, the Senate would not disturb him. On Wednesday week, in the House, Mr. Stevens denied that he had ever been in favor of paying gold for the five-twenty bonds. Mr. Garfield, on the following day, brought him to book, and proved by the official report of the debates that he had often committed himself to that side of the question. On the same morning there was an excited debate in reference to the condition of the South, some of the new Southern members being very violent. The Senate passed the bill subsidizing a line of American steamers between New York and Europe. The vessels—there must be seven of them within a year—must make as good average time as any ocean steamships plying between American and European ports, and the postal charges must not exceed $600,000 *per annum*. The Senate on Friday adopted a joint resolution, introduced by Mr. Wilson, ordering the removal of all office-holders in Texas and Virginia who are unable to take the test-oath. The House did not act on it. On Saturday the chief business done by the Senate was the passage of the Freedmen's Bureau Bill over the veto, by a vote of 29 to 5, and the passage of the amended bill relative to the rights of American citizens abroad. As passed, it is a bill in which Mr. Conness said his heart was no longer interested. As it now stands, it is little more than a Congressional declaration as to the status which, according to international law, naturalized Americans have, or should have. It is somewhat more than merely that, perhaps; possibly it may encourage some future President to take more energetic action, in conjunctures such as the bill relates to, than he would take if left to bear all the responsibility alone. Other practical effect it cannot have, so far as we can see—except on the November elections, and possibly in dampening England's avowed willingness to give what we ask. Senator Henderson made a long and bitter reply to the insinuations made by General Butler in the singular report about the impeachment bribery and corruption. The House also passed on Saturday the Freedmen's Bureau Bill over the veto—yeas 115, nays 23. On Monday the Senate had no time to take up Mr. Boutwell's bill, before mentioned, but went into executive session, at the close of which it adjourned till the third Monday in September. The House passed the Funding Bill in spite of the resistance of the Democrats, but did not send it to Mr. Johnson in time, he said, for his signature. As amended in conference, the bill transforms the five-twenties into consols of two classes—one payable as soon after thirty years as the United States may please, and bearing four and a half per cent. interest; the other payable after forty years, and bearing four per cent. interest. Principal and interest are expressly declared to be payable in gold.

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The first Legal Tender Act was brought into the House in January, 1862. Mr. Thaddeus Stevens took no part in debating it till the last day of the first debate, February 6, at which time he made a speech, a good part of which was in favor of that provision of the bill which made the notes a legal tender in the payment of private debts. The notes would soon be used, he said, in the purchase of the bonds which were to be simultaneously issued, and the bonds would be a good investment. "A dollar in a miser's safe," he said, "unproductive, is a sore disturbance. Where could he invest it? In United States loans at six per cent., redeemable in gold in twenty years, the best and most permanent investment that could be desired." A little further on he said: "But widows and orphans are in tears lest their estates should be badly invested. I pity no one who has his money invested in United States bonds, payable in gold in twenty years, with interest semi-annually." It is not surprising that the farmers and farmers' widows in Mr. Stevens's district began to change their savings into bonds. Again he said: "Let me restate the various projects. Ours proposes United States notes secured at the end of twenty years, to be paid in coin." When the bill came back from the Senate, no one gave any intimation, directly or indirectly, that the bonds could be paid otherwise than in coin. Mr. Spaulding, of New York, said: "They intend to foot all the bills, and ultimately pay the whole, principal and interest, in gold and silver." Mr. Pomeroy said:

"The credit of the Government is alike bound for the payment of both these classes of indebtedness ultimately in gold; each derives its entire value from that."

The letter of the law, interpreted by the concurrent language of the law-makers, hardly gives Mr. Stevens so much shelter as people would suppose, to hear his denunciations of the "bloated speculators" and the "swindle on the taxpayers." The facts above set forth in regard to Mr. Stevens and other prominent Republicans were collected from the *Globe* by General Garfield by way of meeting Mr. Stevens's assertion that he had never been in favor of any but a paper payment. Mr. Stevens offered no other reply, when the exposure was complete, than a promise to defend himself at some future time, and this remark: "Why it is he has renewed the attack on me, God only knows."

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Mr. Stevens's memory fails him. It was not till nearly a year after the debate on the five-twenties that he spoke his first word of repudiation. When the ten-forties were authorized, Mr. Stevens, while Mr. Horton of Ohio was speaking, made this remark:

"It would be fair, I suppose, to state that my amendment proposes to pay for these bonds at the end of ten years in coin, but to pay the interest in currency, while the bill of the Committee of Ways and Means proposes to redeem the bonds in currency."

Mr. Horton replied with a refusal to state what Mr. Stevens wished to have stated, because, he said, "it is not correct. The bill of the Committee of Ways and Means does not contemplate paying in paper." Whereupon Mr. Stevens, questioning a second time, said, "Are not the bonds payable in lawful money—whatever that is?" "No, sir," was Mr. Horton's answer; and, on motion of Mr. Thomas of Massachusetts, and out of abundant caution, as Mr. Garfield says, the words "in coin" were inserted in the bill, and the doubt raised by Mr. Stevens was supposed to be very effectually laid. In this case again, as in the previous one, neither more nor less certainly, the United States clearly bound itself to adopt the anti-Butler, anti-Stevens, anti-Morton, un-Pendletonian way of meeting its obligations to its creditors.

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Mr. Butler's Select Committee's report has been made the occasion of some forcible remarks by Mr. Henderson, who does not seem to understand that the people are few, and every day getting fewer, who attach any great weight to anything said by Mr. Butler when acting in his capacity of partisan—legal or political. The senator was too bitter; he did not hesitate to charge Mr. Butler with being not only a "bold, wilful, and intentional falsifier," but a thief as well. Very much has been said on this latter topic, and a good deal of it very roundly; but we know of nothing before the public which justifies such a belief in the accusation as warrants a point-blank assertion of its truth. People loudest in their denunciations of General Butler, people from New Orleans who had had good opportunities for seeing him in his highest activity, we have always found unable to put their finger on any one indubitable instance of General Butler's having appropriated other people's property to his own use. As to the other charge made by the senator, those who read the speech, with its extracts from the report, can form their own conclusions. Here is a sample of what may be got from it, and the whole animal, we feel free to say, might be constructed from this particular bone; it is all in symmetrical harmony with the bit we append. On the eighteenth page of the report is a telegram: "Washington, May 15, 1868. John R. Garland, New York: Senator Henderson says conviction will fail by two votes.—Lockwood." Upon this Mr. Butler makes the comment, "So the gold-room had the benefit of Senator Henderson's knowledge." Now "Lockwood" is Mr. Crounse, of the *Times*. He was in communication with several members of the Missouri delegation, who just then were "laboring" with their senator, and from them he got the information which he telegraphed to Mr. Garland; telegraphing so briefly and positively as he did because his information came so directly. General Butler had not the slightest reason for believing that Mr. Crounse and Mr. Henderson had combined to let "the gold-room have the benefit of Senator Henderson's knowledge." Yet he insinuates that. After all, it is no wonder that Mr. Henderson is wrathful; but he can comfort himself by observing how flat the whole affair falls; the newspapers seem to be getting very sick of the General.

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It would be a mistake, however, for any one who enjoys Mr. Butler's malicious humor and his unblenching, thoroughly cynical impudence, to leave unread his reply to Mr. Henderson's rather Hungarian defense of himself. It was in Sunday evening session that the speech was made, and to see how this circumstance of the time lacerates the General's bosom is affecting. He is far more "exercised"—as they say in his own Gloucester—by the misguided Henderson's desecration of the Sabbath than by the reviling and persecution which he himself has been called to undergo. "On the evening of *the Lord's day*," he says, with horror; . . . . "if that assembly to which I allude"—"a certain debating assembly," he calls the Senate—"deem *the holy Sabbath* well spent in listening to such an harangue; . . . . as a part of his *Sabbath-day speech*"—these are some of the passages which show how the sin of the Senate's violation of the Fourth Commandment weighs on his mind. It was with sorrow that Mr. Butler submitted "the report of your committee," which "was assented to by all the members of the committee in the city"—(Senator Henderson had said that the other members of the committee were gentlemen, and that none of them would have anything to do with the report, and the above form of words is Mr. Butler's way of meeting the charge.) He submitted it with sorrow, "grieving continually that without the explanations of the senator from Missouri, of which he of his own will had deprived the committee, the evidence seemed to bear so hardly and conclusively upon him," especially when he was compared with "admittedly innocent and honorable senators." This last stroke—when it is remembered that in the report itself General Butler makes confession of utter failure to find a particle of proof that every senator was not innocent and honorable—requires in the man who gives it some considerable power of face. He then goes on to make several inuendoes and assertions concerning Mr. Henderson's conduct, to which people will attend when some one else's word is brought in support of Mr. Butler's. The House did well when it declined to let this precious document be read, and remitted its author to the printer. Let us hope the Eighth Massachusetts District is satisfied with the piety of its representative, to say nothing of his candid honesty.

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The Boston *Commonwealth* has done what we were afraid it would. It had only to give plain answers to four questions, but it declines that, and becomes abusive. We hurl back with more than the usual scorn and contempt the imputation that we are cynical. So, also, as regards all the other charges; we defy the *Commonwealth* to make good its comparison between us and the South before the war, or us and Pontius Pilate, or to prove that we are Jesuitical unbelievers, or that we write jargon and twaddle, or that we are flippant and hate the verities. We merely do not like a man to be so fond of the verities and "the primal" and "the elemental" and the eternal aspiration and the instincts, that when he is asked why Mr. Fessenden should not be invited to a public dinner of honor, he can find nothing better to do than to beg a certain disputed question and bawl about Mr. Fessenden's "guilt," and declare him "denounced by the masses." Mr. Fessenden, most people think—though we admit they were less numerous awhile ago—is "guilty" of nothing but of doing his duty. Even if what he had done was wrong, where will the *Commonwealth* find one tittle of proof that Mr. Fessenden did not think he was doing right and did not try to do right? Who has found evidence on which to impugn the motives that actuated him when he came to the conclusion that the Senate, when sworn to try an impeachment and do impartial justice in the trial, was a court? Nobody has offered any such evidence. The men who invited Mr. Fessenden to a public dinner did so, then, because they saw in him an honest man assailed by a storm of persecution for having done what he thought his duty. But the *Commonwealth* thinks he was not persecuted. We doubt if the *Commonwealth* knows how abusive newspapers can be. Sometimes they are shockingly foul-mouthed and cowardly. And apparently it does not know how unhappy it can make an honorably ambitious man to find that a hard-earned character for honor and integrity, supported for years and never blemished, cannot save him—if a certain number of editors of a certain size think him a "traitor"—from being cried through the length and breadth of the land as a liar, a rival meanly jealous of his fellow-senators, and a receiver of bribes.

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On the only question as to which the *Commonwealth*, in its last article, talks in such a way as to merit in any degree the attention of argument, we have already argued so often that it is hardly worth while to go over the ground again. We have given our reasons for thinking the Senate sitting for the trial of impeachment a court. We were of that opinion before Senator Drake, who is a good lawyer, was defeated in his anxious endeavor to get senators to pronounce the assemblage not a court, but a body sitting to legislate the President out of office, and we have been of that opinion ever since. That the Senate trying impeachment—impeachment is a word with a well-defined legal meaning—wants some of the mere accidents of an ordinary court is, of course, true. It is equally true that there are various other processes besides impeachment, some of which the *Commonwealth* enumerates,

which have never been called judicial, and yet which, likewise wanting the mere accidents of regular judicial processes, have, as we hold, all the essentials of such processes, have, at any rate, this quality—that he who, being engaged in them, under oath to do impartial justice, on the evidence of course, does not do that, fails in his duty. It will not be long before the better part of the *Commonwealth's* followers will be taking the view of Mr. Fessenden's course which, if we are not utterly mistaken, is now taken by the larger part of the Republican party.

The moral turpitude of the candidates increases, if anything, and several new shameful passages in their lives are discovered since we last wrote. Can Jesse R. Grant, for example, tell us if his son, when in command in the Southwest, did not quarrel with some respectable Hebrew gentlemen doing a little business in cotton under the firm name of Messrs. Mack? And did he not afterwards, and on account of this brawl, promulgate his tyrannical order expelling all Jews from his department? Will Jesse Grant deny that the quarrel grew out of the sale of his son's influence as department commander to this Hebrew firm? Then Mr. Seymour has for years been going under an alias, we are informed, his true name being Horatio Nelson Seymour, and he having, for some undivulged reasons, probably of a base kind, dropped the middle name. As for the name of his associate on the ticket, it may be Frank P. Blair or Francis P. Blair, or Frank P. Blair, junior, or General Frank P. Blair; the men who nominated him call him one thing, the army-rolls call him another, and he signs himself variously. This is a matter of importance. For, as one of our journals asks, if the Democratic ticket is elected, who must swear in, Francis P. Blair, junior, Francis P. Blair, senior, or Frank P. Blair, or Frank Blair? The solicitude of the *World* about the precise name which Grant signed to Buckner's and Pemberton's and Lee's capitulation-papers seems to have caused all this enquiry into the aliases of the aspirants. Seymour, we learn, was very near filling a bloody and dishonored grave in 1863. A party of gentlemen were lunching a few days ago at one of our handsomest down-town restaurants, when one of them was asked if he, being a good Democrat, did not, of course, intend voting for Seymour. A frown passed over his brow as he said, Never. He proceeded to relate that, Democrat as he was, he aided to defend the *Tribune* building in the riots of 1863. Rifle in hand, he could see Horatio Seymour as he addressed the infuriated crowd, and, drawing a bead on him, he covered his heart, and mentally resolved that if that mob should leave Seymour's feet to surge towards Mr. Greeley's building, Seymour should fall on the instant with a bullet through his breast; "and my bullet never fails," he added. A shadow passed over the company at this reminiscence, which has now gone into most of the country papers.

The Boston *Pionier* quotes our remarks on the relation of the eight-hour law, as recently passed by Congress, to the public respect for the Presidency and the probable duration of that branch of our Government under a growing contempt for it, and evidently thinks we are very near joining it in demanding the abolition of the Executive. This we might do if we thought the tendency was to increase instead of to diminish the President's prerogatives, and if we were unable to conceive of his usefulness when stript of a good deal of what now makes him formidable. We shall, however, first labor to make his office one of dignity rather than power; and we think it will almost immediately become so when he is deprived of his patronage, and ceases to be the terror of small postmasters and custom-house clerks. We shall not then, if we have impeachment at all, have it promoted chiefly in the interest of office-seeking flatterers of the Vice-President; nor see a party nomination for Vice-President hinge on the prospect of the candidate's meanwhile becoming President, with spoils at his disposal and friends to be rewarded. We would almost say that the mischief which Mr. Johnson, if successful, could bring upon the country would be less than that which might have been caused in the eight months of Mr. Wade's incumbency, by a general subversion and expulsion of office-holders, such as we know to have been planned with all minuteness. In the one case, we should have had an isolated, acute attack of a malady which we could both hope to cure and to avoid incurring in future. In the other, we should have aggravated a disease to which every party is liable, but which the country cannot afford to have aggravated in the party of progress and good government, and trust to its recovery.

There has been very little European news by the cable this week. Probably when we get the full reports of the debates in which M. Rouher denied that the Jecker bonds were at the bottom of the invasion of Mexico, and replied to M. Pelletan that the Government had no intention of altering the election laws, we shall have interesting reading. The English House of Commons passed on Thursday the bill providing for the purchase of all the telegraph lines by the Government, and the next night the Corrupt Practices (or Bribery) Bill, which had been upwards of a fortnight under debate. The bill provides for a hearing and decision in the case of contested elections, where corruption is charged by one candidate upon another. Local courts are to be held immediately after the presentation of a petition, whether Parliament is in session or not, by one of three judges of the superior courts in rotation. One important clause directs the entering of the Judge's finding on the journals of the House; and another that a Judge's finding that corrupt practices have extensively prevailed in any place shall initiate a commission of enquiry, on the joint address of both Houses, the locality to pay the expenses of the enquiry. The bill is a Government measure, conducted of course by Mr. Disraeli, and half opposed by the Liberals, with Mr. Gladstone at their head.

Some one, according to a correspondent of *Le Nord*, having recently remarked to the Emperor at Fontainebleau that the assassination of Prince Michael of Servia might breed another Orsini attempt, Napoleon "held the contrary opinion," based, as it further appeared, on the observation that political assassins almost invariably effect just the opposite of what they intended. This reasoning would be sounder if the assassins themselves were in the habit of paying much attention to the failure of their predecessors. But they are not, partly because they are apt to be ignorant men, or men made desperate and almost lunatics by injuries which themselves or their country have received or seem to have received. Indeed, many of the late attempts on the lives of monarchs have been made by real lunatics. Speaking from a real or pretended regard for France, the Emperor professed the utmost tranquillity in the face of an improbable event. He is sure that his son or "some little nephew, some Milano or other," would avenge his death and maintain the Empire, and that his life or death would be equally useful to the country. These remarks are scarcely ominous, though increasing age and infirmity, joined to administrative failures and mortifications, seem to have changed the temper of Napoleon and rendered him timid and more yielding than he used to be. The subject, however, is one which, the more he talks about it, will the more excite suspicion that he has premonitions of peril to his dynasty.

One of the minor burdens of the Second Empire has just been brought to light in the Corps Législatif. The Legion of Honor, which, as founded by the First Napoleon, supplied nothing more than a decorative distinction, was reorganized by the present Emperor in 1852, and endowed with annual allowances, ranging from 250 to 3,000 francs, besides pensions. The cost of the order would be easily calculable if any limitation were set upon new decorations. This was attempted under the Restoration, except for the class of chevaliers; but such has been the Imperial liberality that the *cadre* then determined on has nearly doubled, so that it now contains 34,000 Legionaries, or, adding the civilians, 63,000, with 3,700 officers and 900 commanders. The medallists, also, who belong to the army solely, are estimated at 40,000; and these, if private soldiers or non-commissioned officers, are entitled to a pension. The army, as might have been expected, and not the civil list, has swollen the expenditures of the past ten years, and raised the total from 4,197,900 francs in 1858 to 18,425,000 francs in 1868. M. de la Tour, who has taken pains to collect these statistics, protests against the vulgarizing of his order, and proposes that an obsolete regulation of 1852 should be revived, prohibiting future decorations in any instance except when there are two vacancies by death or degradation. To this the caustic M. Glais-Bizoin has offered as an amendment, that the Cross of the Legion of Honor be given to whoever is willing to pay for it.

## WHERE SHALL HONEST MEN GO?

We have no disposition to underrate or excuse the faults of the Republican party or of its leaders; indeed, some of our readers think we err in the opposite direction. Certainly no one can accuse us of blind partisan zeal. We can fully appreciate the doubts and difficulties which trouble many of the best men who ordinarily vote the Republican ticket, and sometimes cause them to hesitate in regard to their political course. And before answering their objections, it is only fair to mention some of the principal ones.

It is alleged that the Republican party, as an organization, has become as corrupt as the Democratic; that its managers are lobbyists and its chosen legislators venal; that Republican revenue officers defraud the Treasury of millions and a Republican Senate keeps them in office, while a Republican House of Representatives kills every proposition for reform in the civil service and Republican newspapers strive to abolish the only court which is a terror to the whiskey ring. It is further alleged that even the honest portion of the party is so ignorant of political economy, and so blind to the corrupting influence of government expenditure, that any scheme which pretends to foster the interests of the country finds favor with it, while it is always ready to applaud such follies as the Gold Bill of 1864 in the hope of violently checking the operation of the laws of trade.

And, in substance, the Republican party must plead guilty to these charges. It has an army of corruptionists in its midst, and it has inherited from the old Whig party a disposition to tinker at the business of the country and to spend the public funds liberally, which makes it easy to be deceived by men whose schemes contemplate a return of one dollar to the nation and a hundred dollars for themselves.

Having admitted this much, let us consider what is the prospect for reform offered by the character of the Democratic party, and what an honest citizen may reasonably hope to accomplish for the public good through that means. Ignoring for the present the overshadowing question of reconstruction, we ask any one to tell us what measure of political reform can be hoped from the restoration of the Democrats to power.

The Republican party, for a temporary purpose, debased the currency and unsettled the business of the country. The Democratic party is enthusiastic in favor of perpetuating this debasement, and thus annihilating all legitimate business.

The Republican party of New York and Pennsylvania evaded the just obligations of those States to foreign creditors by paying their interest in a depreciated currency. The Democratic party proposes to repeat the operation on a scale a thousand times larger, and with a currency that will thus be made absolutely worthless.

Republican officials in this State plunder it through the Canal Department and otherwise, it is estimated, of possibly a million dollars a year. We never heard of a higher estimate. The Democratic officials who control New York City extract at least three times that amount annually from the funds of that city alone—probably very much more.

There are many dishonest Republican officials, but there are also many honest ones. An honest Democratic official (we speak now of executive officers in minor departments) is a thing scarcely known within our sphere of observation.

The Democratic party is steadily growing worse. For years past its increase has been derived mainly from the lowest class of the immigrant population; and this class, profoundly ignorant, selfish, blind to considerations of public good, and destitute of that foresight which enables men to see their own ultimate advantage in the observance of moral law, are constantly gaining more control of the party. No amount of corruption in their leaders shakes their confidence in them. No argument ever reaches them.

There was a time when there were Democratic Congressmen of inflexible integrity, who were the unsparing foes of every device for public plunder. There are absolutely none such now. There is scarcely a single Democrat in either branch of Congress who even *votes* against such schemes, and there is not one who is known as their active and zealous opponent. So at Albany and Trenton it is found that bad as Republican legislatures are, they are made respectable by their Democratic successors.

A critical examination of the *personnel* of the party will have a still more discouraging effect upon those who think of accomplishing any reform by its means. Let any one count up all the Democrats in his own neighborhood, and unless his experience is widely dissimilar from ours, he will find that those who are externally the most respectable are precisely the ones from whom the least co-operation in reform may be expected.

The Democratic party of former days had some definite principles, and afforded a legitimate channel for the activity of all men who believed in those principles. But it has now abandoned all its old doctrines, and takes no interest in any questions other than the reduction of the negro to political servitude, and the repudiation of the public debt. Its members are more ignorant of, and more indifferent to, the teachings of political economy than the most narrow-minded Republican can be. Their whole attention is devoted to the perpetration of a huge national swindle. Robbery, and that (as we said in our first comments on their platform) a robbery out of which few of them can make five dollars each, is the absorbing vision of their dreams, the goal of their ambition. You might as well talk political economy or social reform to a party of cracksmen on their way to a burglary as to the Democratic party of to-day.

The descent of the Democratic organ in this city offers a striking illustration of the irresistible tendency of the party. The *World*, in 1862, was in many respects the best newspaper in New York. It had some of the best writing that has been seen in our political press. It has still upon its staff some of the best writers in their line, but the paper has been dragged through the mire until there is nothing too mean and vulgar for it, and it has on the same day published—in fact, we may say it now habitually publishes—a column of able and dignified argument, with another column of mingled scurrility and obscenity. Why is this, but because the readers whom it must now please will have it so?

We do not pretend that it is easy to reform and purify the Republican party. It takes hard work to keep any organization decent. Ask a candid minister whether it is *easy* to keep up the moral tone of his church. Ask a teacher whether it is *easy* to excite his school to diligence in study. No good work can be effected, even under the most favorable circumstances, without zeal and industry. But we do affirm, and we think what we say will be assented to by every man of practical experience in the details of politics, that hard work for reform within the lines of the Republican party always produces encouraging results, and rarely fails of entire success. Nothing but fraud and violence ever defeat it; and these would not, if they did not prematurely discourage those who engage in the good work.

The development of correct ideas on finance, revenue, and general political economy among Republicans, is, we admit, a more tedious process. They are much more ready to respond to moral considerations than to intellectual or prudential arguments. But they are not so obtuse as they are often supposed to be. Very little has been done in this direction; but the fruit of what has been done has been much greater among Republicans than among Democrats. No reasonable man can feel greatly discouraged in view of the facts.

In conclusion, we exhort every one who desires the growth of a sound public sentiment in respect to the management of public affairs to do as we intend to do—work with and in the Republican party, submitting to its mistakes of judgment, voting against its candidates when they are personally unworthy of confidence and voting for them when worthy, denouncing corruption in our own party more unsparingly than anywhere else, exposing its mistakes and regretting them more deeply than the mistakes of an adverse party, and in every way striving to make it a wise and a pure organization.

Drawbacks and discouragements we expect; entire success we do not expect; but we feel entirely certain that no other path lies open to any man who loves liberty, who hates corruption, and who seeks to establish the honor of his country by means which shall leave his own honor unsullied.

## A WORD FOR THE SPECULATOR.

THERE is no class of the community that is so generally abused by everybody, and at all times, as the speculators. During the war nine-tenths of the evils from which the country suffered were laid to their charge. Furious were the onslaughts of the whole press upon the forestallers, middlemen, produce speculators, rebel and British gold-gamblers and Hebrew money-changers; and various attempts were made by Congress to legislate the whole tribe out of existence. But the efforts of the legislature proved abortive, the fulminations of the press remained mere *bruta fulmina*, and the speculators have continued to flourish, and are likely to flourish still, in spite of the recent renewal of the warfare on the part of the press and of the fresh thunders hurled at the "bloated speculators" from within the walls of Congress. In fact, to exterminate speculators would be to exterminate a great many more people than is generally believed. For a speculator is nothing more nor less than a person who seeks to discover in advance of the rest of the community the probable course of any given market, and who, acting upon his judgment in regard thereto, buys the article likely to advance or sells the article likely to decline. In this sense every merchant or manufacturer, every shopkeeper or mechanic, is more or less a speculator. They will all buy a little more than their momentary needs when an article is unusually cheap, and will sell everything they possibly can and contract to deliver more if an article is high and they think it likely to decline. Why should the same action be right when done occasionally by the mechanic and the merchant, and wrong when done habitually and as a business by the speculator?

It is very true that speculators frequently buy that which they have no intention of ever receiving; but they do so only because they expect that, before receiving the article bought, they will be able to sell it at a profit. It is also true that speculators frequently sell that which they have not got; but they do so only because they expect that, before delivering the article sold, they will be able to buy it for less than what they sold it for. And wherein do they differ in this respect from the cotton factor, who buys a planter's cotton crop at twenty cents a pound before the boll has formed upon the plant; or the manufacturer, who contracts to furnish a hundred cases of broadcloth at three dollars a yard before the roof is up on his factory building? Throughout all the large transactions of commerce similar engagements are of daily occurrence, and, indeed, of absolute necessity. No railroad builder can contract to build twenty miles of road without speculating on the price of labor and of stone and ties and iron, or whatever else he may agree to furnish. The Government advertises for army uniforms: the contractor cannot make a bid without contracting in advance for the cloth, the cloth manufacturer must contract in advance for the wool, and the wool merchant contracts with the farmer for the wool before it is fairly grown. Thus all four speculate by contracting in advance, and if they do not contract in advance they speculate still more.

It is very true that professional speculators sometimes combine to force up the price of an article, and thereby injure the consumers of that article; but they evidently benefit to the same extent the producers and holders of it. Or they combine to depress the price of an article, and thereby injure the producers and holders of that article; but they evidently benefit to the same extent the buyers and consumers of it. And if speculators do sometimes unfairly and dishonorably combine to depress or enhance prices, thereby, while benefiting some, injuring many others, we should not on that account condemn all speculators, any more than we should condemn all mechanics because the tailors or bricklayers or gas-makers sometimes forcibly seek to advance their wages, and strike work to the great injury and inconvenience of many individuals and of whole communities.

It is very true that when people go outside of their regular business to speculate in articles of merchandise or gold or stocks, about all of which they probably know little or nothing, they are very apt—nay, almost certain—to lose money. If lawyers will speculate in cotton, and doctors "dabble" in gold, it is very likely that they will come to grief, and when they have lost their money in speculating, which in *their* case is nothing else but so much *gambling*, they are certain to declaim violently against the professional speculators, by whom they think themselves injured or actually robbed. But nothing could be more unjust than such an accusation, just as nothing can be more absurd than the ignorant tirades against speculation and speculators in general that leading journals feel occasionally compelled to indulge in. The speculator is just as important and necessary a part of the business community as the merchant or manufacturer, and so far from being the cause of fluctuations in price, the speculator is really the great preventer of fluctuations, is above all classes of the community the very class whose efforts—unconsciously enough on his own part—constantly tend to keep prices steady.

Paradoxical as the latter assertion may appear to most people who have not given the question much thought, it is nevertheless the simple fact, and a rudimentary truth of political economy. Although everybody is accustomed to talk glibly of the bulls and bears, meaning those who speculate for a rise and those who speculate for a fall, yet whenever speculation itself is spoken of, and especially when it is complained of, one of the two classes of speculators is always singled out for reprobation, and the existence of the other class is always conveniently ignored. In the eyes of an unconditional admirer of our present financial management, to be a bull in Government securities—that is, to buy Government securities in expectation of their advance in price—is a meritorious deed, well becoming a loyal citizen; but to be a bull in gold—that is, to buy gold in expectation of an advance in the premium—is the height of disloyalty, and qualifies a man to be classed among gold gamblers and rebels. In the eyes, however, of the retired capitalist, who has his July dividends to invest, these self-same bulls in Government securities, who buy bonds in June when they are cheap and when the capitalist has no money, and who expect to sell them in July at an advance, are mere robbers, middlemen, and forestallers; while as for the bear in gold, the good citizen who wants to see the premium go down, and the credit of the nation rise, and himself make a little money by it, hear *him* abused by the California and Nevada miners, who send their gold here for sale, and who swear that the bears in gold are leagued to cheat them out of their rightful dues. The farmer is an inveterate bull speculator in produce of every kind; the men who speculate for higher prices at the Produce Exchange are his friends, they put money in his plethoric purse; the bears are his enemies, they seek to depreciate his property, they combine with the banks to make money tight, and to compel the farmer to sell at the lowest price; they ought to be stopped by some legislative action. The city editor, however, not always over well paid, and with a large family of hungry children to feed, may well look aghast when his own columns announce a further advance of fifty cents in the price of flour by the barrel; he is naturally a bear in flour; he, if any one, can be excused for railing at the bulls in the Produce Market, and for calling the most generous of men heartless extortioners, and for not knowing or forgetting that just as many men, women, and children desire to see flour advance in price as there are men, women, and children who desire to see it go down, and that there are in all trades just as many bulls as bears, as many bears as bulls.

Now, if there are generally as many bulls as bears among the speculators, as in the nature of things there evidently must be, it is equally evident that the speculators cannot advance or depress the price of any article unless the convincing evidence of events induces some of them to change sides—that is, some bulls to become bears or some bears to become bulls. A speculator can only make money by correctly foreseeing the future course of the market. If events do not indicate a change, the speculators, pretty equally divided, cannot make one. It is only when an early change becomes obvious to the keen-eyed that the balance of speculation gradually inclines to one side or the other, increasing the number of buyers for a rise or of sellers for a fall, and thus gradually advances or depresses the price of the article dealt in. If the speculator did not foresee the change and by his purchases gradually advance the price, and have his stock on hand to supply the demand when the great mass of consumers come into the market, the fluctuations in the price would be far more sudden and more extensive.

In the winter of 1867 the belief was general both in Europe and here that our cotton crop was large. The receipts from India and other producing countries were heavy. The demand for manufactur-

ing was light all the world over. Prices declined to fifteen or sixteen cents a pound in December. Planters and factors of cotton were poor; they shipped their product to England as rapidly as possible, and sold it at a very low figure. The lower the price went, the more cotton declined likewise, and the less the manufacturers wanted to buy. At this juncture keen speculators, seeing that the extent of the crop was exaggerated and that the demand was underestimated, began in increasing numbers to believe in higher prices—to turn bulls in cotton—and they bought large amounts on speculation and held it until the price advanced largely, and then sold it out, making a very handsome profit. No one buys cotton except manufacturers and speculators. What would have been the result if the speculators had *not* bought American cotton in December and January? Why, the price would have declined still further, more cotton would have been shipped to England, and when our manufacturers came into the market in February and March they would have found an insufficient supply, there would have been a perfect scramble for what was left, we should probably have had to import cotton from Europe at a great loss to all concerned, and prices would have fluctuated double and treble what they have done. Instead of which, the speculators *did* buy, their purchases advanced the price gradually, manufacturers began to work more carefully—began to purchase slightly—the planters ceased to press their stocks upon the market, the price here became almost equal to that of Liverpool, it no longer paid a profit to export cotton, the balance of the stock remained in the country in the hands of speculators, and when the manufacturers had to make further purchases they found a supply of cotton which they would not have found but for the action of the much-abused and heartily-hated speculators. Even now it is seen that the speculators in cotton did not speculate quite enough, did not put up the prices quite enough, did not sufficiently prevent the export, for the stock in the country to-day is so light that nothing but the almost unprecedented forwardness of the growing crop prevents American cotton to-day from being brought back from Liverpool to keep the New England cotton-mills from stopping work.

The course of speculation in the grain and flour market has been almost identical with that of the cotton market. The stocks of wheat and flour in the country to-day are so small that it is absolutely certain that if the much-decried bull speculation of last winter had not put up the price, caused increased economy in consumption, and stopped the export, *we should to-day be importing flour from Europe*, and be suffering from the evils of a scarcity bordering upon famine.

In May, 1866, when the speculators in gold foresaw the outbreak of hostilities between Prussia and Austria, they immediately commenced buying large amounts of gold, knowing full well that war in Europe must inevitably result in a drain of specie from here, and a consequent advance in price. The purchases made by the speculators in this anticipation naturally caused an advance in the premium. The Secretary of the Treasury, with a perverseness almost incredible, refused to see in the advancing premium anything but a combination of the gold gamblers to ruin the credit of the country. He thought it his duty to counteract their efforts, and by enormous sales of Treasury gold kept the price so low that foreigners delightedly took all they could get, and in less than six weeks carried thirty millions of it out of the country. In order to put a stop to speculation, Mr. McCulloch sold this gold to foreign bankers at 130. He could not sell them all they wanted, and was obliged to stop selling altogether. But the foreigners wanted the gold, and had to buy it in the market, and our people, alarmed at the enormous export, wanted it likewise. The price rapidly advanced to 160, at which figure Europe not only stopped buying any more of us, but also very soon began to send back what it had bought, and to sell it to us at an enormous profit. The Secretary's foolish attempt to stop speculation—that is, to prevent sensible men from acting upon their foresight and judgment—involved the country in a loss of twenty or thirty millions of dollars. If he had left the market to the speculators, their purchases would have advanced the price gradually and steadily, until it would have been no longer profitable for foreigners to buy gold and carry it out of the country, and we should have been spared the loss and the folly of sending steamer-loads of cheap coin out of the country in June, and bringing steamer-loads of dear coin back in September.

Middling cotton sold in this city last week at thirty-two cents a pound, and good brown sheetings at eighteen cents a yard. A speculative planter in Georgia sells to his factor in Savannah his growing crop of cotton at eighteen cents a pound, deliverable in November. The speculative Savannah factor sells the same cotton to a New York merchant at twenty-one cents a pound, deliverable in December. The speculative New York merchant sells the cotton to a Lowell manufacturer at twenty-four cents a pound, deliverable by the 1st of January, 1869. The speculative Lowell manufacturer, calculating to a nicety, can make brown sheetings at fourteen cents a yard when cotton costs twenty-four cents a pound, and he immediately sells the sheetings to the Warren Street dry-goods dealer at fourteen cents a yard, deliverable in February. Nothing can well be more frightfully speculative than this: selling brown sheetings that are yet to be manufactured out of cotton that is yet to be raised on a plantation in Georgia, that perhaps never had any existence! But mark the result! The dry-goods dealer knows that in February he will receive sheetings that cost only fourteen cents a yard. It will not do for him to have any stock on hand at that time that costs eighteen cents. He will set to work immediately to lower the price of his present stock. His neighbors do the same; by-and-by the retailer gets the advantage of the decline, and puts down his prices, and before we know it, three months before a bale of the new cotton crop has appeared in market, we may buy cotton goods in Broadway as cheap as they can be produced next March. This again we owe to speculation; and in precisely the same way the speculators in advance of liberal harvests cheapen the price of bread for us long before a single bushel of new wheat has been ground into flour

We might fill column after column with examples of the manner in which speculation tends constantly to equalize prices. But those we have given will suffice. When we find in all countries of the world a number of men, against whose individual character no objection can be raised, engaged in an occupation which to us may seem useless, injurious, or immoral, it is always safer to mistrust our own judgment than to hastily indulge in abuse and indiscriminate condemnation. If the influence of speculation upon the welfare of a community is carefully examined, it will be found to be not only not injurious but overwhelmingly beneficial. It is time that the name of speculator should cease to convey a reproach.

## THE POWER OF CONGRESS TO REGULATE RAILWAY COMMERCE.

THERE is a continuous line of railway communication between Boston and Omaha. The companies which control this line owe their existence to the separate legislation of Massachusetts, New York, Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, Illinois, and Iowa. Passengers and goods may be carried from one of these points to the other without change of cars or transshipment, and are, of course, on their route, successively brought under different and perhaps conflicting codes of local laws. May Congress apply to this line and to all others similarly situated a uniform rule in respect to all matters connected with the business of transportation?

The answer which we must give to this enquiry, and the key to the whole discussion, depend upon the answer to another question: Is the transportation of passengers and goods upon railways to be called commerce, so that if the transportation be from one State to another there thence exists "commerce among the States"? If so, the power we are considering plainly exists, for the Constitution in express terms authorizes Congress to "regulate commerce among the several States."

The national Constitution is an enumeration of general legislative functions conferred upon the Government rather than a description and definition of the particular acts of law-making which Congress may perform. Political parties have to a great extent been divided upon the question, What specific powers are included within these generic statements of the organic law, and, therefore, what measures is Congress permitted from time to time to adopt? The discussion which began at the very outset has continued to the present day, and has been participated in by the legislators, the judiciary, and the

people. General principles of interpretation have been repeatedly assumed by Congress in making a law, confirmed and established by the Supreme Court in declaring the law valid, and approved by the people in the choice of their representatives. Yet it has constantly happened that when a new measure is proposed, although it is clearly within the general principles of constitutional interpretation settled by the highest authority, and is in all respects analogous to others with which the people have long been familiar, it is opposed, the power of Congress to pass it is denied, simply because it is new, because the object to which it is directed has never before been brought within the scope of Congressional legislation. The contest must, therefore, be again waged from the beginning; first principles must again be appealed to, as though the combined assent of legislators, judges, and people had determined nothing in respect to our organic law. This statement is most emphatically true in reference to the subject now under consideration. Congress has again and again enacted laws in every respect analogous to the proposed measure, laws depending upon the same generic grant of power, and interfering in an equal degree with the State legislation. These laws have often been subjected to the scrutiny of the Supreme Court, and as often been upheld. The long line of splendid judgments upon the power of Congress to regulate commerce, commencing with Gibbons *v.* Ogden in 1824, and ending during the current year, has completely settled every principle upon which the authority to control inter-state railways depends. Nothing is new except the particular object to which it is now proposed to direct the regulative function. Yet we see two Democratic members of the Committee on Commerce dissenting peremptorily from the decision of the majority, and denying the existence of any power in Congress to regulate railways.

The Constitution declares that "Congress shall have power to regulate commerce with foreign nations, among the several States, and with the Indian tribes." It should be noticed that there is no difference whatever in the compulsive efficacy of these three grants; each one is as comprehensive as each of the others. To whatever extent Congress may regulate commerce with foreign nations, it may regulate commerce among the several States; the one function bears no badge of inferiority to the other. No one now questions or limits the national authority over foreign commerce; that over inter-state commerce is equally broad, and if it has not been so fully exercised, this has resulted simply from motives of policy. Chief-Justice Marshall said, in Gibbons *v.* Ogden: "The subject to be regulated is commerce; and our Constitution being, as was aptly said at the bar, one of enumeration and not of definition, to ascertain the extent of the power it becomes necessary to settle the meaning of the word. Commerce undoubtedly is traffic; but it is something more; it is intercourse. It describes the commercial intercourse between nations and parts of nations in all its branches, and is regulated by prescribing rules for carrying on that intercourse." In a subsequent case the same great judge shows that commerce includes traffic as well as mere intercourse. In the celebrated "Passenger Cases" (1849) the Supreme Court formally decided that persons may be the objects of commerce, and that the transportation of persons is a branch of commercial intercourse which may be regulated by Congress. State laws interfering with the national regulations were pronounced void. These principles lie at the basis of all the legislation of Congress, and of all the judgments of the Supreme Court, and have become a part of the established constitutional law of the country.

Commerce, therefore, contains two elements, transportation and traffic; each of these may be regulated, if they are carried on with foreign nations, or between two or more States. We are so geographically situated that by far the greater part of our commercial intercourse with foreign countries is conducted upon the ocean; and thus it necessarily happens that most of the laws regulating that intercourse are made applicable to water transportation. For a considerable period of our history most of our inter-state commerce was also transacted upon navigable waters, partly upon the ocean, partly upon the great chain of lakes which skirt the northern frontier, and partly upon the vast rivers which divide and separate many of the States; and it happens that most of the regulations which affect this intercourse have reference to navigation or to navigable waters. Congress has, by virtue of its general function, prescribed rules governing all this navigation as special and minute, and interfering as radically with State legislation, as any which can ever be demanded and enacted for the government of land transportation and traffic. In this class are found regulations for the ownership, transfer, and use of vessels sailing upon foreign voyages or from one State to another. Other statutes regulate the use and conduct of the vessels themselves, provide for the safety of crews and passengers by prescribing rules concerning boilers, engines, medicines, bulk, ventilation, number of the crew, the form and nature of their contract of hiring, their rights, powers, and duties. No one questions the validity of such laws as these. Not a steamer sails from New York to an adjacent port which is not under the control of United States statutes; not one plies on the great lakes, or on the Ohio or the Mississippi, which is not in like manner the object of national legislation. Many of these vessels are owned by corporations created under State authority, which are thus interfered with in the same manner as railway companies would be if the measure under discussion should be adopted. But Congress has gone much further in its work of regulation. It has invaded the common law of the States, and has relieved the owners of vessels from much of the liability as carriers of goods which that law casts upon them. The Supreme Court has sustained the statute which makes this change, and has declared that it applies to the great lakes and navigable rivers as well as to the ocean. Again, Congress has assumed to authorize the construction of certain bridges over great rivers which run between several States. The Supreme Court, in the case of Pennsylvania *v.* Bridge Company—18 Howard's Rep.—has directly sustained this exercise of power. In the very late case of Gilman *v.* Philadelphia it was conceded by the same tribunal that the national legislature may, by general or by special laws, provide for the erection of bridges over streams navigable from the ocean, whether lying entirely within a single State or not.

These examples of the existing system of regulation might be indefinitely multiplied. But enough has been said to show that the principles upon which the whole question of power turns have been settled; that commerce includes transit as well as traffic; that inter-state commerce is as much within the scope of the Congressional function as that which is foreign; and that the national legislature has, to a large extent, exercised its authority over the intercourse among the States carried on in the natural water channels of intercommunication. The whole discussion is, therefore, reduced to one narrow point. Unless intercourse by land, over the natural or artificial ways now in use, is not commerce, Congress has ample authority to prescribe rules governing the inter-state transportation of persons and merchandise by railways.

It hardly needs an argument to show that the methods and instruments of the intercourse—bridge or river, stage-coach or pack-mule or railroad—are not the essential facts; these change; new inventions banish the objects which were once familiar and to which the laws once applied, and the laws must be amended in order to adapt themselves to the altered circumstances. The Constitution concerns itself only with the fact that persons and merchandise are transported from foreign countries to our own, or from one State to another, and not with the particular methods which may be in use from time to time to effect this transit. The Supreme Court very properly said in Gilman *v.* Philadelphia: "It must not be forgotten that bridges, which are connecting parts of turnpikes, streets, and railroads, are means of commercial transportation as well as navigable rivers, and that the commerce which passes over a bridge may be much greater than would ever be transported on the water which it obstructs."

One consideration, however, is absolutely conclusive upon this point. If the power of Congress extends only to that inter-state transit which is carried on through the natural water channels, and does not also embrace that carried on through the means of railways and other artificial channels, then the same is true as to its power over foreign commerce. Those who deny the authority of Congress to regulate the railway traffic among the States must, of necessity, deny its power to regulate the railway or other land traffic with Canada or with Mexico. In fact, the opponents of the proposed measure are

driven to the position that the Constitution was only framed for the state of things, physical as well as political, which existed at the time of its adoption, and that it contains no quality of elasticity, no faculty of adaptation to the changes in the forms of conducting the activities of life, and to the progress in the material arts.

## TO THE INDIGNANT AUTHOR.

"ONE of the innumerable Browns and Joneses of ordinary journalism" has recently been saying a word in an entirely outspoken and candid manner to the innumerable Browns and Joneses whom ordinary journalism seriously offends when it undertakes the office of criticising their literary productions. What he says is so well said, and here in this country—where literature is, of course, in a state of crudity, and literary men do not very well know their true relation to the rest of the community—there is so much need of looking into the matter that we shall offer no excuse for repeating to our readers what he says. Let us premise that the real name of the writer who adopts for the nonce the humble patronymic of Brown or Jones is Bernard Cracroft, and that of English contemporary critics he is one of the most fearless and subtle—often much too subtle, be it confessed; too fearless, we suppose, a critic cannot be.

He begins by speaking of what he calls the professorial class, and charges upon it a certain jealous and contemptuous feeling for non-professorial critics. We, for our part, should have made no objection if he had given to this class—honestly enough and naturally enough jealous and contemptuous—a more comprehensive descriptive name. For example, one hardly thinks of the body of professors, giving that term the usual meaning, as a body of men engaged in, so to speak, creative literature. But the poet and novelist, equally with the men engaged in producing the literature of mere knowledge, are affected unpleasantly by criticism from outsiders, and are perhaps even more apt to resent such criticism as impertinence. However, it is as well to adhere to the narrower term; so far as the principles laid down are susceptible of general application the application of them may safely be trusted to the reader.

Well, then, the professors, says Mr. Cracroft boldly, have no right to ask that all criticism should be professorial. To begin with, professors would, as a general thing, write bad criticisms, and be very unreliable assistants to the editor. For, in the first place, they have their own work to do; the editor must wait their convenience, and if he waits he may have the mortification of seeing a good subject drift past him, or he may find the late-coming contribution altogether out of tune with his journal, and be obliged to print an article which sets all his literary teeth on edge. How often this latter misfortune happens is known only to the journalist at once ambitious and conscientious. For the professors are, except in rare instances—when, really, the professor is something more or other than a mere professor—unfitted for the task of appraisement and presentation. They are hampered by the partiality which comes of special knowledge. Then, very likely, they make a bad article by reason of a natural tendency to reserve their best writing for their own books; and we may add that the temptation to do this is greater than people would suppose who have never felt the stress of the severe competition which is now one of the necessary conditions of a literary life of any sort. Then, for another reason of professorial bad writing—bad from the editor's point of view—professors cannot compete on his own ground with the professional, trained journalist, who, in order to live, has been compelled to make a study of the science of fitness, proportion, and popularity. Journalism is a trade to be learned, and like every art and mystery has its secrets, which only a long apprenticeship can teach. To give an extreme example, if Mr. Bennett might have from Victor Hugo—on condition, let us say, that the writer's name should not be revealed—an off-hand description of the next hanging of a man in New Jersey, instead of having it from one of his own reporters, he probably would much disgust M. Hugo by the choice he would make. Very properly he would demand a man who should know the *Herald*, that is to say, a man who by long experience should be able to please the *Herald's* audience. To do journalistic work and live by it, a man has to learn the tact of the moment—a composite thing made up of the tact of the particular journal in which he is writing, and of course that includes the knowledge of the particular public which the journal addresses—and the tact of the subject with which he happens to be dealing. He must have "great clearness of judgment, great rapidity of perception, the instinct of truth, . . . and the faculty of exact appraisement," or, in other words, an appreciation of the value of the subject absolutely, and also relatively to the value of other things in which the public for which he writes is interested.

Let it be granted that hard labor for years at this sort of work gives to the laborer certain facilities and powers of mind not to be acquired in any other way, then is the person who has acquired these therefore fit to say anything to his particular audience in regard to a book of which he knows considerably less than the book's author? Why not, unless we are going to demand of one class of workers a perfection to which no other class pretends to attain, and to which no other class is required to attain? But "instead of viewing the journalist and reviewer as a cold and abstract instrument—more or less delicate, as the case may be—to be used by them for the purpose of testing the outer and exoteric effect of their inner and esoteric labor, they set him up in their mind as a personal enemy and unscrupulous detractor; and adding up all the points in which they differ from him (and he has a right to differ from them) to any mistake he may have fallen into, they debit him with an artificial but overwhelming balance of incompetence. . . . . Instead of viewing his cool indifference and placid impersonality as a most valuable element in his criticism, they are outraged and filled with scorn because he does not officiate with humble alacrity and devotion at the head of a devout public in the capacity of high-priest-in-ordinary and incense-bearer-general to their inwardly begotten and fondly conceived literary godhead."

"At the head of a devout public." After all, it is in these words that we find one great reason why any but adulatory criticism is so bitterly resented. A devout public spends money on its idol. The artist very often has strong in him the feeling of the mere shopman. He does not stand beside his work, within earshot of the bystanders, thankful to catch any honest word which may fall from the spectator, that thereby he may perchance be helped in his task of expressing what is in him in such a way as that it may have most effect on the minds and souls of those to whom he speaks; too often—too often of necessity, let us say, of hard necessity—he listens as one who hates each depreciatory word as tending to spoil his market. However, in so far as the literary man is only a shopman we may best leave him unmentioned. But the not more respectable feeling, the childishness which, though he may be unaffected by pecuniary considerations, makes him angry when the average critic ventures to speak unreservedly about his productions, is common almost beyond relief. No one has ever filled an editor's place in an American newspaper office—probably no one has ever been an editor in any country—without being very frequently called to account for words spoken honestly and without ill-will about the productions of persons who (on any theory except the theory that they are either market-men or else more sensitive and egotistical than beseems a thinking man) should be well content to let everybody speak his mind concerning that which—by the fact of publication—everybody is invited to consider and pass judgment upon. Usually the observations which are addressed to editors on such occasions are more threatening than expostulatory; generally they fix upon some personal enemy as being indubitably the objectionable writer; often they mention the extraneous reasons which have induced him to make the unpleasant remarks; but, on the whole, this appended portion of a deprecatory-minatory note—the latest of very many that we have seen—serves well enough as a specimen of thousands. We cut it from the last number of a well-known periodical:

"SIR: I have just seen the notice of my 'Early History of ———.' It is so unkind and unjust that I might well attribute it to some personal ill-will, but know of no cause for such a feeling on your part."

Still, that some personal hatred must be at the bottom of this offending criticism the writer of the note is evidently well persuaded, and he grows more and more savage through a column of matter, at which the recipient must have laughed. As we have said, it is usual among our writers to take this view of the motives which actuate the reviewer, and it would be easy indefinitely to multiply instances precisely like the one with which he furnishes us of undue sensitiveness to criticism leading to absurdly calumnious accusations.

Let it be said that it is the office of criticism to try every work by comparison with the best that is known on the subject of which the work treats. We need not, therefore, quarrel with criticism which seems to us bad, but which—*crede experto*—is ninety times utterly honest and impersonal out of every hundred times that it is accused of being basely and cruelly otherwise. And we must think of the welfare of the vehicle in which—for we do not live in an ideal world—our best that is human has to be conveyed to the public. So we must have the man who by special training has become capable of using the vehicle in question without smashing it and driving people to put up with a worse. Such a man may be professorial, or he may not; as we have seen, it is very likely that he will not be a man with exhaustive special knowledge of anything but journalism. Let it be that he is merely the average man, trained to feel the pulse of

his fellows, competent to tell whether they are being pleased and instructed or are being fooled and bored, and under bonds to hit the white with due regularity, because by his trade he lives, and too frequent failures mean loss of his wages. Still, in all this we have no respectable reason for resenting his condemnatory criticism; nor is there in it any reason for wholly despising it, though, true enough, there is in it reason good for setting upon it a less value—a less exaggerated value—than some people do set upon it—such people, however, be it said, being small buyers of literature rather than judges of it, and hardly to be regarded by the literary man who has any high motive to work. But because there is such a class, and it is so large, there is stronger reason for urging writers to possess their souls in peace under adverse criticism than for urging readers in general to abate their faith in the taster, who tells them how he likes the viands which are offered for general deglutition. It is easier to make writers careless and insolent and presuming than to make the easily fooled reader too severe in judgment. Nine times in ten, the despised and hated critic, confessedly *blasé*, can better indicate to an author what will be his value with the next generation—generations are brief in the world of books—than the author's purchasers can. We are, of course, supposing a state of things in which criticism really exists, and have not in mind the notices that publishers buy of papers that are in no sense organs of criticism, which are not sold as such, nor bought as such, and whose word, therefore, has no value as an indication of the worth of books to this or any generation of readers.

# Correspondence.

## ILLINOIS STOCK STATISTICS.

To the Editor of the Nation:

I have been looking in your own and other journals for some denial or restriction of your views on the "Financial Prospect," as stated in the *Nation* of June 25; but instead of any such thing, I find your correspondent J. M. S., July 9, declaring that "the very startling figures of your article" "are incontrovertible," while you yourself proceed in the same strain again July 16. I have not seen the "recent reports of the Agricultural Bureau at Washington," upon which your remarks are based, but I doubt not you are right according to that authority.

Believing, however, that the truth of the matter was otherwise, at least in Illinois, I have examined the reports of the Auditor of Public Accounts of this State so far as to ascertain the numbers of five leading classes of domestic animals, as returned to the auditor's office by the local assessors during fourteen years past. As the examination has raised my own spirits a little, I send you the results below, hoping they may contradict the "recent reports of the Agricultural Bureau," so far as this State is concerned, and so throw at least one gleam of light into the "prospect for the more distant future," which has seemed to you so gloomy:

| | No. Horses. | No. Neat Cattle. | No. Mules and Asses. | No. Sheep. | No. Hogs. | Population. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1854 | 352,823 | 1,042,210 | 15,348 | 743,119 | 1,901,362 | 1,215,555 |
| 1855 | 395,632 | 1,175,823 | 19,523 | 811,827 | 1,829,537 | 1,306,576 |
| 1856 | 497,736 | 1,169,855 | 22,885 | 786,433 | 1,594,903 | 1,337,651 |
| 1857 | 467,531 | 1,351,209 | 23,822 | 760,602 | 1,393,585 | 1,468,726 |
| 1858 | 513,030 | 1,422,249 | 31,881 | 760,703 | 1,903,903 | 1,549,801 |
| 1859 | 532,247 | 1,337,565 | 32,692 | 647,337 | 1,725,323 | 1,630,976 |
| 1860 | 590,963 | 1,425,978 | 36,371 | 584,430 | 1,530,256 | 1,711,951 |
| Average. | 465,718 | 1,274,986 | 26,789 | 737,791 | 1,749,367 | 1,467,305 |
| Ratio. | 31.73 | 86.89 | 1.82 | 49.60 | 119.22 | 100.00 |
| 1861 | 625,242 | 1,428,362 | 39,278 | 731,379 | 2,196,581 | 1,797,862 |
| 1862 | 664,194 | 1,603,949 | 41,033 | 913,024 | 2,601,395 | 1,883,774 |
| 1863 | 652,500 | 1,684,892 | 40,675 | 1,206,625 | 2,506,133 | 1,969,686 |
| 1864 | 722,751 | 1,370,783 | 39,197 | 1,606,144 | 2,044,844 | 2,055,598 |
| 1865 | 793,259 | 1,568,280 | 48,058 | 2,165,972 | 1,743,005 | 2,141,510 |
| 1866 | | | | | | |
| 1867 | 828,628 | 1,464,866 | 72,954 | 2,550,850 | 2,581,431 | 2,313,334 |
| Average. | 714,595 | 1,520,188 | 46,866 | 1,523,999 | 2,278,907 | 2,026,960 |
| Ratio. | 35.25 | 74.99 | 2.31 | 75.43 | 112.44 | 100.00 |

The returns for 1866 have not yet been compiled by the auditor. The population for 1855 and 1865 is given according to the State census of those years; for 1860 it is given according to the last United States census; and for the other years I have computed it.

In seven years, to every one hundred persons we have gained three and a half horses, half a mule, and twenty-six sheep, and have lost twelve cattle and seven hogs. I am willing, if you are, to set off the four of the horse kind against the twelve head of cattle, and the gain in sheep against the loss in hogs, and say that the people of Illinois have about the same wealth in domestic animals, in proportion to population, that they had seven years ago. But then I beg you to remember that a good many of us have been away from home on important business for long spaces of time during the last seven years, and on that account have not given as much attention to stock-raising as we hope to give in the seven years coming.

A comparison of the foregoing figures for 1860 with the figures of the United States census of the same year will show many and great discrepancies. Assessors are not wont to be accurate, and owners of property, when listing it for taxation, are apt to understate it. But we may assume that assessors exercise about the same care, and that owners give in their property with about the same honesty, or dishonesty, one year with another. Assuming this, whatever may be true of the country at large, the people of Illinois have not been "for several years past steadily decreasing in wealth," nor are we of this State "very much poorer in domestic animals than we were a few years ago."

It is true, we are liable for our just proportion of the national debt; but in the past seven years we have paid off an immense amount of private indebtedness, while the debt of the State is less than it was before the war. There is no way of ascertaining the precise amount of private liabilities which have been cancelled. I believe, however, that we in Illinois could personally assume our respective shares of the national debt, if it were apportioned either according to population or according to wealth, and still be in a better condition than we were in 1860. At the same time, as urged in the concluding lines of your last article on this subject, it will be better for us all to work than to brag. S. C.

Peoria, Ill., July 21, 1868.

[Nothing can be more acceptable to us than the criticism of such earnest seekers after truth as our correspondent "S. C." His figures bear us out in the most striking manner. Comparing, as he does, the averages of the two periods of seven years each, he is yet bound to admit that the people of Illinois are *no richer* in domestic animals than they were seven years ago. But if any of our readers will compare the year 1867 with the average of the first seven years, he will find a gain only of 4 horses, 1¼ mules, and 60 sheep against a loss of 25½ cows and 9 hogs. Or again, if we compare the year 1867 with the year 1860, we find a gain only of seven-tenths of a horse, nine-tenths of a mule, 76 sheep, and 21 hogs, against a loss of 20 neat cattle.

We are surprised beyond measure to find that Illinois cannot show a better record, for if we had been asked to single out one State that could show a large increase in wealth despite the war, we should have named Illinois. Her statements are all that is required to prove the correctness of our assertions. After her, what can we expect of Arkansas, Missouri, Kentucky, Tennessee, and the whole of the South, proverbially stripped of every moving thing during years of war? If the most prosperous *agricultural* State in the Union, untouched by war, has barely held its own, and in the important item of meat has actually gone backward, what must be the condition of other States less favorably situated, which for years were the meeting-ground of opposing armies and were periodically swept with fire and sword?

If "S. C." has the figures handy, perhaps he can show us what the position of his State is in regard to other articles of food besides meat, comparing the stocks of breadstuffs at the two periods. The reference of our correspondent, however, to the private indebtedness paid off, displays, we think, a delusion which we must take some other opportunity to expose more at length.—Ed. Nation.]

## THE "FOG" OF THE IMPEACHMENT QUESTION.

To the Editor of the Nation:

In the *Nation* of July 9th you ask, "How was it that the great mass of the public in and out of Congress were so completely deceived, and remained so long under the deception, touching the effect of the Tenure-of-Office Act?" . . . "When the President removed Mr. Stanton, the impression became general—we shared it ourselves—that at last he was within the meshes of the law; but it now seems that the main body of the Senators knew all along that this removal had not caught him,

and that something else was necessary to bring him to grief." . .
"How was it that the public remained in this fog so long?"

On the 21st of February the Senate adopted the following resolution, with but six dissenting votes, all "Democrats":

"*Whereas*, The Senate has received and considered a communication of the President, stating that he had removed Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War, and had designated the Adjutant-General of the army to act as Secretary of War *ad interim*; therefore,

"*Resolved, by the Senate of the United States*, That under the Constitution and laws of the United States the President has no power to remove the Secretary of War and designate any other officer to perform the duties of that office *ad interim*."

Now, it seems to me that the only "fog" that surrounds this subject is generated by the effort to show that while Messrs. Fessenden and Trumbull could vote as senators that the President had, by the removal of Stanton, violated the "Constitution and laws," they could so soon thereafter vote as judges that he had violated neither. I think we all had good reason to believe in the truthfulness of the resolution of the 21st of February, and I repeat that I certainly think all the "fog" that surrounds the subject is generated by the attempt to show that the duty of a senator is changed the moment he is sworn to sit as a judge, which implies that he is not bound to do his whole duty, to act honestly in all cases, under his oath as senator. J. J. J.

COLUMBUS, O., July 27.

[Without repeating all our former arguments on this question, we shall simply remind our correspondent that there was a wide difference of opinion—which the late trial did not settle—as to what constitutes an impeachable offence, within the meaning of the Constitution. According to the view honestly entertained by any senator would depend his consistency or inconsistency in voting for the resolution above quoted and against the charge of "high crime and misdemeanor." And let us observe that we plunge into a fog as soon as we substitute for the precise terms of the arraignment such vague expressions as "having violated the Constitution and laws." In the next place, we affirm, not for the first time, that there is a very considerable distinction between the legislative or senatorial and the judicial responsibility, and we are disposed to trust and honor the senator who feels this distinction, and avows that he feels it, over one who feels nothing of the sort. And finally, if our correspondent believes that all the elaborate arguments of counsel on both sides, in regard to the intent of an ambiguous statute, were not likely to change the opinions even of some who helped enact it, and that such a change is inexplicable unless dishonorable, we have only to say that he sets a lower value than we do on man's capacity for reason, and extends the reach of human depravity beyond even what theologians have claimed for it.—ED. NATION.]

# Notes.

## LITERARY.

ONE of the latest—and we suppose it will not be one of the worst—of the twenty or thirty lives of Grant that are, or are to be, in the market, is "Our Standard-Bearer," by Mr. W. T. Adams ("Oliver Optic"). It will be published by Lee & Shepard. There is talk among literary gossipers who write from Boston of a book to be issued by the same firm, written by Mr. William Everett, the author of "On the Cam," which is said to be "after the fashion of 'Tom Brown's School Days at Rugby.'"——Mr. J. S. C. Abbott is going to publish, through B. B. Russell, a "Life of Napoleon III."——Loring will publish Miss Kate Field's lively "Pen Photographs of Dickens," in a new and enlarged edition.——Ticknor & Fields begin to talk about their holiday books. They are to issue an edition of "Locksley Hall," for which Mr. W. J. Hennessy is to do the illustrations; an illustrated edition of Dr. J. W. Palmer's "Poetry of Compliment and Courtship;" an illustrated edition of Whittier's works, which have never in their complete form been published with pictures; "A Christmas Carol," with illustrations by Mr. S. Eytinge, Jr.; two volumes of extracts from Hawthorne's Journal; a volume of Mr. Edward Everett Hale's stories; a volume of Mr. Newman Hall's sermons; and Longfellow's complete poetical works, illustrated. Nothing is said about the new poem by Browning, which "he hopes to make," one correspondent says, "the longest poem in the language;" but the list above given will be held to atone for this house's quiescence—broken only by "The Spanish Gypsy," we believe—during so many weeks. For that matter, there was hardly ever a time when "the trade" generally was doing less than at present.

—The *Journal of Speculative Philosophy*, which is now rather more than a year old, is a periodical which, in more than one respect, resembles the celebrated "Dial" rather than anything which has appeared since. If it bears any such fruit as that did, it will certainly prove an enterprise of national importance. It owes its existence to the Philosophical Society of St. Louis; and that there should be such a society there is to be attributed largely to the German element in that atmosphere, but probably also to the personal qualities which were requisite to the establishment and, so far, successful conduct of this magazine.

It would seem to be the first design of the editor to engraft upon the American mind the conceptions of German philosophy. At any rate, the most prominent feature of the *Journal* is its translations from Leibnitz, Fichte, Schelling, Hegel, Schopenhauer, etc. These have been selected with great judgment, and are of permanent value. It has contained, besides, long expositions of Swedenborg, Cousin, and others. Herbert Spencer and Moleschott have been treated from an antagonistic standpoint. Indeed, if these accounts of various philosophers be excepted, the proportion of original matter has been but small. Of this, perhaps the most valuable have been some philosophical and technical criticisms of poetry, music, and painting. The metaphysics has been pretty much confined to an "Introduction to Philosophy" continued through all the numbers. This belongs to the Hegelian school and evinces much thought, but is so excessively brief (objections being but little noticed, and terms not being clearly defined), that it can hardly be of service to a beginner.

The magazine generally breathes Hegelianism. Here is a little example in an extract from an editorial: "There are three styles which correspond to the three grades of intellectual culture. The sensuous style uses simple, categorical sentences, and relates facts, while the reflective stage uses hypothetical ones, and marks relations between one fact and another; it introduces antithesis. The stage of reason uses the disjunctive sentence, and makes an assertion exhaustive, by comprehending in it a multitude of interdependencies and exclusions." The fact that the sensuous stage uses categoricals, the stage of understanding hypotheticals, and that of Hegelian Reason disjunctive propositions, has doubtless been evolved from indeterminateness by a process of Hegelian dialectic. It is a striking illustration of the superior power of that method (or else of its worthlessness), inasmuch as an ordinary statistical enquiry would probably fail entirely to discover anything of the sort. Indeed, upon comparing (by mere enumeration) the relative proportion of disjunctive sentences in some paragraphs of Hegel, said by Mr. Harris (Vol. II., pp. 100–101) to belong to the stage of absolute mediation, with that in a statement of the philosophy of the conditioned by Sir W. Hamilton ("Lectures on Metaph.," p. 526 *et seq.*), who, as we learn upon the same authority (Vol. II., p. 59), belongs to the stage of reflection, we have found that they are more frequent in the latter.

If the St. Louis gentlemen seriously wish to naturalize the German philosophy in this country, they must be careful to translate German philosophical terms by words which English philosophers have not appropriated long ago to quite other purposes. The translation of "Anschauung" by *contemplation* instead of *intuition*, and of "Begriff" by *comprehension* instead of *concept*, betrays a contempt for English usage or a want of acquaintance with it.

But the *Journal* should not be condemned on account of such faults, and if all those "whom the speculative life delights" support it as it becomes them to do, it cannot fail to grow better and to prove a useful stimulant to thought in America.

—San Francisco, and the Pacific coast generally, and, indeed, the whole Western country from Omaha to the Golden Gate, is to have a new magazine of its own. The *Overland Monthly* is the title of it. It is about the size of the *Atlantic*, and not unlike that magazine in general appearance inside and outside. It is rather better printed than the *Atlantic*, though not so well as *Lippincott's*, and altogether is very creditable to Messrs. A. Roman & Co., its publishers, and Bacon & Co., its printers. Its cover bears the neat device of a grizzly bear standing in anger, and obviously in imminent danger, across the track of the Pacific Railroad. The motto, "You Git," as they say to each other in California, is all he lacks. In fact he "expresses that sentiment" very well as he stands. As for the contents, they will be better by-and-by than now, in this time of the newcomer's infancy; but the first number gives proof of ability in editors and contributors, and the

magazine has a healthy look. California has for some reason produced an inordinate number of humorists. Humorists born abroad seem to find that air congenial, and to grow stronger there, as if their feet were on native heath. It was so with Artemus Ward and with John Phœnix, who cannot be said to have been fully licensed as fun-makers till they had gazed on Frisco. We turned, then, on opening the magazine, to find some indication of this quality, and found an excellent specimen of it of a polished kind in the verses entitled "Returned" in the editor's table-talk. Throughout the magazine, from the first article to the end, pleasant humorous touches are frequent, and of an agreeable freshness. The serious verses are all fully up to the level of the older magazines, and one piece, "San Francisco—From the Sea," is very neatly done, and has several pretty and even better than pretty fancies. The prose is nearly all readable, and some of it valuable, as, for instance, the account of Portland-on-Willamett, the capital of Oregon. In another article the Hawaiian population are described in a way that does not give one a very good impression of those mild islanders, who, it seems, hardly repay, by their advance in goodness or greatness, the toils of the missionaries who labor amongst them. Besides these articles we have one on "Art Beginnings on the Pacific," a strange story of "The Diamond-Maker of Sacramento," a specimen of a Chinese novel, and half a dozen others—none sensational, but all looking like an attempt to make an honest magazine of a high class.

—The ever interesting question of human food, and how it may be varied and supplied abundantly, receives two illustrations in the August number of the *American Naturalist*. Mr. John L. Russell points out the edible qualities of mushrooms, and the small attention they receive from those most concerned to live cheaply and wholesomely. His paper would have been more valuable, it appears to us, if he had furnished some simple criterion for distinguishing the certainly poisonous from the harmless species. Mr. W. T. Brigham continues his notes on tropical fruits, treating in the present paper of the cocoa-nut and the date, neither of which do we eat at its best, and shall not with no better modes of transportation. Mr. W. V. Andrews describes the Japanese *Cynthia* (silk-worm) which has been introduced into this country, and is found to be very hardy, and to have a strange liking for the odorous ailanthus tree, so abundant and so detested in Brooklyn and this city. The writer refers to some disastrous experiments with the *Bombyx mori* in the valley of the Connecticut, about thirty years ago, still attested, at least in the neighborhood of Northampton, by the mulberry plantations that have survived the manufacture of the raw material. It is argued plausibly that with this new worm and the prolific ailanthus, the attempt should be renewed to raise cocoons, and make ourselves independent of foreign producers. The capitalists must decide. The strictly scientific article of the present number is that by Mr. George L. Vose, on "Traces of Ancient Glaciers in the White Mountains of New Hampshire," secondary to the continental glaciers. The region under discussion—from Bethel to Gorham—is one of the most charming in New England; and a tourist who should linger a little along the Androscoggin for the sake of discovering glacial scratches (as Mr. Vose directs), might do much worse for his own pleasure, not to speak of his possible contributions to an important enquiry.

—The republication of Vol. I. of Dr. Muir's "Original Sanskrit Texts," which we noticed some months since as in prospect, has recently been made (by Trübner, London, and J. Wiley, in this city). The subject of the volume is the origin of caste—a subject of no small interest, since caste is one of the most characteristic institutions of Brahmanic India, while yet the sacred books of the Brahmans, the Vedas, reach far back of its first development, and show only its inconspicuous germs. The author's method, here as in the other volumes of his series, is to quote all his sources in the original, and to translate them literally, adding his inferences and comments, and citing copiously the views of other writers. In all this work his ample scholarship, his unimpeachable fairness, and his caution and modesty are abundantly exhibited; and the series is well-nigh indispensable to those who desire authentic knowledge respecting Hindoo institutions without being able to command immediate access to Hindoo authorities, as well as highly valuable to those who enjoy such access. The present volume has been expanded from 200 to more than 500 pages. The next to be worked over, we understand, is the third, which discusses the origin, inspiration, and authority of the Vedas, as treated by themselves and by the later Hindoo literature.

—Mr. Hayward, in his recent article on "Macaulay and his School" in the *Quarterly*, went into the Junius question at considerable length, and quoted from Sir Philip Francis's letters, written at the time when the Junius letters were appearing, to show that of some at least of the latter Francis could not have been the author—at any rate, almost certainly was not the author—because, when they appeared, he was days distant from London making pleasure tours. We do not know that this point was ever made before; we believe it is Mr. Hayward's own. But now the editor of *Lippincott's Magazine* announces that he has been permitted to examine certain letters—which he cannot publish until after their publication in England—which "fix the authorship on Francis by a piece of circumstantial evidence which will probably carry conviction to the public mind." What the letters are he does not say. They may be from Francis—who had in this country a relative with whom he corresponded, and who was very near coming here himself to restore his fortunes—or they may be the letters of some student of the Junius problem who had better luck than has attended the numerous other laborers in the same field. The "piece of circumstantial evidence" will have to be very strong to shake Mr. Hayward's case or to buttress the case made by Macaulay, Parkes, Taylor, Merivale, and the rest of the Franciscans.

—The tours above-mentioned of Francis and his friends seem to have struck Mr. Hayward unfavorably; but then he entertains more or less contempt for Francis. Francis himself says that on one of them "we travelled like gentlemen and lived like rakes," and in another speaks of "a riotous fortnight at Bath." However, nobody ever pretended that he lived on heights of purity and was other in his manners and morals than the average man of the world in which he lived. The accounts of his rioting are, however, of some importance as evidence going to show that he was travelling like a gentleman and living a rake at a distance from London when the theory of his being Junius requires that he should have been in Woodfall's vicinity doing hard work. Thus in July, 1771, he writes: "Godfrey Tillman, another gent, and I set out on a tour through Derbyshire and propose to reach Manchester;" which accordingly they did, the letters of Junius, meantime, appearing with due regularity. However, we shall doubtless hear from Mr. Hayward again, when the promised American evidence is produced. By the way, it may be remarked that the use of the slang term "gent" in one of the passages above cited seems to indicate another origin of it than that commonly given. It is usual to pronounce it a vulgar abbreviation devised by commercial travellers or shopmen. But it may very likely have been the invention of some young fellows like Francis, barristers and clerks in government offices, accustomed to the legal abbreviation, and, as in all ages since clerks were made, accustomed to "talk shop" in a slangy manner.

—M. Clement Duvernois has recently been doing in the *Epoque* some French generalizing on the subject of the respect which the English entertain for youth, as shown in their choice of young men for ministers of state. Two or three portfolios, he says, are always kept for the young men. Fox was a minister at 33, Pitt at 23, Lord Palmerston at 29, Sir Robert Peel at 29, Lord Derby at 31, Mr. Gladstone at 34, Lord Stanley at 32; and a great many more names might be cited. They would not, however, the *Daily News* remarks, prove M. Duvernois' theory correct; and that journal goes on to say that what the Frenchman considers homage to youth is in reality homage to good birth and good connections. Pitt was a minister at 23 to be sure, but Burke died close upon seventy without having ever been a cabinet minister at all. Pitt was the son of an earl, Burke of an Irish attorney. The Marquis of Hartington, the *News* assures M. Duvernois, was made a minister not on account of British reverence for his small age, but because he is the heir-apparent to a dukedom. This made him secretary of state in a cabinet under which, or its predecessor, veterans like Mr. Lowe, Mr. Forster, and Mr. Stansfeld had to put up with subordinate places. Furthermore, says the *News*, M. Duvernois might have pointed to instances like that of Palmerston, minister when verging on second childhood, and might have found the same reason for that as for Pitt's being premier while yet a boy—both men had the advantage of aristocratic birth and connections, an advantage which, under the old system, gave the country fifty legislative Lord Verisophts for one Canning. Evidently the *News* is not afraid of the new constituencies.

## "CAMORS."*

THIS latest novel of M. Octave Feuillet is already a year old, but we take occasion, from the recent appearance of an American translation of the work, to offer a few English comments. Let us say, to begin with, that the translation is perfectly bad; that it is equally pretentious, vulgar, and incorrect; and that we recommend no reader who ha the smallest acquaintance with the French tongue to resort to it either for

* "Camors: or, Life Under the New Empire. From the French of M. Octave Feuillet." New York: Bielock & Co. 1868.

entertainment or for edification. M. Octave Feuillet has been known in France for the past fifteen years as a superior writer of light works—tales, proverbs, and comedies. Those of his plays which have been acted are among the most successful of the modern French theatre, and on perusal, indeed, they exhibit a rare union of strength and elegance. A couple of years ago M. Feuillet was admitted—on the plea, we fancy, rather of his elegance than of his strength—to the French Academy. He has apparently wished to justify his election by the production of a masterpiece. In "M. de Camors" he has contributed another novel to the superior literature of his country.

One of the most interesting things about M. Feuillet's career, to our mind, is his steady improvement, or, rather, his growth, his progression. His early works treat almost wholly of fine ladies, and seem as if they were meant to be read by fine ladies—to be half-languidly perused in the depths of a satin arm-chair, between a Sèvres coffee-cup and the last number of *Le Follet*, with the corner of a velvet prayer-book peeping out beneath it. M. Feuillet has a natural delight in elegance—elegance even of the most artificial kind—and this "M. de Camors," the ripest fruit of his genius, with all its nervous strength and energy, is one of the most highly elegant novels we have ever read. But whereas, in his first literary essays, elegance was ever the presiding spirit, she is now relegated to the second rank, and gazes serenely over the shoulders of force. M. Feuillet has gradually enlarged his foundations and introduced into his scheme of society a number of those natural factors which we find in real life to play as large a part as the artificial and conventional. Not that he has not retained, however, all his primitive arts and graces; only, they have lost their excessive perfume, and are reduced to comparative insignificance by being worn abroad in the open air of the world. The long play of "Rédemption" was much better than his short ones: "Dalila" was better still; and "Montjoie" and "M. de Camors" are best of all. Nevertheless, we confess that there is not one of M. Feuillet's comedies and proverbs—"scenes," as he calls them—that we have not read with extreme delight and that we are not willing to read again. It must have been from the first an earnest of future power for the close observer that the author, in spite of the light and unsubstantial character of his materials and the superficial action of his mind, should yet be so excellent a master of dramatic form; but for this excellence—a thoroughly masculine quality—there might have been some truth in the charge that M. Feuillet was a feminine writer. But women assuredly have no turn for writing plays. A play is action, movement, decision; the female mind is contemplation, repose, suspense. In "M. de Camors" the author has simply redeemed the promise, liberally interpreted, of the strong dramatic instincts of "Le Village" and "Alix."

In this work M. Feuillet has attempted to draw a picture of what he calls "one of the most brilliant Parisian lives of our time." He has endeavored to pull off the veil of brilliancy, and to show us his hero in all the nakedness of his moral penury. He has wished to effect a contrast between that face of a man's destiny which he presents to the world and that far other face which meets the eyes of his own soul. He has contrived for this purpose a narrative so dramatic and interesting that we shall briefly repeat its main outline. M. de Camors is the only son of the Count de Camors, who on the threshold of old age finds himself utterly disenchanted with the world. Feeling that he has come to the end of all things, and that his soul is equally indifferent to pleasure and to profit, he indites a long, didactic letter to his son and blows out his brains. This letter—an extremely clever performance—is the profession of faith of an aristocratic cynic. It declares that there are no such things as virtue and vice, and that the sole rule of life is the pursuit of agreeable physical sensations and the maintenance of a perfect equanimity. To be absolutely and consistently selfish is to come as near as possible to being happy. Wealth is essential to comfort and women are useful for pleasure. Children are an unmitigated nuisance—which, by the way, is not very civil to the count presumptive. "To be loved by women," writes the count, "to be feared by men, to be as impassible as a god before the tears of the former and the blood of the latter, to end your life in a tempest—this is the destiny which I have failed to grasp and which I bequeath to you." To cast off all natural ties, instincts, affections, sympathies, as so many shackles on his liberty; to marry only for valid reasons of interest and on no account to have children or friends, to perfect his fencing, to keep his temper, never to cry, and to laugh a little—these are the final injunctions of M. de Camors to his son. They are in many ways cold and pedantic, but they are conceived and expressed with great ingenuity. The young Count de Camors receives his father's bequest as a sacred deposit, and the story relates his attempts to apply practically these select principles. While his father has been occupied in drawing up his last will, he has been engaged in an act of supreme *rouerie* in the house of an intimate friend. So happy a start in the career of egotism is not to be thrown away, and M. de Camors says amen to the voice from beyond the grave. He forthwith prepares to enter political life, and, betaking himself with this view to a small estate in the country, presents himself as candidate for the Chamber of Deputies. In this region he meets two women—the heroines of the tale. The younger, his cousin, a poor girl in a servile position, and a great beauty, appeals to the reader's interest from the first by offering her hand in marriage to M. de Camors—an overture which he feels compelled to arrest. The young lady subsequently makes a splendid match with an old general of immense wealth The second of M. de Camor's female friends is Mme. de Tècle, a young widow, a charming woman and an admirably-finished portrait. M. de Camors wins the love of Mme. de Tècle and returns it, but is unable, for good reasons, to obtain her hand, which he is not yet sufficient master of his emotions to abstain from soliciting. Mme. de Tècle, to whom virtue is comparatively easy, determines to stifle her passion, or at least to keep it smouldering, by means of a very odd and ingenious device. She offers to bring up her little daughter as the wife of M. de Camors, who in eight years' time, when the girl has arrived at maturity, will have reached the marrying age of a man of his society. This idea and the scene in which Mme. de Tècle unfolds it are, as we say, ingenious; delicate also, and almost poetical; but strike us as unreal, unnatural, and morbid. M. de Camors is by no means enchanted by his friend's proposition; he assents coldly and vaguely and takes his departure, thanking his stars, after all, that Mme. de Tècle had the wit to refuse him.

He becomes engaged in political life and lays the foundation of a large fortune by industrial manœuvres. He works hard, keeps his terms with elegant dissipation, and cherishes the cold precepts of his father. After a lapse of three or four years he renews his relations with his beautiful cousin, now Mme. de Campvallar, but in so depraved (although so dramatic) a fashion that we need not enter into particulars. Mme. de Campvallar is by nature, and with a splendid feminine insolence and grace, just such an audacious and heartless soul as M. de Camors has well-nigh become by culture. The two unite their sympathies, their passions, and their lives. Finally, however, their intrigue is on the point of being discovered by the husband of Mme. de Campvallar—a *naïf* and honest old warrior, the soul of purity and honor, who esteems with an almost equal warmth his wife and his wife's lover—and an exposure is averted only by the tact and presence of mind of the impenitent marquise. Her husband is concealed and listening: Camors is expected. A motive for their meeting must be improvised within the minute, and a full intelligence of the situation flashed from her eyes into those of her lover. The latter arrives radiant. The pretext is ready. Mme. de Campvallar has sworn that she will not let M. de Camors depart until he has promised to marry—whom?—Mlle. de Tècle. In this way the prayers of Mme. de Tècle are fulfilled, and a third heroine is introduced—a third, and the most charming of all. The scene just indicated is in a dramatic sense, we may add, extremely effective; and if M. Feuillet ever converts his novel into a play (as it is the fashion to do in France), here is a situation made to his hand, strong enough, by itself, to ensure the success of the piece, and admirably fitted to exhibit good acting. M. de Camors, then, marries Mlle. de Tècle and loves Mme. de Campvallar. This is well enough for the latter lady; but the other (who has a passionate childish admiration of her rival) speedily discovers the facts of the matter, and signally fails to reconcile herself to them. M. de Campvallar, whose suspicions, once dispelled, have begun once more to congregate, eventually encounters the most damning confirmation of their truth, and expires under the hideous shock. Mme. de Camors and her mother, more and more alienated from the count, and infected with the most painful impressions touching his relations to the death of M. de Campvallar, no longer conceal their open horror of his character. M. de Camors, on his own side, weary of his mistress, writhing under the scorn of his wife, whose merits he has learned to appreciate, sick of the world and of his own life, dies, without remorse and without hope.

The reader may perceive nothing in this sad story, as we have told it, to justify us in deeming it worthy of repetition; but it is certain that, told by M. Feuillet with all the energy of his great talent, it makes a very interesting tale. The author, indeed, has aimed at making it something more—at writing a work with a high moral bearing. In this we think he has signally failed. To stir the reader's moral nature, and to write with truth and eloquence the moral history of superior men and women, demand more freedom and generosity of mind than M. Feuillet seems to us to possess. Like those of most of the best French romancers, his works wear, morally, to American eyes, a decidedly thin and superficial look.

Men and women, in our conception, are deeper, more substantial, more self-directing; they have, if not more virtue, at least more conscience; and when conscience comes into the game human history ceases to be a perfectly simple tale. M. Feuillet is not in the smallest degree a moralist, and, as a logical consequence, M. de Camors is a most unreal and unsubstantial character, He is at the best a well appointed fop—what the French call a *poseur*. The lesson of his life is that you cannot really prosper without principles, and that although the strict observance of "honor"—the only principle which M. de Camors recognizes—is a very fine thing in its way, there are sore straits in life from which the only issue is (M. Feuillet would say) through the portals of the Church; or, in other words, that our lives are in our own hands, and that religion is essential to happiness. This is, doubtless, very true; but somehow it is none the truer for M. Feuillet's story. To be happy, M. de Camors apparently needed only to strike a becoming attitude. When M. de Campvallar discovers him in the small hours of the night in his wife's apartment and marches on him furious, he remembers to fold his arms. Another man might have done it instinctively; but we may be sure that M. de Camors did it consciously. And so with Mme. de Campvallar. She is essentially cold, artificial, and mechanical. She is pedantically vicious. For these reasons and many others; from our inability to sympathize either with the delusions or the mortifications of his hero, M. Feuillet's book strikes us simply, as a novel, like any other. Its chief merit, we think, lies in the portraits of Mme. de Tècle and her daughter. Here, too, the author is superficial; but here, at least, he is charming. The virtues—the virtue, we may say, of these two ladies is above all things elegant, but it has a touch of the breadth and depth of nature. The work as a whole is cold and light; but it is neither vulgar nor trivial, and would amply repay perusal if only as a model of neat, compact, and elaborate dramatic writing.

## HOW SHALL WE PAINT OUR HOUSES?*

This little book contains much valuable information. Persons who live in the country, as farmers, and who have houses, barns, corn-cribs, ice-houses, and the like, built of frame, and covered with clapboards and shingles, as is the wont in nearly all parts of our country, will find it well to have this book at hand and to study it. All that the author says about the qualities of paints, the relative durability, covering power, and brilliancy of different pigments, the relative purity and usefulness of oils and varnishes, and the best ways of preparing different surfaces, is right in tendency and sound as advice. The chapter on tin roofs ought to be read and remembered by every city indweller, for those roofs have a worse name than they deserve, and various ugly, perishable, and expensive substitutes have been devised, solely on account of the insufficient or actually bad painting the tin roofs get in the first place, and the inadequate care that is taken of them. Flat roofs are not, architecturally speaking, desirable; few buildings can be good in effect with their roofs unseen, nor is there any protection against rain and snow so good as a steep pitch; but if flat roofs must be, let them be the best—"bad 's the best." Charcoaled roofing-tin, well locked together and well soldered, and painted as Mr. Masury advises, makes the best flat roof yet discovered for ordinary purposes.

What the author says about black pigments is very well said; and it has been a much-needed hint that he gives to people in general not to trust the black paints of ordinary commerce. That imperishable pigment, lamp-black, ought to be got pure at any cost, by people who want their painting to be done according to sound principles of economy. For ship-painting it is not unusual, in New York, to use verdigris and lamp-black mixed, a paint that works very well and is quite satisfactorily durable. But for painting iron, both for ship-work and for the store-fronts and other iron constructions now so common, a newly invented metallic paint is used—or mayhap more than one—which seems to answer better under the peculiar circumstances than any of the natural pigments. Mr. Masury does not take notice of any of the inventions and patents which crowd the market, and he is generally right in disregarding what are generally great humbugs, and wasteful of money and patience.

It would have been well if some allusion had been made to the bad trick of blistering which boiled linseed oil teaches to certain colors—Paris green, for instance—when mixed with them, and if the uses of raw oil in this and other such cases had been pointed out. Moreover, the several hints which are given concerning the oils and dryers are scattered through the book, one here, one there, and are nowhere restated in a sequent and orderly manner.

The chapters on harmony and discord of colors, and all that is said about decorative effect, might as well be omitted. It is useless, quite useless, to try to teach people which combinations are harmonious and which are not. "The harmonious combinations of three colors are: Blue and red and yellow, *if in proper proportion*." That 's the point. Proper proportion is to color-harmony just what position is in chess-playing—everything! The player does not care what pieces he may have, how weak he may be, or how strong his adversary, so he can choose the squares his few pieces are to stand upon. Take his queen away and welcome, so he can choose between K. 3d and K. B. 3d for his knight's post. So in painting. Mr. Masury says we must n't use much green, and it must be of a bright color (p. 182), and that purple and green make always "the worst kind of discord" (p. 179); but we can show to Mr. Masury Byzantine enamels that are more than half deep green, and are splendid in color, not to be matched by modern designers; and for purple and green—well, no two colors are good for much without a third; as Abt Vogler says of his organ notes—noises alone, three together are music; but purple and green and white, or purple and green and gold, will suit well enough any designer who knows how to design. This is not the place to go into the wide and, as we have said, most vexed and unenlightened question of color harmonies; our only point at present is that Mr. Masury's book was not the place either, and that it would be lighter in the hand without the pages so used. It must be added, though, that the views expressed in these chapters are generally sound, and it is quite unusual to find so much evidence of right artistic feeling in a treatise of this kind.

Beyond this we have only faults of detail to point out. The book is curiously unarranged. Chapters viii., ix., and x. are about white pigments, chapter xi. has to do with the theory of color, chapter xii. discourses about color blindness, and chapter xiii. returns to the practical question, and talks of black pigments. And when in a new edition this fault is in process of correction, let the proof-reading tend also to eliminate some rash statements, some meaningless sentences, and some blunders. An instance of the first sort of error we find on page 214, where we are told that reddish-brown is not good with green, and that such a ruddy hue is out of place in the landscape, when no landscape painter but knows that the most seemly houses in the land are the old Dutch farm-houses in Jersey, built of dark red stone, and the next best looking the wooden houses and barns painted red, and grown brown with weather stains and damp. Instances of the second class of mistakes are to be found where it is said (p. 134) that linseed oil does not congeal "till cooled from 4 deg. to 18 deg. below Fahrenheit;" and on page 36, where *light cool* colors are said to be good for tin roofs, when it is not cool color he means, that is, green or blue, but pale colors, non-absorbent of heat. The cool colors would work badly enough on tin, and wear not at all well. And for the actual blunders, the confounding of lazulite with lapis-lazuli, on page 99, will do as well as any to show what sort of errors we mean.

The book is good enough to be made better in a second edition, which we hope to see very soon.

## THE MAGAZINES FOR AUGUST.

The magazines for August are decidedly light reading, but there is none of them, we believe, that does not contain some things which it is worth while to look at. One of them—*Lippincott's*—has an article which it would be well if every man and woman in the country would read with careful attention. We speak of Mr. Amasa Walker's "Claims of the Bondholders." The writer, who is an authority on this particular subject, begins by classifying the bondholders, and shows that the "bloated" bondholder is a rare variety of the species; that most of the men—four-fifths of them—who hold our public securities are people who either directly or indirectly paid its value in gold for every bond which they bought, and who are simply robbed if repaid in promises to pay. Secondly, he shows what the effect would be on credits in general if we were to act on the wild suggestion of certain politicians who wish for a new issue of greenbacks with which to cancel the national debt. The article is a valuable contribution to the popular literature of the subject, and ought to be widely circulated. Mr. Leonard Kip is the writer of a very pleasant piece entitled "Alas, Poor Ghost!" Mr. Kip once, for his sins, had charge of a young woman of seventeen who was coming East from California in order to finish her education. She was a natural born flirt of the most dangerous and fascinating description—one who was very sorry, but, having it in her blood, could not help it. By chance the pair had to wait at the Isthmus for the steamer, and, on invitation, stayed for a week at the country seat of a certain Don Miguel. There the young woman surreptitiously—for she was under promise to

* "A Popular Treatise on the Art of House Painting, Plain and Decorative, showing the Nature, Composition, and Mode of Production of Paints and Painters' Colors, and their Proper and Harmonious Combination and Arrangement. By John W. Masury." New York: D. Appleton & Co.

behave as an invited guest should—got up a flirtation with Don Vasco Nunez de Balboa, who, it appears, haunts the residence in question, and unscrupulously she trifled with his feelings. The humor of the article is better than the romance of it, but as a whole it merits a good deal of praise. So does not Miss Brewster's "In a Month," which is in the style of the author of Charles Auchester, and which does not atone for its imitativeness by any valuable things of its own. "Smoking," by J. V. Darling, successfully answers in a scoffing vein Mr. Parton's recent article, "Does it Pay to Smoke?" It does pay some people, Mr. Darling thinks—that is, it probably does; he will not pronounce absolutely till science has something more definite to say than she has said yet. "Our Monthly Gossip" is always good gossip of the literary sort, and this month it is particularly interesting.

In the August *Atlantic* Mr. Parton has a companion piece to the one of which we have just made mention. "Will the Coming Man drink Wine?" is the question now propounded. The article has rather less of Mr. Parton's own personal feeling in it than the other, but has no scientific value. The Coming Man will pretty certainly not drink wine, we are assured. As for spirituous and malt liquors, they are not to be thought of in connection with the millenarian; them, at all events, he will not touch. It is an animated, readable article, and adds this much to what we already know in regard to the point in controversy—that Mr. Parton is persuaded that a man is better off if he abstains wholly from wine. That man, coming or come, is not all "physical;" that you have said not very much about him and the universal craving of man for stimulants when you have told us some of the effects of strong drink on the body; that the doctors most decidedly disagree—these and similar little matters Mr. Parton does not get fully before his reader's mind. We do not see that the reviewer of "A Modern Lettre de Cachet" makes out a case against Mr. Davis, the writer of the article so named. In effect he says, what we all believe, that the present condition of the insane is very far better than their former condition, that the medical fraternity are honest men, and that it is very difficult to tell a truly insane person shamming sanity from a sane person. It is just at this last point that need is seen for the most careful legislative supervision to prevent errors and crimes that may, by possibility, be frightfully common. "St. Michael's Night" continues to be a very fresh and agreeable little story, with plenty of old-fashioned love in it, and plenty besides. "Out on the Reef" will be found excellent. Hardly anybody knows anything about the Florida keys, and it is a wonderful region. The writer has noticeable ability in word-painting of the genuine sort—for proof of which see his picture of the shark and of the return of the boat to the fort. The article is in the best style of the writing which military men on the frontiers are apt to do—that kind of literature which reads as if a well-educated young fellow, full of youth and good feeling, fond of adventure, had written home a more than ordinarily careful letter. "Lost and Found" is by Mrs. Prescott Spofford, and is agreeable reading; one would hardly know it to be hers if her name were not given. But then she has two manners, one of which—the least accustomed one, we are sorry to say—gives pleasure. "De Piscium Natura" is some very lively talk about fish-ways. Mr. Bayard Taylor goes to Ischia and comes away thinking that his oratory has not had a great effect in disposing the peasantry to be virtuous republicans. There is apparently an attempt on Mr. Taylor's part in these latest letters to strike a little higher than was his wont, and to emulate certain other travellers in the literary graces that come by cultivation—if previously they have not come by nature. "Cretan Days" is better. "Ideal Property," an article not sufficiently popular in style of handling, will yet give most people new ideas in regard to our Patent Office system. Mr. Shanly, in "Convivial Songs," says that we have all lost confidence in our intoxicating liquors, and that we therefore decline to sing bacchanalian staves. The custom of "perpendicular drinking" would be enough to destroy convivial songs in this country. It is necessary, however, to cover the case of other countries, and we take the truth of the matter to be this—that old one which accounts for so many things—we are too busy, all we western nations; we cannot afford to tarry nearly so long at the wine as our fathers did. The age has some boyishness in it somewhere, probably, but not enough, we suppose, to allow of its sitting in taverns as its predecessors did for want of something better to do. It reads the newspapers, and does an amount of work that would have astonished its festive fathers, and, even when it drinks, talks of what it does and what it reads rather than lifts up its voice in song. The only comic songs that can be called popular now are the outrageously absurd, those which express reaction against pressure rather than natural mirth. The poetry of this *Atlantic* is by Mr. Tuckerman and Mr. Lowell, the "Lines to C. S." not being by the latter, and "The Footpath" not being by the former.

"Saved by a Bullet" is, perhaps, as good as anything in this month's *Galaxy*. It is a war story by J. F. Fitts, who is, we believe, at the head of the writers who utilize their battle-field experiences in the lighter magazines. His "Saved by a Bullet" is effectively told. Doctor Hammond has a second article about the nerves, and seems to be making some excellent chapters of a popular physiology or physiological psychology. "Two Artists of Comedy" treats of Miss Maggie Mitchell and of Miss Mary Gannon, and seems to us very good in what it says about the first-named of these actresses, and to show real critical ability. The last part takes the form and has the value of mere eulogy. This bold deliverance of the author on the much misunderstood subject of tragedy is worth quoting:

"What is required is not tragedy; even Shakespeare cannot reconcile us to that, for acted tragedy is in itself a vast deformity. It is not a natural, pleasant thing to witness bloody death brought to our very feet, to see the expiring struggles, to listen to the last groans, of butchered humanity. The player's potent art is to show us the inward workings of the mind, to interpret for us the moral sense struggling from within, inciting to noble deeds and gracious lives. Tragedy pushes nature to the wall, and shows us nothing but her agonized contortions of the body," etc.

"A Journey through Mongolia;" two pleasant articles; "The Galaxy Miscellany;" two well-told love stories, one of which is only begun; some "Driftwood" and "Nebulæ," and so on, make this number of the magazine good watering-place reading. The poetry is by H. H., and Mr. E. R. Sill.

"Clouds that are cool, for all their color,"

seems to be the one good line in the many of "A Tropical Morning at Sea."

*Putnam's* calls for little comment this month. The literary notices and the "Table-Talk" are not so "genial" as formerly. The critical remarks on Ristori, for instance, seem to us to state the truth about that lady's powers as an actor more nearly than anything else that has been published. Doctor J. W. Palmer's "Three Graces—a Madrigal" we took the pains to read three or four times, out of respect for the "Poetry of Compliment and Courtship;" but it was only a little more intelligible at last than it was at first, and will be found enigmatic, we should think, by most who run through it. "A Morning among Autographs" gives interesting letters by Raleigh, Charlotte de la Tremoille, her husband, the Earl of Derby of Charles the First's time, Pope, Temple, and other celebrities. The "Journal of a Poor Musician," of which we had hopes, turns out, we are ashamed and sorry to say, a love story of the most unblushing kind. The poor music teacher, from whom, we flattered ourselves, we were to get sound and even profound remarks on one and another of the old masters, devotes himself to burning up inwardly for the wealthy young pupil; sitting at the piano with a bitter heart, he plays the lady out of a bay window away from her lover, across the twilight parlor, to the music-stool; passionately he gazes at her; in a wild moment he avows his seething love, and will marry her as soon as she comes of age, the handsome young colonel who would have had her having been refused in favor of the man of genius and interpreter of the soul. "Our Civil Service" talks on the right side, but not very well. "The Romance of the Great Gaines Case" is timely and interesting; Miss Alice Cary's "Cradle Song" is good but for the refrain, and better by much than her "Worldly Wise," which we forgot in speaking of the *Atlantic;* "The Wedding at the Parker House" did not take place in School Street, but away down on the Caloosalahatchie, and is amusing reading—which papers make up the body of *Putnam's* for August.

The *Catholic World* follows the example of its secular contemporaries, and devotes itself this month, with considerable success, to being light and entertaining. "Anecdotical Memoirs of the Emperor Nicholas" (translated) will be read with interest. The relator of the anecdotes was a French page in the emperor's service, and had good opportunities to learn his character. He seems to have lived in a wholesome fear of the despot, and not to have got thoroughly over it yet. "The Second Plenary Council of Baltimore" is, for its facts, worth reading; "Newman's Poems," we think, is not, though the writer seems to know well both his subject and the poet. Two men, better known by name than otherwise to the readers of magazines, are Count Segur and Count Ladislas Zamoyski, who each have an article appropriated to them. "A New Face on an Old Question" is well named, the author, who is a forcible writer, being better able, apparently, to put new faces on questions than to answer the questions themselves. So, too, are "The Catholic Church and the Bible," one of those controversial papers in which he who looks for simple candor and a perfectly honest statement of the case will look in vain. We are able and glad to commend to our readers "An Italian Girl of Our Day." It is a beautiful picture of a most pathetic death-bed.

A new story is begun in *Harper's*, "Parole d'Honneur," which reminds

one of "Inside: A Story of Secession." It is as true in its local coloring as that remarkable picture of Southern life, and is very well worth attention. The "Easy Chair" is at its easiest this month in its discoursing about Arcadia and the National Institute; the artists have been "Upon the Amoor" and with "John Bull in Abyssinia" and "Among the Andes of Peru and Bolivia"; the American tourist photographing England tells about the English press; another one photographs the French Corps Législatif; "How Fort McAllister was Taken" is for the insatiate patriotism of *Harper's* readers; "The Woman's Kingdom" is but one of several stories, and, altogether, we do not know why, if we read magazines, we would not rather have the August *Harper's* than any of the others.

*Hours at Home* begins, as usual lately, with something from the "Lambeth Casual"—"Music for the Million," of which we need say nothing, as everybody knows Mr. Greenwood's ready writing on vagabondism in all its branches. General John A. Bolles writes some good sense and some very good nonsense, which he calls "Extracts from the Proceedings of the Mutual Admiration Society." There is no particular fault to be found with Mr. G. M. Towle's account of Disraeli, which will be read with interest by persons who have little knowledge of Disraeli's career. Mr. Towle is mistaken in thinking his hero was ever a Jew in religion. "My Acquaintance with the King of Italy," translated from the German of Dr. Xaver Braun, offers a view of Victor Emanuel which is to us quite new—whether true or not could better be told if we knew more of Dr. Braun. The King has been very much belied, or Dr. Braun is very much mistaken in the estimate he gives of his patron's character. He makes him a good man, a lover of his wife, and a cool and wise monarch, instead of the *sabreur* he is commonly taken to be; yet what the doctor tells does not consort badly with things that d'Azeglio says. "Matthias Claudius" is a posthumous paper by Dr. Harbaugh, who naturally much admired the pious satirist. A fairly good review of "The Spanish Gypsy" closes the magazine, hardly a good enough review to merit special mention of it, were it not that we have previously spoken explicitly and unfavorably of the general run of reviews in *Hours at Home*. Besides the articles above mentioned, we may call attention to a carefully prepared paper by Colonel Vandenbergh, entitled "The City of New York Ten Years Hence."

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*Geschichte der Amerikanischen Urreligionen.* (History of the Primitive Religions of America.) Von Prof. J. G. Müller. Zweite unveränderte Auflage. (Basel: 1867. New York: L. W. Schmidt.)—This work was first published in 1855, and the present assurance of its title-page that it is a "second *unaltered* edition" is calculated to excite suspicion in the scholar; for, in the meantime, many later writings, based, too, for the most part on personal observation, have thoroughly exposed a host of errors blindly copied by Müller after irresponsible authorities, together with much in which no dependence can be placed. A second "revised and improved edition" that should bring light and uniformity to the orthographical chaos prevailing in the first, avoid such blunders as, for example, confounding the Vaudoux religion of the Haytian negro with the worship of Votan in Chiapa, and, finally, adopt the results of the latest investigations, would certainly have been more desirable. A careful comparison of the two editions reveals the fact that the difference between them consists in this, that the unsold copies of 1855 were provided with a new title-page and new covers, and docked a little above and below, for a fresh introduction to the market.

Of course this procedure has no necessary relation to the value or worthlessness of the book, and Prof. Müller may safely lay claim to the honor of having furnished for his time the completest and most orderly presentation of his subject, and, indeed, all that was possible. Especially praiseworthy is his triumph over the manifold obstacles which he encountered in gathering original information in Europe. The chief work which America possessed at that time was a few volumes of the "History, Condition, and Prospects of the Indian Tribes of the United States," of which the editing had been entrusted by Government to Mr. Schoolcraft—the most unfortunate selection for such a purpose that could have been made—who, guided by his prejudices, fell from one preposterous opinion into another, particularly in matters of religion. In his solid work of 707 pages, Müller first treats of the "Savages"—that is to say, the Northern Redskins, the inhabitants of the Greater Antilles, the Caribs, and the inhabitants of eastern South America—and next of the "Civilized Peoples," including the Peruvians, the Muyscas, and the Mexican tribes. The principal theses which he seeks to maintain are: 1st, that the Indians did not derive their religions from the Old World; 2d, that the origin of religion is to be sought in the human spirit; 3d, that the differences of the American primitive religions were due to the varied relations of the American tribes to nature—in which connection it is remarked (pp. 89–90) that in the South nature-worship, with the sun at its head, in the North veneration of spirits, with fetichism, prevailed.

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*In the School-room. Chapters in the Philosophy of Education.* By John S. Hart, LL.D., Principal of the New Jersey State Normal School. (Philadelphia: Eldredge & Brother. 1868.)—Three chapters of this book—the second, the fourth, and the twenty-fifth—contain some practical hints on the "art of questioning," "modes of hearing recitations," and "practice teaching," which may be of service to teachers. The other chapters, with the exception of the twenty-sixth, which contains some extremely amusing examples of inattention and misapprehension of the meanings of words on the part of some of Mr. Hart's pupils, are, we suppose, strictly devoted to the "philosophy of education." Things are so much at cross-purposes in this world that the professional teacher, who ought to be one of the most philosophical of men, is very often one of the least so—which is a conclusion we arrived at long before this book was published, and which we are sorry to find strengthened by our reading of it. It is commonplace in thought, and tedious and verbose in style, and betrays a habit of mind which is, we fear, too apt to be induced in persons who spend the whole or a considerable portion of their lives in a school-room with young people, but which needs to be vigorously eschewed—not sanctioned either by precept or example. Outside of the school-room, the teacher who wishes to affect his fellow-creatures not unpleasantly should guard against the wish to make himself intelligible to the meanest capacities, against a trick of reiteration which tells better on infants than on grown people, and against a too-confident self-assertion. All these tendencies war, in this book, against the success of a "philosophy of education" which, at its best, was perhaps not too philosophical.

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*Marietta: A Novel.* By T. A. Trollope, author of "Gemma," "A Tuscan Romeo and Juliet," etc. (Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers 1868.)—Marietta is a story of Italian life, the scene of which is laid in Florence. It contains some much elaborated and probably correct descriptions of scenery and manners in that region, and except the fact of its existence, it has no positively bad thing about it. Mr. Trollope has good eyes and a ready pen, and understands well enough the business of novel-making. We do not, however, call him a good observer, nor a good writer, nor a good novelist, for the reason that it appears to us that to observe means more and other than to see—that to write well something more is necessary than a grammatical acquaintance with one's vernacular speech—and that to tell a story acceptably requires discrimination, tact, and subtlety, none of which qualities Mr. Trollope possesses in any such marked degree that he inclines his reader to believe that a spiritual necessity forced him into the profession of literature. This story bears a strong resemblance in many particulars to its forerunner, "Gemma," which was published by the Petersons last winter. We have again a hero who is tacitly engaged to one young woman while he loves and finally marries another. The incident of an attempt at slow poisoning also occurs, and Mr. Trollope displays anew that hearty aversion to popery and priestcraft which forms so marked a feature of the truly British mind. In "Gemma" a renegade priest attempts an act of violence upon a fair penitent at the confessional; in Marietta a priest tries to poison another ecclesiastic in order to gain possession of money which will enable him to prosecute his design of becoming a cardinal—in time, perhaps, a pope. "Marietta" is a novel, but, really, to people in search of light reading for the hot weather we should recommend almost anything—Rollin's Ancient History—in preference.

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*Familiar Quotations;* being an attempt to trace to their source Passages and Phrases in Common Use. By John Bartlett. Fifth edition. (Boston: Little, Brown & Co.)—This work, itself become almost a household word, was born of thorough and conscientious painstaking, joined of course to good scholarship, and was at first perhaps as complete and accurate as any one man could have made it. A not uncommon fate for it would have been to be stereotyped and sold as long as there was a demand for it, the fact that it was the only book of the kind (at least in point of fulness) ensuring a pretty continuous demand, and the labor necessary to make a better discouraging competition. We consider it very honorable to the author, as well as creditable to our literature, that he did not thus abandon the public, for the sake of ease or profit, but has persistently sought to improve his collection by fresh researches, in which he has obtained the aid of many scholars, until now in a fifth edition, wholly new, and of unrivalled typographical beauty, he may be said to have fairly acquitted himself of further exertion. Comparing this with the fourth

edition, we find it greatly enlarged and carefully revised, and to a considerable extent rearranged. In one or two instances the saying hitherto ascribed to one author is transferred on better authority to another, but we have not discovered any quotations omitted that have been already stamped familiar. Among the accessions are Chaucer, Fielding, and Whittier, and, what is perhaps most surprising, Dickens. "A Pickwickian sense," for instance, was as sure of immortality in 1866 as it is now. Perhaps, too, we should have expected Mr. Micawber's "waiting for something to turn up" to turn up with the other popular phrases with which Dickens has supplied us. But we imagine that he must be exactly an author to test Mr. Bartlett's judgment severely. Though his works are among those of which people pride themselves on having read every one, we know that there are persons who can see no fun in Pickwick, and that Dickens has a slang currency which must needs be as transitory as all slang; and after all it is the characters far more than their speeches which are familiar. Nor can every one expect to find his pet phrase in a collection like this. If he could, we should have a score of quotations from Mr. Lowell's "Biglow Papers," whereas not one is given.

In the face of experience, *à priori* assumptions of deficiency are of little worth. The five thousand people who have bought, and the hundred thousand, more or less, who have consulted Mr. Bartlett's store, have, we venture to say, been gratified and enlightened as they wanted to be ninety-nine times to one where they have been disappointed, much more deceived. And if the authors themselves could in all cases be heard, what blessings would they not invoke on the compiler who has determined *suum cuique!*

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*Celebrated Sanctuaries of the Madonna.* By Rev. J. Spencer Northcote, D.D., President of St. Mary's College, Oscott. (London: Longmans. New York: L. Kehoe.)—This book contains a series of essays incorporating the legends connected with different places in Europe where the Virgin Mary receives especial reverence on account of miracles attributed to her. Some of the stories are pretty well known, as the greater part of the story of our Lady of La Salette; others are matter that is always flying about the world of discussion, like the account of the winking-pictures at Rome; others still are new to us. The tendency of some is to show the Madonna as a mediator between her Son and his rebellious people—see the "Lady of La Salette," p. 180, where the apparition, supposed to be the Mother of God in person, says to the two children to whom she appears, brilliant as the sun: "If my people will not submit themselves, I must let the hand of my Son fall upon them; it is so strong, so heavy, that I can keep it up no longer. If I wish my Son not to abandon you, I am obliged to pray to Him without ceasing, and yet you pay no regard to all this. Whatever you may do, you can never recompense all the trouble that I have taken in your behalf." She then goes on to say that if the potatoes are spoiled and the harvest about to fail, it is because the people swear and do not keep Sunday holy, and repeats that her Son will have his way and punish them in spite of her prayer if they do not repent. The result of this apparition is that all that part of France is agitated, and the controversy rages hotly as to whether the children spoke the truth or not. Further result is to be found in the tears and prayers and vows of the innocent and faithful peasantry, who, it seems, were hardly as bad, taken all together, as the apparition represented when such abundance of conversions did incontinently reward her.

Other legends are without point, except as marvels—

> "'Bout churches like balloons conveyed,
> With aeronautic martyrs,
> And wells made warm where holy maid
> Had only dipped her garters."

Such are the story of the "Holy House of Loretto," the veritable cottage, that is to say, which the Virgin inhabited in Nazareth, and in which Gabriel saluted her as the mother of Christ, which cottage the author proves to have been preserved in Nazareth twelve hundred years, to have been conveyed miraculously to Fiume, in Dalmatia, in 1291, and to have been removed thence to Loretto, in Italy, in 1294, where it yet remains. The most completely meaningless of all the legends are those which describe the winking of the pictures of the Madonna.

The gross materialism of many of these tales, their appeals to childish or rustic wonder, and the barbarous way in which a strange story which cannot be disproved is accepted as an instructive and comforting truth, are sad and sickening. But it is not in this way alone that God and his councils are degraded. Listen to the priest at Loretto, who, when the Dalmatians came weeping to the church, praying Mary to return to Fiume, "was obliged to exert his authority to restore order and enforce silence, for their prayers were so earnest that he could not but fear that God would listen to their request"!

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

| *Authors.* | *Publishers.* | *Price* |
|---|---|---|
| Bauerman (H.), A Treatise on the Metallurgy of Iron | (Virtue & Yorston) | $2 50 |
| Biddle (Horace P.), Poems | (Hurd & Houghton) | 1 50 |
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| Harrison (W. B.), The Mechanic's Tool-Book | (D. Van Nostrand) | 2 50 |
| Henshaw (Mrs. S. E.), Our Branch and its Tributaries | (Alfred L. Sewell) | |
| Holy Bible, illustrated by Doré, Part 29 | (Robert Turner) | 1 00 |
| La Fontaine's Fables, illustrated by Doré, Part 14 | (Robert Turner) | 0 40 |
| Lanman (C.), Dictionary of the U. S. Congress, Fifth ed. | (T. Belknap & H. E. Goodwin) | |
| Moos (H. M.), Hannah; or, A Glimpse of Paradise, a Tale | (H. M. Moos) | |
| Nordhoff (C.), Cape Cod and All Along Shore, Stories | (Harper & Bros.) | |
| Pictorial History of the Rebellion, Parts 33, 34, and last | (Harper & Bros.) | |
| Plympton (G. W.), A System of Instruction in the Practical Use of the Blowpipe. | (D. Van Nostrand) | 2 00 |
| Smith (Dr. Wm.), The New Testament History | (Harper & Bros.) | |

# Fine Arts.

## THE FINE ARTS OF JAPAN.

IV.

A WRITER in an English weekly, describing some of the Oksai designs, speaks of one picture which represents "a man pelting, with what might seem sugar-plums, an uncouth devil crouching and lamenting; he gives himself up to his fate, but feels it acutely. This fantastic figure appears to us the very idea of a Caliban; no European imagination, as far as we know, has approached so closely to that Shakespearian type. In another design a nearly similar Calibanic devil is bound to a tree."

These two pictures occur in one of the most encyclopædic and miscellaneous in subject-matter of the Oksai series. The first-named design is the opening one, and fills the first page. The particular race of demons of which he is one, figures largely in Japanese pictorial art; they are like stalwart men, with savage and animal faces, and sometimes with short, straight horns—not at all like the curved horns of the god of agriculture; for the rest, they are excessively over-muscular, knotted all over with great bundles of thews; not so very much coarser and uglier than the Hercules Farnese, but, equally with him, caricatures of manly strength. Their other peculiarities are long nails like claws on hands and feet, and a thin growth of long, bristly hairs over the whole body. The artistic conception of the creature is perfect, the characteristics are as accurately marked as in careful studies from life. These and other man-like monsters compare favorably with any similar creations of European art; indeed, the only type which is so complete and so seemingly possible is the classical imagination of satyrs and fauns. And it is as the equivalent in Japanese mythology of that type that this anthropomorphic Sylvan appears; generally he is harmless, and in one large picture we find two of the race carrying fish and other burdens, as if they had earned or killed and were taking home their dinners. But the idea of harmfulness is connected with them, it is evident, for the heroes are often engaged in destroying them. In one case a stern warrior has overcome one of them; the demon is sprawling upon his face, the hero stands upon him, threatening him with a formidable halberd held at his head; the whole design reminds one of the St. Michael of the Louvre. In another case a hero has swept off the head of a gigantic fiend—fiery red he is, with longer horns; in still another, with a direct downward blow of his keen sword the warrior has cut off the left arm of the monster, who has caught the amputated limb in his right hand, and is grinning savagely at his enemy. And again, four or five armed men have attacked a gigantic being of slightly different race, and are cutting at him with their swords.

But, as the great god Pan was in form only another satyr, so there are some of these strange creatures who seem to have rank among the higher divinities. The Oksai print of the thunder-demon spoken of in our last shows one of these; in the ancient drawing the type is different, and on the page opposite to this is another who is probably a wind-god; he carries behind him on both shoulders an immense burden, as of something tied up in a sheet, and from each end of this where it is gathered up in his hand there issues what seems a blast of wind. He may very well be a Boreas or Eurus. In this cut is to be noticed the free flight of the creature, who is wingless, and as mere a satyr, so to speak, as the other, but who seems perfectly at home in the air, while losing nothing of the gross look, as of a lower nature, of the tribe he belongs to.

The power, whatever it ought to be called, whether imagination or creative fancy, which conjures up such non-existent and yet credible seeming beings, as if inhabitants of another planet, like this in its physical conditions, is a rare gift. Simple ugliness and repulsive monstrosity of detail is nothing; the ridiculous fiends of Moritz Retzsch's illustrations to "Faust" are ugly enough, and Gustave Doré's nightmare fancies are sickening enough, to be impressive, if such qualities could make them so; but they remain trifling and feeble. The best designer of fairies and brownies and

visions of the night is perhaps George Cruikshank, who has done many such things better than anybody else; but he has never drawn demons *au sérieux*, as if he believed in them. The devil in human shape he has managed well, as in the "Tales of Other Days" and in "Peter Schlemihl," but otherwise he represents the arch-enemy and his followers, as in the "Ingoldsby Legends," in the most conventional way, like the heading of a penny ballad, with horns, hoofs, and tails complete, neither terrible nor funny. William Blake's fiends in the Dante illustrations are not in his best manner, except in respect to the admirable treatment of the malicious and brutal faces; their furniture of wings and claws is not impressive. His Satan in the Job is a great thought, but—and this remark will apply to most of the better class of modern designing—Milton's Satan sat for the portrait, which is therefore angelic and sublime in evil. As regards the Christian painters and carvers before the fifteenth century, they cared only to display the complete triumph of Christ and of his saints, and to make the evil beings contemptible and ridiculous, as Vice and Satan are the clowns of the monkish drama. The exceptions—as the grand, swift, inevitable Death in the Orcagna fresco at Pisa, and Tintoretto's Evil Angel of the Temptation at Venice—are not numerous enough to change the general law. Such genius as those men's is always *hors de règle*, the fact in this case being that their genius remained outside of the rule, and did not make new rules for a new race of beings, as the Greeks did for their satyrs, and as the Japs have done, we think, for their "Calibans." The Northern designers were generally contented with ugly conglomeration of parts, swine's snout and goat's horns, and seem to have desired nothing less than dignity and terror. Even Albert Dürer's "Sin," in the engraving of the Knight and Death, is merely an ugly abortion made up of incongruous parts; which is what Dürer meant him to be, as something more than a hint that he considered sin itself as a thing of just the same sort.

The Japanese designer, not a Christian that he should show evil overcome finally and for ever by good, has thought to make the strong and brave man sufficient unto himself in all his contests with inferior powers of evil; and to him, as to the Greek, evil has seemed in its essence inferior to good. In all the designs we find no trace of men tormented or oppressed by superior force. The comic pictures show dreadfully frightened men flying from apparitions; but the warriors are never discomfited; they who fight, it seems, can win.

One wholly inexplicable being is in outward show an ape—not a monkey-like man, but a perfect ape, long-armed and hairy, and of human stature. The strange thing about him is the magical power he seems to have of breathing a vapor from his mouth, or throwing a dust from his hands, which takes the form of little men, armed with staves. In one picture he is discomfiting a Chinese-looking, chimerical monster of no particular shape; the little breath-born pigmies assail the hobgoblin, who flies in dismay.

The nearest approach to the triumph of evil over men that we have found in Japanese art is in the case of some carvings in ivory. A siren is figured with her victims around her. Two skeletons, one playing on a guitar, the other gesticulating with bony arms, kneel or crouch among skulls, as if upon the bed of the ocean; and from the eye of one of the skulls the succuba in question has emerged. She holds a fan, and her hair streams down her back; she stands between the skeletons, and seems desirous to fascinate other victims. Another group, also carved in ivory, has some to us entirely incomprehensible accessories, and in this the siren and one of the skeletons hold jars, covered jars, as if of wine or some luxury. In both of these groups the female seems at first to be fish-tailed, as if a mermaid; but the tapering form is only drapery, which is being drawn slowly through the eye of the skull, and the whole expresses nothing so much as spiritual, disembodied, or bodiless form. The same idea is conveyed in the same way in the picture representing ghosts; they arise from grave-mounds, when some friend of the departed comes to sit beside the tomb, and hover over him, or, as sometimes is the case, they try to inspire terror; and in all the pictures representing them they are fully formed at head and shoulders, and taper off or fade away, flowing hair and garments together, into nothingness.

Here and there is a hint of Christianity, or at least of such Roman Catholic externals of Christianity as a Japanese of the eighteenth century might remember to have heard of in his youth. Two instances occur in which the sudden apparition of a nun-like figure with an aureole has startled a man, in the one case, into headlong flight, and in another case into violent aggressive action. But in general it is remarkable how seldom anything appears to remind us that Christianity had at one time gained a footing upon the Japanese islands, a position recognized and apparently well established.


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## The Week.

THE present political condition of the Southern States we think generally favorable. By the promulgation of General Meade's order of July 30, three of the States lately in rebellion, Georgia, Florida, and Alabama, are fully restored to the Union. The order announces that the military power vested by Congress in the district commander has ceased to exist, and that his orders have no force except such as the legislatures of the States may give them by enactment. We believe that every member of Congress from these States, except the two Georgia senators, and Mr. Christy, representative from the same State, have already taken their seats in Congress. Mr. Christy, it is said, is so bitterly hostile to the laws under which he was elected that he thinks of not claiming his seat; and it may be said, too, that he is so bitterly hostile to the laws that it is by no means improbable if he should claim it that he will claim it in vain. The Georgia senators are both respectable men in the prime of life, both "old line Whigs," both South Carolinians by birth, one a consistent Union man and the other, Miller, a strong Secessionist. It is charged that the Democrats who control the Lower House of the Georgia Legislature "sold out" to the Upper House, and agreed that if they might have one senator, they would let the Republicans have the other, and would also ratify the 14th amendment. These things have happened at any rate, however they are to be accounted for. Every other Southern State—except, of course, Virginia, Mississippi, and Texas—is fully represented in Congress, and, on the whole, is well represented. There are men like Deweese, of North Carolina, and Bowen, of South Carolina; but, on the other hand, there is a large majority in the new delegations of honest and sensible men. The North Carolina delegation, for instance, will compare not unfavorably with that from almost any other State in the country. Louisiana is, perhaps, most unfortunate in her representation. In that State affairs are quieter than has been believed, though there is little doubt that General Buchanan—who is to be succeeded in October by General Rousseau—will be expected by the Legislature to lend his services to the administration of the new Governor, Warmouth, and that his services will be needed. Rousseau in October will have at his disposal part of the soldiers which Meade's order relieves from duty in Alabama, Florida, and Georgia, but it is not the intention to denude those States of all United States troops. Virginia, Mississippi, and Texas are indefinitely out of the Union. We may add that the crops in all these States are doing well. On the other hand, since the failure of impeachment and the nomination of Seymour and Blair, some of the most impracticable of the Southern politicians, Hampton, B. H. Hill, old General Huger, and their like, are certainly doing a deal of wild talk, and many editors threaten war if—this or that is done or is n't. If—we should say—the Democrats in the North are ready to begin raising regiments; and whether they are ready or not each of our readers can learn with sufficient accuracy by enquiring of his next Democratic neighbor. The fact is, the Southern orators are, in their usual dignified way, indulging themselves in their old trick of screaming at what they cannot help.

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Special Commissioner Wells has published a well-meant but we think somewhat injudicious letter on the subject of the national expenditures. It was intended as an answer to the foolish exaggerations of Governor Seymour and other Democratic speakers in regard to our war and navy expenses in times of peace, and the cost of the Freedmen's Bureau. But it has too much the appearance of a white-washing document to have much effect, and in some of its statements it is actually damaging to the administration, as when he shows that the income of the past year exceeds the expenditure by thirty-five millions, without attempting to show what has been done with this sum, since it certainly has not been applied to the reduction of the debt. It seems to us that the proper ground for Republicans to take in relation to the financial management of the past is this: Great errors have undoubtedly been committed, but they were committed in good faith, at a time when public men in this country had only a very limited knowledge of the principles of finance, when the whole people were recklessly impatient of delay, and all but forced upon the administration a number of measures which every one now admits to have been injudicious. The remedy for our financial ailments is not to be found in any violent change of system, but in a firm and persistent reduction of expenses, the most economical management of public affairs, and a steady improvement in our system of taxation. That the Republican party is in earnest in carrying out these reforms recent legislation has abundantly proved, and with all the Democratic license of criticism and freedom from restraint they have not been able to suggest anything better.

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It has been thought desirable that General Hancock should be made to declare—for himself and the War Democrats, of course—that he is not an enemy nor a lukewarm friend to Mr. Seymour as a candidate. He has, therefore, written a letter of the regulation pattern, and we cannot prove from it that his heart is not in the cause, nor that he would rather see Grant elected than Blair and Seymour. We are free to say, however, that the letter did not compel us to feel that the Democratic ticket was going to have in Hancock a very ardent supporter. But if it were, the fact would remain that it is among Southern rather than Northern soldiers that the ticket arouses enthusiasm. Mr. Sibley's farewell to his fellow-members of the Democratic State Committee of California throws light on the matter. And the press everywhere confirms the opinion that the New York platform and Blair's letter, followed as they have been by the Fourth of July speeches of Wade Hampton and other delegates—speeches that the *World* is compelled to call silly, and which the Charleston *Mercury* and the Richmond *Whig* condemn as "showing our hand too soon"—have drawn the old line of '60 and '61 between the two parties, and made Democratic success impossible. It daily becomes clearer that Mr. Vallandigham ought to have been left out of Democratic national conventions till 1868 at least, and that he is mistaken when he says that the fuel of the war is burnt out of the popular heart. He personally may be satisfied. He is to-day a "far-seeing statesman;" he has got for himself the party endorsement of his course during the war; General Hancock professes to give him the endorsement of the War Democrats; something has been done in behalf of the discredited resolutions of his love—those of Kentucky, of '98. But, gratifying as all this must be to Mr. Vallandigham and his friends, it beats the Democratic candidate in November, and Mr. Vallandigham's prophecies to the contrary prove that he is as bad a prophet as martyr, while the frequency and fervor of them seem to show that he has mournful forebodings.

Mr. Rollins still retains his place at the head of the Internal Revenue Bureau, the President having perhaps made up his mind that the commissioner's tenure of office, as settled by the recent legislation in regard to his particular case, puts him beyond the reach of removal. Perhaps not, however; it seems to be as likely that Mr. Johnson wants very much to fill the place by the appointment of some near friend, which can be done if Mr. Rollins will quietly resign. Mr. Johnson must have known that Mr. Rollins, who has promised, and would be extremely glad, to make way for any honest and efficient man, would not make way for Mr. Perry Fuller. He must have known the same thing in regard to Cummings, a copy of whose indictment before a Colorado court—for dishonest use of public funds—has been in Mr. Rollins's hands for some time. Whether the office can be got for Mr. Cooper appears to be the question that is keeping Mr. Johnson busy, and not improbably the desire to get a favorable answer to it is what prompted him to amuse the Senate with unconfirmable nominations till that body left Washington, and the problem was given over to him, Mr. Rollins, and Mr. McCulloch to work out, undisturbed, in the recess. Mr. McCulloch's attitude in the affair appears to be this: that, to oblige the President, any man whom Mr. Rollins can be induced to accept—or any other man who can get the office—he will accept and support. Mr. Rollins—his most important subordinate, who should have had his hearty support—he has never supported at all. Indeed, there is no want of people to say—and a late letter of Mr. Rollins's does not contradict such a statement—that, next to Mr. Johnson, the man most responsible for the past and present bad condition of the Internal Revenue service is Secretary McCulloch—who likes his secretaryship very much. Mr. Rollins, it is understood, much as all reasons but public considerations urge his retirement, is pledged to keep his place in all events but two—the appointment of a man whom he thinks fit for the place, or, secondly, his forcible ejection by the President. Of this latter, however, there is not much danger; aside from the legal objection already mentioned, whoever should in that event be appointed by Mr. Johnson would certainly be ousted by the Senate, and not impossibly would hold his lucrative office no longer than till next month. To keep so important an office out of the hands of corrupt men would of itself be justification sufficient for the September session.

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The gentlemen who have "the campaign" in charge have been paying rather more attention to Grant during the past week than to his antagonist. As for Colfax, we hear little about him of late, except that it is well understood by the stalwart Irishman that "Colfax's Know-Nothing oath will prevent the Radicals from giving a single office to any citizen of foreign birth." Grant, it appears, was accustomed after battles to walk over the field among the corpses thrusting his sword into each dead body. "Such a man," said a late Southern orator, "can never get my support for the Presidency"—a sentiment which the chivalrous Southern audience to which it was addressed greeted with cheers. The Democrats of the Twentieth Ward of this city have hung out a transparency which conveys not quite so serious a charge against the general, but still one that ought to be met or he will go out of the city with a heavy majority against him. The inscription reads: "Grant's ingratitude to McClellan makes countless thousands scorn." A partial set-off against this accusation is one that is brought against Seymour. A weak Democratic editor it must have been who set it going. "Mr. Seymour," his treacherous eulogist says, "is descended from the nobility of England, and has bright, aristocratic blood in his veins." A good post-office is none too good for the subtle Republican who concocted that fling at the enemy. Blair, of course, suffers a good deal. It is alleged that he is the man who let his soldiers burn Wade Hampton's house and steal his plate at the taking of Columbia. This specific charge is thought to get confirmation from two facts: when the war was over he addressed a general order to his army corps, in which he told them that the Romans used to give homesteads to their brave warriors, that the United States ought to do the same thing, that the Government had largely increased its means of doing this by the lands of rebels which it had seized, and that the homesteads should be carved out of the South. And when Grant asked him, after some operations of his in Tennessee, if he had taken any prisoners, he said: "No, but he had burned a d—d sight of houses." "Blair as a Confiscationist" this chapter in his history is styled. Finally, a college classmate of Blairs asserts in a letter to the *Evangelist*, that "poor Blair's only distinction in college was his amputation of a classmate's nose with a carving-knife in a tipsy spree."

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The Boston Working-men's Institute recently met and passed five resolutions concerning the Congressional Eight-hour Bill. The first one hails the new law as an important contribution "to the cause of labor reform and a more equal distribution of wealth." The second one—much to his gratification, we hope—thanks Senator Wilson for his positive and efficient service in favor of the bill, and denounces Mr. Sumner because he "made the most terrible mistake" of opposing "the coming system." The denunciation will please Mr. Sumner better than the praise. On matters of this kind he is never a demagogue and never wrong. The third resolution asserts that there is a great fallacy—soon to be exploded, although people maintain it who claim to be political economists—in arguing that, if the eight-hour system prevails, there must, in justice to employers, be a corresponding reduction in the rate of wages. This same resolution goes on to predict that all attempts on the part of the Government agents to secure "eight hours'" labor for anything less than "ten hours'" pay, will prove an utter failure. A safe prediction; under the law as it stands, there will be no opportunity of disproving it; the bill was deliberately made for the purpose of daily giving away two hours' pay out of the United States Treasury to every workman in the national yards, and, of course, will effect that purpose excellently well. The resolutions generally afford illustrations of that blind groping after the real point, that falling honestly and helplessly into gross fallacies which are almost painfully and pathetically characteristic of the attempts of untrained working-men to deal with intricate sociological problems. If the working-men of the Boston Institute would establish, for next winter, a course of lectures on co-operation, and listen to them and debate upon them, instead of talking what nobody else can understand, on matters which they do not understand themselves, they would really do something toward settling the vexed question of Capital *vs.* Labor which now agitates the community. Any mode of settlement that does not involve co-operation does, in the general, involve injustice more or less tyrannical on the one side or the other. Our workmen are slow to turn their attention toward the co-operative system, but we are glad to see that the *Tribune* seems to be spreading among its readers Eugene Richter's little book on "Co-operative Stores."

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The English having discovered that there is a "cute dodge" behind the Chinese embassy's mission, and that it is a dodge which is to inure to the benefit of the United States, and that in return for this benefit the United States, in the person of Mr. Burlingame—a Chinese official—stands behind China and threatens all Europe, they will look with interest at the treaty which we have just negotiated with the Emperor. The whole treaty of 1868 is supplementary to the one made in 1858. The first article recognizes the Emperor's right of eminent domain over the lands and waters which he has conceded to foreign communities. For instance, no subject of the Emperor can be made responsible to foreign courts established on conceded territory, and the Emperor reserves the right to try and punish foreigners of nationalities with which he has no treaty relations. Article III. provides that Chinese consuls may be sent to our ports, and that they shall have the rights and privileges of English and Russian consuls. The Chinese in California will find the advantage of consular protection. Article IV. declares that the religious belief of a Chinaman in America, or of an American in China, shall impose no disability whatever. This may yet give us Chinese idolaters as sworn jurymen in San Francisco. Article IV. makes the trade in coolies a punishable offence, and pledges both the high contracting parties to encourage migration and immigration. Already—Mr. Mark Twain says, in an excellent letter in the *Tribune*—the Chinese immigration into California amounts to one thousand a month. And, by the way, it is worth while for foreign critics of the Burlingame mission to remember that when the United States makes a treaty with China—and of necessity

a treaty overrides State laws—we go very far towards receiving as full citizens, with the ruling powers of full American citizens, hundreds of thousands of people of an inferior race. This fact, and the fact that our Pacific railroads, almost finished, will give us so much of the Chinese trade with the rest of the world as to make our material interests in China very important, ought to prevent our attempt to make China a member of the family of nations from being stigmatized as a dodge. Articles VI. and VII. have for their object the same general result—the one sweeping away all the intolerant laws of the Pacific coast in regard to the rights of Chinamen to hold real estate and so forth, and making it possible for a Chinaman to become naturalized; the other asserting that the United States have no wish, and will not permit their citizens, to meddle with the internal improvements of the Empire, but that they will when called on furnish engineers and telegraphers. The effect of this treaty, with its binding power over the courts of the Pacific coast, on the condition of the fifty thousand Chinese already resident there, will be very great, and as honorable to us as beneficial to them.

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The cable of 1866 breaks down again, but opportunely, so far as public news is concerned, during a general lull in politics, owing to the adjournment or dissolution of the chief legislatures of the world. Parliament and the French Senate were prorogued July 31, the Corps Législatif having finished its business and closed its session a day or two earlier. The telegraphed comments of the London press on the bill protecting American citizens abroad show a reasonable displeasure and wonder that the United States should thus anticipate the friendly advances of Great Britain, but also a right understanding of the measure as a bait for Irish votes at the fall election. It is cause for rejoicing that the intimate connection now established between the two countries by the instantaneous transmission of news tends to prevent absurd mistakes both as to facts and motives, and to make the temper of the two peoples more equable, and to render the conduct of each more intelligible to the other. In short, the Cable is destined to be the death of what we may call (having Messrs. Banks, Conness, and Chandler in mind more particularly) international buncombe. England would undoubtedly have a right to take offence at the bill, which seems to her a truckling to Fenianism, but we believe she will make allowance for the vagaries of Congress in a crisis like the present, and do, when the time comes, all she intended to do before she was menaced.

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The European papers, like our own, are unusually full of financial discussions. Money continues a drug everywhere, business is stagnant and discontent prevails. Prussia has a good round deficit in her annual budget, France has temporarily suspended the tonnage dues on vessels bringing grain, which looks like a poor harvest, and is about to come upon the market for a new loan; Sweden, Russia, Brazil, Turkey, are all needy and urgent borrowers, and Spain and Italy are prevented from borrowing largely solely by their want of credit. All these applicants for money flock to England, where money indeed seems to be abundant, but where the year just closed has added nearly 77,000 to the number of paupers supported by the state. It is evident that this state of things cannot last long, and it is thought by many that financial rather than political difficulties will yet force the leading nations into war as a desperate means of redemption, or the last chance of covering up their bankruptcy.

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The passage of the Corrupt Practices Bill occurs simultaneously with some promising symptoms that the old mode of soliciting votes for candidates is to pass away together with bribery. Thomas Hughes has refused to pay out any money towards his own election, unless applied for public meetings, and a Mr. Trevelyan leaves the borough where a personal canvass is expected of him for one in which such a canvass is expressly repudiated. Mr. Hepworth Dixon, who is half invited to stand for Marylebone, does not raise this issue, but declares that he never will seek a place in Parliament, for the rather singular reason that his "mind revolts from the thought of seeking a market for ambition." To some interrogatories put to him by the Marylebone Electoral Association, he answers that he clings with all his might to manhood suffrage, vote by ballot, and compulsory education; and that he will be glad to see the day when members of Parliament are salaried. He is even more American than this—for it is an American doctrine, though by no means universally accepted or gaining ground, that the representative is merely the mouth-piece of his constituents. Mr. Dixon says he thinks that in the House of Commons "no man has the right to substitute his personal opinion for the opinion of his *masters*"—a harsh word, and not properly the correlative of public servant. Perhaps, however, it is not more offensive than persons of inordinate delicacy of feeling would find all the rest of Mr. Dixon's epistle.

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The Prussian military staff has been publishing a history of the campaign of 1866, and, as the Italian part of it is not treated too respectfully, General La Marmora has made a third or fourth attempt to justify his conduct at the battle of Custozza by asking leave of the Chamber of Deputies to base an interpellation on the work named. The effect of this would be, or might be, to bring the whole affair under discussion before the Chamber, which is certainly not competent to pass judgment on the merits of the case, while the Government, as it could not of itself undertake to refute the Prussian version, ought not to be dragged into doing so. The Italians, however, are not disposed to whitewash Custozza into a victory, and the general's motion has not met with favor in any quarter. If injustice has been done, posterity, as the Turin correspondent of *La Perseveranza* well remarks, or the Austrian staff must rectify it. Nor can we quite think that the day of memoirs has gone by, unless for people who cannot wait to be vindicated by posterity.

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We spoke recently of the Sultan's Grand Council, made in imitation of the representative bodies of Western Europe. The members are appointed by the Porte, and one of those fixed upon for the provinces was a certain Israelite, Abraham, who, according to the Turkish fashion, was known by his patrial "of Salonica," although he had for many years been settled in Monastir, and there held a very influential position. By mistake the authorities at Salonica were telegraphed to return "Abraham" to Constantinople. Abrahams being thicker than hops in that city, and one Jew probably seeming as good as another for the unknown purpose of the Porte, the authorities laid hands on an ignorant fellow of the lowest station and shipped him to Constantinople. The much-frighted Abraham, instead of being collared by the police, as he feared, found himself on arrival made a grand councillor, with 7,000 piastres a month for his support. When he had taken his seat in the council, however, the mistake betrayed itself, and enquiry revealed the truth. But Fuad Pasha settled the difficulty; he declared that to whom God gives office he also gives understanding, and ordered that both Abrahams should be appointed. So the quondam dealer in leeches and produce became a member of the committee on public instruction, and ought, one would say, to be earnest for "practical" education. We hear another comical story from the same quarter, and relating to a kindred subject. In Egypt the Viceroy's deputies had heard that in European parliaments the supporters of the opposition sat upon the left, while the supporters of government sat upon the right; and in their desire to show their loyalty, on entering the hall they pressed with so much eagerness to the right that the left was entirely deserted. These deputies were elected, but it is clear that their ideas of constitutional government are capable of some development.

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We may remark here that the question of abolishing the Consular Courts in Egypt, which we recently noticed as having been raised by that country, from a proper sense of its growing dignity and independence and a disheartening experience of the foreign tribunals forced upon it by the "capitulations," has been further discussed in the English Parliament. Mr. Layard's statement of the abuses which had grown out of the attempts to provide Christians in a Mohammedan state with the justice of the country to which they belonged, was so convincing that there is every reason to believe that, so far as England is concerned, assent will be given to the system of mixed courts which Egypt proposes. In any reform of this nature the other Great Powers must have a voice, and what is achieved for Egypt will also be for Turkey.

## THE LATE SESSION OF CONGRESS.

Congress has adjourned, after an exciting session, which has resulted in comparatively little harm, and in some positive good. It is impossible to bestow very great praise upon a session which has brought no particular reform in the civil service, in which a revenue bill was smothered through absolute laziness, and which has done nothing toward removing the doubt which overclouds our national credit. Yet the reduction of the whiskey tax to a practicable rate, the removal of taxes from cotton and domestic manufactures, the progress made in the work of reconstruction, and the defeat of all the dangerous schemes for an enlargement of paper currency, and of many other plausible but injurious measures, are matters for which our national legislators deserve credit.

The first important subject that was brought before Congress, on the opening of its regular session, was the report of the Committee on Impeachment. The feeling of the House was then so strongly opposed to the measure that it was only by the use of dilatory motions that the minority could obtain a chance to be heard as fully as they believed to be their right. Impeachment was then voted down by a vote of 57 to 108. The House and the country felt relieved at this disposition of the question; and it was generally supposed that the President would endeavor so to conduct himself as to avoid giving any excuse for a revival of the project. But this hope was disappointed. Mr. Johnson's pugnacity and perversity would not let him rest in peace. Whether his proceedings were illegal or not, it is at least perfectly certain that his removal of Mr. Stanton was inspired chiefly by his anxiety to do something offensive to Congress, and to prove that he had still some power to annoy his enemies. Had Congress been able to bear the insult then put upon it, we have little doubt that Mr. Johnson would have been encouraged to proceed to some clear violation of the Tenure-of-Office Act; in which case his conviction and removal would have been certain. We shall not, however, renew here the discussion of all the many questions that arose out of the impeachment. To speak of it from a merely party point of view, although we had become so thoroughly weary of Mr. Johnson's "ugly" disposition, his perverse attempts to defeat reconstruction on any plan except his own, and his suspicious affiliations with corrupt men and women, that our sympathies were at the outset entirely with the prosecution, yet we became satisfied before the close of the trial, and are now more than ever convinced, that the success of the Republican party next fall is far more nearly certain under the acquittal of Mr. Johnson than it could have been if he had been convicted by the casting vote of Senator Wade.

The release of cotton and of manufactures from taxation was, in our opinion, a beneficial measure. We have always been opposed to any system of taxation which undertakes to collect a little tribute from every producer. Although looking fair on its face, it is open to at least two insuperable objections: it cannot be so levied as not to tax any article twice, and it cannot be collected from every one who ought to pay it. The tax on manufactures was a perpetual source of annoyance to honest manufacturers, a constant temptation to fraud, and a much greater burden on the country than it was ever meant to be. The only method of taxation on manufactures which can be fully carried out is one which lays the burden on a few articles of general use, so that the revenue officers may confine their attention to those. Unequal as this mode appears at first sight to be, it is only at first sight that it appears so—the tax thus collected would be drawn from a vast number of persons, paying the enhanced price put upon the goods by the manufacturer; and in this manner the burden is about as equally divided as it would be if all branches of production were taxed. The tax being thus paid to the Government by a few persons in the first instance, the assessors and collectors can keep a strict watch upon them, and need not depend upon their representations, as they generally must where every manufacturer is a taxpayer. The Government thus receives a vastly larger proportion of the taxes due to it, while the people are freed from the oppression of a system which necessitates espionage and official investigation into every man's business, or else leaves honest men to pay the whole tax, and to be undersold by their perjuring competitors. The plan of taxing everything has been permanently abandoned, after a long and thorough trial, in countries where honesty among excise officers is as common as it is rare here; and we thank the Fortieth Congress for putting an end to it.

The reduction of the tax on whiskey was also a wise act, though for very different reasons. The tax *ought* to be at least one dollar per gallon, because the article is a mere luxury, and the system of taxing a few articles only requires that those articles should be heavily assessed. A tax of one dollar could be borne by whiskey without diminishing the production to an extent which the most ardent opponent of teetotalism could believe to be injurious to the country. But the simple truth is, that a tax of the proper amount furnishes a margin for bribery which it is impossible for our officials to resist. It is not necessary, let it be observed, for the "whiskey ring" to control all, or even one-fourth, of the revenue officers of the country. All that they need to do, or have usually done, is to control the officers of a few districts, and then confine the business to those districts. This plan leaves them millions of dollars, if necessary, with which to influence a hundred petty officers. Millions never were necessary, however. So far, it does not appear that the bribes used attained to the dignity of six figures. The officers were hungry and eager to sell themselves for contemptible sums. Indeed, the friends of one of the persons recently convicted of the most outrageous connivance at forgery allege, and we think truly, that he received no bribe at all, and committed what was practically perjury merely out of good nature. Certain it is that he was too poor to pay his counsel.

Now, when our revenue service has fallen so low that it seems impossible to get an honest man into it, or to keep him honest for one day after he enters it, and when Congress is unwilling or unable to do anything toward its reform, it is obvious that the maintenance of a high duty is a premium upon bribery, and that the next best thing to do is to lower the duty to such a figure as will give the distiller little choice, as a mere question of money, between paying the tax and bribing the tax-collector. After much examination, Commissioner Wells, who is one of the few men in office who have any capacity for their work, reported that a tax of fifty cents could be collected; and Congress has done well in following his advice.

The action of the House upon the Internal Revenue Bill reported by Mr. Schenck, of which the bill finally passed was a mere fragment, was discreditable enough. The passage of such a measure, remodelling the entire internal revenue system, was the most important duty of the whole session. Almost everything else might better have been sacrificed than this. The whole financial system of the nation—involving, as has long been visible to men who understand political economy, and is fast becoming plain to others, the whole prosperity and honor of the country—depends upon the administration of the Internal Revenue Department. Yet the bill was flung aside, when a few days would have sufficed to finish it, because honorable members wanted to go home and make stump speeches. General Butler's well-known personal devotion to and enthusiasm for General Grant may plead his excuse for such a course; but the House cannot expect us to believe that they all feel the same extraordinary zeal in the cause. At all events, if they did, they might have made General Butler their deputy to the people, and have sent him to stump the country for his favorite, while they contributed to the success of the campaign by proving the capacity of the Republican party to reform abuses in the Government.

While referring to this subject, we must call attention to the significant fact that every Democratic representative, except the two or three members who were on the committee which framed the bill, voted to kill it; thus illustrating the truth of the charge which we made against them last week, that they contribute no aid whatever to administrative reform or to the purification of the Government, but are simply a factious, bitter, and selfish minority, who would rather that the country should suffer from the evils of a corrupt and oppressive fiscal system than that their opponents should have the credit of its reform. Let any fair-minded man compare this record with that of the Republican minority in the Congress of 1857–59, under the leadership of John Sherman in the House and of Lyman Trumbull in the Senate, and he will be apt to forgive the Republican party many of its faults

rather than entrust the nation to the keeping of a combination of Northern corruptionists and Southern malignants.

Many other topics suggest themselves in reviewing the work of the session, but space fails us. The reconstruction acts of previous sessions have been improved. The admission of the Southern States which have complied with the law has proved the good faith of the Republicans in proposing the terms of restoration. Except Mr. Christy, of Georgia, who has not claimed his seat, and who will very likely claim it in vain, and except the Georgia senators, every Southern representative in either House is admitted. The removal of political disabilities from many Southern men has been one of the good fruits of the Chicago Platform. The ratification of the Fourteenth Amendment is of itself a sufficient theme for a column. But we must leave these subjects untouched. We rejoice that so much has been accomplished. We believe that very few schemes of public plunder have succeeded in this Congress, and that several have been stopped by it. Its faults have been mostly negative. Let us hope that it may yet repair its omissions, and earn for itself a name of permanent honor, as it has now earned the credit of having done better than most of its predecessors.

## PRIVATE INDEBTEDNESS AND NATIONAL DEBTS.

In a letter signed "S. C.," which we published last week, there occurs the following passage:

> "It is true, we are liable for our just proportion of the national debt; but in the past seven years we have paid off an immense amount of private indebtedness, while the debt of the State is less than it was before the war. There is no way of ascertaining the precise amount of private liabilities which have been cancelled. I believe, however, that we in Illinois could personally assume our respective shares of the national debt, . . . and still be in a better condition than we were in 1860."

In accordance with the intention expressed in our comments on that letter, we now propose to show wherein lies the fallacy, and, above all, wherein lies the danger of the fallacy, that there is any similarity whatsoever between the debts of individuals and the debts of governments—between private indebtedness and national debts.

Undoubtedly the Western States generally—Illinois in particular—have, during the last seven years, paid off an immense amount of private indebtedness. But the mere payment of a debt does not necessarily prove increased wealth. If a man owns a farm worth ten thousand dollars, with stock and crops on it worth five thousand dollars, and the whole of the property is mortgaged for five thousand dollars, the man is worth ten thousand dollars—no more, no less. If he sells the stock and crops for five thousand dollars and pays off the mortgage, he is no richer. Only when he has saved money enough on his farm to pay off the mortgage *without* selling his stock and crops, only when he has paid the mortgage and still has the farm and stock and crops, only then is he richer. Our belief is, that the enormously high prices for meat, breadstuffs, and other farm products prevailing during the war induced Illinois farmers to sell out their stock and crops at famine prices, and to pay their debts with the proceeds, and that, if they have to-day less private debts to pay, they also have less stock and crops on hand, and owe their share of the national debt besides. As we stated the other day, the position of Illinois has been throughout most fortunate, yet even in her case the figures of our correspondent bear out our views. We will not ask how much of the individual indebtedness of Illinois was paid by mere cancellation, to the loss and ruin of Eastern creditors, nor in how far the legal-tender act reduced the amount of the debt without the creditors' consent. Nor do we refer to these questions tauntingly, but simply to refute our correspondent's implied assertion, that the reduction of private indebtedness is in itself a proof of increased wealth. But is the private indebtedness of Illinois, or of our people generally, less in 1868 than it was in 1860? We doubt it. The form of indebtedness has changed. The Western merchants may not owe as much to Eastern manufacturers, but they owe far more to Western banks. We have no precise statistics of the amounts due to all the banks of the United States in 1860, but we do know that they were insignificant compared to the amounts due to them at present, and we also know that during the last three years private indebtedness to the banks has increased nearly one hundred and sixty millions of dollars, or over thirty per cent., and that a fair share of this increase no doubt falls to the lot of Illinois.

But whatever may be the position of Illinois in regard to private indebtedness—a subject extremely difficult to investigate—it certainly is not better off in general wealth than it was in 1860. The very reports of the Public Auditor of Illinois quoted by our correspondent show that the taxable valuation of the total property of the State in 1860 was equal to $214 *in gold* per head of the total population. In 1866 (we have no later figures) the return gives only $183 *in currency* per head, in spite of the prevailing inflation and high prices. In 1860 the debt of the State of Illinois amounted to about $6 per inhabitant, in 1866 to only about $4 per inhabitant; but though the debt of the State thus appears diminished, it is notorious that the debts of the local organizations—cities, counties, and townships—have increased enormously. If, now, the citizens of Illinois are ready to assume their proportion of the national debt, which (estimating the population of the United States in 1866 at thirty-five millions and the debt at twenty-five hundred millions) amounts to over seventy-one dollars per head, we shall find that, whereas in 1860 every individual in Illinois was worth $208 *in coin*, he was worth in 1866 precisely $108 *in currency*. These figures may well be called startling. We publish them in order that they may startle—that they may put an end to the insane glorification over our prosperity while we are poorest, and stop our ignorant idleness and extravagance while we need the utmost industry and economy.

No one need think that these remarkable discrepancies are due to the inaccuracy of assessors or the dishonesty of taxpayers. As our correspondent well said, assessors exercise about the same care and owners of property are about as honest or dishonest one year with the other, and the average correctness will be about the same. Besides, other States show precisely similar results. Iowa shows a decline in property value per head of population from $294 to $285, and an increase in debt from 50 cents to $1. Michigan shows a decline in property from $395 to $383, and an increase in debt from $5 to $7. Wisconsin shows a decline in property from $237 to $186, and an increase in debt from 15 cents to $3. These four States, far removed from the theatre of war, producing mainly articles the value of which has very largely increased during the last six years, have yet undergone a process of impoverishment which reduced the average wealth of each individual of their total population from $285 coin in 1860 to $259 currency in 1866, and increased the average burden of State indebtedness for each individual from three dollars to four. This, be it remembered, is without counting the debts of local organizations—cities, counties, etc.—and without counting one dollar of the national debt.

Of all the States of which we are able to obtain full statistics (and we have them of all the most prosperous) only two showed an increased average wealth—New York and Minnesota, and only one—Minnesota—shows an increase of average wealth and a diminution of State debt. Minnesota's average wealth has increased from $207 to $229, and its State debt decreased from $15 to $10 per head. The increase of average wealth in New York is from $372 to $433, but the State debt shows an almost equal increase from $88 to $135. Of none of the other States are complete statistics obtainable, but with the exception of California, and perhaps Ohio, Pennsylvania, and some of the New England States, they would undoubtedly all show far more unfavorable results than those given above. Connecticut, Massachusetts, Missouri, New Hampshire, New Jersey, Tennessee, and Virginia are known to have increased their State debts very largely, while the total reduction in property value in the Southern States is all but fabulous—70 per cent. in Arkansas, 30 in Kentucky, 45 in Louisiana, 7 in Missouri, 90 in South Carolina, and 50 per cent. in Texas and Virginia.

These are facts, obtained mostly from the annual reports of governors and auditors to their respective State legislatures. They are not mere assertions, to be denied or ridiculed by ignorant pertness, but serious facts to be taken into account by serious men. The natural consequences of these facts are beginning to show themselves everywhere in strikes, dull trade, restiveness under taxation, and the daily increasing talk about repudiation; but these consequences are attri-

buted to every imaginable cause except the true one. So unwilling are people to believe the painful fact of our national impoverishment! So delusive is the semblance of wealth created by our national debt!

It is precisely this delusive semblance of wealth that distinguishes national debts from individual indebtedness, and that makes it important to expose the insidious fallacy of our correspondent, which is indeed most widely current, that the diminution of individual indebtedness is a set-off to the increase of national or State debt.

The debts of individuals, when honestly contracted, always represent some *existing* property. National debts, with very rare exceptions, represent only property *that has ceased to exist, that has been destroyed.*

A Western merchant buys from a New England manufacturer goods on credit, and gives the manufacturer his note for the amount. This note or debt to the manufacturer is represented by the goods in the merchant's store, or if he sells the goods, then the debt is represented by the money he receives for them, or by the money due to him from the persons buying them. When the merchant wants to ascertain the amount of his wealth, he counts the goods in his store, counts the money he has in bank, and the money due to him from others, and from the sum of these he deducts the amount that he owes the manufacturer. His goods, his money in bank, and the money due to him amount to fifteen thousand dollars, he owes the manufacturer five; he is, therefore, actually worth ten thousand dollars only. If he *owes* the debt, he is worth ten thousand; if he *pays* the debt, he is worth ten thousand.

The New England manufacturer is also worth ten thousand dollars. He has a mill worth five thousand, and has the Western merchant's note for five thousand more. The Western merchant's note represents the manufacturer's property in the hands of the merchant. When the note is paid the manufacturer is no richer and the merchant no poorer.

The people of the United States have bought from New England manufacturers and Western farmers immense quantities of goods on credit, and have given the manufacturers and farmers notes for the amount. What are these notes represented by? They are represented by the money paid to the soldiers, which has been spent, by the food the soldiers have eaten, the clothes they have worn, by the horses that have been killed in battle or by fatigue, by the powder and balls that have been shot away. These notes of the people of the United States are represented by no property now in existence. The people of the United States owe these notes. But when the people of the United States count up their wealth at the end of each year, do they deduct the amount of these notes from their total property? Does each individual, in estimating his wealth, deduct his share of the national debt? He does no such thing.

The New England manufacturer and the Western farmer who hold the notes, count them as part of their property. But the people who owe the notes do not deduct them from theirs. The delusion is evident. The holders of the notes should not count them as part of their property, or else the makers of the notes should deduct them from theirs. Everybody does the former, and nobody does the latter. Hence the whole country believes itself richer than it really is, by the total amount of the national debt. This self-deception might be perfectly harmless if it did not delude every individual into the belief that he is—as our correspondent says of the people of Illinois—far better off than he really is. It is this delusion about our individual wealth that prevents every one from recognizing the fact of our national impoverishment, and that encourages that boastful, reckless extravagance which is rapidly sapping the very foundations of our national productiveness.

If, as suggested by our Illinois correspondent, every individual were to assume his share of the national debt, every man, woman, and child in the United States would be seventy-one dollars poorer than they now think themselves. Taking four women and children as belonging to each male adult, we shall find that every male adult would be three hundred and fifty-five dollars poorer than he now thinks himself. Or, if the amount of debt be distributed in accordance with wealth, and the whole country were as rich to-day as it was in 1860, then every property-holder in the United States would be sixteen per cent. poorer than he deems himself now. Or, again, at the ratio of positive decline in wealth which we assume from all the facts in our possession, every property-holder in the United States, if he deducted from his property his proportionate share of the national debt, would find himself more than twenty per cent. less well off than he now believes himself to be.

If all the people of the United States were to treat the national debt as they treat their private debts, and were to deduct each one his share from the amount of their supposed individual wealth, how many people who are now at Newport would hasten back to town in spite of the heat, how many gilded equipages would be discarded, how many idlers return to labor, how quickly the eight-hour movement would be stopped and the bricklayers resume their work, how carefully the reckless expenditures of city and county and national governments would be scanned and scrutinized, how high financial ability would rise in public esteem, how much honesty would advance in value, and how resolutely, above all, a whole awakened people would sternly vow never to permit one single dollar to be added, on any pretence whatsoever, to that most injurious of all delusions—the national debt!

## MR. PATTERSON'S FOREIGN SERVICE BILL.

A GLEAM of light was shed into a very dark corner in our national affairs at the late session of Congress. Mr. Patterson, chairman of the Joint Committee on Retrenchment, introduced a bill designed to effect a radical reform in the whole system—if that word can be applied to our eccentric and ill-regulated habits—of our foreign civil service. The bill went over among the unfinished work; but it was voluntarily and very wisely suffered so to do, because it was read for the first time only on July 2, and time and leisure were desired for a thorough discussion, which should perfect its details, demonstrate its absolute necessity, and thus render it a piece of wise and stable legislation. The retrenchment, happily, is not expected to result from the diminution of the salaries of officials already in the receipt of only starvation wages, but from the organization of the service on a sound basis, and its subjection to a keen and incessant supervision. A system is proposed similar to that long practised by European countries with brilliant success. The foreign service is to be made a specific career—a life-long profession, like the army or the navy. Many times already have we in these columns urgently pressed the need of such legislation, and undertaken to expose the folly of appointments on political grounds of men equally wanting in the natural and artificial acquirements essential to any tolerable performance of their duties, and who can count with certainty upon only one thing, and that is, that they will be superseded as soon as labor and experience have fitted them to continue at their posts to the national advantage; for the cleverest cannot altogether dispense with preliminary study, and no amount of native ability can evolve from itself the arbitrary rules of law or commerce. The requirements of our Consular Manual, fair enough in theory, are practically only "words, words, words." Never being enforced, they are probably regarded by the majority of the consular force as furnishing a sort of bright ideal which it would be presumptuous in the fleeting official to aspire to reach. It has long been recognized that nothing but thorough legislation could reach and cure the mischief.

Not to go over ground which we have already traversed, there is yet one point which ought to be driven home to the public mind by ceaseless iteration. When once it is appreciated, the popular demand for deep-reaching reform will be too strenuous to be longer neglected or opposed. This point is the ruinous influence of our present service upon our commerce. The report dwells on this at great length and with great earnestness. Its facts and figures are startling. In many quarters of the globe British, French, and Dutch commerce has been positively built up by British, French, and Dutch consuls. They have every means carefully placed at their disposal, and then are sharply watched and obliged to push to the utmost every resource to aid the enterprise of the home merchant, to stimulate trade, to discover and open new channels wherever keen observation can discern the promise of success. To this end they are especially held to render frequent and thorough reports concerning the manufactures, products, commerce, laws, and financial condition of the countries of their residence. The

value of such reports in cherishing, or even originating, a safe and large commerce it is impossible to estimate too highly. Study and training are requisite to making them valuable, for they cover a wide ground. Before a European consul gets an appointment of the lowest grade his competency in this respect is tested as well as may be, and his subsequent promotion can only be *pari passu* with the increase of his ability in this respect. It is of primary importance that he should be a fluent master of the language of the country where he sojourns. This enables him to gather his information for himself, and renders his statements reliable and contemporary, so that they can be immediately and safely acted upon by the merchant at home. It is melancholy to compare with this the feeble, incorrect, and antiquated returns irregularly remitted to the United States by most of her consuls. Occasionally a man of quick parts and conscientious industry furnishes a brilliant exception. But he is sure to be promptly replaced by some totally incompetent person, and the momentary flash only makes the darkness blacker. A peculiar talent and a peculiar knowledge are indispensable to making a valuable report, and when that talent does not exist and that knowledge has never been acquired, it is impossible that the report should be evolved from instinct, or other internal source whatsoever. Especially, a consul who is not familiar with the language of the country of his residence is liable to be the dupe of designing natives, and must compile from newspapers, state reports, and such unreliable or stale sources a treatise which will be historical by the time it reaches the eyes of the United States merchant. With English, French, or Dutch consuls busily plying their search after useful facts, and remitting them rapidly home, beside an American consul in the same port who, however willing, does not really know how to do the same thing, it is very evident how unequal is the competition between the home merchant of those countries and our own. It seems impossible to lay too much stress on this most important matter. We have referred to it before, but now that there is a prospect of gaining the needed legislation the hue-and-cry should never be allowed to cease in the ears of the people till they wake to the sense of how much wealth they daily allow to slip by them, solely for want of a properly constructed foreign service.

Mr. Patterson seems to anticipate that the chief opposition to his bill will be in the notion that it conflicts with the spirit of our institutions, with some sort of bastard tradition—if the United States wears any of the European manacles thus named—to the effect that all offices should be open to the free competition of all persons. We cannot conceive that so hollow and meaningless an objection can be allowed to have any substantial influence. To throw open offices which of necessity can be properly filled only by persons carefully and painfully trained to their requirements, to be scrambled for by all the wirepullers and ward-room politicians in the land, is a very brummagem liberality. Further, an examination into the text of the bill itself utterly annihilates the argument, if argument in any shape it be, which is thus anticipated against it. The Constitution itself provides against any possibility of the creation of a close autocratic caste; it has fixed immutably the power of appointment and removal of ministers and consuls. The Foreign Service Board, which is the backbone of the new creation, is in fact only an instrument devised to aid the President and Senate in the exercise of their functions in a very delicate and difficult department—the management of which to the best advantage requires an amount of skilled labor and unremitting attention which it is impossible for them to give. This board consists of the President, Secretary of State, and three Commissioners. Its duties are as large as its powers are small. It is to examine all candidates for admission to the service, and for advancement to higher grades; to settle also by examination the relative ranks of members of equally long standing in the service; though in cases of necessity it may delegate the duties of examining to competent persons at home or abroad. It is to keep itself thoroughly informed of the capacity, character, conduct, and peculiar natural aptitude of each member of the service. It must also be minutely informed on the importance of our diplomatic relations with all the states of the world, conceive the value of our trade with all ports, and the prospects open to us in new or untried quarters. Then, after acquiring and keeping ceaselessly fresh all this knowledge by assiduous labor, its only real functions are those of advisory experts. It can only recommend to the proper departments of government such action as it knows to be desirable. It can advise promotion or degradation, or any species of change in our representation at any foreign court or port. But in no one of these matters can it do more than give advice, which may be followed or rejected. It may be said that there is little practical danger of its rejection; that, in fact, the board will be arbitrary. This may or may not prove to be the case; but it is certain that it can only occur by reason of the great value and efficiency of the board itself in acquiring and imparting correct information. So far as its influence can go upon this basis, it is a clear advantage to the nation to have it go. Wisdom and knowledge in their own peculiar domain ought always to be absolute. If ignorance or partisanship invades the board and destroys its soundness, the fact cannot for a moment escape the vigilant eyes of those senators who must always in the future, as in the past, be the real masters and final judges in the whole foreign service department.

The only actual power of the board it derives indirectly through a clause which declares that no appropriation shall be made for the payment of any official unless he shall have passed satisfactorily the prescribed examination. That this is strictly reasonable and moderate is evident. If we are to have a foreign service organization at all, and any supervisory board to keep it in order, there must be some ligament to bind all the parts into some degree of unity and coherence. A more harmless ligament than that created by this clause does not suggest itself to us. A less quantity of power would bring the board into contempt. Unless the whole system of the bill is a failure, it is difficult to conceive any conjunction of circumstances which should render this clause a fault.

The bill establishes an excellent system of gradation. All the members of each grade receive the same salary. Promotion is made from grade to grade, subject to the ordeal of examination. The relative rank of members in the same grade is determined by seniority. A post at any court or port may be raised or lowered in grade as the increase or decrease of the importance of our political or commercial relations may render expedient. All this seems to be well and wisely ordained. The plan of gradation gives coherence, simplicity, and ease of management. There are grades enough established to find an appro priate one for each ministry or consulate. Payment by salaries is of course the only true principle; and the rate of salaries fixed is certainly not too high. At present we starve most of our officials. They must give their time and thought to their private affairs in order to live, and we get only what fragments of attention they can afford to spare from the care of their own interest. This penny-wisdom is daily costing the nation thousands upon thousands, or rather millions upon millions. European countries pay their consuls in the same ports variously from twice to even four or five times as much as we pay ours. They pay full price for all the time and labor their consuls can give to the public interest, and they then take care to get all that they pay for. Yet the gross sum paid by these countries is vastly less than the gross sum paid by the United States even in cases where the value of their commerce is very many times greater than that of our own. Mr. Patterson's salaries range from $1,000 for a consular clerk to $7,500 for a consul-general of the first grade; from $1,800 for an assistant secretary of legation to $17,500 for an envoy or minister of the highest grade. We should think that in the majority of countries all these might prove to be what are called living salaries, though certainly not more; and in two or three countries (as in Russia) where the expenses of living are exceptionally high, these sums might be rapidly swallowed up, without maintaining the office in that position of social respectability which ought to be ensured to every representative of the United States. To make them too low would be a much more fatal, and with us a much more probable, error than to make them too high.

The system of promotion is also well arranged. Increase in years, wisdom, and experience is a sound ground for increase in responsibility, honor, and emolument. The danger of a rigid system of seniority is averted by the provision that for service of special value, or for unusual ability, or for other good cause, a certain proportion of promotions may be made irregularly or from the number of citizens at large. This

opens the door to natural aptitude wheresoever it may be found. On the other hand, ample means are secured for the degradation or total dismissal of incompetent members—a matter of peculiar importance in a service at once so delicate and so limited in the number of its employees, each one of whom must be equal to all the duties of his post, or must otherwise cause serious detriment to the Republic.

The effect of all these regulations must be to attract to the service which promises a decent and a life-long maintenance, with some degree of dignity even in its lower grades, all persons having a natural taste and aptitude for such a profession, and who are willing and able to acquire the varied and difficult learning which it demands; while to the inefficient or to those lacking the inspiration of native fitness a more unpromising field could hardly be presented than this, so thickly studded with ceaseless examinations and haunted by argus-eyed watchers, whose keen gaze penetrates to the uttermost parts of the earth.

Another very important clause provides that so soon as an American school shall be established in China or Japan, to educate young men in the languages, laws, literature, and customs of Oriental peoples, graduates of this school may be appointed to positions in China, Japan, etc. The need for such a school and for such appointments cannot be exaggerated. The want of them has put us at a serious disadvantage in the active competition which has been of late so eagerly waging to secure the lion's share of Chinese commerce. We have been guilty of the inconceivable folly of making clerks in trading houses, and even missionaries, our consuls, who in China are invested with judicial and other great and important powers unknown to consulates in Christian countries, bringing them into close and influential intercourse with the natives, and calling imperatively for attainments of a very high, very difficult, and very peculiar order. The Chinese despise us for this blundering policy. Trade with them is ignoble, and as for missionaries, their capacity to fill such positions is not worth discussing. English consuls understand familiarly the Chinese language, laws, and customs. They are properly officials, and neither tradespeople nor decayed clergymen. The present British minister to Japan has been twenty years in the Eastern service, to which he was first chosen because of his training in a Chinese school. Much more effectual for promoting our commerce with China than many treaties would be a wise selection of our commercial representatives in that country.

The portion of the bill distributing the various posts among the courts and ports of other nations we do not proprose to discuss minutely. It is likely to be eagerly debated and very much changed before the bill becomes an act. In general, it can be said of it that it certainly promises to effect a most substantial retrenchment, and if it really does not react too far in that direction, of which there is naturally some danger, it is a most melancholy reflection to think how much money we have been squandering most absurdly and uselessly in these our days of taxation and financial embarrassment. It is unquestionably an excellent thing to unite diplomatic and consular functions in one and the same man in a great number of states where we do not now do so. Both branches of the service would probably be better attended to to by one efficient agent than they ever would be by two men, neither of whom would have occupation enough to keep him from rusting. As to the feasibility of accrediting one person as minister to two or even three neighboring states, we see no reason why this would not often be in many respects very advantageous. Yet whether it would be best to do so in all the cases proposed by Mr. Patterson we are by no means confident. By uniting into one the missions to Belgium and Holland, those to Spain and Portugal, those to Norway, Sweden, and Denmark, we should certainly save a little money annually. Our work might be, in fact, fully as well done; but we should very probably irritate some of these nations. The custom has prevailed towards some of the South American states, who have readily submitted to it. But European states are seldom too small or too poor to be proud, and would not probably consider South American precedents quite satisfactory. England once haughtily rejected the minister whom Buenos Ayres had accredited jointly to that country and France. We do not assert that in the above-mentioned cases the experiment might not work favorably. But we are well assured that the retrenchment of a few thousands a year would be foolishly bought by exciting the ill-will of any foreign people, especially maritime and commercial, however insignificant we may deem them or their hostility at the immediate present. The principle itself is strictly reasonable. We approve it highly; but its application is a very delicate matter, and in each instance should be made with all possible caution and courtesy, feeling the way gently, and taking all care not to buy a few thousands a year too dearly.

## SERVIA.

The bloody drama which began, on the 10th of June last, with the assassination of Prince Michael of Servia, and of his cousin, Anna Constantinovitch, in the Toptchider Park, near Belgrade, is now fairly over. The attempt of Paul Radovanovitch, his three brothers, and their fellow-conspirators once more to revolutionize Servia by the overthrow of the house of Obrenovitch, has proved a total failure, in spite of their easy success in the first act. The old statesman, Garashanin, whose son narrowly escaped death at the hand of the assassins, has fully evinced his energy in this trying emergency, and saved his country from anarchy and intervention. The Servian National Assembly has reconfirmed the right of the Obrenovitch family to the throne of their people. A young nephew of the murdered prince has ascended it as Milan Obrenovitch IV., and his accession, under the guidance of a regency, has been acknowledged, without hesitation, both by the Sultan as suzerain and the great powers of Europe. The chief conspirators and their accomplices, mostly men of broken-down fortune and doubtful reputation, have been tried, found guilty, and executed. The banished ex-Prince Alexander Kara-Georgevitch, and his son Peter, remain in exile, vehemently protesting against the accusation of complicity in the plot, so gravely charged on them by some of the victims of the trial. A brother-in-law of Alexander has suffered the penalty of death.

The marked sensation which these events have created throughout Europe is but partly to be ascribed to their startling and sanguinary character. It is owing chiefly to the particular interest with which every new political movement that occurs on the Lower Danube is now being scanned by the diplomats as well as the people of that continent. And Servia, more, perhaps, than any other part of those regions, is anxiously watched as one of those fated spots from which the first smoke of the great Panslavic conflagration, which is destined to cover Eastern Europe with ruins, is expected to rise one of these days. The prudent hesitation of the rulers of Servia—a strong mountain fastness separating Roumania from Bosnia, Herzegovina, and Montenegro—to join in a crusade against Turkey, has more than once contributed to keep Russia's sword in its scabbard. A sudden change of policy in the principality might easily be followed by a signal for a general rising of the Christian subjects of the Sultan. But numerous and sudden as the changes of government in semi-independent Servia have been, none has as yet succeeded in throwing her even momentarily into the arms of the Czar. A glance at her history in this century will not only show the character and bearing of those revulsions, but also throw considerable light upon the last events as well as the present situation.

Servia, whose last king and independence perished on the battlefield of Kosovo, in 1389, having groaned for four hundred years under the crushing yoke of the Turks, found a first deliverer, in 1804, in Kara (or Czerny, Black) George, and another, ten years later, in Milosh Obrenovitch. The former, a semi-barbarian of low descent, but full of vigor and wild devotion to his fatherland, led his warlike countrymen, whom the excesses of the Janizaries had driven to despair, to repeated victories over their oppressors, and, profiting by a Russo-Turkish war, achieved a partial self-rule for his country, and was acknowledged its chief. But having renewed the war, in 1809, in conjunction with his former allies, he after some successes assumed a neutral attitude, and was soon after abandoned by Russia, which, threatened by Napoleon's invasion of 1812, hastened to conclude the peace of Bucharest. Hard pressed from every quarter, Kara George lost his wonted energy, and finally gave up the struggle, fleeing into Austria. It was then that Milosh, a man of equally poor origin, but no less crafty than brave,

evinced his higher natural abilities, gallantly maintaining the fight, and soon winning the confidence of both friends and foes to such a degree as to be able to bring about a peace. This, however, was violated by fresh acts of oppression, and on Palm Sunday, 1815, he again raised the standard of revolt. This new struggle was crowned with success, leading to the establishment of that autonomy which Servia has enjoyed for upwards of half a century, and the sphere of which has gradually been widened to the very verge of absolute independence. He was elected by a national assembly Prince of Servia, and confirmed by the Sultan, passing to his dignity over the corpse of his former leader, Kara George, who, secretly returning from exile, had been betrayed by him into the hands of the Turks.

Milosh's reign was firm and able, but often arbitrary and violent. By preserving strict neutrality between Russia and Turkey during the war of 1828-29, he exposed himself to the hostility and intrigues of the former power, which, on one hand, fostered the growth of a national party, inclined to assert the dignity of Servia by a bolder attitude; and, on the other, persuaded the Porte to limit the sway of the Prince by means of a Senate. He was finally compelled, in 1839, to resign in favor of his son, Milan, who, dying after a few weeks, was succeeded by his brother, the lately assassinated Michael, then a boy of fourteen. Unable to govern himself or others, this young Prince was for a time tossed about by violent factions, until overthrown by a revolution in 1842, which sent the house of Obrenovitch into exile, and recalled to the throne that of Kara George, in the person of his son, Alexander.

This revolution, achieved by the national party, and sanctioned by all powers concerned, bore no fruits for Russia. Alexander Kara-Georgevitch, advised by Garashanin, continued the international policy of Milosh while actively engaged in promoting the internal welfare of the country, and in spite of all the temptations held out by the Czar during the Crimean war remained neutral. The eventful years 1848 and 1849, however, during which the Serbs (Rascians) of Hungary, aided by their brethren from the other side of the Save, and in co-operation with the Croats, waged a fierce warfare against the Magyars, had given new power over the minds of the Servian people to the long-cherished dreams of South-Slavic or Panslavic greatness, and it became easy to the combined efforts of the partisans of Russia and of the Obrenovitches, who now openly sided with the Czar, to undermine the position of Alexander, with the aid of the more extreme part of the national opposition. A senatorial conspiracy, in 1857, failed, but another movement in the following year was successful, and the two rival dynastic houses again exchanged places. Old Milosh was re-established, early in 1859, as hereditary Prince of Servia, but died after a short reign, in 1860, and was succeeded by Michael.

The new reign began and was continued successfully, the Porte gradually yielding almost every disputed point, and shortly before his death Michael, who made his former opponent Garashanin his prime minister, had the satisfaction of seeing the last of the Turkish garrisons, including that of the fortress of Belgrade, withdrawn from the country, whose relation to the Porte was thus changed to an almost nominal tributary connection. In every other respect, too, Servia was steadily progressing. But with their return to power the Obrenovitches had also returned to their earlier international policy, while their exiled enemies, settled across the border in Hungary, gradually recommenced agitating and plotting with the opposite factions. Michael was denounced as faithless to the national and Christian interests of the Slavic race, and as a vile tool of Franco-Austro-Hungarian diplomacy in its opposition to Russian hegemony in the East.

It would be presumptuous to judge, from this distance, by the scanty materials made public by the leaders of the trial, how far fanatical sentiments of this kind have contributed to ripen the plot which has so abruptly terminated the reign and life of Michael Obrenovitch III. So much, however, appears certain, that personal motives—reckless ambition, hatred, and a fondness for political adventure—were the chief springs of action with the leading conspirators, and that both national aspirations and foreign money—gained, perhaps, under false pretences—were made use of to procure abettors in an enterprise the real import and aim of which Paul Radovanovitch may have divulged but to few of his associates. That a republican and agrarian movement was contemplated among other eventualities, and perhaps with predilection, by that audacious conspirator, seems almost equally certain. The general outburst of indignation, however, which followed the assassination, and the enthusiastic unanimity with which the Servians have placed young Milan on the throne of his uncle, evidently show how miscalculated the whole scheme was, and have justly been cited by the Emperor of the French, in a conversation held a few weeks ago, and already commented on by us, as confirming the rule that political murders serve only to strengthen the party whose overthrow is aimed at.

Throughout this century, little Servia, whose population even now hardly exceeds 1,200,000—almost all of Slavic race and Greek Orthodox faith—has acted a more conspicuous part in Europe than either its magnitude and resources or the intellectual and moral condition of its people would have led observers to expect. This is owing to a most advantageous geographical position, to the warlike character of the nation, to a favorable combination of political circumstances, and also to the energy and ability of some of the Servian rulers, who, though belonging to two bitterly hostile houses, have, when in power, steadily and firmly maintained one line of policy, and, in spite of constant internal and foreign machinations, uniformly advanced the welfare and promoted the power of the country. For the future, it is encouraging to know that the regency under which the new Prince has been placed is composed of men whose past services offer a guaranty for a consistent continuation of the preceding rule. But it will require a firm hand to steer the little state safely across the shoals and rocks where the stream of South-Slavic history is likely to flow, with increased impetuosity, in the near future.

## ENGLAND.

London, July 18, 1868.

One of the beauties of London, or rather of its neighborhood, consists in the extent of still unbroken commons. The most picturesque of those still remaining is Wimbledon, at the distance of some six miles from the heart of the town. Emerging from the long rows of suburban villas, one finds one'sself on the edge of a broad level plateau, with long stretches of turf bounded by gorse and heather, and to all appearance as wild as a moor in Scotland. Beyond this plain the common descends pretty steeply to the edge of a little stream, on the opposite side of which are the picturesque slopes of Combe wood, belonging to the Duke of Cambridge. Several little ravines break the crest of the hill and may stand for very fair miniatures of a Highland glen. Standing at the bottom, one has on each side broken banks of gorse, and the vista is closed by the foliage of Combe wood. For anything that strikes the senses, London might be as distant as it is from Helvellyn or Ben Lomond. Indeed, the extreme seclusion of these glens recommended them in former days as the scene of duels, at the last of which the notorious Lord Cardigan was a performer, and he has bequeathed the name of Glen Cardigan to its scene. How it comes to pass that so much unbroken ground has still been preserved from the universal plague of brick and mortar would be too long a story to tell; only I may say that a vigorous legal battle is raging between the commoners, who maintain their right to keep it open, and Lord Spencer, the lord of the manor, who is anxious to establish his right to enclose it. Threatened by the constant anxiety of annexing so valuable a bit of property, and by the ambition of numerous railways to force a passage through it, it has hitherto held its ground; perhaps, however, its best chance of permanent safety consists in the fact that it has been unanimously chosen as the great meeting-ground of our volunteers. The level plateau does well as a parade-ground, and along the edge of the slope are erected the butts. Missing bullets are supposed occasionally to cross the valley and slaughter some of the game in the recesses of Combe wood; but till the wood is displaced by villas human life will not be endangered.

Hence it comes to pass that Wimbledon Common is at the present moment a great place of resort. The annual shooting matches are going forward, and volunteers from all parts of the kingdom are swarming to this centre. There is the prize of £250 given by the Queen for the distinguished volunteer who will, for a year, be the champion shot of England. There are innumerable supplementary prizes given by all sorts of persons from all sorts of motives, from the Prince of Wales to retail shopkeepers, and from pure patriotism to simple desire of advertising. There are matches between England, Scotland, and Ireland; between the Houses of Lords and Commons; between Oxford and Cambridge; or between Eton and Harrow,

There are prizes to be won in all sorts of competitions, and with all sorts of rifles. There are prizes for firing as many shots as possible in a minute, for firing at a moving object shaped like a stag, for firing whilst running fifty yards between each shot, and for excellence in any other imaginable variety of competition. Now, there is to my mind no stupider sight in this world than a rifle-match. You see a gentleman lying on his stomach for a long time carefully adjusting a rifle; he fires it, and you are informed that he has done something wonderful, or the reverse; but when all is said, there has been nothing to see but a gentleman on his stomach. Moreover, there are so many competitions going on at once that the mind of the ordinary civilian becomes hopelessly bewildered, and he strays vaguely from one butt to another without a guess as to what is going on, till he reads the results in next day's newspaper. In another way the sight is interesting enough. The rifle-shooting has become the centre of attraction for a gigantic picnic. It has become fashionable to camp out on the common, and some three thousand men pass the time under canvas, by way, as I suppose they intended originally, of initiating themselves in the hardships of campaigning. If this was their design, it was laudable, but has been rather a failure. The tents have become as luxurious as tents can be. They are supplied by skilful caterers from London; there is abundance to eat and to drink, and plenty of conviviality for those who do not fear the effect upon the firmness of their nerves. The volunteers seem to be having a very jolly time of it, and they consequently swarm in every variety of uniform. The most popular color, owing to some tradition about riflemen, was a dark green, which, at a small distance, appeared to be positively black. A lighter grey has now become commoner, and some of the volunteers stick to the good old British scarlet. The consequence is, that a brigade of volunteers presents the most singular mixture of colors conceivable, and I fear that the variety of their dress represents only too faithfully the heterogeneous composition of the force in other respects. Indeed, a walk across Wimbledon Common would suggest to the "intelligent foreigner" of newspapers some very obvious reflections as to our volunteer army. In one respect it has certainly succeeded beyond expectation. Rifle-shooting has become a popular amusement, and there are few towns of even moderate size which do not reckon a certain number of enthusiastic shots among their inhabitants. Although it is regarded with some contempt by the devotees of cricket, rowing, and other sports favored by the genuine athlete, it seems to have taken root as a kind of subsidiary amusement. In towns it has supplied a very useful recreation for the tradesmen, who have been very much in want of some open-air exercise; and the number of really good performers steadily increases. Considered as an army, the volunteers are much more open to criticism. Some thirty thousand of them went down the other day to a grand review at Wimbledon, and, provoked by some railway mismanagement, they became dissolved, on their return, into a confused and chaotic mass. Some of their leaders have described them, in consequence, as an utter sham; and they have received some harder language than they have hitherto been accustomed to. To say the truth, they have the faults which are necessarily incident to men merely "playing at soldiers." Their officers, with few exceptions, have not been trained in any way, and know next to nothing about their business. They have no authority over their men, and the discipline is universally of the laxest description. What would be still more fatal to the body considered as an army, they have scarcely any organization; they stand in no particular relation to the regular army or to the militia; and if ten thousand of them were collected together, they could not march a hundred miles for want of commissariat. They would be simply a large body of excursionists. What we have is simply two hundred thousand men possessing a tolerable knowledge of drill, and well skilled in the use of the rifle. They are the raw material, but not the manufactured army.

Talking of military affairs reminds me naturally of Sir R. Napier. We have not yet done throwing up our hats and cheering him to the echo. He has been made a peer, has received a pension of £2,000 a year for two lives, and has been chased up and down from banquet to banquet with that perseverance characteristic of the English lion-hunter. An unpleasant little controversy has meanwhile cropped up in the papers. It is asserted that King Theodore was deceived at the last moment, and was led to understand that the English commander had accepted his present, and thereby, according to Eastern customs, had agreed to peace. The attack upon Magdala, it is asserted, took him by surprise, and was to his understanding a breach of faith. The matter has not been quite explained, nor do we know who was the responsible person, as the messages to Theodore had to pass through more than one interpreter. The discussion has left a rather unpleasant impression, but we are so determined to rejoice over our victory that it is impossible to obtain much hearing for it. Meanwhile, Sir Robert, or Lord Napier of Magdala, seems to receive his worshippers with all due modesty and gives general satisfaction.

Mr. Bright is already off to Ireland, for the laudable purpose of salmon-fishing. He was caught on his road by some obtrusive corporation and made to deliver a speech on the well-worn topics of the Church and the land-laws. Of course he made it, and seems to have spoken well; but I think that the exaction was felt to be a piece of unnecessary cruelty. Our legislators are all eager to be off and to cast away their cares for a time. The election which is hanging over them is a cruel prospect for most. The change in the constituencies leaves everything uncertain except that there will probably be heavier expenses than ever. Direct bribery is perhaps likely to be less common, more because it is past any one's means to bribe sufficiently in a large constituency than because a new and more stringent act has lately been passed against it. But the modes of spending money in a legitimate way are so numerous that the expense is growing heavier in most boroughs. The new candidates who come forward are for the most part men who can afford to spend £1,500 or £2,000 a year for the pleasure of being members of Parliament. They are generally middle-aged merchants who have made a fortune in a large town and are ambitious of the magical letters M.P., and it is becoming daily more difficult for a poor man to enter into that paradise—though still it may be rather easier than for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle. Mr. Thomas Hughes has distinguished himself by declaring that he will spend no money upon his election, and that his constituents may take him or leave him as they choose; and Mr. Mill takes the same position, though in his case the necessary funds are raised by collection amongst his numerous admirers both in and out of the borough. To men so widely known, for different reasons, this is possible. The Liberal press is certain to support both of them, and will spontaneously supply the advertisements so necessary and generally so expensive. The borough of Greenwich proposes to honor itself in a similar way by electing Mr. Gladstone free of expense, although he still stands for Lancashire. Should he fail in the North, he will thus find a refuge in the metropolis. But it certainly grows more difficult for an unknown man to come forward simply on his merits and attract notice in a populous town without very large expenditure.

Candidates threatened by such troubles have a right to long for a little repose, and Parliament is growing languid under the influence of general weariness, increased by the terrible heat and unprecedented drought from which we are suffering. The grass caught fire the other day on Wimbledon close to the ammunition tent and all but blew up some thousands of pounds weight of gunpowder and nobody knows how many volunteers. It was put out by a timely display of energy, but everywhere the fields are all parched and thirsty and capable of getting up on a miniature scale a representation of a prairie on fire.

# Correspondence.

## THE BONDS.—THE LETTER OF THE LAW.

To the Editor of the Nation:

In your last issue, in reply to Mr. Walker, you appear to admit that, according to the letter of the law, the Government can pay off its five-twenty bonds in greenbacks.

Is this so?

The bond for which I subscribed, to sustain the Government, reads: "It is hereby certified that the United States of America are indebted unto ——, or bearer, in the sum of one hundred dollars."

What is a dollar?

By the *law*, a dollar is defined to be "a silver coin weighing four hundred and twelve and a half grains, or a gold coin weighing twenty-five and four-fifth grains of nine-tenths pure to one-tenth alloy of each metal."

Your correspondent may say that the Government has made greenbacks "dollars."

Is this so?

On the face of them they read, "The United States promise to pay to bearer one dollar."

These notes promise to pay *coins*. To say that they are coins is to disregard a distinction they themselves draw, and to make the promise and performance identical.

But this logic drives us to the conclusion that the Government has already repudiated its obligations, for every unredeemed greenback is a swindle on its face. If the Republican party continue these as a legal tender for private debts, will they not soon be made a legal tender for public debts also?

There are but two courses, *specie payments* or *more repudiation*. Will you not, then, direct your batteries to the turning-point in the fight?

Yours, C.

MOUNT AIRY, July 27, 1868.

[If the letter of the law were as simple as our correspondent seems to think it, there would be no dispute. Unfortunately the law, like most of our laws, was accidentally or intentionally left imperfect, with just enough of ambiguity in it to admit of a double interpretation. Whatever our own views on the subject may be, and we have frequently and explicitly stated them, candor compels us to acknowledge that "the *letter* of the law" cannot be appealed to as decisive, since the greenbacks were undoubtedly made a "legal tender" for all claims and demands due to the United States and against the United States, except for interest and duties. That the greenbacks are only promises to pay coin is very true, but it is these very promises which Congress has made a legal tender, without providing the means or stipulating the time of their redemption. The Legal-Tender Act undoubtedly *admits of the interpretation* that the "sum of one hundred dollars," for which the United States are indebted to our correspondent, is the sum of one hundred legal tender dollars.

The *letter* of the law admits of two interpretations. The *spirit* of the law can alone decide. In our own opinion the evidence unquestionably shows that it was the intention of Congress to make the principal of the five-twenty bonds payable in coin; that at the time of their issue, and for some time thereafter, Congress and the people believed that the bonds *had* been made so payable; that not one person in a hundred once thought that specie payments would be suspended long enough ever to allow this question to arise; and that the question did not arise practically until the gold premium had become so high, and the finances so deranged, that the hope of an early return to specie payments was abandoned. That this view is correct we have not a shadow of doubt. But we are well aware that many good and able men disagree with us entirely. Who is to decide?

As matters stand, the question has ceased to be one of mere legality, and has become a question of equity and statesmanship. The *equitable* rights of a bondholder are susceptible of most perfect adjustment whenever the financial position of the country justifies it in attempting such an adjustment. Neither our own, nor our correspondent's, nor any one else's interpretation of the law will affect the position of the bondholders in the least. Nothing that any one can suggest in the way of argument can remove the doubt that hangs over the bonds; and until some practical object is to be gained by clearly establishing the country's liability, further discussion seems almost futile.—ED. NATION.]

## THE NATIONAL DECLINE IN PRODUCTION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have read with deep interest the article on "The Financial Prospect," in the *Nation*, No. 156, with the comments of correspondents thereon, and your replies thereto.

I enclose herewith a comparative table, showing the quantity and value of certain agricultural products, at various times, which, although prepared for an entirely different purpose, sustains all that you say in regard to the relative decline of agricultural products. From this it appears that not only has there been no increase in quantity corresponding with that of population, but in some items there was an absolute decline from 1860 to 1866, so that there was actually less *per capita* than there was in 1860.

The values given for 1866 are in *currency*, which, if reduced to specie, the average price of gold being 1.41, will show that the money value of the crops was only about $1,780,000,000, thus showing that the increase in this respect did not keep pace with the increase of population. M.

*Statement of certain Products of Agriculture, according to the United States Census returns of* 1840, 1850, *and* 1860, *with the estimated Products of* 1866.

| PRODUCTS. | *1839-40.* | | *1849-50.* | | *1859-60.* | | *1866-67.* | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | QUANTITY. | VALUE. | QUANTITY. | VALUE. | QUANTITY. | VALUE. | QUANTITY. | VAL., CURRENCY. |
| Indian corn....bush. | 377,531,875 | $132,572,186 | 592,071,104 | $296,035,552 | 838,792,740 | $377,456 733 | 867,946,295 | $591,666,295 |
| Wheat.... " | 84,823,272 | 68,016,156 | 100,485,944 | 100,485,944 | 173,104,924 | 173,104,924 | 175,000,000 | 383,773,646 |
| Oats.... " | 123,071,341 | 37,123,052 | 146,584,179 | 43,975,253 | 172,643,185 | 51,792,955 | 268,141,077 | 135,255,326 |
| Rye.... " | 18,645,567 | 13,984,175 | 14,188,813 | 7,803,847 | 21,101,380 | 13,000,000 | 20,864,944 | 24,661,290 |
| Buckwheat.... " | 7,291,743 | 4,187,205 | 8,956,912 | 6,969,838 | 17,571,818 | 17,571,818 | 22,791,839 | 22,164,121 |
| Barley.... " | 4,161,504 | 3,121,128 | 5,167,015 | 3,616,910 | 15,825,898 | 10,250,000 | 11,283,807 | 11,383,698 |
| Wool....lbs. | 35,802,114 | 11,292,144 | 52,516,959 | 15,755,087 | 60,264,913 | 18,500,000 | 100,000,000 | 50,000,000 |
| Hops.... " | 1,238,502 | 63,491 | 3,497,029 | 1,222,960 | 10,991,996 | 700,000 | 20,000,000 | 5,000,000 |
| Beeswax and honey.... " | 628,303 | 62,830 | 14,853,790 | 2,376,606 | 24,689,144 | 4,860,000 | 24,689,144 | 7,500,000 |
| Potatoes, Irish....bush. | 108,298,060 | 24,014,962 | 65,797,896 | 26,319,158 | 111,148,867 | 55,600,000 | 107,200,976 | 72,939,029 |
| " sweet.... " | | | 38,268,148 | 19,134,074 | 42,095,026 | 25,200,000 | | |
| Hay....tons. | 10,248,108 | 79,843,028 | 13,838,642 | 96,870,494 | 19,083,896 | 240,000,000 | 21,778,627 | 317,561,837 |
| Hemp.... " | 95,251 | 8,504,896 | 34,871 | 5,247,430 | 74,493 | 7,449,300 | 74,493 | 15,000,000 |
| Flax....lbs. | Included with hemp. | | 7,709,676 | 770,967 | 4,720,145 | 300,000 | 4,720,145 | 750,000 |
| Tobacco.... " | 219,163,319 | 10,400,530 | 199,752,655 | 13,982,686 | 434,209,461 | 39,000,000 | 388,128,684 | 53,778,888 |
| Rice.... " | 80,841,422 | 1,955,840 | 215,313,497 | 4,000,000 | 187,167,032 | 5,700,000 | 10,104,000 | 600,000 |
| Cotton.... " | 790,479,275 | 57,130,302 | 978,317,200 | 98,603,720 | 2,154,820,800 | 172,385,664 | 885,790,400 | 225,000,000 |
| Cane Sugar.... " | 155,110,809 | 5,907,882 | 236,814,000 | 12,378,850 | 230,982,000 | 11,500,000 | 40,000,000 | 4,000,000 |
| Maple " .... " | | | 34,253,436 | 1,712,671 | 40,120,205 | 6,000,000 | 40,120,205 | 10,000,000 |
| Butter.... " | Not given. | 33,787,008* | 313,345,306 | 50,135,248 | 459,681,372 | 55,200,000 | 460,000,000 | 115,000,000 |
| Cheese.... " | " " | | 105,535,893 | 5,276,795 | 103,663,927 | 11,300,000 | 200,000,000 | 30,000,000 |
| Wine....gals. | 124,734 | 62,367 | 221,249 | 442,498 | 1,627,242 | 1,627,242 | 4,000,000 | 4,000,000 |
| Silk cocoons....lbs. | 61,523 | 61,523 | 10,843 | 5,421 | 11,944 | 12,000 | 11,944 | 12,000 |
| Orchard products.... | Not given. | 7,256,904 | Not given. | 7,723,186 | Not given. | 19,991,885 | Not given. | 35,000,000 |
| Market-garden products.... | " " | 2,601,196 | " " | 5,280,030 | " " | 16,159,498 | " " | 30,000,000 |
| Peas and beans....bush. | " " | Not given | 9,219,901 | 5,762,436 | 15,061,995 | 7,500,000 | 15,061,995 | 15,000,000 |
| Molasses, cane....gals. | " " | " " | | | 14,963,996 | 4,250,000 | 2,500,000 | 1,000,000 |
| " maple.... " | " " | " " | 12,700,991 | 2,540,179 | 1,597,589 | 600,000 | 2,000,000 | 800,000 |
| " sorghum.... " | " " | " " | | | 6,749,123 | 1,900,000 | 10,000,000 | 3,000,000 |
| Clover-seed....bush. | " " | " " | 468,978 | 2,344,890 | 956,188 | 1,400,000 | 956,188 | 3,000,000 |
| Grass " .... " | " " | " " | 416,831 | 833,662 | 900,040 | 1,400,000 | 900,040 | 2,000,000 |
| Flax " .... " | " " | " " | 562,312 | 843,468 | 566,867 | 800,000 | 566,867 | 1,500,000 |
| Live stock.... | " " | 110,847,879 | Not given. | 136,045,129 | Not given. | 272,332,479 | Not given. | 335,910,935 |
| | | $612,796,684 | | $974,494,989 | | $1,624,844,498 | | $2,507,257,065 |

NOTE.—For the year 1840 the values are those stated by Prof. Tucker. For 1850, with the exception of "live stock," the values are those given on page 176 of De Bow's "Compendium of the Seventh Census." For 1860, with the exception of "live stock," the values are those given by Mr. Delmar ("International Almanac, 1866," page 60). For 1866, the quantities and values of the crops of grain, hops, potatoes, hay, tobacco, butter, and cheese, are those given in the annual and monthly reports of the Department of Agriculture; of wool, that given in the report of the Special Commissioner of the Revenue; of cotton, the quantity (2,214,476 bales, of 400 lbs. each) is that given in "Neill Brothers' Cotton Circular," October 15, 1867; of cane sugar and molasses, the quantities as reported in the New Orleans *Price Current*, March 9, 1867.

The above table may be found on page 34 of the "Annual Report of the Director of the Bureau of Statistics on the Commerce and Navigation of the United States," for the year ending June 30, 1867; and persons having more precise information concerning special crops than is furnished therein should send it to the Director of the Bureau of Statistics, Treasury Department, Washington, D. C.

* Dairy products.

# Notes.

## LITERARY.

J. B. Lippincott & Co. have in press the "Journal of the Voyage of H.M.S. *Galatea* Round the World, under the Command of H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh;" "Chambers's Encyclopædian Atlas; comprising a series of Thirty-nine Maps, printed in colors, and a Map of the Annual Revolution of the Earth round the Sun;" "Seekers after God (the Lives of Seneca, Epictetus, and Marcus Aurelius)," by Rev. F. W. Farrar, M.A.; "Ab-sa-ra-ka, Home of the Crows; being the Experience of an Officer's Wife on the Plains;" "The Sure Resting-place; being Selected Sayings of Our Lord Jesus Christ, arranged as a Manual of Faith and Practice;" and "A Summer in Iceland," by C. W. Paijkull (translated by M. R. Barnard, B.A.) The same house announces new editions of Aitken's "Science and Practice of Medicine," of Dr. Billings's "First Principles of Medicine," and Dr. Reynolds's "Science of Medicine." These are three works out of many by English and American authors which figure in Lippincott's new catalogue of medical works and works on natural history. Lippincott & Co. are agents for the cheap reprint of Dickens's *Household Words*.——Mr. James Miller announces the republication of Miss Annie Thomas's "Three Wives."

—The intensity of our American life has been often enough the subject of foreign comment, but the inference which Mme. Dora d'Istria draws from it in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* for July 15, is, so far as we remember, entirely original. We say inference, because although her remarks have the air of being based on experience, they are better, all things considered, ascribed to the habit of generalization in which the French perhaps excel all other people. The writer is treating of the Bulgarian nationality, and having to consider the relations of the two sexes, she steps aside for illustrations. In Latin countries, she says, women learn the laws of the universe through religious traditions, while men learn them by studying the gigantic discoveries of the human intellect which we call modern science. Hence the latter come to regard the former as an inferior species, with different capacities. In the United States, on the contrary, it is not so. There, "where the men are absorbed in unremitting exertion (*par une labeur sans relâche*), it is the women who most readily apply themselves to books and science, and at the female university of Vassar Female College one would almost be led to pity the rudeness of men's pursuits (*la grossièreté des habitudes viriles*)." We trust that Vassar will bind this number of the *Revue* in the most elegant manner, and cherish it above all her library. The male citizen whose business barely leaves him leisure to keep track of politics will do well also to purchase this number, and when his wife has read Emile Blanchard on the "First Observers with the Microscope" and George Sand's "Letters of a Traveller concerning Botany," he may enjoy M. Auguste Laugel's *résumé* of Mr. Edmund Quincy's life of his father, the late Josiah Quincy, and the "Last of the American Federalists."

—*Y Drych*, the oldest and for a long time only Welsh newspaper in the United States, now in its eighteenth year, has recently been enlarged and put into a very handsome new dress. Since it has passed into the hands of its present publisher, Mr. John Mather Jones, *Y Drych* has given evidence of very decided improvement both in its collection of news interesting to its large and intelligent class of readers, and also in the tone of its miscellaneous articles. Claiming to be and being independent in politics, its influence has been vigorously exerted in favor of the Republican party, while not approving all that that party has done. How far its influence has tended to make the Welsh people what they are, almost unanimously Republican in politics, it would be somewhat difficult to determine, as their intense repugnance to slavery has made them Republicans without the need of outside pressure. But in the elucidation of the principles of the Republican party, the defence of its doctrines, and the presentation of facts bearing upon the political situation, it has done yeoman's service in the Union cause. Though it pays considerable attention to politics it cannot be classed as a political journal. It aims to treat of all subjects of interest to its readers, and shows great ability in its editorial articles and completeness in its collection of Welsh news from all parts of the United States.

—An unknown correspondent, to whom we would here express our obligations, sends us from Geneva a part of the "Bibliothèque Nationale," published in Paris, of which the titles will be found on another page under "Books of the Week." (The latest of them bears date May, 1868.) "I judged," says our correspondent, "from the spirit of your paper, that you would be interested in them, as examples of cheap printing successfully applied to a worthy purpose. They seemed to me a good text from which to hang an appeal, or suggestion, to our American publishers to attempt a similar series of books at once good and popular." We are very glad of the opportunity to make this appeal by bringing into general notice this admirable but little known series. The "library" at present consists of 23 volumes of history, 20 of morals and philosophy, 3 of science, 4 of pedagogy (the whole of Rousseau's "Emile"), 26 of tales, 6 of "Fantaisie" (Sterne's "Sentimental Journey" and "Gulliver," among others), 11 of plays (French and German), 10 of poetry (the whole of Horace, Dante's "Inferno," etc.), 11 of "Polygraphie" (miscellaneous), and 1 of æsthetics—in all, 115 volumes. Each of these is sold for 25 centimes, or a quarter of a franc; and the importing value of the franc being 33 cents gold, any one of the series could be obtained here for 12 cents in currency. The form is a 32mo, most convenient for the pocket, and there are six "signatures," or 192 pages. We may compare this with the Messrs. Appleton's "plum-pudding edition" of Dickens, choosing the "American Notes," which sells for 15 cents, and is a 12mo, with 108 pages. The first noticeable difference after the shape is the type, which in the "Notes" is as small as that employed in the *Nation's* table of contents (nonpareil), while in the French series it is a trifle larger than the type used in our editorial articles (bourgeois). Of course the odds are greatly in favor of the latter, so far as eyesight is concerned. The French paper is quite as good as the American, and at all events is *good enough*, a lesson which our publishers can never learn too soon. The matter contained in the "Notes" is about twice that of (say) the "Montesquieu." Here, then, we have the evidence that an American house might imitate the French example, and find its profit in doing so, provided it could be assured of a sufficient sale. But of this, we think, there ought to be no doubt, and if the American classics would not sustain the undertaking, there is no reason why it should not be floated as the French is, by translations from the classics of all countries, ancient and modern. Mr. Longfellow's "Dante" or Mr. Parsons's "Inferno" would certainly find a remunerative market, along with Mr. Brooks's "Faust" and "Titan," and many another translation honorable to American letters. For the rest, all that is wanted is judgment in selecting parts of an author's whole—those parts which have deserved and won a fixed place in literature, and cannot be repeated too often. Will not the Appletons, when they have exhausted the Scott series and the Marryat series—or will not Ticknor & Fields, dropping their "Good Stories"—turn their attention to this more useful mode of supplying the people with good reading? Several of the volumes before us are marked "fifth edition." The series appears to be issued fortnightly.

—Mr. Henry Morley—the author, let us say, of two or three delightful biographical works not so well known as they should be, and best known by his poorest book, "Palissy the Potter"—recently, while working in the British Museum Library, made a "find" which at first view seemed to be of almost the greatest value. He discovered a poem written on the blank leaf of the original edition (1645) of Milton's first collected English and Latin poems, entitled "An Epitaph" and signed J. M., Ober. (October) 1647. The handwriting seemed to Mr. Morley (who, however, does not say that compared it with anything but his recollection of fac-similes of Milton's hand) undoubtedly genuine, and he copied the poem with rejoicing, and sent it to the *Times* with a letter, to which the *Times* gave the honor of leaded type. Unfortunately, the authorities of the Museum, finding that the rush of visitors to see the treasure was becoming inconvenient, held a consultation, examined the autograph, and announced in the *Pall Mall Gazette* that the handwriting was not Milton's and that the signature was not "J. M.," but "P. M." There is no appeal, we suppose, from this decision. The following lines are the best of the poem:

"Think not (reader) me less blest
Sleeping in this narrow cist
Than if my ashes did lie hid
Under some stately pyramid.
If a rich tombe makes happy yn
That Bee was happier far yn men
Who busie in ye thymie wood
Was fettered by ye golden flood
Wch fro ye Amber-weeping Tree
Distilleth downe so plenteously;
Ffor so this little wanton Elfe
Most gloriously enshrind itselfe
A tombe whose beauty might compare
With Cleopatra's sepulcher.

. . . . . .

"Then pass on gently ye yt mourne,
Touch not this mine hollowed Urne
These Ashes wch doe here remaine
A vitall tincture still retaine;
A seminall forme within ye deeps
Of this little chaos sleeps;
The thred of life untwisted is
Into its first existencies;
Infant Nature cradled here
In its principles appeare;
This plant thg [though] entered into dust

In its Ashes rest it must
Until sweet Psyche shall Inspire
A softning and œtifick fire
And in her fost'ring armes enfold
This Heavy and this earthly mould:
Then, as I am He be no more
But bloome and blossome b . . . [as before]
When this cold numnes shall retreate,
By a more yn Chymick heat."

There is nothing in verses such as these (if we except some poor rhyming and the bad grammar, for rhyme's sake, of one couplet) which Milton should have been very much ashamed to write, though certainly nothing of which he could have been proud; and they are much in his manner. Most probably they are the work of some youthful lover of Milton, who knew by heart the "Il Penseroso" and "L'Allegro."

—Another of "the immortals" is dead, M. Viennet having departed this life the other day in Paris. In this country nothing was known of him, but although of late, in his old age, somewhat out of public view, he once was a very busy and prominent man in the literature and politics of the French capital. He once said of himself that not less than five hundred epigrams were published every year on his person, his features, his poems, his speeches in the Chambers, his tuft of hair rebellious to the comb, and his green surtout. That was back in the Orleanist days, when, in consequence of his prosecution of a newspaper editor for libel and his warm support of Louis Philippe's repressive anti-revolutionary measures, he was decidedly the most unpopular man in France. The love of the Bonapartists he never had, nor they his; the Legitimists could not be very fond of a man who went to the barricades against Charles X., and Louis Philippe's friends were not very numerous. But Viennet was proud of his unpopularity and enjoyed it, being a natural born lover of hot water, and having a fine satirical gift to aid in keeping him constantly quarrelling. Moreover, he spared neither friends nor foes, but impartially gave everybody reason to hate him. He was born, says a writer in the London *Times* who knew him personally, either in 1777 or 1771, and, at the youngest, died at the great age of 91. His place of birth was the little town of Beziers, which is said to have had the honor of producing no less than three academicians. At nineteen he became a lieutenant in the marine artillery; he was captured by the English, served on land in Saxony, and was present at Bautzen and Dresden and at Lützen, where he got the cross of the Legion of Honor from the hand of the Emperor and the rank of captain. But he had voted against the life consulate of Napoleon and against the establishment of the Empire, and his success as a soldier was less than it should have been. Indeed, on one occasion the decree for his transportation to Cayenne was actually signed, and he would have been exiled but for the entreaties of Marshal Gouvion St. Cyr. St. Cyr got him into the royal staff corps when the Bourbons returned, but he satirized the Bourbons, and when he was made a deputy attacked them and their policy violently, and, of course, caustically. He liked monarchy, but Jesuits he abhorred, he said, and he hated despotism. He was not long in losing his staff appointment. As we have said, he was a warm Orleanist, and Louis Philippe raised him to the peerage in 1840 The controversy between romanticism and classicism in literature engaged a good deal of his attention, which he by no means confined to politics, and he vigorously made himself enemies on both sides. In 1830 he was made an academician, beating Benjamin Constant. To name his literary productions would be to make an immense list of tragedies, comedies, poems, epistles, essays, histories, and whatever else is done in prose or verse. His sarcastic "Fables" in polished verse are considered his best work, but his "Memoirs," which are to come, will no doubt do most to keep his name alive. They can hardly fail to be exceedingly readable.

—The French opposition have been defeated in their endeavor to get a little more freedom for the book-press. They proposed to abolish the office, or suppress the salary, of the chief officer of the Colportage or Hawkers' Commission. M. Rouher defended the existing law, of course; it was horrible, he said, to think of the pedlar opening his pack of ribbons and threads at the cottage-door and then slily inducing the innocent cottage-girl to buy immoral books and engravings. In fact, the law creating the commission was made in the republican days just after '48, and doubtless was made in the interests of morality, and not for political purposes at all. M. Jules Simon admitted all that M. Rouher had said to be true; he wished it said more strongly, if possible; but the picture drawn by the minister was already to be seen all over France, he said, and it was most certainly in great part the result of the way in which the Colportage Commission discharged its duties. To works of the greatest obscenity the Government will allow its stamp, and is sure to refuse it to works that in any, the most indirect, way are opposed to the administration—even if so indirectly, as by having the name of a known anti-Imperialist on the title-page; what ever may be the contents of the work, it is wrong, the commission seems to think, to give currency even to the names of the politically evil-disposed. M. Rouher had his majority, however, and did not trouble himself with much argument. The control of the book-press—which in a country, like France, of few bookstores depends for real publication on the hawkers—is a power too valuable for Napoleon to think of giving it up.

—The commission appointed by Napoleon III. to publish the letters of his uncle has got as far as the twenty-third volume, which extends only to June, 1812. That this collection, for state reasons, is not complete, is a matter of course; yet it already embraces nearly 19,000 pieces, while the imperial and war-department archives are known to contain 60,000. Heinrich Kurz has undertaken, for Germany, to follow in the steps of the commission, and to cull from this enormous correspondence whatever would interest the general reader, within reasonable limits. One volume has already been published by the Bibliographical Institute of Hildburgshausen ("Ausgewählte Correspondenz Napoleon's I."). It includes Bonaparte's reports on his military operations, on his diplomatic negotiations, etc., and ends with the Congress at Rastadt (Dec., 1797). A map of the campaign in Italy is added. The value of this condensed autographic history is so manifest that we have little doubt some English or American publisher will make Herr Kurz's abridgment available to us. But the translator ought to borrow (or purchase) the compiler's judgment only, and give us the English immediately from the French original.

—We find in a late number of the *Weser-Zeitung*—a paper to which we are oftener indebted for useful information than we can always suitably acknowledge—some valuable statistics concerning the growth and industries of Berlin. And first, the city had 547,000 inhabitants in 1861, and it began the present year with upwards of 702,000, a truly gigantic increase. Trade and manufactures have, however, kept pace with it, so that Berlin promises even in these respects to be the leading city of the kingdom. The cost of living has of course increased, and what it is in detail the following table will show for the three classes whose incomes are (1) 3-400 thalers, (2) 6—800 thalers, (3) 1,000–1,500 thalers. (The value of the thaler is about seventy-five cents.) Any given family will then spend for

| | I. | | II. | | III. | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Food, | 62 | 95 | 55 | 90 | 50 | 85 |
| Clothing, | 16 | | 18 | | 18 | |
| Rent, | 12 | | 12 | | 12 | |
| Fuel and light, | 5 | | 5 | | 5 | |
| Education and religion, | 2 | 5 | 3½ | 10 | 5½ | 15 |
| Public security, | 1 | | 2 | | 3 | |
| Health, | 1 | | 2 | | 3 | |
| Ease and recreation, | 1 | | 2½ | | 3½ | |
| Per cent., | 100 | | 100 | | 100 | |

These figures are borrowed from Dr. Engel, and in remarking on the constant ratio, for all three classes, of the rent, it is stated that the percentage for this item is probably too low and is constantly tending to become higher. Of the North Germans it is said that they will sacrifice eating to decent living, while the South German and the Austrian German give the preference to eating. The wages of trades-people and mechanics, which we have not space to copy in full, seem astonishingly low; bakers, to cite the first instance, get from one to two and a half thalers a week, and in order to earn three, must work nineteen hours a day, including all the night. The highest wages of all are 13 thalers, earned by some machinists. Returning to rent once more, it is observed that the lower the income, the higher the ratio of the rent, as follows:

| THALERS. | PER CENT. |
|---|---|
| 1,000– 1,500, | 27.54–23.44 |
| 1,600– 2,000, | 22.65–20.56 |
| 2,000– 2,500, | 20.18–18.87 |
| 2,600– 3,000, | 18.50–17.40 |
| 3,100– 3,500, | 17.15–16.25 |
| 3,600– 4,000, | 16.05–15.12 |
| 25,000–55,000, | 5.70– 3.50 |
| 60,000 and upwards, | 3.00– 2.28 |

For the classes below these there are no data. A similar law holds as to food. Lodging rents were worth in Berlin collectively in 1867 about 19 millions of thalers, on which basis the total income of the citizens would be estimated at about 90 millions; but it is undoubtedly higher.

—"German Art and German Politics" (Deutsche Kunst und Deutsche Politik) is the title of a work by Richard Wagner, whose latest opera, "The Master-singers of Nuremberg," is meeting with so much success in its first representations at Munich. The book is published at Leipzig by

J. J. Weber. It discusses the decline and possible recovery of the German theatre, and urges the displacement of the pernicious influences of French civilization by the German spirit which was newly awakened in the last century by Lessing and Winckelmann, and made illustrious by Goethe and Schiller, by Mozart and Beethoven. The suppression of this spirit was attempted by Napoleon with little success, as a conqueror, but was effected by the German governments themselves, subsequent to his fall, by the fashion which they set of encouraging Italian music and the demoralizing drama of the French in the court theatres. To the same, or rather to the present, authorities Wagner looks for the inauguration of reform, and the conclusion of his work indicates on which one of the German states he relies as a leader. Prussia, he says, has, in obedience to Frederic the Great's prescription, made the German vocation to consist in the pursuit of pure utility. It remains for Bavaria to furnish the model German state, organized on the principle that above all utilitarianism there is an ideal.

## RECENT BOOKS ON EARLY ENGLISH.*

STUDENTS of the early English language and literature owe a good deal to each of the authors whose names stand below, and may expect to owe them a good deal more. Dr. Stratmann, close upon the appearance of the last seventh of his dictionary—which has but just made its way to America—has published an edition of that remarkable specimen of Saxon English, of equal value to poetry and philology, the "Owl and the Nightingale."

Eduard Mätzner is the author of a scientific English grammar, very elaborate and of high excellence. As for Mr. Morris, his activity has for some years kept spectators in perpetual and increasing astonishment. He has especially devoted himself to the difficult subject of the dialects of the Old English, and has edited, for the Philological Society or the English Text Society, half a dozen works of the first consequence, all hitherto either unknown or inaccessible, and as many more are in the press or in his desk. All this he has done while filling the post of a national schoolmaster, a sort of place from which we in America have seen little come but elementary arithmetics, common-school geographies, and grammars which disgust advanced scholars not less than they do the unhappy children who are compelled by school committees to study them.

Mr. Morris's "Specimens of Early English" forms one of the already favorably known series of works put forth by the University of Oxford in the interest of improved education. The book is perhaps beyond the present range of our high schools; but the want of something like it has been long felt in those of our colleges where an attempt has been made to study the English language. In Yale and Harvard, for instance, the elements of Anglo-Saxon have been taught for many years; but when the Saxon reading-book was finished, classes have been obliged to jump three hundred years of the subject and come down to Chaucer. The gap could be filled only by books not commonly found even in our libraries, some of them bulky and expensive, some exceedingly expensive and exceedingly rare. To speak more exactly, it could not be filled at all, since several most important works till lately existed only in manuscript, and several others are still in that state. Mr. Morris and the directors of the Clarendon Press have now furnished us a book as handy and as pretty as possible, which all but bridges the chasm. The Semi-Saxon period remains unprovided for, the "Specimens" beginning with the year 1250; but this deficiency is partly supplied by Thorpe's "Analecta Anglo-Saxonica," which gives a few extracts from Layamon and the least bit of the "Ormulum." The "Analecta" has this year been reprinted, and had a dozen or twenty pages of Orm been added, that book, with Vernon's or Thorpe's edition of Rask's grammar, would afford a very sufficient introduction to the study of Early English. And here it may as well be said that no satisfactory study of English can be made except in the historical order. Without some acquaintance with Saxon grammar the reader of these "Specimens" will frequently be puzzled, and always be slavishly dependent on the editor; whereas with a knowledge of the original forms, such as can be acquired in a fortnight, and such a stock of words as could be got by reading Thorpe's little book, he would be prepared to surmount many difficulties without any help, and to *perceive* many more, of which he would otherwise have absolutely no conception.

Mr. Morris has prefixed to his "Selections" an introduction, containing a few useful remarks on the principal dialects of Early English, the northern, midland, and southern, and the outlines of Early English grammar. The grammatical outlines, which are based on the southern dialect (with notices of the more important divergences of the others), are to be received with some caution. We are not ourselves in a position to assert that these outlines do not represent, in a general way, the facts of the grammar of the southern English; but the subject is very difficult, and requires an investigation both patient and wary, which, indeed, Mr. Morris may have made, and which we certainly have not made. Be this only said here—that it is antecedently improbable that the grammar from 1200 to 1400 can be faithfully and profitably exhibited in so brief a synopsis, and that any one may see at a glance that the account given by Mr. Morris of the language of Chaucer, in his "Selections from Chaucer" (published in the same Clarendon Series), differs in many points from the grammar of the "Specimens."

The selections are made with judgment and are very entertaining reading. The notes are on the whole very good, and so is the glossary, though both would be better if less brief. For the editing, so far as concerns literary or historical introductions to the various pieces and the rectification of the texts, there is next to none. Sometimes the texts are printed off from books without attention to punctuation, and in this way the reader is exposed to falling into many a pit. This comes from too much haste, to which cause, without admitting any excuse, we may also attribute the continual acceptance of impossible readings without a word for or against. Now and then, but not often, haste leads to a false gloss, as where y-primisined, p. 126 (from *primsigner, præsignare,* to make the sign of the cross before or over anything), is explained "dressed, covered." We must, moreover, express an opinion that pieces of Latin original like the metrical English Psalter ought not to be put forward as representing any stage of English, unless they are accompanied by the Latin texts, which they translate with amazing servility.

The "Altenglische Sprachproben," we are both sorry and glad to say, so much as we have of it, is a much better piece of work than Morris's "Specimens." It is also on a large scale. We have only the first half of the reading book as yet, containing verse only. It goes further back than the English book (to Layamon), and comes a little further down. If the second part of the first volume is to be as large as the part we have, the German book will contain twice as much text as the English. Then the editing is simply admirable. The introductions to the selections (by Karl Goldbeck) leave nothing to be desired, neither do the notes, which are copious, learned, and altogether masterly, and show a thorough familiarity with English both old and new. The criticism of the text is properly attended to, and is conducted with due caution but without superstition. There is to be a glossary (in which part Goldbeck is to help), which is not to be limited to the words contained in the selections, but to cover the whole field of Old English, and to take cognizance both of the etymology and of the historical development of the meanings of words.

The editor of the "Sprachproben" expresses a modest hope that English scholars "will pardon a stranger who, disclaiming all title to share their merits, ventures to take part in their labors." This gives us an awkward feeling, but we shall perhaps get used by-and-by to being beaten by Germans in our own line.

Stratmann's dictionary is a conscientious and able work, and cannot well be dispensed with in studying the other two books. The author had insufficient materials, which accounts for many omissions, though it does not explain the neglect of words of the Latin stock. It is a handsome book, and no press sends out handsomer books now than the German. But the author will allow us to regret that he does not set more value on the ordinary typographical expedients; that he has not facilitated the finding of words by printing his vocabulary in full-faced type, after the fashion of that beautiful volume, Burguy's "Glossaire de la Langue d'Œil;" and that he shows some of the indifference to paragraphs and capitals which is so inconvenient in the books of Jacob Grimm of glorious memory.

## MR. CRACROFT'S ESSAYS.*

THIS book very well illustrates the strength and pretty well illustrates the weakness of the contemporary newspaper *littérateur*, or literary journalist, whose journal is of a high class. Read the well-written essay with which the second volume opens, "The Jews of Western Europe," and it is at once made plain that the writer is producing work intended, or at any rate destined, to serve only some momentary purpose. Furthermore, one suspects that he is not so familiar with his subject as to be capable

* "Specimens of Early English, selected from the chief English authors, A.D. 1250—1400, with Grammatical Introduction, Notes, and Glossary. By R. Morris, Esq." Oxford, 1867. Clarendon Press Series.

"Altenglische Sprachproben, nebst einem Wörterbuche, unter Mitwirkung von Karl Goldbeck, herausgegeben von Eduard Mätzner. Erster Band: Sprachproben. Erste Abtheilung: Poesie." Berlin, 1867. [For sale by L. W. Schmidt, New York.]

"A Dictionary of the Old English Language. Compiled from Writings of the XIIIth, XIVth, and XVth Centuries. By Francis Henry Stratmann." Krefeld, 1864-1867.

* "Essays, Political and Miscellaneous. By Bernard Cracroft, M.A., Trin. Coll. Camb." 2 vols. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

of producing anything in relation to it that shall have any claim to authority or permanence. It is the journalist turning out historical papers, for the preparation of which he has not fitted himself, who talks about Jews brought back from Babylonia to Jerusalem "by Esdras in the time of Cyrus." It most certainly is not the careful historical student who talks so. The Esdras or Ezra whom Mr. Cracroft means was not contemporary with Cyrus; the event referred to took place fully fifty years after the death of Cyrus. In the same way fault is to be found with the author when he tells us of "1,500,000 men—an American army"—as having been lost "in the war against Titus." Where, we wonder, are we to get our due allowance of wounded for all these "dead"? and where in all Palestine are we to look, when "the war against Titus" is over, for one adult Jew? A million and a half of men must have been the entire adult male population of Judea at that time. Somehow or other, too, Mr. Cracroft gets his million and a half of dead men all into the city of Jerusalem. And where, let us ask, would one find the "Cosri" of any Judah Levy? There is the "Cosri," or "Khusari," of Judah Hallevi Ha-Levi (The Levite), which is the book meant by Mr. Cracroft, and, as regards the general description of its contents, accurately enough described by him. From the same source, or one equally untrustworthy, Mr. Cracroft must have got his information that Doctor Jost's great work—"the fullest account, by a modern Jew, both of the modern and ancient history of his nation," "eloquently written, and conceived with considerable historical and political vigor of thought"—is the work entitled "Geschichte des Judenthums und seiner Sekten." The description is well enough, but it applies to another work; that work of Doctor Jost's by reason of which he merits the encomium above quoted, the one which has the undoubted right to be called his "great" work, is not the "Geschichte des Judenthums," but the "Geschichte der Israeliten" (9 vols., 1820–28, and 3 vols., 1846–47). Literary work similar to this as respects accuracy grows more and more common in current literature, the most usual exhibition of it being made in the periodical press. As the periodical press is rapidly supplanting the mere book press, and daily more and more exclusively supplies the literature for the reading public taken by and large, it is of importance that something should be done to hold writers for magazines and newspapers to a sense of their obligation to pretend to no knowledge which is not theirs, and to write not too hastily, true though it is that they write for hasty readers, for the subjects over-boldly taken up are often handled with a carelessness not in consonance with the character of the truly industrious and conscientious worker in literature. This, as we began by saying, happens in the case of men so clever as we know Mr. Cracroft to be, and so honest and honorable as we easily presume him to be, despite the fact that his work is disfigured by the fault which vitiates the whole class of work to which it belongs.

But we have had so much decided pleasure from the reading of these two volumes that we would far rather discharge the duty of praising than the other duty imposed upon us. The essays contained in them are of three general kinds—political articles, in all of which the author appears as a Gladstonian Liberal, and from which a very good view of the state of English parties may be got; secondly, literary criticisms, sometimes very brief, and never long; thirdly, essays, mostly from the *Saturday Review*, of the kind called "social articles," because minor moralizing is done in them. Some idea of the range of the essays may be got from these titles: "Conington's Æneid," "Tyndall on Sound," "Hiawatha translated into Latin," "Dreamthorp," "Ovid as a Possible Satirist," "Madame de Sévigné," "The Reform Session," "Cruelty," "Landladies and Laundresses," "County Balls," "Englishmen's Arguments."

We do not know that we should set the essays of one of the three classes above-mentioned higher than those of the other two in point of merit. The literary execution is the same throughout. The author's style is of the unaffected, unelaborate sort common in the best English papers. It is a style as different as possible in effect from the Macaulayism of the *Times*, for instance, and indeed from any deliberately made style whatsoever, whether good or bad; as a general thing, it is most like the unconscious talk of a well-educated man who is tolerably indifferent to the literary graces, so he speaks his mind. And no matter what may be the topic treated of, the pleasure Mr. Cracroft gives the reader will almost invariably be the same in kind and pretty nearly the same in degree; so, at any rate, we find ourselves believing of him after finishing his book, or when we come upon him in the *Spectator* or the *Saturday Review*. He is a subtle and acute analyzer of persons and things into their ultimate elements; "insight" is his most marked characteristic as a critic whether of books or manners, and certainly that quality or that combination of qualities that goes by the now almost slang name of insight he has in a very high degree. It has him sometimes, instead of he it, and there are several amusing displays in the volume before us of the over-refining in which he sometimes indulges himself, letting his subtlety of discrimination, his ingenuity in the division of hairs, run away with his judgment, and wanton uncorrected by his imagination or sympathies, and apparently not always kept very tight in hand by his love of truth-seeking. "Man and Bee" illustrates this. We will cite an example of its work when well employed. "The Worldly Wisdom of Bacon" is the theme suggested to him by a new edition of the "Essays," and the problem he sets himself to study is the contrast between the elevation of Bacon's speculative genius and the meanness of his spirit as made manifest in much of his practice and of his writing:

"What we feel very strongly," says Mr. Cracroft, by way of solving this question, "is that until we can place ourselves in the peculiar focus of his own familiar position, and of the personal relations of the great family of statesmen who then lived round the English throne, occupied by an able, crafty, and conceited—a vacillating and dangerous woman, whose word could and did decide the fate of any one or more of them, we cannot rightly judge the exact standard of Bacon's worldly wisdom."

And this remark he makes in development of the same idea:

"At no time probably in English history was the individual personality of the leading men, in contradistinction to the operation of representative class action, so highly developed—statesmen, orators, poets, historians, courtiers, soldiers, and sailors, the very queens, unfolded their separate powers, and acted upon one another with an individuality, an eagerness, an intensity of feeling, which it is almost impossible to contemplate without astonishment. Hence the absorbing interest, the passionate attention of such men as Bacon to details of court influence, which at this distance seem mean, petty, and trivial, but which at the time were, no doubt, felt to be vitally connected with the great interests of the day. Hence, too, perhaps, the heat and turgescence of the Elizabethan style."

With the following application of his principle he closes the case—having done some very good essay writing of the weekly-paper sort—that is to say, worked out nothing very fully, but given in brief space many suggestions of real value:

"So again, although in his 'Essays' it may be impossible to recover in all cases the trace of personal influences on his language and speculation, this personal element is sometimes very observable, as, for instance, in the essay on 'Beauty.' It is true this essay, Mr. Wright tells us, was first published in 1612; but the tone of it is so hampered, and contrasts so strangely with the gaudy and luminous discursiveness of the other essays, that we can hardly resist the feeling that he wrote it in the lifetime of Elizabeth, long before it was published, with her dread before his eyes, equally afraid of writing and of not writing upon the subject, and equally concerned what to say and what to leave unsaid. For instance, he begins most of his other essays with the direct mention of the thing he is about to discuss. His essay on 'Truth' begins, 'What is Truth?' on 'Death,' 'Men fear Death,' and so on; but when he comes to talk of 'Beauty,' he starts on the safer theme of Vertue, or, as we should say, Merit. 'Vertue,' he begins, with Machiavellian caution, '*is like a rich stone, best plane set.*' Scowl not, Elizabeth, and fear not, James, most meritorious but plainest fool in Christendom! For Elizabeth, surely, 'vertue is best in a body that is comely, *though not of delicate features*' (!) And that hath rather 'Dignity of Presence than Beauty . . . of Aspect.' Elizabeth conceived she had both. And be of good comfort, James, for 'neither is it *almost* seene that very beautifull persons are otherwise of great vertue.' Again, 'in beauty, that of favour (feature) is more than that of colour, and that of decent and gracious motion more than that of favour.' James flattered himself that his motions were very decent and gracious, and, in fact, that he moved right royally. How different is the trimming tone of this essay from the hard, cold, analytic brutal dissection of deformity: 'Deformed persons are commonly even with Nature. For as Nature hath done ill by them, so do they by Nature; being for the most part void of natural affection. And so they have their revenge of Nature.' The essay proceeds with masterly precision and acumen, and we recommend our readers to compare the two for their own edification."

Of the application of this same quality to matters of literature take this example, rather long but well worth reading. He declines to believe Ovid a merely licentious poet:

"If any one supposes that Ovid, a man of the most cultivated and versatile apprehension, the most perfect master of a delicately perfected tongue—that is to say, a man of such exquisite susceptibility that he was more than almost all his contemporaries alive to every breath of human emotion treasured up in a highly artificial language,—that such a man, living in a state of society so civilized that all its thoughts are still in the direct line of our own, could write gravely that Venus had given him as a tutor to her little boy, at a time when Venus was believed in, as a deity, quite as much, to say the least, as the Virgin Mary now is in France or Italy, and yet not see the fun and irony of what he wrote; to suppose, in other words, that he was only heaping up *mere conventional imagery*, like an Eton boy, is to be dead to the very first conditions of living authorship. Will any one believe that a man like Ovid would think it worth his while to say gravely of the youth Cupid—

'Ætas mollis et apta regi'

—in other words, that Ovid was a Roman Martin Tupper? It may, of course, be quite impossible to recover the *exact shade of irony* which these and similar lines suggested to *Roman* readers. We can only reason from

analogy, and, judging from our own contemporary experience, arrive at the moral certainty that the irony, whatever it is, is there. What can be more in the very style of ironical exhortation than the lines?

'Nec tibi vitetur, quæ, priscis sparsa tabellis,
Porticus auctoris Livia nomen habet:
Quaque parare necem miseris patruelibus ausæ
Belides, et stricto stat ferus ense pater.
Nec te prætereat Veneri ploratus Adonis
Cultaque Judæo septima sacra Syro,' etc.

"These lines are in the very spirit of one of Mr. Thackeray's ironical admonitions, perfectly pleasant, paternal, and grave, blinking nothing, without a shrug, without a wink, perfectly good-humored, but in substance all the more vitriolic. 'Be sure,' he says, '[in your amatory pursuits] not to neglect the picture gallery. It bears the name of Livia. Livia founded it. There you will see the Danaïds conspiring the death of their wretched cousins' (admirable subject to inspire amatory pursuits!) 'and their barbarous father holding in his hand a naked sword. Nor don't forget the festival of Adonis wept by Venus, nor the Sabbath of the Jews. Don't be too particular and turn up your nose at the temple of the heifer of Memphis. . . . Well (as Mr. Thackeray would have said), she only makes of others what Jupiter made of her,' etc., etc. To suppose that Ovid wrote all this as an Etonian strings nonsense verses together without further meaning, would be a supposition extremely befitting the ordinary run of commentators. No man with the least insight into the literature of his own time would think it even possible. In our time the Latin tongue is dead, with all its allusions and associations as a living language. But in Ovid's time it vibrated all over like our own. But we have no space to pursue the subject beyond the suggestion."

Of course in the discovery and marking of fine distinctions the author is obliged to use a style often different in diction from ordinary talk, and, so far, what we have said of his manner is to be qualified; but this leaves it still very possible to say absolutely what we have said of his general manner.

We have spared ourselves the labor of speaking long in his praise by letting his book speak for itself; but we will close by heartily recommending it to the attention of our readers. It seems to us the least ephemeral of the many similar works that we have recently seen. We have in mind particularly the literary judgments, or literary suggestions, with which it abounds. As for the political matter, much of that is of course of only temporary interest, though again much of it is valuable as being historical information in regard to a troubled time in English politics. And leaving aside the author's scholarship, the display of acumen exercised—exercised as it is here on interesting subjects—ought alone to secure for Mr. Cracroft a good and large American audience. Messrs. Lippincott's proof-reader, we feel compelled to say—or somebody's proof-reader; we have not seen the English edition, of which this may be an unchanged part, made abroad with Lippincott's imprint,—somebody's proof-reader, we say, ought to be dealt with severely.

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*Handbuch der vergleichenden Statistik. Für den allgemeinen praktischen Bedarf.* (Hand-book of Comparative Statistics for General Practical Use.) Von G. Fr. Kolb. Fifth edition. (Leipzig: Arthur Felix. New York: L. W. Schmidt.)—Herr Kolb is already well known, both in his own country and in England, as an able essayist upon finance and politico-economical subjects. The value of the present work is best shown by the fact that it has run through five editions since its first appearance in 1856. It contains full and admirably arranged tables upon everything relating to finance, government, trade, education, etc., throughout the globe. Germany receives, of course, the largest share of attention, but the reader will find that Great Britain, France, and the United States are treated with great fidelity and fulness; indeed, with a thoroughness which it would be vain to look for in any other treatise of the same size. The Germany treated of is the new Germany—the creation of the military events of 1866. Part V., entitled "General Surveys," with its inter-European and Asiatic comparisons, its historical *résumés* and mixed notices, is replete with interesting information. The highest praise that can be paid to any statistical work is to ascribe to it accuracy, completeness, and perspicacity of arrangement. The work before us is deserving of such praise. To those who are conversant with German it will prove a perfect *vade mecum* in writing upon general topics which involve accuracy in the statement of facts and figures. We can only hope that it will soon be rendered available to the non-German public through the instrumentality of a translation. American statistics, we may also observe in conclusion, are given by the author with many qualifications, which, we suppose, are only too well founded. The science of figures has not yet got much beyond its infancy in this country, and we may well feel some sympathy with the foreign statistician who endeavors to reduce order out of the chaos of Federal and State censuses, and to keep pace with a country where towns grow up over night, as it were, and whose railroads are constructed at railroad speed.

*Lilliput Levee.* Poems of Childhood, Child-fancy, and Child-like Moods. (New York: Wynkoop & Sherwood. 1868.)—The pretty little poem called "Polly" appeared first, with its illustration by Millais, in *Once a Week*, some eight years ago.

"Brown eyes,
Straight nose;
Dirt pies,
Rumpled clothes;"

it begins, introducing the little girl to us with pleasant abruptness; and, after a dozen stanzas, it thus bids farewell to her:

"Bedgown white,
Kiss Dolly;
Good night!
That 's Polly.

"Fast asleep,
As you see;
Heaven keep
My girl for me."

And it is the best poem, by far, in the little book which contains it now, "Lilliput Levee," a collection published in London a year or more ago, and recently republished here. Not that it is the best poem for children. The book does not seem to us very well adapted to children's wants or fancies. It would be hard to interest them in any of these verses except "Topsy-Turvy World" and two or three other bits of pure nonsense with a jingle, and now and then a laugh, in them. The rest of it is rather for grown people to trifle with than for ungrown people to enjoy. In the course of it, however, several good stories are told by the clever author. "The Whispering Boy and his Wonderful Toy" is a pleasant fancy; and the well-known tale of the Apostle Peter and the cherries is given in fairly good verse. "Stalky Jack" is really funny, and "Prince Philibert" has good lines and pretty turns of thought. But with all the fondness one may have for children's books, the few pages of interest in this one would not save it when weeding-day comes. To cut out "Polly" and "Stalky Jack," and put them in a scrap-book, is, we believe, what we should advise.

The little square book of *Poems Written for a Child by Two Friends* (New York: Geo. Routledge & Sons) is very much more to our taste, though still far from the ideal children's book. As children get to be seven years old and to read pretty well, this book will do to give them, with others, and contains much that can be read to them profitably even before that age, if read with explanations. "Little Pat and the Parson" is good, and the petition to the butterfly perhaps better; and there are many of the poems which we have read with a certain pleasure, which, however, children would hardly care for. They lack directness and plain meaning, that is, in their subject-matter and in the sequence of thought, for the style is generally simple. "Old Donald," for instance, is the making of a pleasant poem enough, but its indirect and roundabout course of thought wearies one, and would necessarily drive young folks away. So "The Wives of Brixham" and "Little Pat and the Parson" are tales which ought to be delightful to little people of seven or eight, but they are not well put together, at least for that audience. On the whole, the "Poems Written for a Child" is a pretty good book to get and try; here and there a poem of it may well be found to please a child. But the "Lilliput Levee" is not for children.

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*Burns's Poetical Works Complete.* With a Life of the Author. (New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1868.)—The Appletons have given us in this edition a "Burns" exactly uniform with the "Scott" of which we spoke a week or two ago. There are six hundred and twelve good-looking, large-print pages, containing the complete poetical works, good, bad, and indifferent, from "Tam O'Shanter" and "Willie Brewed a Peck o' Maut," and "Bonnie Leslie," down to the country-side epigrams and the things in Shenstone's English. Besides all this, there is an abridgment of Doctor Currie's life of the poet and several very full indexes, which make it easy to refer to the particular piece wanted. The glossary is scattered along at the foot of the pages, a plan of arranging it which involves repetitions, for which, however, the average reader will not be unthankful. Let us say that some of the "Miscellaneous Pieces lately Collected" would have been all the better for a fuller dictionary. The edition is absolutely unexpurgated, and this we think a mistake. We admit that it is a valid distinction which is drawn between clean dirt and dirty dirt, and that Burns's dirtiness is not of the worse kind. Still, he wrote things that nobody is any the better for reading. This fifty-cent edition will go everywhere, and be read by people of all ages. It is of no consequence that such readers should have given them the materials for making such a study of Burns as to know just what he was, where strong and where weak; they could not and would not use the

materials to any purpose. But that they should not be corrupted morally is of vast consequence. To be sure, in the case of Burns, the bane is accompanied by the antidote; we get the love for nature, the hearty fun, the indignation at various forms of meanness, the stout-heartedness, the charity, the beauty offered us for contemplation. But all this we might have had, and had unalloyed, if the publishers had so chosen, and we are compelled to express a wish that they had.

*The Story of a Round Loaf.* Thirty-two Engravings on Wood from Designs from E. Froment. (London: Seely, Jackson & Halliday.)—A charming little book for children, which one goes through, even when "showing the pictures" to a child, in a quarter of an hour, but which will bear re-reading and much looking at. It is a French book translated into English, but any child who is familiar with those crusty loaves in the shape of rings which the French bakers affect will enjoy it as if in his own vernacular. The story is told by pictures with a legend to each. It shows how little Louis walked from his father's bakehouse to Mr. Froment's dwelling with a round loaf, how the loaf bothered him, and how he tried all sorts of ways of carrying it, and what scrapes it got into, and how it got to its destination, but not uninjured. All this is very pleasant and very well told, and a nicer book to give to bright children of four we have not seen this year.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

| *Authors.* | *Publishers.—Price.* | |
|---|---|---|
| Bibliothèque Nationale, swd | (Paris) | $0 12 |
| Condorcet, Vie de Voltaire. | | |
| Fontenelle, Entretiens sur la Pluralité des Mondes. | | |
| Molière, Le Misanthrope, Les Femmes Savantes. | | |
| D'Alembert, Discours préliminaire de l'Encyclopédie. | | |
| Montesquieu, Considérations sur les causes de la Grandeur des Romains et de leur Décadence. | | |
| Burns (R.), Poetical Works, swd | (D. Appleton & Co.) | 0 50 |
| Dickens (C.), Nicholas Nickleby, Martin Chuzzlewit, and American Notes, one vol. | (D. Appleton & Co.) | 1 75 |
| Knight (C.), Shilling Shakespeare, swd | (Geo. Routledge & Sons) | 0 50 |
| Marryatt (Capt.), Midshipman Easy, swd | (D. Appleton & Co.) | 0 40 |
| Milton (J.), Poetical Works | (D. Appleton & Co.) | 1 50 |
| Mühlbach (L.), Goethe and Schiller, an historical Romance | (D. Appleton & Co.) | 2 00 |
| Norton (C. B.) and Valentine (W. J.), Report to the U. S. Government on the Munitions of War at the Paris Exposition | (Army & Navy Journal) | |
| Sarmiento (D. F.), Life in the Argentine Republic | (Hurd & Houghton) | 2 00 |
| Scott (Sir W.), The Monastery, swd | (D. Appleton & Co.) | 0 25 |
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# The Nation.

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## The Week.

NOTHING new affecting the campaign has come to pass during the week. The present indications make it seem probable that Mr. Evarts is exercising a restraining influence on the President, and that he will do nothing impeachable, and perhaps talk less than heretofore. The Southern "war-horses" are supplying much of the fiery material of the canvass, and will probably continue to do so. The immense success of the *La Crosse Democrat* is forcing the other Democratic papers into lower depths of slander and obscenity than have probably been ever reached in any previous contest; and perhaps nothing marks more strongly the difference in the material of which the two parties are composed than the almost complete abstinence of the Republican press from this sort of thing. No new campaign stories about the candidates worthy of mention have appeared since our last issue. Blair, however, gets gradually drunker and drunker, and according to the last anecdote had to be stretched out full length in a railroad car, we suppose to prevent his legs from falling off. Grant has committed no new crime, but his cotton and other frauds increase in magnitude and variety, and the depravity of his father and brother are gradually being revealed. As described now day by day in the *World*, he is probably the vilest man on earth; but when one compares these accounts of him with articles published about him in the *World* before he became a Republican candidate, one becomes exceedingly puzzled about human nature; but it is not human nature as displayed in Grant.

One or two of the Southern legislatures have passed, and more of them probably will pass, a bill authorizing the legislature to cast the vote of the State next November, and thus preventing the people from voting in the Presidential election. Under the national Constitution the legislatures undoubtedly have the right to do this; the traditional way of choosing electors in several of the States was formerly just the way that the Alabama legislature has decided on adopting. The only question to be considered is, whether or not it is expedient for them to do so at this particular time. It is a question much more easily asked than answered. In Alabama, as elsewhere in the South, the Federal troops are few and the polling-places are many; the men disfranchised by the Fourteenth Amendment—officially declared to be the law of the land—openly avow their determination to vote at all risks; Wade Hampton, who is supposed to be not merely a Southern gentleman, but peculiarly such, the Southernmost of gentlemen, urges other high-toned gentlemen to refuse employment and encouragement to every negro that votes the Radical ticket; in various parts of the South there are organized bodies of men which meet for drill and boast of their intention of carrying the election; there is a well-founded belief—any day it may be, let us hope that soon it will be, contradicted—that the President considers every Southern State government a nullity, and his moral support is given to the party of disorder, which lets Toombs speak for it in the words following:

"The grinning skeletons which have been set up in our midst as legislators shall be ousted by Frank Blair, whom the Democratic party has expressly appointed for that purpose. All these things shall be swept from the bosom of the country."

In view of this state of affairs, putting great trust in the soothing effect which the election of Grant and the certainty of a firm Republican administration will have on the minds of these old Confederate war-horses, we do not know that the Alabama and other legislatures have not a perfect justification for their action in regard to the electoral vote. The case may be different in Arkansas, where we imagine the Republican party might be beaten in a fairly conducted election; we should say nothing in favor of Arkansas following Alabama's example; but, on the whole, we think we should have nothing adverse to say if her example were to be followed by North and South Carolina, Florida, Georgia, and Louisiana.

The political outlook in this last mentioned State is, to say the least of it, such that we hope Secretary Schofield may give careful examination to the facts before he decides one way or another in regard to Governor Warmoth's application for troops—if indeed it is true that the matter has been referred to the War Department. Perhaps, since Mr. Reverdy Johnson made his report on General Butler's administration, a perfectly impartial statement touching at all on political affairs has never come out of New Orleans—and Mr. Johnson's report never got into print. The whole State of Louisiana, with all its bitterly hostile elements—even in the old days of the Slidell Democracy party hatred was nowhere bitterer than in Louisiana—is gathered into New Orleans, a city with the most cultivated and high-spirited of colored communities, and, on the other hand, with as large a force of desperadoes, moral and political, among its white inhabitants as any American city is cursed with. It is next to impossible to be there and not take sides and become an ardent partisan. Great allowances, therefore, for party wrath and wildness are to be made in the case of all stories from that quarter. But then, too, danger is always to be apprehended in such a place, and just now the nomination of Seymour and Blair seems to have set the "Conservatives" half crazy, and the Democratic audacity in threatening has given the Republicans perhaps more alarm than was necessary. On Friday, in the State Senate, Mr. Jewell wanted a committee of three appointed to wait on Governor Warmoth and ascertain the time and place of the one hundred and fifty murders which, he says, have been committed within the last six weeks. The New Orleans *Republican* has since replied with a list of the people killed as alleged. The governor's letter to the President asserts that the State is covered with lodges of a secret society the members of which drill in secret and openly. It is by means of these organizations, it is charged, that Louisiana is to be carried by the Democrats. The counter charge is made that in the Republican headquarters, near the Capitol, there are stored away more than 5,500 stand of arms, and that, according to the threats of the Radicals themselves, three thousand armed men could be assembled in Dryades Street in half an hour. There is some fire under all this smoke, and one thing seems certain—that it would be unsafe to withdraw the United States troops from New Orleans for some three or four months yet.

Mr. Seymour has "defined his position" in a letter addressed to the committee who waited on him with the information that he was the nominee. It is a month since this information was given him, but he has been waiting in hopes that Congress would do some good in the last part of the session—which, however, it did not. On the contrary, it admitted six Southern States to the Union in the persons of representatives who, if not protected by armed force, would be driven out of the country, etc. The letter is necessarily long, being meant for

many different sorts of people. For the eight-hour man there is this: "The hours of toil of our laborers are lengthened by the cost of living made by the direct and indirect exactions of the Government." For the man who does not like Frank Blair's revolutionary pronunciamento, there is this: "The election of a Democratic Executive and a majority of Democratic members to the House of Representatives would not give to that party organization the power to make sudden or violent changes," etc., etc. For the man who thinks Blair's letter the true platform, there is this: "No man can rightfully enter on the duties of the Presidential office unless he is not only willing to carry out the wishes of the people expressed in a constitutional way, but is also prepared to stand up for the rights of minorities." This is for the Northern soldier: "Having given nearly sixteen thousand commissions to the officers of that army, I know their views and wishes. They demand the Union for which they fought." And this is for the men who demand the Confederacy for which they fought: "In words instinct with meaning they (John A. McClernand's convention) called on the Government to stop in its policy of hate, discord, and dissension, and in terms of fervid eloquence they demanded the restoration of the rights and liberties of the American people." But there is no end to it. The letter is Governor Seymour at full length and with all his faces. It is this sort of thing the Democrats call statesmanship. But the majority of the people have not been calling it statesmanship since the good old days of Birdofredum Sawin. We must wait for another letter, we presume, before we find out how it is that the unrepudiating Seymour can stand on a repudiating platform (he holds not a single bond, his secretary informs an anxious enquirer, and has never held one), and whether or not he would let South Carolina enact black codes next winter. Neither slavery nor repudiation appears in this crafty document.

General Butler has been giving an account of his stewardship to his constituents at Gloucester, in a long address. He reviewed the work of the majority in Congress, claiming the credit for it of having displayed great magnanimity towards the South, of having considerably reduced the public burdens, of having defeated all "jobbing schemes of public plunder, or for the depletion of the Treasury," and of having stopped the contraction of the currency until the rich harvests promised by a "kind Providence" give us a balance of exports over imports. His views on the financial question and the impeachment business were, however, the most important, owing to his personal position on these matters. The financial question he shirked very dexterously, treating the claims of the bondholders as something on which honest Republicans might fairly differ, and which "still remains open and substantially undiscussed," and on which the party ought not now to be divided. We hope there will be some one found in his district with the courage to follow him up, however, and not let him wriggle out in this way. It is not a small matter. It will be the great question of the next Congress, and his constituents ought to know that the decision involves the public credit and national honor, and ought to find out what use General Butler is going to make of "his fine talents" with respect to it, before they vote for him. This attempt of his to treat it as a trifle is characteristic, but ought not to take anybody in, even amongst those who have the misfortune to stand before the Christian world as his constituents. About impeachment he was fierce and scriptural. He reiterated his charges against the seven senators, and compared them to the seven devils who were cast out of Mary Magdalene, and charged them with having been corrupted by either "money or lust of power." There is one reason why he should not be re-elected to Congress which we commend to the attention of his constituents, and that is, the consideration of the fact that he would make an admirable city missionary, while he makes only an ordinary politician. His respect for "the Sabbath," which he recently testified in the House; his familiarity with Scripture, which he is gradually revealing; his sympathy with the poor, and his tact in dealing with nice moral distinctions; his indifference to riches, and strong reliance on moral suasion, would make him an excellent laborer in the darker and more neglected districts of our great cities. For this work we respectfully claim him, and if the men of Gloucester are made of the right stuff, they will let us have him.

Some time in the middle of July it was telegraphed from Baltimore, we believe, that General Butler had been arrested while on his way North from Washington, and that two suits had been brought against him—one for false imprisonment by "contumacious Woolley," and one for extortion by certain "Kimberley Brothers." A day or two afterwards, Butler published a letter, which appeared in the *Tribune*, under the heading, "General Butler Strikes Back." In fact, it could hardly be mistaken for any other man's way of striking his opponent. He had *not* been arrested, he said, and "both suits were brought by John Surratt's counsel." Both suits were not brought by Surratt's counsel. However, one was; and the fact was stated by the general in order that when the Boston *Journal* took the letter down into the Fifth Massachusetts District the legal voters might say, "See how this ardent patriot finds a natural persecutor in the man who defends the scoundrel who aided Booth to murder Mr. Lincoln." R. T. Merrick is the attorney in question, and he has replied to the letter with a "card," which shows that Mr. Butler is the man who wanted very much to defend the rebel who was concerned with Booth in the assassination of Mr. Lincoln. He twice got word to Miss Annie Surratt that he wished to defend her brother, and was not employed only because Messrs. Bradley and Merrick refused to be associated with him.

The London *Spectator* calls our recent article entitled the "Financial Prospect" "striking but exaggerated," but it is difficult to see where the "exaggeration" lies. We showed by figures, which have not been upset, that our supply of beef, mutton, and milk, and other agricultural products, is less than it was four or five years ago, though the population has increased in the interval. From this we drew the conclusion that we were, in spite of our gain in machinery and manufactures, poorer than we have been, inasmuch as machinery and manufactures profit us little as long as our supplies of food are scanty, and labor consequently dear. We have never got any answer that would bear examination. The Springfield *Republican*, which has of late taken to being funny in a sad way, met it by a joke about "the milk in the cocoa-nut," by which we were reasonably amused but not convinced, and one or two other papers have indulged in a naked contradiction. The lesson of it all is, that there is such a thing as stimulating one branch of industry too much, and that it will not do to drag too much of the labor of the country into mills and mines, leaving the fields untilled and the barns empty. What we want now more than aught else, to set manufacturing industry a-going, is cheap bread and meat, and this can only be had by hard work in the open air.

The working-men of Boston, of whom we spoke last week, were too hasty in their prediction that the Government would fail utterly in getting eight hours' work under the new law for less than ten hours wages. At Davenport, Iowa, General Rodman is in charge of the United States Arsenal. Having some doubts as to the proper construction of the law, he telegraphed to General Schofield, who told him that he might keep in Government employ a laborer who had been working ten hours for $1 80 who would work on, for the eight hours that the law ordains, for $1 44. So, also, in the case of all mechanics—20 *per cent.* was to be struck from the wages of each. The men were allowed some hours for consultation, and finally about one-fourth of them accepted General Rodman's terms. As the ruling will doubtless be accepted by the officers in charge of all the yards and arsenals in the country, it begins to look very much as if the Senate, House, and President had conferred a rather barren gift on the working-man when they made Mr. Banks's bill into a law with such flourishing of trumpets. In this city, the long strike of the bricklayers was not wholly an eight-hour movement, though it was in great part that. Unless all signs fail, it is nearly at an end, and is ending unfavorably for the men. Out of a hundred bricklaying firms, fifty-five get their work done by ten-hour men, ten are doing no work rather than employ eight-hour men, while thirty-five have been obliged to give the ten hours' wages for the eight hours' work. But as bricklayers are coming in from other cities, it is claimed by the masters that very soon there will be no eight-hour man employed in New York. Among the men, on the other hand, it is said by the masters, there are fifteen hundred hands out of employment, and of the other fifteen hundred many are work-

ing ten hours, and some have left the city, and, wherever they are, they are probably not working on the eight-hour system. Of the few co-operative jobs that grew out of this strike we hear little.

All efforts to get Mr. Adams to communicate "his views on public affairs" to his fellow-citizens have thus far failed. He resolutely declines to talk politics, and says he wishes to be quiet and attend to his private business, which has suffered during his absence. A few years ago this reticence would have roused darker suspicions about him than it is likely to do now, inasmuch as the right of every human being to fix the time or place in which he shall deliver himself in public, and to select the subject of his discourse, is much more generally recognized than it used to be. In fact, the compatibility of a dislike to making speeches, or of an inability to make them, with the possession of a clear head and a fair moral character, is acknowledged in a way it was not when the venerable Horace Binney refused to subscribe to the funds of one of the Yale College Societies, on the ground that in so doing he would be promoting what he considered the curse of the country—"the gift of the gab" amongst young men.

Mr. Motley has also been offered a public reception and has declined, and in declining bore testimony to the unvarying courtesy, kindness, and good feeling which the Austrian Government had manifested towards him and the Union during the war.

The public mind in England is occupied mainly, since the close of the "heated term," with the canvass preparatory to the coming election, and enough is believed to be known already of the temper of the new constituencies to warrant the belief that the new Parliament will not differ so much from the present one as many of the Radicals had hoped. A curious indication of the state of the public temper has been afforded by the defeat of Mr. Beales, the well-known "war-horse" of the Reform League, in the Radical caucus in that most Radical of boroughs, Birmingham. He got only two votes, and the nomination has been given to Mr. Muntz, who used to be radical, but who without any change on his part is now a moderate. The peers, probably to make amends for their recent inertness in the House of Lords, are taking a somewhat more active part in the canvass, by way of "influence" and intimidation, than they have done for some years. Lord Bute, a young man at college, has undertaken to decide who shall be returned by the great borough of Cardiff which lies on his estate, and the Duke of Portland has written a most comical letter of admonition to his tenantry, showing an extremely defective education and mental powers of the lowest order. The outcry against hereditary peers, and the talk of life peerages, in the meantime grow stronger, and such incidents as these of course stimulate them.

The Irish Church question of course now lies over for decision in the next Parliament. Lord Redesdale, one of the law lords, has been making a funny speech about it, in which he lays it down that, in dealing with it, the peers are to be guided simply by "the will of God" and not mind what the public thinks—reserving to themselves, of course, the privilege of deciding what "the will of God" is—just as the luminaries of the Boston *Commonwealth* abuse senators for not adhering to the "truth," truth being, of course, whatever the brethren of the *Commonwealth* themselves produce as such. There is, as we said some weeks ago, a striking resemblance between the mental processes of all raging enthusiasts, whether tories or radicals. They all secrete the elixir of life on short notice, and carry it in their coat-tail pockets, and cherish a half conviction that they can have the use of the thunder and lightning on a pinch for the confusion of the wicked. But their day in politics is over. The world demands that they shall grind out their opinions in the regular way under inspection, and after a rigid examination of their persons, for the detection of amulets, charms, "ponies," and clandestine revelations. The discussion of the Church question elsewhere has, as far as the friends of the Church are concerned, taken an almost purely personal turn, the arguments against its existence being met by impugning Mr. Gladstone's motives in assailing it.

In France the state of affairs continues highly critical. The *Pays*, a Government organ, whose utterances are all semi-official, has published what purports to be a highly inflammatory manifesto issued by a secret Democratic Committee, denouncing the Emperor in the strongest terms as a "sickly tyrant," and recommending his assassination. Some of the papers affect to believe it the work of the police, intended to justify repressive measures, but the balance of probabilities seems to be in favor of its genuineness. That the Bonapartists are somewhat troubled about the dynasty there seems little doubt. A modification in the mode of electing members of the Corps Législatif is talked of, which would be a virtual restriction of the suffrage, and would deprive the empire of what it has always put forward as one of the strongest proofs of its legitimacy. The next election is looked forward to with a good deal of anxiety, as it will create the legislature which will probably be sitting when the Prince Imperial comes of age, and some extraordinary "act of adhesion" to the dynasty will doubtless on this occasion be expected of it, and any sign of reluctance would be most disastrous.

The La Marmora interpellation has been a principal theme of the Italian press, and has excited no little attention in other parts of Europe, notably at Berlin. Gen. Menabrea parried it by pointing out some discrepancies between the French translation of the Prussian staff account of the campaign of 1866 and the original text, by which a part of the offence was occasioned, and by reciting some official disclaimers, on the part of Prussia, of any ill-feeling towards Italy for her conduct in the attack on Austria; and finally announced that the Italian staff was at work on a history of the campaign, in which all the information in the possession of the Government would be given. Gen. La Marmora withdrew his interpellation after a speech not lacking in dignity, which the Deputies listened to with great willingness and marked attention, though they subsequently sustained the President, Lanza, in ruling debate out of order. But even this did not wholly shut the gate upon scandal. To make good his grievance against Prussia, Gen. La Marmora read openly a despatch from Count d'Usedom, Prussian minister at Florence, dated June 17, 1866, setting forth, in a manner which the general was hardly wrong in considering *de haut en bas*, the duty assigned by Prussia to her ally; instructions which were partly preposterous—as for instance to outflank the Quadrilateral, or pass through it without reducing the fortresses, and to invade Austria with these in the rear, guarded by *corps d'observation*—and partly founded on the most mistaken calculations as to the disaffection of Hungary, and the probable assistance that country would lend to the overthrow of Austria. Worse still, perhaps, were insinuations of fear lest the Italians, if they should conquer to the Alps, would rest content with the acquisition of Venetia, and by their very success imperil the advantages of Prussian victories by releasing a large Austrian force from service in Italy. It was therefore insisted on that the goal of the allies should be Vienna, and to tempt the Italians so far, a wild scheme was introduced of landing Garibaldi on the Dalmatian coast and letting him recruit as he went along, shielding the flank of the main army, and furnishing supplies, till the Danube was reached. This is, if we are not mistaken, the first official document belonging to the agreement between Prussia and Italy that has ever been published; and La Marmora has incurred fresh censure for a disclosure as questionable in point of ministerial decency as of political expediency, regard being had to the probable irritation of Prussia.

The Œcumenical Council, which is summoned to meet at Rome next year, is furnishing European publicists with what will probably be, failing a European war, more interesting than any other topic 1869 will have to offer. What is most remarkable about the Pope's call is that he leaves out kings and all other laymen, a departure from the practice hitherto pursued in summoning councils, and which is taken to be an indication that the great object of this one is to make a final break between the Church and the State, and throw the former for its future support on Divine protection in a direct form exclusively. When the Pope receives, as he has just done, a tart reply to an allocution from the Prime Minister of Austria, and that minister a Protestant, it is not surprising that His Holiness should have ceased to put his trust in princes, and have determined to exclude them from the general assembly of the Church.

## "THE LETTER OF THE LAW."

THE extent to which words help to confuse thought has rarely been better illustrated than in the history of the discussion now raging about the nature of the obligations of the Government to its creditors. The necessity under which it found itself in the early part of the war of levying a forced loan, by making its promissory notes a "legal tender," not unnaturally caused these notes to be spoken of as "money." They do now, and have for six years past, served the purposes of money, but real "money," in the generally accepted sense of the term, they are not. They are promises to pay money—promises which the Government every day violates by failing to pay—and they owe their value to the belief that some day it *will* pay; and in the meantime there is a heavy discount on them, as there is on all doubtful paper. But the mere habit of calling them "money," and using them as money for even five years, has caused a large number of people wholly to forget their real nature and origin, and to talk of them as "money" which may be used not as the Government and the public are now using them, as a temporary expedient, but in final settlement of the national obligations. The delusion is, especially when we consider the interval in time, in education, and experience which separates our day and generation from the French Revolution, much more surprising than the delusion which reigned amongst the French republicans about the celebrated *assignats*. Nobody in France was ever gulled into believing that the *assignats* were "money." It was distinctly perceived that they were promissory notes. The fallacy which prevailed about them lay in supposing that the Church lands were really pledged, in a practical manner, for their redemption. When it became plain, as it soon did, that the mortgage was not really foreclosable, and that the security was therefore worthless, the bubble burst. Nobody went about preaching that they were as good as gold, or, if anybody did, he met with an unpleasant illustration of the feebleness of his arguments whenever he offered them in payment for a cup of coffee.

The popular habit of talking of the acts of Congress authorizing the loans as "laws" is producing, if possible, effects still more mischievous. For the mere purpose of nomenclature, it is no doubt convenient to call them "laws;" but when they are called "laws" for the purpose of determining the moral obligations of the Government, when "the letter of the law" is spoken of as something by which honest men may safely abide, the evil worked by a loose use of words becomes fully apparent. A law is a command given by a superior to an inferior, and enforced by a sanction—that is, by the infliction of a penalty of some sort, in case the command is not obeyed. A command with no sanction attached is not, properly speaking, a law at all; it is the mere expression of a wish or desire. Now, the acts of Congress authorizing the various public loans have none of the characteristics of a law, and they are not laws, as regards the public. They may be considered laws as regards the Secretary of the Treasury, inasmuch as they direct him to offer bonds for sale on certain terms, and he would, of course, incur the penalty of dismissal in case of neglect or refusal. But as regards the public, they are simply invitations to lend money on certain conditions. They command nobody to do or refrain from doing anything whatever. They bind nobody. Congress might repeal them to-morrow; many members of Congress are constantly trying to have them altered or modified. There is no court in which the nation could be sued under them; no power on earth competent to inflict any penalty for the violation of them. They simply *declare* that the United States would like to borrow certain sums of money at certain rates of interest, and for certain fixed periods of time, and point out the persons to whom and the modes in which the money shall be paid in. Whatever was not clear in this invitation, the financial agents of the Government undertook to explain. They explained during four long years, through every means of publication known to American civilization, that when the Government in its proposal spoke of repayment it meant repayment in gold. The lenders had to be content with this explanation, because there was and is no court or tribunal of any kind competent to construe the proposal, or enforce any construction of it except what those who made it chose to give it. In other words, it rests with the people who asked for the money to say what the invitation to lenders meant; and in deciding what their obligations under it are they are to be guided not by legal rules of construction, but by the rules of morals in use in the forum of conscience, by the rules by which an honest man when he has in his distress borrowed secretly, and without giving security, governs his conduct when his friend asks him to refund. To call in the aid of a practitioner in the criminal courts to tell us, under such circumstances, where the path of duty lies, would be a confession which we do not care to characterize.

Moreover, the persons, of whatever party, who now call for payment in greenbacks, in defiance of the declarations of the Government agents, are not entitled to hearing, for the simple reason that their failure to speak sooner is presumptive evidence either of their stupidity or dishonesty. If they remained silent during the whole period of the contraction of the loans from inability to perceive the mischief which the declarations of the representatives of the Government were working, they must be too obtuse to make their opinion of the slightest value. If they remained silent wilfully, well knowing that the Government agents were raising expectations which they were not authorized to raise, and that the payment in coin was not intended by Congress, they simply connived at an odious fraud, and their present protests are simply proofs of their monstrous impudence. In fact, their appearance on the scene *now*, when the money has all been paid in and spent, to put a new interpretation on the contract, before the bonds are payable, is one of the most remarkable exhibitions within our knowledge of moral callousness on a great scale. It is hard to say whether their speaking now or their having previously held their peace is the more discreditable.

There is one other consideration with regard to "the letter of the law" which deserves more consideration than it has yet received. "The letter of the law" is, after all, letter only—so many words, covering so much paper. To make it of any value as a rule of conduct, it has to have an interpretation put on it; and, in fact, the only difference between "the letter" and "the spirit" of a law lies in the mode of interpretation. "The letter of the law" is, in other words, the law strictly construed; "the spirit of the law" is the law broadly construed; but construction you must have in both cases, and construction by some constituted authority. Admitting, for the sake of argument, that the acts of Congress creating the loans are real laws, and that "the letter of the law" ought to govern the manner of repaying the loans, the question, What does "the letter of the law" prescribe? remains still undecided. And who is to decide it? There are two parties to the controversy about the terms of the loan—the borrowers and the lenders; and if the acts be laws, there ought to be an indifferent person or persons competent to interpret them. To say that when a creditor and debtor disagree as to the meaning of the law under which they have framed their contract, that one of them which happens to be the stronger may interpret the law to suit himself, and the other is bound by his decision, is simply preposterous; and yet this is precisely what the repudiators, both Republican and Democratic, do say. They proclaim loudly that the very party which made "the law" and borrowed the money under it has alone the right to decide what the law means, and that the creditor is bound to accept their ruling as final. Now, of two things one, as the French say—either the acts authorizing the loans are *not* "laws," but proposals to borrow money, to be interpreted in the forum of morals only, or they *are* laws, and the nature and extent of the rights and duties created by them are to be decided not by one of the parties in interest, but by a competent and impartial tribunal, guided in forming its judgment by the great principles of equity. The reference of such a question to a majority either of the House of Representatives or of American citizens at the polls would be, on the repudiators' own theory, a piece of unprecedented absurdity as well as of iniquity.

We have a letter of a correspondent lying before us, asking us to show that repudiation will not "pay" in a pecuniary sense, if we mean to make any impression on the Democrats; that our talk of honor and good faith is all very well, but it does not reach them. To which we reply, that the very strongest argument of this kind we could use is, from its very nature, worthless as far as all Copperheads and secessionists are concerned—the argument that repudiation, in any shape, will leave the Government powerless, or greatly hamper it, if it should

again be called on to defend its existence in the field. To say this to *them* is to put a musket in their hands to use against us. To talk to them of the enormous desolation that would be worked by repudiation, of the shock to the whole framework of society it would cause, is likely to be ineffective for the same reason. They do not particularly care about the framework of society, as we understand it. We have no means of computing the loss to the country that repudiation would cause. The actual sum of which holders of Government securities would find themselves suddenly deprived would represent only a very small portion of it. The shock it would give to industry, the dark cloud it would cast over the future, the fear it would inspire amongst capitalists, would produce an amount of damage the extent and duration of which neither we nor any other man can compute; and the effect of such a prodigious stroke of baseness on the morals of the rising generation would be something worse and more lasting, even from a commercial point of view, than the visible effect on business. We rely mainly, too, on appeals to the popular conscience, because this question is not to be decided by the Democrats, but by the majority of the American people; and whenever appeals of this sort cease to influence the bulk of American society, although the nation may remain tremendous by land, tremendous by sea, and flow with milk and honey, the form of government will change, and the forces which hold society together will change too. The government of the strong hand will be instituted for the government of reason, and the *gens-d'arme* will do the work of the newspaper. Whenever we believe that day has come, our occupation, and all others like it, will be gone; and, unless we are greatly mistaken, we shall know it, and stop talking. But with the graves of three hundred thousand men still fresh, and with cripples in every village—all sacrified to the popular devotion to an idea, to a remote imagined good—it is impossible not to feel that the arguments addressed to the popular sense of justice, the popular sense of honor, the popular appreciation of the value of distant results, are, after all, the arguments which tell on the greatest number. The immediate loss or gain to each individual taxpayer, in a country as rich and growing as this is, of the payment or repudiation of the national debt, is, after all, so small that the material side of the question looks strangely insignificant beside the moral one. What makes repudiation most dreadful, is the moral condition it would indicate; and when one sees the small wits of "the moral wing" of the Republican party exercised in sneering at the idea of a national conscience, and such people as General Butler offering himself again to the suffrages of a Massachusetts constituency with the air of a Christian martyr, one feels that the question, "Will it pay?" is, after all, not the greatest question of the day, but—Can this Government be conducted successfully on principles of unmitigated rascality?

## THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES AND THE REPUBLICAN PARTY.

We have received from a valued correspondent, to whom, both in the field and the forum, the Republican party owes much, a communication, which we are sorry we are unable to print owing to its length, in which he seeks to disengage the party from the grievous burden of responsibility imposed on it by the conduct of the majority in the House of Representatives during the late session of Congress. He says that wherever he goes he meets with "discontent" with their performances, which would doubtless affect the prospects of the party most unfavorably were the Democratic nominations and the Democratic platform not so very bad and were not the Republican nominations and platform so very good. In other words, he thinks "the record" of the party, instead of being a help, will, at the next election, prove a hindrance, and that it is the House of Representatives who are to blame for it, and that it is the duty of Republican newspapers to point this out, and thus clear the party skirts. He says that many well-meaning citizens who contemplate the works of the two parties think they

"Must soon choose between encroachments upon the legislative privilege of debate, neglect to provide for the honest collection of the public revenues and for the economical administration thereof, a most dangerous intermeddling with the powers and duties of the judiciary, and a shameless attempt to thwart and change the due administration of justice and to bring improper means and influences to bear on those entrusted with it, so as to prevent one judgment and coerce another—that they must, we say, choose between these evils on the one side, and rum, rebellion, and repudiation on the other."

For this embarrassment our correspondent holds the House of Representatives responsible. "Whatever wrong," he says, "has been done by the party has been done in it or by it. There is not a single obnoxious act or measure which has not originated in it, or been so connected with it that it may be held responsible." In fact, the time of the Senate has been largely occupied during the whole session in frustrating foolish or iniquitous schemes concocted in the House. He then presents the following formidable indictment against the latter:

"We have seen a powerful majority denying the minority the poor right of being heard in debate. We have seen the most important statutes forced through without discussion, reflection, or consideration. With mu h blather about the groans of the taxpayer, we have seen these representatives of a party and nation covertly and meanly refuse to reform the civil service, though well knowing that its proper administration would save to the country at least $50,000,000 a year. We have seen them, too, after four years of such power as no other party in the House of Representatives ever held, still without a policy for the great subject of the public debt, or for any other subject reaching far into the future and demanding a settled, defined, and well-kept policy. Their divisions, delays, changes, and hesitancy upon all matters connected with the collection of the revenue, the sale of gold, and the payment of the public debt, have done more injury to every commercial and manufacturing interest of the country than all the rival interests of the world combined could have effected. Their conduct with regard to the whiskey fraud is nothing better than patronage of that horrible, demoralizing, corrupting robbery. Their settled want of a settled policy in all that relates to finance, little better than a partnership with the gold gamblers of Wall Street. If anything is urged upon the doubting voter on their behalf, of their patriotism, of their fidelity to the great interests of freedom, of the magnitude of the matters involved, he will undoubtedly reply that our representatives, nevertheless, have shown themselves to be incapables; that the country cannot wait for ever for these would-be statesmen to concoct remedies; that men who, with more than 'a working majority,' have done nothing, and actually do not yet know what they mean to do, are useless and worthless, and should be supplanted by men of less genius and more practical ability; that the revenue from whiskey and tobacco alone, with the savings from a properly administered civil service, might be made to amount to more than the present entire revenue of the Government; and that these gentlemen in the House have been for three years without a remedy for these abuses, and we must write them down as so many political imbeciles."

"These," he says truly, "are hard facts to deny, hard facts to admit, hard facts to ask the well-meaning citizen to wink at, swallow, or forget;" and he maintains that it is the duty of the press to point out unceasingly that in all these errors the majority in the House acted on their own responsibility, and had neither the support nor connivance of the party at large—witness the attempt to intimidate the Senate in the impeachment trial, which was got up and carried on almost exclusively by members of the House, the country looking on coldly or disapprovingly; witness, too, the disgraceful Cobb-Butler attempt to tax the bonds, in the teeth of the Chicago Platform and of the almost unanimously-expressed disgust of the Republican press.

To a great deal of this, with certain qualifications and exceptions, we can yield our hearty assent. We took the liberty, at the cost of being abused for what is rapidly becoming, in the eyes of some people, almost a crime—what many more call "presumption"—of treating certain principles of political economy and jurisprudence as well established, and applying them to the events of the day with perfect confidence—of pointing out, week by week during the session, the danger of the aberrations in which the House was indulging, such as its needless attacks on the Supreme Court and its incessant multiplication of reconstruction bills, its neglect of financial matters and its stupid indifference to the opinion of experts. But we think it would, nevertheless, be unfair to throw all the blame on it, as our correspondent does. Circumstances and its constituents must take part of it, for reasons which we shall give with all the greater confidence because, after they have been all stated and put in the strongest light, the claims of the Republican party on the vote of every honest man are, as we endeavored to show a fortnight ago, unimpeachable.

In the first place, the Republican majority has been too large. For this nobody is to blame. But with such a majority any body of men in any deliberative assembly in the world would lose their heads and abuse their power. There is something intoxicating about strength, whether it lie in brute force or in votes. Where the minority is so

small as not to be worth conciliating, and the circumstances make party fidelity seem of the highest consequence to the state, freedom of debate is sure to suffer, forms to be prostituted, and reckless and precipitate action to be frequently indulged in.

In the second place, even where the doctrine that the legislator is simply the delegate and not the representative of his constituents is as firmly established as it is here, he must have something to guide him in the absence of positive information touching his constituents' will, and that something ought to be familiarity with and confidence in the great principles of political science and the teachings of history. He cannot learn, every time a bill is introduced or a motion made, what his constituency thinks about it. His constituency, in nine cases out of ten, does not know itself what it thinks. On great lines of policy it has made up its mind and expressed it; questions of detail and of means it leaves to legislative discretion and knowledge. We are only saying what every man of sense and intelligence in the country *knows* and acknowledges to be true, when we say that the majority of the members of the House are very slenderly furnished with the information or the habits of mind necessary for their work. We could put in six lines of the *Nation*, we are sure, the names of all the men in the House who are fairly equipped for the work of legislation or are worth listening to for five minutes on any subject. This is a hard saying; but the facts justify it. Now, these men do not go to Congress of their own accord. Caucuses select them, and constituencies vote for them.

In the third place, the difficulties they have in getting at public opinion on any given measure are very great. If important measures were fully debated, there would, of course, be time for the public to make up its mind about them, and express it through the press or through petitions. But under "the previous question," and the practice of showing vigor and "fidelity" by "putting things through" in haste, there is no time for the public either to think or speak. It usually hears of a measure and the vote upon it simultaneously. There is a prevalent belief, too, that "people at Washington" know a great deal more about public feeling than people elsewhere know; but this, as any person familiar with Washington will tell us, is a pure delusion. Members of Congress are most of the time in a state of heathen darkness as to what the country is thinking or feeling, and pursue all newly arrived and knowing men from the country districts with an insatiate thirst for information. Their private correspondence is of little use to them, as it generally comes either from their personal friends and admirers, who tell them they are doing splendidly and invite them to "go in and win," or from ardent blatherskites, for whom novel and violent measures have always a horrible fascination.

The press, one would expect in these days of railroads and telegraphy, ought to be able to keep them right by its criticisms. So it would, if it did its duty. But the papers of his own party are not unnaturally the only ones to whose comments a member pays much attention; and the party press has largely given up all attempt to discharge the principal duty of the press—the duty of criticism. The part it has assigned itself is that of a *claque*. It acts rigidly on the theory that Congressmen are all wise, and that whatever they propose must be "put through," and, consequently, supports all acts of the majority through thick and thin. There was, for instance, not one foolish bill introduced into the House of Representatives last winter which the New York *Tribune* did not praise to the skies, and declare absolutely necessary to the national salvation. They were one by one dropped, and are now forgotten, but not before they had in a greater or less degree injured the party reputation. But the *claque*, not in the least ashamed, goes on offering the public advice with the same amusing air of solemnity and sincerity as ever.

Another circumstance which has had an unfortunate influence on the House of Representatives is the inordinate importance which the condition of public affairs has caused the party to attach to universal suffrage. The establishment of universal suffrage became, after the war, not simply a leading feature in the reconstruction process, but a cardinal political doctrine with the more advanced members of the party. With this we have, of course, no fault to find; but the agitation about universal suffrage has had the not unusual effect of throwing a halo around it, and leading great numbers of people to think of it and talk of it as if it were a new means of salvation for all the nations of the earth, and as if to advocate it was a sure means of hastening the reign of righteousness—as if it were a perfect antidote against corruption, lawlessness, ignorance, vice, and all the moral and political ills which afflict humanity. The result has been that candidates for office have, of late, only had to be "sound" on this question to make all else in their character and attainments of little consequence. It is not very long since we read an article in a religious paper, treating the habitual drunkenness of Senator Yates, of Illinois, as a trifling matter, in consideration of the senator having recently delivered a speech against color discrimination in the distribution of the franchise. The qualification being an easy one, of course the country swarms with thoroughly worthless, loud-voiced advocates of "the rights of man," and of course plenty of them find their way into Congress.

Members of Congress being thus left in uncertainty as to the state of public opinion, receiving little or no assistance from the party press, and having but a slender store of principles of their own, and being compelled to vote hastily, not unnaturally follow the leadership of the bolder and more confident members of the House—men who know what they want, and are not particularly scrupulous about the means of attaining it. In a doubting and ill-informed assembly such men are always kings, and have their own way. This alone will account for the position enjoyed by Thaddeus Stevens during the reconstruction process, and the success of Butler in his attacks on the public credit and his "investigation" into the morals of the Senate. The proper counterpoise to such men are men like Messrs. Garfield and Schenck and Jenckes. Mr. Schenck ran wild for a while about impeachment, but we have forgiven him in consideration of his financial services. But a counterpoise they cannot be without a strong and steady support from the press and the public. Well-informed and honorable men, knowing the difficulties of the work of government and fearing the consequences of error, hasten slowly and doubt intelligently at every step. They are, consequently, no match for bold and ready demagogues, unless they have public opinion behind them, like, to use one of the impeachment similes, "a strong wind blowing aft."

## THE TRANSFORMATION OF AUSTRIA.

The three great reform laws—on civil marriage, public instruction, and inter-denominational relations—lately passed by the Reichsrath of Vienna, their sanction by the Emperor Francis Joseph, the condemnatory allocution of Pius IX., the indirect reply to the allocution by the imperial chancellor, Von Beust, and the late anti-clerical demonstrations in various parts of the empire, have made patent to the world the radical change which has taken place in the attitude of Austria towards the See of Rome, and her relations to the tendencies of the age. The character and historical meaning of this extraordinary change we took occasion to elucidate at an earlier stage of its development. This is, however, only one side of the transformation of Austria, which, begun by popular movements in 1848, checked by the triumph of monarchical reaction in the following year, and hesitatingly resumed by the Government itself after the disastrous Italian campaign of 1859, was finally precipitated to a rapid consummation by the greater military disasters of 1866. The altered relations of the whole of the empire to its component parts—the various countries and nationalities—and the altered attitude of the latter towards the dynasty, as the upholder of the integrity of the empire, form perhaps the most striking and vital part of the metamorphosis.

A quarter of a century ago the Austrian Empire, as such, was the representative of no nationality whatever. In fact, the house of Hapsburg was the empire. That house, through many centuries of almost uninterrupted growth, had by inheritance and marriage—almost without conquest—agglomerated a large number of heterogeneous countries and provinces into a vast and complex body animated by no common spirit, by no common traditions of the past, and by no common aspirations for the future. Their only community consisted in the ruling dynasty. This dynasty being of German origin, and for centuries wearing the elective crown of the Germanic empire, had made many efforts to consolidate its hereditary possessions by Germanization and centralization, but without success. Its greatest effort in

this direction, under the Emperor Joseph II., had not only completely failed, but in various provinces produced a lively national reaction, soon made powerful by the spirit of revolution which the example and the wars of France spread over Europe. To keep down this new centrifugal movement, which threatened the ultimate disruption of the empire, Metternich used an army of half a million men, composed of ignorant peasants of various races, a vast bureaucratic machinery, and the dissensions of the different nationalities among themselves. But, though at the same time playing the foremost part in Germany, which the Congress of Vienna had reconstructed as a confederation without an imperial head, Austria was no more a German than it was a Hungarian, a Slavic, or a Romanic power.

But not only did Austria represent no nationality, it was also the main check on the free development of some of the principal nationalities of Europe. Its mere existence was a negation of a united Germany, a united Italy, an independent Poland, a free Hungary or Bohemia. The two nationalities last named it had absorbed entire, and the preservation of its own power required the curtailment, at least, of their constitutional freedom. Its share in the partitions of Poland—Galicia—bound it to permanent complicity with Russia and Prussia in oppressing that unfortunate nation. From Italy it had torn Lombardy and Venetia, besides heavily pressing upon the rest with the weight of its bayonets and family connections. Still greater possessions and influence in Germany made the consolidation of that country on either a popular or a Prussian basis impossible. And as the general policy of Austria, as developed by Metternich and others, had long been reactionary in the highest degree, tending to the perpetuation of oppression in everything and everywhere, it cannot be wondered at that the political tendency of all patriotic and liberal minds in Austria became more and more hostile to the imperial rule, and subversive of the unity of the empire. The revolutionary storms of 1848 came near dissolving that unity and breaking the empire into fragments. The rivalries of the Slavic and non-Slavic nationalities, however, long fomented and now skilfully used, the victories of Radetzky in Italy, and the intervention of Czar Nicholas, saved the house of Hapsburg from ruin.

Between that period and to-day lies the eventful reign of Francis Joseph. At its beginning the history of these nineteen or twenty years is marked by such names as Novara, Világos, and Olmütz; at its middle are Magenta, Solferino, and Villafranca; at its close are Gastein, Königgrätz, and the coronation at Pesth. And, finally, we see Austria, after terrible catastrophes, reconstructed under promising auspices. But the whole structure of the monarchy and all its relations are changed. It has changed face. Its attitude and character are altered. The throne looks for its support to the attachment of the people; the nationalities, so long agitated by centrifugal tendencies, willingly unite to defend the integrity of the empire. The Transleithan Diet, assembled at Pesth, and representing Hungary and its dependencies—Transylvania, Croatia, Slavonia, etc.—and the Cisleithan Reichsrath of Vienna, representing all other provinces, act in harmony, under the guidance of two separate ministries. Conciliation has replaced coercion. The wranglings of the past, with slight exceptions, are being buried in oblivion. Austria has become almost a confederation composed of voluntary members.

The explanation of this extraordinary change is not to be sought exclusively in the final yielding of the dynasty to the demands of the people, and its more or less compulsory return to constitutional principles. Decisive facts were required and have co-operated to make all this possible. The principal of these are: the cession by Austria of its Italian possessions and the severance of its connections with Germany, after the catastrophe of Königgrätz; the terrible crushing of the Polish subjects of Russia, in consequence of the rising of 1863, and the more and more undisguised Panslavistic threats and plottings of that power. As long as the house of Hapsburg was strong enough and encouraged by its German resources and connections to attempt the Germanization of the whole empire, it was regarded by Hungarians, Poles, Italians, and Bohemians as their common and worst foe. As long as the maintenance of Austria's territorial limits and diplomatic standing abroad demanded the sacrifice of blood and treasure in defence of usurpations and tyranny against nations striving for unity and independence, there could be no real reconciliation, no lasting harmony between the dynasty and the educated and liberal portions of the people. As long as Galicia was the most degraded and oppressed of all Polish provinces, its inhabitants often longingly thought of a common servitude with their brethren under the Slavic sceptre of the Czar.

But all this is no longer so. Austria, shorn of all support abroad, has ceased to be a constant menace to its own nationalities. It must now lean on them exclusively. It demands no sacrifices for the defence of bastiles in Milan or Venice, or of antiquated prerogatives at Frankfort. Shattered and half-bankrupt, it can think as little of re-establishing the Germanic *Bund* as of reconquering the evacuated Italian quadrilateral. It will no more interfere against foreign Poles, as formerly in Cracow; for a rising of Poles against Russia or Prussia, without the aid of Austria itself, has ceased to be a possibility. Galicia, reorganized on a national basis to form a rampart against Russia, has become the last resort of Polish patriotism, the last sheet-anchor of Polish hope for regeneration. The Hungarians, who, since they learned in 1849 to dread the Russian power, have not ceased to observe its constant machinations among the Slavi on both sides of the Carpathians and on both banks of the Save, willingly sacrifice a small portion of their restored national autonomy in order to secure the existence and freedom of their race by the co-operation of the other half of the empire, the predominance of which they have no longer to fear. Their statesmen —their Francis Deák among the rest—have not forgotten that Hungary, early in the sixteenth century, in consequence of internal dissensions and decay, came near being trampled into servitude by the hosts of Solyman the Magnificent, and that it was with the aid of the House of Hapsburg, which they then called to the throne, that they finally rescued the land of their fathers from the yoke of the Moslems. And Russia is certainly no less threatening now to Hungary, if isolated, than the Ottoman power was before the battle of Mohács. The Cechic and German populations of Bohemia and Moravia have too much to fear, in case of a dissolution of the empire, from their mutual animosities and the intervention of Prussia and Russia respectively, not to be ready—the Cechs, at least, in their sober moments—for sacrifices to support the dynastic union which alone can avert those dangers. The purely or preponderatingly German provinces alone—Austria proper, Salzburg, Tyrol, Styria, etc.—would have least to lose, and perhaps most to gain, by the disruption of Austria; but it is just there that an old and sincere attachment to the ruling house, Catholic zeal, hatred of Prussia, and local interests—like that of the imperial capital, Vienna—most powerfully combine to make the mass of the people dread such a catastrophe.

In one word, since the union represented by the house of Hapsburg has ceased to be a terror to its own members, the advantages of its continuance—at least for a period sufficient to consolidate the strength of each and to mature it for national independence—and the perils connected with a sudden overthrow, have become apparent to all. And it is curious to observe that those nationalities of the empire—besides the now detached Italian populations—whose exertions to shake off the common bonds some twenty years ago were the most violent, would now be the last to rejoice at an accidental realization of their former aims. Were Francis Joseph voluntarily to lay down to-day his rule over Galicia and Hungary, the Poles, placed face to face with the Russian colossus without a natural barrier to shield them, would accept with despair the last hopeless struggle of their nationality, while their more fortunately situated neighbors on the right side of the Carpathians, the Magyars, would see, not without dismay, an untimely crisis precipitated upon them, compared with which the perils of 1848 would sink into insignificance. On the other hand, the Cechs and Croats, who did their best to save Austria twenty years ago, are now the last grumblers at its auspicious reconstruction. The explanation is easy: they dreamed of a Slavic Austria, fought for the realization of that dream, and now see it vanished.

With all this we do not mean to say that the liberal and almost entirely harmonious reconstruction of the Austrian, or, as it is now to be called, the Austro-Hungarian, Empire, under the lead of Beust, has

smoothed away all the various difficulties that so recently beset its path. We are far from being so sanguine. The financial difficulty alone is tremendous. All we have endeavored to show is the radically altered condition of Austria's internal relations. Of the details we may in future speak more amply.

## FRENCH CANADA.

I.

THE first question which presents itself to an observer on entering Canada is, Why do the Canadians look so fat and chubby compared to Americans? The climate differs but slightly, if at all, from that of Maine or Vermont, and the diet and mode of life, certainly of the town population, are essentially similar. Both people eat about the same quantities of meats and of farinaceous food, and take about the same amount of exercise. The American is certainly more harassed by politics, and is more seriously occupied with the consideration of man's origin and destiny, than the Canadian is; but that any considerable number of persons in any country can ever be so troubled by either of these things as to grow lean over them remains to be proved. It is true, the Canadians drink beer in much larger quantities than Americans. Two rows of bottles of pale ale, or even porter, are an ordinary phenomenon of a Canadian *table d'hôte;* but to say that ale and porter make Canadians fat only removes the difficulty one degree further back. Why do they drink ale and porter in their climate? Why does it not make them bilious and give them a headache? Why don't they take to whiskey and champagne, or confine themselves to coffee and ice-water? are questions which still remain to be answered.

If it were possible for men to grow fat and rosy in imitation of other people, we should say the Canadians were fat and rosy because the English were, so many other peculiarities in their life and manners are to be accounted for in this way. One has hardly set foot in the country when one is struck by the well-known colonial tendency to out-Herod Herod. They are considerably more English, in all things in which resemblance to the English is possible, than the English themselves. The old Tory of the year 1816 is now no longer found in the fauna of the United Kingdom. His habitat is in the colonies, and especially in Canada, though some stray individuals are to be found in Philadelphia and Baltimore. The animal has a very odd look on the banks of the St. Lawrence; but he thrives, and seems to be thoroughly acclimated, and is a very jolly, very hospitable, but somewhat illogical person, and, though sadly deficient in what the French call *lumières*, is reasonably good company. The English influence on Canadian externals—perhaps it would be correct to say the influence of the British garrisons—is curiously shown in the great care with which the men of the towns, young and old, dress, and the rigidity with which they preserve the English type of appearance. The shopmen even are fair copies of the military officers in all but a fanatical attachment to canvas shoes in hot weather—a device to which the military men do not seem as yet to have lent themselves, and the value of which, we confess, seemed to us doubtful.

Our observations on Canadian manners being made during a very short visit, we offer them, of course, with proper diffidence, and should not be at all surprised to hear that we had not penetrated the secret of Canadian society; but we came to the conclusion, among others, that in the well-to-do classes in Canada the English custom of late marriages has spread among the men. Anybody fresh from the United States is struck by the age of the Canadian beaux, as seen at watering-places and other places where what Beau Brummel called "well-dressed young people" congregate. The spectacle of men from thirty to forty dancing attendance on girls, flirting with them, ogling them, discussing them, and making the study of them one of the serious duties of life, is one with which we are familiar enough in England and France. In a new country like Canada it looks odd, particularly as, on this side of the border, men of that time of life have usually abandoned all care of their neckcloths and boots, are apt to have an interesting family of their own, to spend a portion of their nights in contention with babies, and to regard unmarried women in the light simply of actual or possible friends of their wives. Seeing an elderly Canadian gentleman, too, of about fifty-five, and tolerably corpulent, dressed, as to his legs, in "knickerbockers," and parading the pier of a watering-place with great satisfaction, we could not help figuring to ourselves with some amusement the effect of the appearance of Moses Taylor or George Law or A. A. Low at a "summer resort" in the United States in a similar costume.

The English respect for aristocracy, and English belief in it, not as the result of convention but as a natural product of human society, not only flourishes in Canada, but is shown in ways singularly English. One of the reasons which was offered us for staying at a hotel—a very good one, on the whole, let us add—was that the Prince of Wales had lodged there, and that the Governor-General and his suite were in the habit of doing the same thing. Now, we would willingly have exchanged our knowledge of this circumstance for a slop-tub in the bed-room—an article in which we found all the hotels we visited deficient, and the want of which occasioned us considerable embarrassment, whereas the selection of another house by the Prince of Wales and the Governor-General would at most have only caused us a momentary pang. So also, asking a young swell, one day whose acquaintance we made on board a boat, what kind of a hotel there was in a certain village, he said a relative of his had stayed there and liked it, and mentioned parenthetically that the relative in question was—to be discreet, we only say, occupied a high military position. The tone in which the information was given, and its perfect gratuitousness, for a moment called up a vision of Pall Mall.

Another illustration of the same thing, and we confess it seemed to us a sad one, is offered by the monument to Wolfe and Montcalm, at Quebec. The structure is, in the first place, inexpressibly shabby, though it stands on one of the noblest sites for such a purpose in the world, and is intended to commemorate one of the most moving episodes in the history of war. An obelisk which not only is not a monolith, but is built of rather small stones, is something which gods and men abhor, or ought to abhor, and this one is rendered doubly odious by the fact that the frosts of forty Canadian winters have made away with the mortar, and the pile looks as if it would tumble down the first windy night. One might overlook these things, however, if the inscriptions breathed real taste and sentiment, but they do not. The first one is fine, and touching for its simplicity:

MORTEM VIRTUS COMMUNEM,
FAMAM HISTORIA,
MONUMENTUM POSTERITAS,
DEDIT.

A word more than this anywhere, except the names of the two heroes, spoils all. Not only is there a word more, however, but a long inscription covering the whole of one face of the monument, and throwing the tribute to Wolfe and Montcalm completely into the shade, telling us how the poor piece of dilapidated masonry was the work of "Georgius Comes de Dalhousie, summarum rerum administrans," undertaken after it had been for many years neglected, and finished during the reign of "Georgius Quartus Britanniarum Rex." The impression left on the mind of the spectator by the monument is, in fact, that it was a far finer thing to build it than to die sword in hand on the Plains of Abraham, and that the "Comes de Dalhousie" had, on the whole, the advantage of Wolfe and Montcalm.

One cannot remain very long in Canada without having the idea very strongly presented ~~to one~~ that even a slight political connection between a colony and "the mother country" is a curse to the colony. As long as they are bound together, even by the light silken tie of allegiance, really healthy political and social life seems to be impossible for the latter. A people whose manners are not the natural result of its own character and culture, but a laborious copy of those of another people, differently situated and in a different stage of development, of course suffers much both morally and mentally, no matter what amount of political freedom it may enjoy. The loyalty of colonies seems almost always to have something morbid about it, as was well illustrated in the recent outburst of folly in Australia touching the attempt to assassinate the Duke of Edinburgh. It does not consist, as it does in England, of devotion to the country through the monarch. In most of the colonies there is in it a strong infusion of disgust with the colony, and eagerness to leave it and get back to the "old country," and this feeling is probably strongest in the most able and energetic of the inhabitants. A more unhappy state of things, as regards sound and healthy progress, can hardly be imagined. To have expatriation constantly present to the flower of the population as the final reward of success in life must, of course, partially paralyze any state. We saw in Canada, in the course of a single week, four reports in the newspapers of the lower Province of dinners given to successful traders on the occasion of their retirement from business and going to England to live. We were told, on enquiry, that it was now very general for men who had made fortunes in Canada to go to England to spend them. There are probably very few who are not haunted, as they find their means increasing, with dreams of a landed estate, a seat in Parliament, and a fair run for wife and daughters during the London season. We were a good deal entertained, too, by observing that at two of the dinners to which we have referred a display of prudent regard for the success of the business he had built up was made by the

guest of the evening, in a strong compliment to the extraordinary business ability of the remaining members of the firm.

Lower Canada is not thriving. We suspect the same thing may be said of Upper Canada, but, perhaps, with less certainty. New countries do not thrive much without a steady and rapid increase in their supply of labor, and consequently a steady and rapid addition to the area of their cultivated soil. But Canada now receives no additions to her supply of labor. Immigration there is none, and such immigrants as are cheated into shipping for Quebec, go straight through to the United States, unmindful of the advantages of the British Constitution and of the awful future which awaits democracy. Not only this, but a stream of native Canadians begins to flow over the border. The movement has even reached the French, to whom the United States has been hitherto a land as far off as when the Indians came down from the St. Lawrence to harry the New England heretics. We were assured everywhere that there was a pretty general outward drift of young men from the villages of the lower St. Lawrence. When at Saguenay we heard that the fame of the prairies had reached the north bank too, and the day of our arrival two families had started from that remote and isolated community, weary of a long struggle with the Canadian winter, and anxious for a better chance for their children than the parents had had. Facts of this sort suggest strongly the enquiry what the effect of increasing facility of locomotion and increased diffusion of information is likely to be on all inhabited northern regions? How long will habit and local attachment resist the influence of stories of bright skies, short winters, and teeming soil elsewhere? What, in other words, will be the condition of Canada, Norway, and northern New England one hundred years hence?

But Lower Canada has for the tourist from the United States what is of far more importance to him, *quâ* tourist, than progress or prosperity—the charm of complete difference of life, manners, ideas, history, and traditions, and of complete indifference to the subjects which most occupy and perplex him at home. The tumult of the campaign not only does not pass the "Province line," but all its sounds die out almost as soon as you have crossed over. A French Canadian watches the whole process of a Presidential election as one watches the movements of cawing crows on a warm summer day, and understands it just as little, and is as little troubled about stocks, bonds, railroads, mines, and the other "big things" of American progress as if he lived in Paraguay, instead of within a few hours of Maine and Vermont. You have, in fact, hardly reached Montreal when Grant's cotton thefts, Seymour's insanity, Blair's bar bills, Colfax's brutal treatment of the one-armed soldier, and "H. G.'s" negotiations with the Niagara Falls rebels fade into remoteness and insignificance. Consequently, an American who is tired out, as Americans are apt to be in summer, and who wants real rest and real refreshment—change not simply of scene, for, in a country in which society is so homogeneous as in this, change of scene merely does little for jaded nerves, but change of people, of currents of thought, and of manners and of social problems—nay, even a clergyman with a sore throat, can hardly do better than spend a month or two on the lower St. Lawrence, provided always he is armed with a respectable knowledge of French. This is necessary to enable him to see more than the outside of things, and to save him from some foolish inferences. The want of it makes Thoreau's account of his Canadian trip as nearly worthless as anything emanating from so close an observer could well be. Going to Europe is, of course, better; but then a month of a short vacation has, in going to Europe, to be spent on the ocean in the company of mariners, and of members of the shoddy circles on their way to astonish the bloated aristocracy, and of dry-goods men going out to prepare for the fall trade—and this is not soothing. It must be remembered that Lower Canada contains the only relic of the state of society which prevailed in France before the Revolution, which in France has completely passed away, and left as few traces of itself as if it had perished five centuries ago, and puzzles the historian almost as much as the Gallo-Roman civilization—yet for a thousand years this *ancien régime* played the foremost part in moulding Europe into the shape in which we see it. It made a vigorous effort in the seventeenth century to reproduce itself in the New World, and it in a measure succeeded. The Canadian colony came out fully organized. The cadets of good families selected the choice tenantry of the family estate, and brought them over with them, and planted them on an estate of their own in Canada, becoming their "seigneurs," reserving all the feudal rights of the landlord in the old country, endeavoring, in company with the priest, to make society in the new France as exact a reproduction of society in the old France as the wilderness would permit. The success of the experiment, so far as it was an attempt to transplant and preserve a certain social type, was very great. It survived the conquest of the colony by England; the storm of the French Revolution did not reach it; and though seigneurial rights have disappeared very recently under the reformer's axe, and of the seigneur's former social and political influence there is consequently very little left, still society in French Canada even now rests largely on feudal ideas, and is held together by mediæval laws. Hearing one day from a lawyer, himself a seigneur, and bearing a name that most Frenchmen would be proud to follow into a salon, that he practised under the "Coutume de Paris," and used Pothier as a text-book, we told him he must excuse us if we looked at him well, for he was, for those who knew the *ancien régime* only through books, a real and very interesting curiosity, and would certainly "draw" in Paris, if put into the hands of an enterprising showman. Having never been in France, and evidently regarding French society with a slight touch of horror, he seemed scarcely aware of the depth of the changes which it had undergone. The impiety and immorality of the Revolution were what evidently most impressed him, one of the many evidences one meets with in Lower Canada of the large share the clergy have had in modelling the new society. This gentleman told us, with a slight glow of enthusiasm, that to this day he did not believe there was a single French family in the whole of the thickly-settled parish in which he lived in which man or woman omitted to "faire ses Pâques" every year, or to attend mass with tolerable regularity. He said he hardly ever met with a French peasant who had "lost the faith," unless he had been in the United States. Those who went there even for a short period, he said, came back irreligious men; not Protestants, but indifferents.

## FRANCE.

PARIS, July 31, 1868.

IN politics, the capital event of the week is the adjournment of our Corps Législatif, together with the votes and the scenes which have marked the last days of the session. On Tuesday, the 28th, the Speaker of the House read the Imperial decree of prorogation *sine die;* but, to the great astonishment of all present in the hall, the Speaker, M. Schneider, did not treat his colleagues to the usual farewell speech which he delivers every year on the day of adjournment. "*Why does M. le Président hold his tongue?*" was the not very polite but very Frenchy expression of some wag in the tribune of the House. Because there was some danger that, in spite of all his caution, M. Schneider's tongue might have betrayed the secret of the Government about the time fixed for the elections of the new Corps Législatif—a question which is the most, and perhaps the only, important one for our legislators. The present House has nearly one year more to run. Its time will be up constitutionally only in 1869, and the majority of the deputies are in great fear of an earlier dissolution. Most of them, indeed, are not certain of being elected again by their constituents, and they would like to have the day of convocation for the new Corps Législatif postponed to the last extremity.

The wind of opposition seems to be blowing all over France, and it may increase to a hurricane which will sweep away not the Imperial Government itself, but its blind supporters, who belong to the majority. Napoleon is acute enough to know the situation, and it is said that he may give up the old, worn-out system of "official candidatures," abandon the policy of patronizing some would-be deputies, and let the people come to the ballot-box without being under the pressure of the prefects, sub prefects, and other functionaries who point out who are the "*candidats agréables*"—that is to say, the patronized candidates.

It is through this system of managing the elections by the functionaries that the preceding and the actual House of Representatives have been filled by a tremendous majority of members who gave themselves up bound hand and foot to the dictates of the Government. They voted always *en masse*, upon a sign of the Secretary of the Interior or of the Minister of State. Even had they perceived them, they would never have dared to cry "breakers ahead," for fear of hurting the views of the ministers who had made them deputies through the machinery of the official patronage. Thus are easily explained the numerous blundering votes obtained, almost without any opposition, by the Government during the last sixteen years, on the Mexican expedition, on the increase of our debt, etc.

But the country is getting tired of seeing its representatives more Imperialist than the Emperor, and Napoleon III. is disposed to let the people speak its mind, without being too much influenced; therefore the present deputies are afraid of facing their electors, and they dread an early dissolution of the legislative body. They remember that in the former House the opposition hardly counted five members, which number has risen to twenty in the actual Corps Législatif. They are aware, also, that, thanks to the laws voted by themselves, on the press, and

on the right of meeting, their adversaries are not so defenceless as before, so that the *députés officiels* find themselves in a very dangerous predicament. On one side, they are threatened with losing at the polls the governmental support, and on the other side, they will have to encounter enemies to whom they have themselves given new weapons to fight with; and I want you to notice that the ministerial members charge the Government with treachery. They say, and it is true, that they voted the freedom of the press and of the right of meeting only on the assurance given by the ministers that these liberal concessions would not and could not endanger the political future of the *députés agréables*, because they should continue to enjoy the all-powerful support of the administration. Presently, if it is not certain that such a support will be withdrawn, it is certain that this withdrawal has been, *mis sur le tapis*, discussed, and that they can no longer rely on it absolutely.

Such were respectively the situations of the ministerial members and of the Government towards the end of the session—the latter trying to make a show or a reality of liberalism at the expense of its former associates, and the former clinging to the official patronage, as to a plank of safety, until they saw that this plank itself might fail them. They proved, by the last two votes of the session, how much they resented the conduct of the Government. It wanted to fund only three million francs of rentes—French consolidated bonds—as an indemnity to the holders of the Mexican loan. The majority voted four millions francs, knowing that it would conciliate the sympathies of the numerous bondholders at the expense of the Government, who alone would reap the maledictions of the taxpayers. The majority refused also to take into consideration another bill which the Minister had very much at heart. That bill granted to the Préfet de la Seine the authority to contract a loan with the "Crédit Foncier," to pay a part of the expenses of the embellishment of Paris. The deputies refused to abide by the will of the Ministers. They wanted to be able to say to their country electors, when returning home: "You see, we look sharply after your interests; we did not want to have your money expended for the aggrandizement and embellishment of Paris, which sucks the marrow from the bones of France."

You must easily understand, after these explanations, that the members of the majority did not join heartily with their comrades who shouted "Vive l'Empereur" after the reading of the decree of prorogation. The twelve republican deputies of the Opposition answered by cries of "Vive la nation!" "Vive la liberté!" M. Belmontet, a poet, a deputy, and an old companion of Napoleon III., when he was an exile, picked up the cry of the Opposition, and shouted at the top of his voice, "Vive la nation, *which has given us the Emperor.*" M. Belmontet is, with M. de Cassagnac—two old gentlemen—the best type of a genuine Bonapartist; the former fights with verses, especially of the old style of 1810, and the latter is one of our most violent journalists and orators. He is editor of the *Pays*.

The Government papers will have much to do now in order to answer all the attacks poured down by the numerous journals which have been established in view of the next elections. Not one of these newly started papers is what might be called an Imperialist journal. They belong to our "vieux partis," old parties—Republican, Legitimist, Orleanist, Socialist. All endorse the opinion thus energetically expressed by M. de Girardin, who, whilst reviewing the history of France from 1848 to 1868, and asking what is the actual state of our country, prints these four sentences:

Is France more free?

No. It is less free.

Is France less indebted?

No. It is more!

There is evidently a great amount of truth in that, and it is to be hoped that the swarm of new journals which have just sprung up will devote themselves to the study of the great national questions, and abandon the personalities into which so many have fallen recently. We used to boast in France of our gentlemanlike manners, of our fair and honorable way of fighting in newspapers. We used to scorn American manners, when we heard that Mr. Bennett had been kicked, or that Mr. Greeley had been accused of wearing ragged trousers. But we have come down even below that. The editorial offices of the Paris and Lyons newspapers resound daily with blows and fights; writers are spit upon, revolvers are drawn, and duels are of daily occurrence. The dirtiest slanders fill whole columns of the newly created papers, which are half-and-half—that is to say, more literary, or rather they pretend to be, than political. Two days ago some writers who had, for a whole month, dragged in the mud some editors of the *Figaro*, who had poured upon them the most cruel personal abuses, were fined simply one franc. No wonder, then, that some people say that the Government and the magistrates encourage such low habits in the newspapers, in order to have the people ask for a reconsideration of the law which has recently granted to us the freedom of the press.

In the artist world there is little to say but that we seem going down. At the last annual competition of the Conservatoire de Musique no first prize was granted to singers, and out of twenty models of a statue to be erected to our late great painter, Ingres, not a single one could bear the first examination of the jury. We have already borrowed for our theatres the singers of Italy, of America, of Norway, the Patti, Nilsson, etc. Shall we have also to order our statues and paintings from European or American artists? A FRENCHMAN.

# Correspondence.

## PRESIDENT WOOLSEY'S RECONSTRUCTION POLICY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

Your paper is the only organ of educated men through which attention can be called to President Woolsey's reconstruction policy. For twenty years Yale College has flourished under the presidency of one who deserves to a singular degree the old-fashioned eulogy of being a gentleman, a Christian, and a scholar. He tempers the somewhat loud and gaudy tendencies of young America by showing the elegance of quietness and simplicity. His occasional sermons, devout and thoughtful, clear and pure in style, are listened to with respect and attention by all intelligent students. And the tone of scholarship has risen, until those who know the college are satisfied that nowhere else in America are the elements of Latin, Greek, and mathematics so thoroughly and so generally acquired. Nor is the college far behind any other in the new-fashioned branches of learning.

Not content with his proper glory, however, Mr. Woolsey seems to share the Haussmann mania for demolition. Having found the college brick, he wishes to leave it sandstone. The college stands on a green parallelogram, in the midst of the elm-shaded town of New Haven. The buildings, toned down with age to a warm and sober brown, stand in a long row running through the parallelogram, and far enough back from College Street to leave a handsome and shady lawn the whole length of the grounds. These buildings, associated with the history of the college, admirably suited to the customs of the place, and nearly adequate to every want, are now condemned to demolition; and the lawn is to be sacrificed to a new row of stone buildings close to the street. On the rear of the college parallelogram, three stone edifices have already been erected—a library in the centre, an alumni-hall in the right-hand corner, and an art-building in the left. These edifices are in the Gothic style, two being of the most debased type, and one by Mr. Wight. If the new plans are carried out, there will be an interior green between these edifices and the new row.

The question arises, Is it worth while, in the present low state of architecture, and high price of building, to destroy the ancient convenience and beauty of the college arrangements? A thorough renovation of the old buildings, with the introduction of modern improvements, and the erection of a single new hall in keeping with the rest, to fill the gap between North College and Divinity, would not cost a quarter of the proposed expenditure, and would leave a generous fund to endow the library and pay first-rate instructors. The proposed site of the new divinity school, at the northwest corner of College Street and Elm, is much better suited to the Peabody Museum of Natural History, and the divinity school might be transplanted to Temple Street, which is a kind of ecclesiastical thoroughfare.

The truth is, the constitution of the college is too autocratic. The Faculty are merely the cabinet of the President; and the "corporation" registers the edicts of the sovereign, like the old *parlement* of Paris. When the college was founded, church and state were virtually united in the colony of Connecticut, and the corporation still consists of the President and ten other clergymen of the Congregational Church, together with eight magistrates of the State of Connecticut. Mr. Woolsey is understood to desire to cut loose from the state. The graduates might not object, if at the same time the college cut loose from the church; otherwise they would prefer to retain the political element as a counterpoise to the clerical. The bane of American colleges has been their excessively clerical character. Especially in provincial colleges, we have too often seen superannuated clergymen for professors, and dyspeptic students of divinity for tutors; while generous culture and modern learning are sacrificed to the safe training of commonplace candidates for "the ministry." The national character of Yale has checked this tendency at New Haven; but any aggravation of it would be a serious evil.

It is safest, then, to let the corporation retain its time-honored constitu

tion, and to endeavor to arouse a little life and independence by giving it real duties. Let it assemble some time before commencement, and act as a senate to devise measures, on the President's recommendation, for the general welfare of the college. At commencement, let these measures be laid before a convocation, in which every Yale master of art shall have a vote, either in person or by proxy. Let convocation be free to discuss, propose amendments, adopt, or reject. Let its consent be requisite for appropriations, and it may not be found impossible to devise a scheme of taxation. Thus the whole body of graduates would keep their interest fresh; and the judgment, energy, and wealth of all parts of the country would be felt in university affairs at New Haven as they are now felt in business affairs at New York.

ACADEMIA.

NEWPORT, August 7.

## THE SPIRIT OF THE CONTRACT.

[WANT of space compels us to omit a portion of the letter from which the following is an extract, and which contains a new point well put:]

All reasonable pretexts for refusing to pay the obligations known as greenbacks have ceased to exist. The holders of them are public creditors, having the legal obligations of the Government, which, by the letter and the spirit of the contract, *i. e.*, according to its correct legal construction, are payable in coin. To withhold payment when we possess the means to make it is barefaced and shameless repudiation.

A great many vigorous blows are being struck at some shadowy, prospective repudiation, which is going to take place when the Democratic party gets into power; but that actual repudiation which really exists and furnishes the foundation for all our apprehensions is connived at and justified by nearly every one.

The amount of these repudiated obligations is less than four hundred millions. Since the close of the war we have expended much more than that sum in subsidies and grants. For more than two years the Government has allowed the Secretary of the Treasury to go into Wall Street with its money and buy up its overdue paper at a heavy discount, and then instead of cancelling has put it in circulation again. And now some good people propose to use this doubly dishonored paper to *pay* the principal of the five-twenty bonds, because the persons taking these bonds did not have the villanous foresight to stipulate to the contrary.

After this battle has been fought out, and our creditors have been frightened and bullied into exchanging their six per cent. bonds for four per cent. bonds, the principal and interest both expressly payable in coin, how long will it take Messrs. Butler and Pendleton to discover that a dollar is an arbitrary thing, depending for its intrinsic value upon the law-making power? They will say, "It is true that we agreed to pay so many dollars in coin, but we did not agree that it should be the coin then in use, or coin of any particular weight or fineness; we will therefore establish a standard which will pay our obligations according to the letter of the contract, without impoverishing our people, and in doing this we are but following the example of every other civilized nation."

It would be well, in this connection, to correct some crude notions concerning the consideration received for these bonds. The United States received dollar for dollar in hard coin, or its equivalent. For every hundred dollar bond which was issued, the party receiving it was required to surrender a Government obligation for a like amount, then overdue and payable in coin. The United States is certainly estopped from asserting that such an obligation was not worth its face.

A merchant who should take up his overdue paper by giving a bond and mortgage, and when the bond fell due should whine about his note having been at a heavy discount in the market when he executed the new security, and ask for a corresponding deduction on the bond, would be a fit companion for the man who refuses to pay his notes, evades the sheriff, and then sends an agent into the market to buy up his paper at a discount; or of the other man who borrows all the money his friends can lend him, under a plea of great distress, and having put all property out of his hands, wriggles his fingers from the end of his nose at the confiding creditors, and calls them bloated aristocrats.

It is of no use to discuss how the bonds shall be paid; the real question is, as Gen. Garfield said the other day, How shall the greenbacks be paid?

Yours very truly,

AN OLD-FASHIONED MAN.

## GOLD SPECULATORS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I beg leave to propose a problem to some of our political (and financial) economists.

The depreciation of our currency being caused by an over-supply of a particular kind (paper) as compared with another kind (gold), what amount of the former would it be necessary to withdraw from circulation to establish the balance?

Supposing the relative values to represent inversely the relative quantities, would not the destruction of the surplus paper simply restore the equality of value, and leave the holders of paper just where they were before with reference to the gold standard? If not, how much paper must be cancelled to restore the balance? and would not the country be the gainer by the destruction of the surplus greenbacks?

For instance, I have $130 dollars in greenbacks, gold standing at 130, consequently $100 dollars gold. Now, if by some general measure of taxation or other the Government recalls $30 dollars of that paper, and thereby restores the balance of paper and gold, I have still $100 gold, and have really lost nothing. If to restore the balance it has only to cancel $20, I shall have gained $10; if $40, I shall only have lost $10.

Would not, under these circumstances, the best plan for the Government be to issue a new currency redeemable in gold, and call in at its gold value that now in circulation? This would necessarily occupy some time, and would, in effect, only establish a new currency of definite value without at once abolishing that which now is of indefinite value, but so involved in the commerce of the country as only to be extricated in time. The holders of the *new* currency, having the option of turning it into gold, will not be in haste to do so, and the Treasury will have no sudden over-strain, while those who hold the *old* have still a value become definite without being diminished.

This would not affect the bonds, which, not being circulating medium, would be paid when redeemable in the new currency (or in gold).

Yours truly,

W. J. STILLMAN.

# Notes.

## LITERARY.

MESSRS. G. P. PUTNAM & SON add two more to the crowd of translations of German novels which have been called down on us by the success of Madame Mühlbach and the deserved success of Auerbach's "On the Heights." Of this last-named story, by the way, there is a new Tauchnitz edition, with many revisions and alterations for the better in its English. The new novels of Putnam & Son are Amely Bölte's "Madame de Staël," and "The Countess Gloisela," by D. (?) Marlitt. E. Marlitt is the name of the writer of "The Old Mam'selle's Secret," a pleasant novel which the Lippincotts published, and is probably the writer referred to. One novel which Putnam & Son announce will be warmly welcomed. It is "Anne Severin," by Mrs. Augustus Craven, the author of "A Sister's Story."——Leypoldt & Holt announce "Free Soil," a novel, translated from the German of Karl Fränzel. —Beadle & Co. will publish a new story by Capt. Mayne Reid. "The White Squaw" is the suggestive title.——Mr. D. G. Croly, of the *World*, has written, and Messrs. Richardson & Co. will publish, "Seymour and Blair: Their Lives and Services."——Gould & Lincoln announce "Seeds and Sheaves," by the Rev. Dr. A. C. Thompson, and "The Alphabet of Geology; or, First Lessons in Mineralogy and Geology," by S. R. Hall, LL.D. — T. B. Peterson & Brothers announce the third of their edition of Adolphus Trollope's novels—"Beppo, the Conscript." They will publish also "a new book of travels, by Dr. Charles H. Haeseler, of Pottsville, Pa."——The Catholic Publication Society announce: "A New Course of Meditations for the Clergy and Laity," by the late Cardinal Wiseman, edited by Dr. Anderdon; "Gropings After Truth: A Life Journey from New England Congregationalism to the One Catholic and Apostolic Church;" and "An Illustrated History of Ireland," brought down to the present time, with a chapter on "The Irish in America."——Robert Carter & Brother announce the ninth volume of Sprague's "Annals of the American Pulpit." It will treat of Lutheran, Dutch Reformed, and United Presbyterian ministers. Other books to be issued by the same firm are: "The Pivot Words of Scripture," by the Rev. P. B. Powers; "Yesterday, To-day, and Forever," by the Rev. E. H. Bickersteth; "Our Life in China," by a Mrs. Nevins; a "Memoir of Elizabeth Fry;" six volumes of "the Agate Series" of books for good children; the New Testament Series of "Bible Thoughts and Themes," by Dr. Horatio Bonar; and "Jacob's Well," by a Dr. McDuff.——The Boston *Commonwealth* says that the prayers offered by the Rev. Dr. Alger during the recent session of the Massachusetts Legislature are now passing through the press of Messrs. Roberts Brothers. It fits very well with what is generally believed of the recent legislature of

Massachusetts that the members of that body should have subscribed to defray the expenses of publishing such a work.——Messrs. Charles Scribner & Co. make announcement of a large list of works to be published during the coming season. Some of them we have already mentioned; others are translations of the Erckmann-Chatrian novels; an edition, to be called the Brightwood Edition, of Timothy Titcomb's select works, including "Bitter-Sweet," "Lessons in Life," "Gold-Foil," "Kathrina," "Titcomb's Letters to Young People," and "Plain Words;" Archbishop Trench's "Household Book of English Poetry," in an American reprint, and a new edition of his "English, Past and Present;" an "Introduction to the Study of English Literature," by Prof. H. N. Day, who also puts forth this fall a new "Speller;" Dr. Bushnell's *Hours at Home* papers, "The Moral Uses of Dark Things;" an American edition of Max Müller's "Chips from a German Workshop;" "The Human Intellect, with an Introduction upon Psychology and the Human Soul," by Prof. Noah Porter; "Love as a Law," a book on moral science, by President Hopkins, of Williams College; "Travels and Adventures in South and Central America," by Don Ramon Paez; Comfort's series of text-books in German, French, Italian, and Spanish; Mrs. C. M. Kirkland's "Garland of Poetry for the Young;" "The Land, and Its Story," being lectures on the sacred historical geography of Palestine, by Dr. N. C. Burt; and, finally, "A Text-book of Natural Philosophy," by Le Roy C. Cooley, of the New York State Normal School.

—Messrs. Kelly & Piet, of Baltimore, have made arrangements with the proprietors of the *London Lancet* under which an edition of that journal is printed on thin paper for circulation in America. It can thus be supplied to subscribers at a considerably less price than it could heretofore be obtained for. Twelve dollars a year in currency is to be the cost of it. Messrs. Kelly & Piet announce their intention of not only giving their subscribers the *Lancet* complete, but of giving in addition several pages of original matter, which is to be contributed by leading physicians of the United States.

—"R. C."—Mr. Robert Clarke, we suppose, the Cincinnati publisher—having some eleven years since seen advertised a "MS. Court Sermon" of the year 1674, and having in his possession no specimen of English writing of so early a date, ordered it from an agent, who succeeded in making the purchase. "R. C." found no clue to its authorship except this, that in place of a signature there is entered, "in a contemporary hand," the abbreviated name "Gl. Burtt.," and Mr. Clarke would of course like to believe that the sermon is the production of Gilbert Burnet, afterwards Bishop of Salisbury, but then, 1673–4, for a few months one of Charles the Second's chaplains. The manuscript is not in Burnet's handwriting, to be sure; but "R. C." hypothesizes "a fair copy," and so disposes of that difficulty. He, however, brings nothing at all in the nature of evidence to support his views on that point. There is, by way of preface to the sermon, a letter dedicating it to the Duke of Ormond, as "chancellour of that universitie where I was bred." As "R. C." admits, Burnet was bred at Aberdeen, and could have no right to speak of Oxford as his Alma Mater on the strength of having spent some few months in studying mathematics there. Then, too, the dedication speaks of the writer's long residence abroad. But before 1674, the time of writing, Burnet had not been abroad more than six months, which is hardly "much." This sentence alone is conclusive against the notion that Burnet wrote the sermon: "Before it pleased god to call me to the profession wherein I now serve him, I have lived much abroad, And There been honour'd with good accesse to Men Knowing in the chief Courts of Christendome." Burnet was licensed to preach when he was only eighteen, and probably had not visited England even—certainly not the Continent—when he began serving God by preaching. The sermon before us, by whomsoever written, is now beautifully printed by Mr. Clarke—who is doing excellent service to Western typography—and is worth reading as a vigorous reprobation of a very bad sort of fool—namely, "the presumptuous incorrigible," or "ouerweening ffool"—an attack on flatterers, and an argument that no man deserves the name of fool who discharges the duty of his particular calling rightly and faithfully. "A Court Sermon" would be a fitter title for the book than "The Court Sermon."

—It is seldom that a great city is able to say "The Printer" is dead. But that is what Boston could not refrain from feeling when it learned of the death of Mr. John Wilson, whose press had been but recently removed to Cambridge beside those which it had long rivalled in accuracy and finish. We remember well his School Street establishment—the most orderly composing-room we have ever seen, and the best lighted; one, in fact, which made the nearest approach to the ideal seat of the typographic art, and was as far as possible removed from the obscure and dirty dens out of which faultless book and newspaper work is expected to issue, and, in not a few instances, does issue—by daily miracle almost. Mr. Wilson sat in a small room adjoining the relatively spacious and absolutely cheerful composing-room, with which he had close communication by means of bells and speaking-tubes. He was the impersonation of gentleness and modesty, and his attainments were of the most extensive and solid character. A slight acquaintance with a good printing-office will lead to the conviction that, as with critics in any branch of knowledge, so with printers, it is impossible to know too much or too many things; and there are few tests of good scholarship to compare with proof-reading. Mr. Wilson's abilities in this direction were almost or quite unrivalled. We once heard a hospital nurse from Boston (unconscious of Plutarch) say that the soldiers whom she tended always named the Massachusetts troops as second best after those from their own State in every case, from which she concluded that Massachusetts, by common consent, ranked first. Boston printers, however, always named themselves second after John Wilson, and looked up to him as the head of the profession. The deceased was a native of Scotland, the home of good printers, and followed his calling in Belfast and Manchester before coming over to this country. He was an ardent and incessant student of theology, and a list of his published works, as given in the Boston *Advertiser*, comprises "The Concessions of Trinitarians" (Manchester, 1842), "Scripture Proofs and Scripture Illustrations of Unitarianism" (London, 1846), and "Unitarian Principles Confirmed by Trinitarian Testimonies" (Boston, 1855). But his standard work on punctuation is that by which he will be longest remembered. It had passed through fourteen editions in 1862.

—The American is supposed to be the man of all men of modern times who in the course of his life goes through the most varied experience. Foreigners are apt to think that the Yankee is not the typical Yankee unless he has "taught school," peddled eight-day clocks, been selectman, gone in a Gloucester-built fishing schooner to George's Banks, served a term in the State Legislature, emigrated to the West and made stump speeches, failed twice or three times in business, founded a new sect and preached the doctrines thereto appertaining, travelled with a "daguerreotype saloon," held a commission in the Union army, been a member of Congress, and edited a paper. But we do not know that the typical Yankee has any advantage in point of versatility over a well-known class of clever Irishmen. Charles Graham Halpine, just deceased, is a fair specimen of the class to which we refer, and any American of whom we have any knowledge might safely be challenged to present a personal history marked by more vicissitudes, and greater adaptability to them, than that of "Miles O'Reilly." Mr. Halpine came to the United States in 1849. He had not attained his majority when he was in full communion with the "Young Ireland" party—a set of men who proposed to themselves nothing less than the dismemberment of the British Empire. Halpine, son of a clergyman of the Establishment, himself a Protestant so far as he was anything, as little as any man in the world likely to be moved by sentimental motives, was probably made a rebel and conspirator merely by the fervor of youthful blood, by a heedless and unthinking willingness to connect himself with any cause that gave scope to his mental and physical energy. He was already married when he landed, poor and without friends, at Boston, in 1849, and there was need of his at once finding work. He first found it—if our recollection of his own talk is not at fault—in the office of the Boston *Post*. Either after he left the *Post* or while he was still at work for that paper, he joined "Mrs. Partington"—B. P. Shillaber, one of the most weakly of our many weakly humorous writers—in publishing the *Carpet Bag*, a journal which soon died, and richly deserved death from the beginning. Mr. Halpine immediately thereafter came to New York—his proper field—and engaged with great ardor in journalism and politics. It was while he was in Boston, we think, that he sent to the *Atlantic* one or two articles which good judges pronounced fully equal, as specimens of good magazine literature, to anything the *Atlantic* has ever published; but he himself afterwards said that they were written not by him, but by his father or brother—we do not now remember which—both of whom were more than fair classical scholars of the old-time British pattern, and endowed with the literary knack common to all the members of the family. General Halpine himself was a ready if not a good Latinist, and, in Latin as in everything else, all he knew he utilized. In New York he soon made himself very well known as an extremely ready writer for several papers. It is said of him that he would write for this paper on one day, and the next morning would answer in another paper his own arguments of the day before. It may well be believed that nothing that he said on either day was very valuable, except from the Bohemian's or the managing editor's point of view. Meantime, while he was doing Democratic work

for the *Herald*, and was writing for the *Tribune* things in harmony with the song, "Tear down the flaunting lie"—the Stars and Stripes, which covered slaves while it symbolized freedom—he was deep in the wire-pulling mysteries of Tammany Hall, making the acquaintance of every leading politician, and making himself a man of much consideration in local politics. In this he was helped by his editorship and part-ownership of the *Leader*, a lively paper, whose success was very largely due to him. About this time was his fight with Fernando Wood—a squabble not, we imagine, of great interest to the philosophical student of politics, though it did shift the municipal patronage from one set of Democrats to another. Soon came the war, and he at once offered his services, and was commissioned as a second lieutenant in the Sixty-ninth New York Volunteers. He was not long allowed to remain in the line, but was made a staff officer by General Halleck, and by-and-by was transferred to the military family of General Hunter. Hunter went to Hilton Head to command the Department of the South, and it was there that Halpine, now made a major, laid the foundations of his best literary fame. He had written some trifles for a little Hilton Head paper called the *New South*, and had made for himself that easily made thing, a garrison and mess-room reputation for literary ability, when one day there appeared a song of his, in which "Miles O'Reilly," supposed to be a private soldier in a New York regiment, argues in favor of "Sambo's equal right to be kilt," and professes a willingness to give Sambo the larger half of that right. At once the name of "Miles O'Reilly" became known all over the Union, and though nothing that "the boy Miles" did afterwards was nearly so good as this first expression of his opinion in regard to General Hunter's scheme of arming the negroes, still his success in this instance gave him vogue, and his songs written afterwards—songs which sometimes narrowly escaped being at least second-rate poetry of the Irish-song sort, and were always clever versifying—met with general acceptance. His reputation as "Miles O'Reilly," his old-time knowledge of our municipal politics, and his journalistic tact, enabled him to succeed in his enterprise of publishing the *Citizen*, and were equally influential in procuring for him his election as Registrar. As journalist, politician, editor, song-writer, soldier, he was always successful, in a certain sense of that word, and he deserves, in the first place, what credit belongs to a man who, beginning life alone and unaided in a new country, makes himself a power and dies regretted before he is forty years old; and in the second place, he deserves what credit belongs to the clever writer of songs which are songs of the day, or of the evening, though they may not be songs for all time. His literary character is all with which we have any concern. As regards that, he is to be described as filling a place between the conscienceless, uneducated, ready-witted Bohemian of the daily press, and the educated, very talented, very ready Maginns and Father Prouts whom he emulated. A book, sure of a generation of life, might be made up out of selections from his prose and verse.

—In the State of Vermont, for six years after 1860, there was on an average one divorce annually to every twenty-one and a half marriages. In Massachusetts, during four years of the same period, one divorce to about forty-four and a half (44·4) marriages was the ratio. In Ohio, it was one divorce to twenty-five marriages. In Prussia—among the Protestant population—the ratio of the divorces of 1855 to the marriages of that year was as one to nineteen. At the foot of this bad-looking list, Connecticut must be placed; there in the period between 1860 and 1867, the ratio was as one to eleven and four-tenths. Deduct from the whole number of marriages of persons of foreign birth 800 as being marriages of Catholics, who rarely or never petition for a divorce, and this ratio becomes still more unsatisfactory; we have one divorce to eight and a half marriages. Tried by other measures the result is the same; Connecticut makes a worse show than any other State of the Union or of Christendom—unless possibly we are to except Indiana, which seems to be afraid to collect the statistics of the subject. In that other Connecticut, the Western Reserve of Ohio, the case is about as bad; the counties constituting the district so-called furnish much more than their due proportion of the divorced, while the southern counties, in which, by the way, Catholics abound, fall below the average in the number of petitions. In the Judicial District of Berlin in 1838–40 there were fifty-seven divorces to every 100,000 inhabitants; in that of Frankfort there were thirty; in that of Magdeburg there were thirty-five; in Rhenish Prussia, under the less lax Code Napoleon, there were but four divorces to each hundred thousand people. Now, in Vermont, out of the same number of inhabitants (100,000) there are annually 33 divorces; in Massachusetts—we speak of the present decade—there are $20\frac{4}{10}$; in Ohio there are about $33\frac{3}{10}$, and in Connecticut, even if we do not count out the Catholic population, every hundred thousand of the people have amongst them yearly 80 newly divorced couples! There can be no doubt—the statistics, though they may prove a good deal less than Catholic controvertists would infer from them, conclusively prove it—that society in Connecticut is in a dangerously corrupt condition; and these figures ought to make Connecticut legislators look to their divorce laws and study the history of the effect which such relaxation of the law has had on the permanence of Connecticut marriages. The "omnibus clause" of the present law—the clause that relates to incompatibility of temper, and seems to suppose that one human being can make another perennially happy—could never have good results in so hasty and ill-tempered a world as this one even if everybody were perfectly honest; to the dishonest it affords every facility for unclean living. To aid them in their studies we refer them to President Woolsey in the *New Englander*, and to Doctor John M. Leavitt in the *American Church Quarterly*.

## HELPS'S SPANISH CONQUEST.*

With this volume Mr. Helps has completed his work, and may well congratulate himself on the successful termination of a task so arduous. As he says in the preface to the first volume, it is not so much a history of conquest as of the results of conquest, and of the government of the subjugated tribes and colonies by the mother country.

It was not written to add another to the many brilliant and interesting narratives of the Spanish conquest in Mexico and Peru; these, it is true, form a large part of the work, but are mostly preparatory narration. The thread binding the work together must be clearly perceived in order to bring a series of otherwise disconnected narratives into one harmonious whole; this thread is the history of the growth of slavery and of colonial administration, and it is by the success with which Mr. Helps has traced this growth that he is to be judged.

He has done students of history great service by gathering into one work the scattered accounts of the numerous Spanish expeditions and conquests, and in making a most valuable and interesting work, although not always well digested, and by its unsystematic chronological arrangement often puzzling the reader.

Mr. Helps has many valuable qualifications as a historian, he has great patience for tedious research, and great personal interest in his subject, his statements are well weighed and accurate, and when he abandons himself to the quick current of events he is a forcible and picturesque writer. The fictitious narrative of the voyage of the *Santa Flor* in the second volume abounds in beautiful pictures, and the work is filled with striking, animated descriptions. But too often Mr. Helps retards the course of his history by wearisome reflections and speculations, and shows a lack of skill in weaving the various portions of his narrative together, leaving too many disconnected events standing in confusing groups. In his dread of being considered partial he becomes vague and undecided, seldom even attempting to refute charges, but meeting them with a host of palliative circumstances which leave the reader bewildered. His style is loose and too colloquial, abounding in "asides," generalizing remarks, and trite sayings, of which the reader very speedily gets enough.

As may be imagined, the work is extensive in its scope; after a preliminary view of Portuguese discovery in Africa it begins with Columbus's discovery and administration of the West India islands, passing in due time to the discoveries of Balboa and the wonderful deeds of Cortez and Pizarro, the history terminating with the middle of the sixteenth century, when conquest was nearly completed, and colonial organization settled or in the way of settlement. As Mr. Helps remarks, "There is a singular fascination in the account of such a deed as the discovery of America, which cannot be done any more, nor anything like it—which stands alone in the doings of the world;" but there is a still greater fascination in the account of the unknown country and how it was influenced by its discovery.

This influence, the administration of the country, and the events following its conquest, form the most interesting portion of Mr. Helps's work.

We can yet feel with much of its original interest the great question that three hundred years ago was anxiously asked in Spain, What is to be done with all these millions of newly-found vassals? The first thing to be done was to convert them to Christianity; to this end expeditions being fitted out, and the country explored and settled that the natives might be brought into contact with the Christians. A secondary consideration (with the mother country) was the tribute to be derived from the country, and the development of its resources. The discovery of the new world happened at an inopportune juncture in Spanish history, and in one respect, in

* "The Spanish Conquest in America and its Relation to the History of Slavery and to the Government of Colonies. By Arthur Helps." 4 vols. London: Parker & Son. New York: Harper & Bros. 4th vol. just issued.

the history of the world. The long-continued contest against the Moors had impoverished the country; the funds to equip expeditions could with difficulty be provided; and Columbus was indebted to the jewels of Isabella for his paltry outfit. This poverty of Spain had a most important and evil influence on the destiny of America; it prevented laws being enforced, and led to the institution of modern slavery; for the only way in which Spain could pay her soldiers was by granting them the natives or their services.

The inopportune juncture in the world's history for America was the African discoveries made under the supervision of Prince Henry of Portugal. Mr. Helps has devoted a large space to a most interesting subject, and one heretofore little noticed by the early historians of America—the *encomienda* system, or division of the discovered lands among the discoverers. It was perfectly novel and unlike anything in the Old World; it was the germ of modern slavery, and made the Spanish conquest a huge failure. In the early part of 1495, during the administration of Columbus in Hispaniola, after sundry affairs with the natives, whom the lawlessness of the Spaniards had exasperated, he imposed a tribute on the whole island which seems to have been most severe, and in the next year service was demanded in the place of tribute. This was the beginning of the system of *encomiendas* which afterwards brought forth such bitter fruit. The first form of the *encomienda* or *repartimento* was simply so much land granted by Columbus to the colonists—in the royal letters authorizing him to make such grants there was no mention of the natives. Afterwards, without authority, he allowed the colonists to use the services of the natives for a year or two in building and tilling their lands. This was the second phase of the *encomienda*, land and tillage. Bobadilla, who superseded Columbus, allowed the Indians to be taken to work anywhere and without any restriction. In 1503 Ferdinand and Isabella directed Ovando (the governor who succeeded Bobadilla) to make the Indians have dealings with the Spaniards, and to settle the subject of wages as he should see fit. Ovando's method was this—he distributed Indians among the Spaniards with deeds which ran thus: "To you, such a one, is given an *encomienda* of so many Indians with such a cacique, and you are to teach them the things of our holy Catholic faith."

Henceforth there is a miserable succession of treacheries and horrid cruelties on the part of the Spaniards, and despairing revolts by the Indians. After seven years of Ovando's administration, out of some twelve hundred thousand souls which had inhabited Hispaniola there were "but few left," and it seemed good to Ferdinand to order that others should be brought from the other islands. The system of *encomiendas* with its frightful abuses, the additional iniquity of urging the ignorant natives into war, and selling the captives for work at the mines, had at last so much reduced the Indians that in a few years they would have been utterly exterminated in the islands.

But a protector was to be given them, a tireless man was to traverse the ocean twelve times for them, to spend sixty years of toil and sleepless effort, to be exposed to obloquy and denunciation such as no other man perhaps has ever endured. The central figure in the Spanish conquest, and in all histories of Spanish rule in America, is not Cortez, or Pizarro, but the tireless *Clerigo* (as he calls himself), the self-sacrificing Bishop of Chiapa, Bartolomé Las Casas. The obstacles he had to encounter in his schemes of benevolence were enormous. He had to persuade men to give up their hard-earned property in slaves, to ask Spain to relinquish the immense profits she made from her unjust oppression of her vassals; he had to expose the most shameless corruption on the part of officials; he was doomed to weary voyages, to long waiting in the ante-rooms of princes, and when, at last, after months of toil, a beneficent law had been framed, he saw those charged with its execution seduced by his enemies, and after all his labors and waiting the law not enforceed.

His interest in the Indians was very personal; he had, with his own eyes, seen such inhuman cruelties that his heart bled for their victims; he saw multitudes of weak natives torn from their homes, transported to distant settlements, used as beasts of burden, dying by thousands in the mines, and he literally groaned and agonized for them. Any means of relief, anything to save his poor Indians! And he found what he thought was a means of relief, and again he was doomed in his very benevolence to do an act that should increase the load of calumny heaped upon him—an act which should cause him most pathetically to say, "This advice, that license should be given to bring negro slaves to these lands, the Clerigo Casas first gave, not considering the injustice with which the Portuguese take them and make them slaves: which advice, after he had seen what happened therefrom (que cayó en ello),* he would not have given for all he had in the world. For he always held that they had been made slaves unjustly and tyrannically, for the same right is of them as of the Indians."

The direct result was that the privilege of importing a limited number of negroes was granted in monopoly to De Bresa; in consequence of this the supply was scanty, and to obtain labor the Indians were captured and enslaved. It is difficult to estimate the degree of blame which attaches to Las Casas for this advice. Some have savagely accused him of introducing the slave-trade into America, an accusation easily refuted; others have tried to excuse him entirely on the ground that at that time the slave-trade was not considered immoral, as it is now. These are extremes. The fact is that Las Casas of two evils chose what seemed to him the least. He saw the weak natives torn from their homes, subjected to labor for which they were totally unfitted, and perishing frightfully from change of residence and cruelty The negroes were hardy and well adapted to labor in the Indies—here was a chance to save his beloved Indians, this chance he embraced, and failed. He nobly repented of his error of haste and lack of investigation, and stands out on the page of history a figure almost unequalled in self-sacrificing benevolence.

The evils which occurred in the islands were partially averted in Mexico by the wise administration of Cortez, and by this time legislation in Spain had taken cognizance of the colonial evils, and was sending out a body of laws hardly equalled in the annals of any country for justice and benevolence. These just and equitable laws were foreshadowed by the command of Isabella that the captured Indians sent to Spain by Columbus should be returned to their homes. In solemn junta the Indians were pronounced freemen.

Cardinal Ximenes carried legislation for the Indians still further. In 1530, Charles issued an order declaring that no slaves were to be made even in a just war, and in 1538 a royal order forbade any Spaniard buying any Indian slave, or any cacique selling them. It was also ordered that no Indian should carry any burden against his will, or be removed from his own district. The new laws in 1542 made all *encomiendas* lapse to the crown on the death of the owner, and were the climax of the protective legislation of Spain. Personal services were abolished in 1549, regulations were made concerning the care of Indians in the unhealthy districts, weight of the burdens they were to carry, and at last, lest the Spaniards should impose on the Indians, the latter were to be regarded and treated as *minors*. As Mr. Helps remarks, "it is hardly possible to carry legislation further in favor of any race or class."

Unfortunately, these wise laws were not always carried out; their execution was hindered by the great distance between Spain and her colonies, by dishonest governors who evaded them, and by the impoverished condition of the mother country, who had to pay her rapacious soldiery in the spoils of the conquered country. All these things made the conquest in its material results a failure. With every opportunity to found a grand empire on this continent, with a territory equal in length to the whole of Africa, and wider than the empire of Russia, what did Spain accomplish? By rapacity and misrule the islands were depopulated, and if on the continent Cortez and De la Gasca preserved a remnant of the natives, they were feeble, ambitionless, and submissive, a distinct race from their conquerors and neighbors. But from this history there are lessons of infinite value to be learned by all colonizing nations; and speaking of it from that point of view, Mr. Helps has written one of the most valuable and instructive books of the time.

* Mr. Helps, II, 18, translates this incorrectly, "After he had apprehended the nature of the thing."

## A SISTER'S STORY.*

This volume is principally composed of extracts from the letters and journals of different members of the family of the Count de la Ferronnays, who, in 1819, was French Ambassador at St. Petersburg, and in 1829 served his country in the same capacity at Rome. At St. Petersburg, Mrs. Craven, then Pauline de la Ferronnays, first met Alexandrine, the daughter of Count d'Alopeus, Russian Minister at Berlin. This acquaintance was renewed at Rome, where Alexandrine saw for the first time Pauline's brothert Albert, whom she afterwards married. The story of their courtship and marriag was told in a little volume entitled "Histoire d'un Amour Chrétien," printed for private circulation in Paris in 1866, and which was noticed, as a "French Love Story," in the *Nation* of June 1 of that year. Alexandrine is the central figure of this book—the loveliest of a group, every member of which, as far as one can judge of them from their correspondence and the minute daily record of the inner life of sentiment and religious emotion which each of them kept, appears to have been faultless, unless too absolute a perfection may partake of the nature of a fault. Throughout the entire family the sentiment of

* "A Sister's Story. By Mrs. Augustus Craven. Translated from the French by Emily Bowles." New York: The Catholic Publication Society. 1868.

filial and fraternal affection became a passion which apparently combined great intensity with singular unreserve—two elements not ordinarily compatible. The publication of this book, with its minute details of actions, its close analyses of sentiment, gives one striking proof of what we mean by unreserve. But what seems to us a still more forcible one is the fact, that while the journals from which it is compiled were yet in daily use, they were handed about not only from one member of the family to another, but intimate friends also were taken into confidence. Alexandrine's account of her love, and her married life, filled three thick manuscript volumes, of which Mrs. Craven says that "the morbid truthfulness, which was Alexandrine's peculiar characteristic, her anxiety to note down every action, word, and even thought with scrupulous exactness, her horror of exaggeration, her desire to relate the evil as well as the good with equal sincerity, made her indulge in an abundance of superfluous details which prolong her narrative to a tedious extent." Mrs. Craven seems to have made her selections with great good taste and judgment. We have a love story of the most delightful kind, told with the same fulness which a novelist would accord to it, and told by its principal actors—a love at once innocent and passionate, and yet a love which, while it lasted, apparently never felt the need of any sacred privacy, and of which the indifferent world of readers is now invited to become a spectator.

Shortly after Alexandrine's record was finished we find one of the sisters, then recently married, writing to Mrs. Craven:

"My mother-in-law is reading part of Alexandrine's story, and is much touched by it. She is very much surprised at some of the things in the journal, and in Albert's letters. She says, 'Why really, this makes one believe in novels; I had no idea that such feelings existed.'"

Count Charles de Montalembert, who was an intimate friend of the family, wrote to Alexandrine a year after her husband's death:

"I have thought of including in my series of works on the Catholic ages a special book upon 'Christian Love and Marriage.' Albert's fragment has very much confirmed me in this plan, and has suggested the idea of embodying in it the story of your lives by way of epilogue, to show that even in our degenerate age some privileged souls know how to be faithful to the holy traditions of which the middle ages have left us such numerous examples. Tell me if this idea smiles upon you."

She replied:

"What I am now writing will be of great use to you. It is a full journal of our life, in which you will find all that Albert wrote. Unfortunately I have as yet only finished one year of it, which I showed to Rio, who thought it interesting; but for some time past I have been longing for an opportunity to show it to you. All Albert's letters to you are copied in it. Oh yes! dear friend, it would be indeed a work worthy of you, as well as a great satisfaction to me, whom God made so happy in my marriage, if you were to show the world how good and desirable that kind of happiness is; that there is nothing so sweet on earth as a love which we are not afraid of owning before God and men, and that two human beings can never so fully enjoy their mutual affection as when they both serve with *one mind* the God who created them."

The literary and artistic sentiment predominates over the purely religious one in what follows:

"Oh! Montal, if you could contrive, by writing the story of your best friend, to make the cold and dull world understand all this, how glorious it would be for you, for Albert, and for me! I hope I should not wish to enjoy that glory in this world, for it would make me too proud, though it was all owing to Albert. *I know there are in our story a number of details which make it as interesting as some old chronicle.* That first meeting at Rome, and the words we exchanged at the doors of the church, when he rebuked me for human respect. The offering he made of his life, and of every earthly blessing, to obtain my conversion; then the little fact you remember, of the strip of paper torn off my note-book; the fright I had about the duel at Pompeii, and the tears I could not conceal; Albert's exile to Rome, and Fernand's little artifice to get me to write to him; that happy life the following winter, under the same roof as his family; Mamma beginning to revolve in her mind the possibility of our marriage, and our both being aware of it, but not venturing to speak to one another on the subject, yet still feeling secure in the strength of our mutual attachment; then our departure for Germany, and his for France; our being delayed at Rome while he was dying at Civita Vecchia; my despair, which made me exclaim, 'Oh! if only I were his wife!' I am sure that God heard that cry, as my mother also did, and at last (after seven months' absence) we met again at Naples, with every obstacle removed. And then I found him an angel of whom I was not worthy, and in our marriage such peace and happiness as I never believed could exist."

We may add that when one recovers from the first feeling of surprise that a history of sentiments so sacred in their very nature should for any reason have been given to the public, there is no longer anything in the book to repel one. No love story could be more delicately pure—and notwithstanding an impression which we found was not to be easily shaken off, that most of these letters and journals were written not only with a consciousness of the actual presence of God, but the possible presence of almost any uninterested third party, yet the note of affectation is never struck throughout. Moreover, the love story forms but a small portion of a volume whose primary intention was to show that the Catholic Church not only has power to make utterly pure and innocent the strongest of human passions, but that it can console its children under the bitterest sorrows, convert their despair into calmness and their grief into joy.

Mrs. Craven certainly offers very abundant and convincing testimony on this point—a point which probably no one ever dreams of controverting. Given natures like these, in which the emotional element entirely predominates, to which the pursuit of truth as an ultimate object is totally incomprehensible, which craves happiness and repose with a passionate longing, and the Church certainly offers a satisfactory and comprehensive solution of all their difficulties. We should all be Catholics were it not that the Church sets too high a price upon her opiates. One generally pays for extreme wealth of emotional power by a corresponding poverty of judgment, and though, if we had our choice, we might all be willing to be born blind that we might never feel afraid in the dark, the settlement of the matter is certainly not optional with us. It is a congenital impossibility for some people to conceive of their natural passions, of their judgment, will, and reason, as mere counters with which they can purchase eternal rest, and a tardy but complete gratification of the wants which are here unsupplied. Such people do not, in rejecting Catholicism, necessarily disavow the yearning for this rest, nor the belief that it will be attained. The craving is universal, the Church's answer only partial—it allows the claims of the emotions, but it disallows those of the intellect. There is no doubt that she does her legitimate work well and thoroughly, that she gives hope to the despairing, comfort to the sorrowing, and sometimes mends the morals of the vicious—we quarrel with her only because in virtue of doing this she claims the right to outrage or ignore wants yet profounder than those which she supplies.

## BISHOP'S EXPLANATIONS OF THE LAW.*

THE first three chapters of this work leave one a little doubtful whether the author has not forgotten his statement in the preface, that he does not presuppose the reader to be "destitute either of natural capacity or preparatory training." But we get a pretty clear and convincing view of his own dense ignorance of the distinction between ethics and law, and of his confused perception of what he himself means by such phrases as "moral conformation," "moral and intellectual element," as constituents of the legal mind. The last section of the chapter on "moral aptitude" contains the substance of the author's conclusions on this branch of his subject. We present them without unnecessary comment. "A man with a contracted moral part," says Mr. Bishop, "may sometimes make a good physician or even a good minister of the gospel, but he can never become a good lawyer. Sometimes one who practises immoralities is found endowed with a good capacity for the law, but such a man is always unhappy, for he must have a strong moral nature, and it remonstrates against his evil courses."

Of "preparatory studies and training" the author says: "There is no system of education esteemed by any considerate persons valuable which may not, in some aspect of it, present advantages for him who intends to follow it up by law studies. Perhaps that which is least useful in an ordinary collegiate course is Greek." (He means to say, we take it, that the college-bred lawyer will find his Greek of rather less value to him professionally than any other of his acquisitions.) And again he says: "The kind of preparatory education, therefore, if of any kind usually deemed useful among men, is of less consequence than the amount." We suppose it will be difficult to adduce a parallel for these two quotations in the naïve ignorance which they manifest on the part of our author, and in their curious phraseology. But we can go on and see.

In the second book, on the nature of the law in general and of the common law in particular, Mr. Bishop is more at his ease than in his introductory labor. His uncontracted intellectual part invades the realms of universal science, and demands tribute from every form of existence in which any law or anything else "pervading and constraining" can be found. "The law of nature," he tells us, "is the order which pervades and constrains all physical existence," meaning by "order," as he shows below, not *system*, but *command*. "The law of the human mind, which is taught in the system called mental philosophy, is the order which pervades and constrains the existence and action of the mind of man on our earth; and the law of the land, as taught in what are termed law-books, is the order which pervades and constrains our national and municipal associa-

* "The First Book of the Law, Explaining the Nature, Sources, Books, and Practical Applications of Legal Science, and Methods of Study and Practice." By Joel Prentiss Bishop, Author of "Commentaries on the Criminal Law," on "The Law of Marriage and Divorce," and on "Criminal Procedure." Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1868.

tions." His singular use of the word "order" in the foregoing passages is indicated further on when he says that his definition, "by employing the term 'order,' carries the mind to the consequences of obedience and disobedience."

The mixed condition of his ideas as to the meaning of the word "law" is further illustrated by the following passages, the remarkable character of whose reasoning is equalled by the gravity with which they are propounded: "The views stated in the last chapter suggest to us that in the nature of things there can be no existence of any kind destitute of law. If from anything we separate all which may be termed the law of the thing, then the thing itself, so far as we can comprehend it, ceases to be." . . . . "If, for example, each individual should insist upon occupying one certain space, one greater than is sufficient to contain a single person, and should carry his determination into effect, the life of every one would be instantly ended. It must, therefore, be a law that no two shall occupy at the same time one and the same space." Other passages follow which are equally astonishing, but which it would be beside our purpose to quote. We cannot, however, avoid calling attention to the author's almost wonderful want of what one would suppose quite as essential for a lawyer as an uncontracted moral part; we mean a capacity for drawing with certainty a correct inference from premises, a defect of which section 43 will furnish any one who likes such things with two remarkably fine specimens.

We were in some doubt, after finishing the first six chapters of the book and meditating on the author's remarks on that subject, as to what class of intellects it might be to which his own properly belonged, but the beginning of chapter seven opened our eyes.

His conception of the Deity (section 60) standing over a stream of running water and subverting by his simple volition the law of gravitation is daring, and is by no means the less perfect as an imaginative effort because it illustrates the ordinary everyday mind of the author, in that the definition of law which it implies is flatly contradictory of the one given in section 44. This, with its mysticism, some readers will like better:

"There are some religionists who believe that great truths can be gathered from the Scriptures by means of what is called the science of correspondences. Be this as it may, there does sometimes appear, to the casual view at least—perhaps also to the more scientific observation—a correspondence between external things and things of an intangible nature. We hear of the 'threefold cord not easily broken;' of the triangle, which is a sort of power in mathematical science; and, in theology, of the Trinity. We might go where the milkmaid plies her vocation, and find the three-legged stool;" . . . .

'On such a stool immortal Alfred sat,
And swayed the sceptre of his infant realms.'

In the last two of these quoted lines, Cowper, whether he meant it or not, conveyed a great legal truth. It is that the law, of which King Alfred was one of the most illustrious patrons and founders, constitutes a trinity not unlike the three-legged stool. There are three, there are three in one, the three are equal the one to the other; we use the name of the one as almost a synonym of the other; we may put a legal case on the one, or the other, or the other, at pleasure, it being rather a choice of words than ideas; and, when we contemplate the three as combined, we have that whereon rests all judicial decision, all rightful governmental action and power, everything, in short, which is comprehended under the phrase law of the land. In the last three chapters we have contemplated each of these three things—each leg of the milkmaid's stool—separately; they are *legal principle, legal reason, legal authority*—three in one, the superstructure being all rightful judicial and other governmental action; just as, in this universe of which we are a part, all things rest on God, whom the theology of most of the civilized world contemplates as three in one, while he is in himself all and in all."

With something of that haughty consciousness of an inner sight which belongs to poets and philosophers of the mystical school, Mr. Bishop does not assign any reasons for the dogmas above set forth; and, with a charming consistency to his newly developed theological bias, demands of his readers faith or its equivalent as a prerequisite to their intelligent apprehension of them.

"But the writer may be asked, On what *authority* he states that the law has this triple nature? If so, his answer may be found scattered through the last three chapters. If these do not satisfy the enquirer, then let him read through all the books of the law from the beginning to the end; and, if he reads understandingly, he will *see* that the law has the triple nature thus assigned to it. But there are persons who will still press the writer thus: 'Nay, show us a place in the books where it is *said*, the law is a trinity.' Now, this sort of demand, by whomsoever made, is conclusive of one fact, and only one—namely, that the person making it needs still to be taught the fundamentals of legal truth"—after which, if the pressing seeker has anything more to say, he is not wise.

It is a sad enough fact, though a familiar one, that the highest degree of poetic genius is not always found allied with reverence for sacred things; and that the speculations of mystical philosophy sometimes clothe themselves in forms which in humbler utterances would be unmistakably sacrilegious. To such minds much is to be pardoned; still, when one of them comes out as a professed teacher and guide of the young, it is the duty of every right-minded critic to show him in his true light. In the following passage Mr. Bishop horrifies us; he declares that judge-made law is inspired! (section 63):

"When, therefore, there is a concurrence of all the circumstances essential to a sound administration of justice, namely, the court sitting with unbiassed understanding to hear the argument, the presentation of argument on both sides by counsel learned in the law, such a constitution of the tribunal as will render its judgment valid and effectual, the aspiration in the mind of the judges after justice and right, and the existence in their minds of that reasonable amount of legal aptitude and learning, without which they never ought to have been appointed judges, 'Almighty God' appears in the midst of the tribunal where it sits, and reveals the right way to the understanding of the judges as surely as he appears in the tempest on the ocean, and teaches each water-drop where to be when the wind goes down, so as to produce in the deep the same calm which has gone before in the sky; and as the ocean drops do not know the philosophy of this, so oftentimes the judges do not apprehend the true reason of their decisions."

This is shown conclusively in the case of a decision rendered under the requisite conditions, but which is subsequently overruled:

"Now, if the judges travel out of the record, and undertake to lay down doctrines not necessary to the decision of the cause, 'Almighty God' does not go with them there; their words are what are called in the law-books '*obiter dicta*,' and being both uninspired and impertinent, they are of no effect as a guide in future causes."

When, in an earlier chapter, Mr. Bishop represented the Deity as standing by a brook and amusing himself by reversing the law of gravitation, we might have forgotten the irreverence, which we could not deny, in the boldness and originality of the conception; but this last we find too strong.

We have found it impossible to speak seriously of a book of which it would hardly be too much to say that all that is not utterly absurd is utterly commonplace. Occasionally, it is true, a piece of sound advice may be found in the volume, but it is generally very trite. It contains at the end a useful list of the principal law-books now in use, together with some observations on their merits, and except for this list the book seems to be of little value for the class for whom it is especially written, and of still less to any one else, and we sincerely wish, for the author's reputation, that it might have been suppressed. His reputation as the author of two treatises, very well known to the profession and generally accepted, is considerable and honorable, and he ought to have been a better friend to it.

*Several Guide Books.**—It is not, perhaps, too late in the season to speak of the books named below. Mr. De Costa's is more than a mere guide-book; is, in fact, a critical account of Lake George and the region round about, the historical portion based on careful and some original researches, which in not a few instances throw new light on Revolutionary traditions, and either alter or diminish them. The descriptions of scenery are written with the moderation of a practised writer, and not in the manner of a tourist who exhausts his adjectives long before he has reached the climax of sublimity.

Mr. Morford has laid hold of a good idea, and in all practical particulars has carried it out very well; that is, he maps out a number of short excursions for those who cannot visit Europe except in haste and for a brief period, and provides for the largest amount of sight-seeing with the utmost economy of time and money. Some latitude is allowed, however, and the book will be of use even to persons with long purses and plenty of leisure. We only fear that the average respectable American citizen who purchases it will feel inclined to resent some of the general directions about good manners and prudent behavior while abroad. The class that needs instruction of this sort is more likely to be capable of making long trips, and is vulgarly known as "shoddy." The man who stints himself that he may set foot on the other shore of the Atlantic, if only for a month, will hardly be in danger of arrest at Dublin as a Fenian sympathizer, or as a scoffer at Catholicism in one of the cathedrals. The "few useful phrases" of the appendix would be considerably more useful if the French portion especially had been edited with any care. But there are numerous mistakes in accent and spelling—*e. g.* "Cocher, *ète* vous

* "Lake George: Its Scenes and Characteristics, with Glimpses of the Olden Times. To which is added some account of Ticonderoga, with a description of the route to Schroon Lake and the Adirondacks. With an Appendix, containing Notes on Lake Champlain. With Illustrations. By B. F. De Costa." New York: A. D. F. Randolph. 1868.
"Appleton's Short Trip Guide to Europe. 1868. By Henry Morford." With a Map. New York: D. Appleton & Co.
"Book of Summer Resorts. Compiled by Charles H. Sweetser." New York. 1868.

libre?"—and fatal confusion and error in the pronunciation, for which compare: "*Une* pair de bottes (*oon* piar day boat)"! and "*Un* habit (*oon* abbee)." For the unlettered American, too, what could be more disastrous advice than this, culled from "a few simple rules worth remembering"?

"10th. The French idiom, or arrangement of sentences, is generally the exact reverse of the English (!); so that when any doubt exists as to which of two adjoining words to place first, it is generally nearest safe to remember what the English would be, and reverse it."

"15th. The more that words are chopped up, mangled, swallowed, and ejected through the nose (like tobacco-smoke by old smokers), the more possibility will exist of their being understood by a Frenchman."

This strikes us as rather costly pleasantry, and likely to convert a short trip to France into a very long one, if the tourist depends on his French either for staying or for getting away. Finally, what place in a *foreign* guide-book have the true reporter's puffs of various New York establishments, advertised in the back part, on condition, we presume, of "editorial mention?" None, unless the helter-skelter tourist is in danger of bringing back with him a hotel, or a billiard-table, or a railway of foreign make.

If Mr. Sweetser's compilation gives as much trouble to those who are anxious to learn from it where to go for the summer, as it has done to us in trying to discover what its merits are, it will not become a favorite guide-book. It is, in short, badly arranged, and it covers so much ground that in condensing his material the compiler has rejected almost everything but the names of places and the descriptions of routes. It is not in such a catalogue that the indifferent tourist will seek for light and suggestion. With "Appleton's Railway Guide" and "Lippincott's Gazetteer" he could do as well for himself. The "complete topical index" will not relieve him of embarrassment; it is exceedingly imperfect. "Mountains" form one of the divisions of this book, but we do not find (observe our caution) Wachusett, the pride of Central Massachusetts, nor Kearsarge—the Conway Kearsarge—the view from which is, perhaps, more satisfactory than that from Mount Washington, while it is obtained with much less fatigue. Monadnock receives decent mention, but as it is one of the most beautiful of mountain shapes, a person who had ever looked upon it would have thought that of quite as much consequence as looking from it. The want of local color is the inevitable fault of a compilation like this. Once in a while there is an attempt to supply it without borrowing (from Mr. Beecher or Starr King), as in speaking of Lake Umbagog, in the introductory chapter, it is stated that "there are no hotels here, but you can live with the farmers, and have glorious bread and milk." Now, this is true of hotels in an urban or a fashionable sense, but no other, even if the name hotel is insisted on, for which see p. 166, in another mention of the lake. The milk, as we remember it, was good, but we never saw glorious bread in that region, and do not believe it has any necessary connection with glorious milk, there or anywhere else. On p. 59, "young men" are advised "to go to the source of the Connecticut River and catch trout in beautiful Lake Umbagog." This would require rather a long rod, and the young sportsmen would be advised to drop their lines rather in the Megalloway, or in some one of the half-dozen lakes north, which drain into the Androscoggin through Umbagog; for the lowest lake is too muddy and shallow for the best fishing, but commanding, as it does, a superb view of the White Mountains, is, on the whole, more picturesque than the larger and purer bodies of water with which it is connected. The compiler also reports an Androscoggin "Lake" near by, of which he should take possession at once by right of discovery. Among omitted "summer resorts," Conway, already alluded to, is conspicuous, and Philadelphians will miss Mauch Chunk. Mr. Sweetser's "Tourist's and Invalid's Guide to the North-west" is a much inferior piece of scissors-work, and is really reprehensible for advising invalids to seek restoration to health in Minnesota. The testimonials which are printed in support of this advice are hardly better than those which make the fortune of patent medicines. Moreover, that Minnesota has experienced a significant and probably permanent change of climate, unfavorable to invalids, has been asserted by residents of the State, and is not unlikely to be the case.

## BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

| *Authors.* | *Publishers.—Price.* | |
|---|---|---|
| Barnes (Rev. A.), Notes on the Book of Psalms, Vol. I | (Harper & Bros.) | $1 50 |
| Bulwer Lytton (Sir E.), Paul Clifford | (J. B. Lippincott & Co.) | 1 50 |
| Bunsen (F. Baroness), Memoir of Baron Bunsen, 2 vols. | (J. B. Lippincott & Co.) | |
| Burnet (Rev. G.), The Court Sermon, 1674 | (Robert Clarke & Co.) | |
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## The Week.

IT is hard to say whether it would be better or worse for the Republicans to carry Maine in the September election by the usual majority. It is of considerable importance that Pennsylvania should be carried in October, and it is not to be denied that Pennsylvania is to-day a doubtful State. On the one hand, a decided Republican gain in Maine would make some needed Republican votes in Pennsylvania. On the other hand, a loss of some hundreds would set the Republicans of that State hard at work, and it is doubtless apathy, springing from confidence in the result, which is at present hurting their campaign. Nearly as bad a thing as a heavy Republican loss in Maine would be an average majority tending to confirm the Pennsylvanians in their sluggishness. In the two other great States of the middle tier which hold elections on the same day with Pennsylvania—Ohio and Indiana, namely—the prospect is decidedly better, reliable accounts from the latter State in particular making it seem sure that Mr. Hendricks is to be beaten as Governor, and that he will not get the legislature he wants to send him again to the Senate. Of course, if elected with a favorable legislature, he would not retain the governorship. Ohio is confidently claimed by the Democrats, but with little or no reason, and may be set down as certain to go for the Republicans. As to another point in the Fall campaign which is of general interest—the question whether or not the Massachusetts Republicans of the Fifth District will feel themselves strong enough to punish General Butler as the better sort of them wish—the prospect is apparently not favorable. General Butler, with what almost seems like a display of a military quality, when he removed from Lowell, hunting office, shrewdly selected out of all the Massachusetts Districts the one where the party happens to be the weakest in able men. Dr. Loring, an old fellow-democrat of Butler's—who may be described as a miniature copy of the old politicians of national reputation who made politics a trade, and a mean one, for the thirty years before the war, and who only became a Republican, if we are not mistaken, in 1864—is perhaps the most influential Republican in the District. With him it is rumored that Butler has made arrangements whereby Loring is to be governor and Butler is to keep his seat in the House. The *Tribune's* correspondents begin, we see, to speak of the fondness with which the "young and active Republicans" regard Loring, and of the certainty that Butler, whom the *Commonwealth* praises, will be triumphantly nominated and re-elected. It will, in fact, be necessary to beat him in caucus, we fear, if he is to be beaten at all. The thing has evidently been all arranged, and anybody who enjoys seeing the internal workings of the political machine will do well to read the papers mentioned above.

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One of the latest reports about the campaign is that Mr. Seymour, who a month ago was very despondent, is now quite confident of his election, and that there prevails a similar buoyancy of spirit at the Manhattan Club. We suspect, however, that there is little foundation for these pleasing anticipations to be found outside this city and Brooklyn, where the Republican prospects are certainly of the bluest—most of the old workers, being in despair, looking on with folded arms. In the West the Republican enthusiasm seems to be slowly boiling up; in the East there is a little too much confidence, and occasionally a rather alarming tendency to apathy. There is little of the usual bidding for votes. The Fenians have as yet had no offer made them. The discussion, as far as the Republicans are concerned, runs generally on the real points at issue. The success of the *La Crosse Democrat* is, on the other hand, a terrible indication of the amount of ignorance and lewdness which is still to be found in the Democratic ranks. The greenback controversy has during the week received a contribution from Vallandigham, who has indulged in a good deal of characteristic looseness and sophistry about it. Whether he "lies" and is a "villain," we are unable to say, but the New York *Tribune* makes both charges against him.

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Mr. Evarts, contrary to the hopes of his enemies, and apparently to the chagrin of the ultra-Radicals, and certainly to Mr. Johnson's, has sent in an opinion deciding Mr. Rollins's resignation to be conditional, and therefore invalid, and that he is consequently still the lawful incumbent of the office. Mr. Rollins's retention of his place is a great gain for the service, whatever the merits of his complaints against his superiors may be, for he is unquestionably a worse foe of the ring than anybody who would be likely to succeed him.

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Mr. T. W. Conway may not be in intention one of the most mischievous of the new residents of the South, but he would do well, we think, to let somebody else draft school-bills for the State of Louisiana. He, being now the State Superintendent of Education, has formed a new law, which it is supposed will pass, but which certainly, if the Republican majority in the Legislature has any sense left, will be defeated. One of the sections provides for the election of a State Superintendent, who is to appoint all his deputies and is to decide, without appeal, all controversies or disputes arising under the law. "It also invests him with other extraordinary powers." Another section provides for the compulsory attendance at school of every child between the ages of eight and fourteen years. The funds for supporting the system are to be drawn from a poll-tax and a special tax of one-fourth of one per cent. on all taxable property in the State. There is little fault, perhaps, to be found with any of these provisions—impoverished as Louisiana is—except those which give so much power to the Superintendent and leave none at all to the Board. But the section that makes the association of white and black children in the school-room a necessary prerequisite to any child's getting an education of any sort is mere folly, and will only result in keeping Louisiana longer in ignorance and making her class-prejudices more and more bitter. The new bill shows Mr. Conway to be an excellent friend to himself, perhaps, but no friend to Louisiana or to the colored people.

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The *World* has come to richly-deserved grief in the matter of Grant's cotton stealing. The Brothers Mack have made affidavit to the effect that, in 1862, Grant's father gave them a letter introducing them to his son, then in command in Mississippi, and asking him to show the firm special favors. Grant, of course, refused, and expressed surprise that his father should have made such a request, gave the Macks a permit—the same as that given to other traders—and dismissed them with the remark that he should be glad to hear of their success. There is another story, however, which has not as yet called out any

affidavits, and the *World* might employ the same hand on it that has so long been kept so busy with Grant as a Cotton Thief. Once, not long after the corrupt bargain with the Macks had been made, and while the principal criminal of that affair was still in Mississippi, he and his staff paid a visit to the house of a Mrs. Cox. They directed her to prepare dinner for the party. Flattered by the presence of so distinguished a guest, the lady had her silver, which she had buried in the garden, dug up and put on the table in the General's honor. He stole a great part of it. Mrs. Grant and himself habitually use it in their house in Washington. The La Crosse *Democrat* is our authority for this story. As for the other candidates, not much is just now heard of their private life. Blair has reached a lower stage of drunkenness than we chronicled in our last week's paper. Once, when he was descending some river in a steamboat, he drank so hard that his friends were obliged to lay him out on the deck. One of them placed a lobster on his breast as he lay extended. When he awoke his terror was extreme. "Tremens!" says he; "my father always told me what it would come to." Most of the Republican stories, it is as well to note, either relate to the public life of the enemy, or are simple fun-making and chaff, as in the case of Blair's lobster. The Democrats, on the other hand, are disgracing journalism, and show very plainly that the South is once again open to journalistic enterprise and retains its old liking for scurrility and puerility.

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The *Brooklyn Union*, which is usually a perspicacious paper, fell into a strange mistake last week in attributing the silence of the *Nation* about Thaddeus Stevens's death to our dislike of him. The real reason of our failure to mention him was the fact that the *Nation* was on the press when the news of his death came. We might, by straining a point, have announced that he was dead; but as the announcement would have reached our readers four days after the event, our making it would, in the present state of science, have been a sorry tribute to his memory. Let us take this opportunity of saying once more that our criticism of public men does *not* indicate personal hostility. It ought to be absurd for us to have to affirm this so often, but it seems that it is not. We do not conclude that a man whose political utterances we dislike is a bad man, and deserves, as a man, the hatred or contempt of good people. This kind of criticism is as common as it is ridiculous; but we beg the *Brooklyn Union* to take notice that nobody has reprobated it more strongly than we have. If John Howard were to appear on earth again, and maintain that a tax of two dollars a gallon could be collected on whiskey, or that you could keep inconvertible paper at par by penal legislation, we should at first modestly argue against him, and if he became obstreperous, moved the "previous question," called his opponents "copperheads" and "traitors," and we found that his labors in the prisons and his nursing the young lady in Crim Tartary were helping to spread his erroneous opinions on taxation and currency, we should use against him every honorable weapon within our reach, ridicule included; and we should, if he propounded his views nearly every day in the week, make a slighting reference to them as often as possible—that is to say, every Thursday morning. But if in the midst of all this, or after this, anybody should ask us what we thought of John Howard, we should speak of him in the highest terms within our reach, and should subscribe to a monument to him as freely as our means would permit.

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The distinction we here make is, however, not one which many of Mr. Stevens's most ardent admirers recognize in their dealings with other public men. They first of all do what everybody has a right to do—fix on some measure or doctrine as essential to the national salvation—impeachment, for instance, or the bill making the agreement of two-thirds of the judges of the Supreme Court necessary to a decision. Concurrence with them on this point they then make an infallible test, not of a public man's learning, or clear-headedness, or sagacity, but of his moral worth, and, if he dissents, begin to denounce him, not simply as a blockhead or ignoramus, but as a villain. Trumbull and Fessenden were villains because they did not agree with the *Tribune* about impeachment; Evarts was a villain because he did not agree with the *Independent* touching the duties of counsel; he was a double-dyed villain because the *Anti-Slavery Standard* thought he was going to give an opinion agreeable to the President (which he did not) on the Rollins case, and so on. On this plan of dealing with public men—which we heartily detest and abhor—we, having the same right as the *Tribune* and the *Independent* to choose our test of righteousness, might have treated Mr. Stevens as a perjured monster, steeped in iniquity, enriched by bribes, and playing the hypocrite in his old age. We, however, confined ourselves to occasionally denouncing his political economy, and to doing what we could, within the limits of decent discussion, to diminish the influence of opinions that we thought mischievous. Nevertheless, hardly a week passes that we do not find somebody dissolved in tears by the wayside over the *Nation's* treatment of Thaddeus Stevens; and in nine cases out of ten we find he is a person who rather enjoyed seeing Mr. Grimes compared to a "sick hedgehog in a travelling menagerie," or was not at all shocked when he read that one of the foremost Republican lawyers in America is a base and dishonored man because he defended "the greatest criminal of the age" before the "High Court," etc.

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The South Carolinian Legislature has passed a bill putting the negroes of the State on a footing of equality, as regards admission to steamboats, railroad cars, and hotels. There is, no doubt, reason in this, as regards public convenience. Nobody who chooses to set up as a common carrier has any right to select the persons whom he will carry, as long as they are well-behaved and pay their fare; but when we get to hotels, and look at the matter as "practical men," we find ourselves on delicate ground. There is probably no State in the Union in which whites, if left free to choose, would go to a hotel frequented by negroes. We are not now passing judgment on this matter—we are stating a fact. Now, it is not this fact itself that is regrettable, but the reason of it. A negro can get as good board and lodging in a house patronized only by persons of his own color as in a house patronized by whites; but as long as whites will not go to the same house with him, because they hate and despise him for his color, he suffers a real wrong and injustice. In seeking to remove this prejudice, the first thing to be done is not, it seems to us, to give the negro the right to force himself into every hostelry he finds open, no matter what may be the wishes of its inmates, because after he had got in, in this way, he and his race would not be better off, but worse—that is, more hated by the strongest portion of the population. The question for the legislature, therefore, is, not, How shall we get colored men into all taverns? but, How shall we abate the prejudice which now keeps them out of them? At the same time, it must be admitted that legislation may be necessary to prevent cases of real hardship, such as the denial of lodging to colored travellers in places in which there is only one inn, or in inns usually open to persons of color. But all legislation designed to promote even limited *social* equality is delicate work, and, if not very skilfully and cautiously done, may make even political equality impossible. Moreover, an act of this kind can never be enforced, and will, therefore, simply serve as an irritant for the whites. One negro might make his way into the Charleston Hotel, but if he did, he would have to be queerly constituted to find himself comfortable there; and the mass of negroes having their business to attend to, would sooner go to bed in hotels of their own, than spend their evening hours in painful contentions with an irate landlord.

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The attack on Mr. Evarts, to which we have referred, in the *Anti-Slavery Standard*, is a letter from Mr. Charles E. Moss, from Washington, on the 3d inst., announcing that "everybody knew" that Mr. Evarts's opinion would decide that Mr. Rollins had resigned, because everybody knew "that his master desired such an opinion, and would deprive him of his bread and butter should it be refused;" and the writer adds gracefully, and with the usual omniscience of the set to which he belongs, that Mr. Evarts "was selected for the Attorney-Generalship as the man *above all others* capable of making a respectable work of infamy." Mr. Evarts's opinion, however, has been given in Mr. Rollins's favor, and we shall now wait with some interest to see how Mr. Charles E. Moss and the *Anti-Slavery Standard* will treat it. We hold there are few better tests of a man's moral condition than his manner of dealing with charges made by himself, injurious to the

character, or peace, or comfort of a fellow-man, and proved to be untrue; and we are bound to say that although vituperation is to the school of politicians to which Mr. Moss belongs what the camel is to the Bedouin, the reindeer to the Laplander, or fat to the Esquimaux, we have never known a case, though we have watched them carefully for some time, in which any one of them has retracted or apologized, either voluntarily or on demand, or has ever returned a civil answer even to the remonstrances of his victims. If Mr. Moss does it in this instance, it will be a flagrant departure from the customs of his tribe. What makes its customs all the more repulsive is that it professes to act in a peculiar degree by the pure law of right, and to value "truth" and "justice" more than the common run of men value them.

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Talk of the establishment of a United States protectorate for Mexico begins again to be heard—including, of course, a loan of money to Juarez and a "rectification" of our southern frontier. This is tantamount to an admission that Juarez is not fully master of the situation, and that what Mexico wanted was not, after all, simply to be let alone by foreigners. If Mexico cannot get on of herself, what becomes of M. Romero's assertion, at the banquet given him here before his departure, of the suitability of popular government for all races in all places and circumstances and degrees of culture? We feared at the time that Mexico would yet afford a striking illustration of the worthlessness of such generalizations, and the present talk of its friends seems to indicate that we shall not have long to wait for it.

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Governor Geary's address to the people of Pennsylvania in honor of Thaddeus Stevens's memory, though good in the main, was marred by exaggerations, some of which we do not well know how to characterize, and on such an occasion it was well-nigh inexcusable. He said the State was indebted to Mr. Stevens for "its magnificent system of free schools, by which the children of the poor are enabled to reach a degree of cultivation *beyond which the wealthiest and most favored of other lands cannot go.*" Now, either Mr. Geary does not know to what degree of cultivation a wealthy and studious German, or Frenchman, or Englishman can attain, in which case he should not have made the comparison; or he does know, in which case he has made an assertion about the common schools of Pennsylvania which he is aware is ridiculously untrue. The fact is that the common schools of Pennsylvania are not so good as those of many of her Northern neighbors, and so far from affording a young person the means of surpassing the ablest students of foreign universities, they do not afford him the means of equalling an ordinarily successful pupil of the common schools of New York or Ohio; but this, of course, in no way lessens the credit due to Thaddeus Stevens.

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The most important piece of news from England is that of the disturbances in Ireland, in which a strong body of police protecting a landlord in serving notices of ejectment was repulsed by the mob and the landlord killed. The affair looks serious, not because the mob cannot be and will not be easily crushed, but because the partial success of this outbreak is likely to lead to others, and because a general and united movement against the present land tenures would render their maintenance impossible. The tithes were put an end to by a process which is perfectly applicable to rents and tenancy-at-will—the general refusal of the population to pay them, accompanied by a general refusal to buy goods distrained for non-payment, and the following of the officers of the law by great hooting, howling crowds of "evil-disposed persons." There is a point up to which resistance of this sort on the part of the Irish to the existing land-laws would have the sympathy of English liberals, and to that point it might be good policy to carry it; but if the malcontents have any person or persons amongst them capable of directing such a movement, they are luckier than they have ever been heretofore. There is something practical about this which would make it odious to the Fenian leaders.

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The question of securing married women the possession of their own property, under a general law, as in many of the States of the Union, without any formal "settlement," is undergoing vigorous discussion in England, *apropos* of a bill introduced by Mr. Shaw Lefevre, a gentleman who travelled in this country three years ago. American testimony as to the working of the change has been freely used in the controversy; but the *Pall Mall Gazette*, which is the principal defender of the existing régime, meets this testimony by the insinuation that the standard by which Americans judge of the goodness of wives is different from, and lower than, the one in use in England, and that the results of the change in America, though considered good by Americans, would be thought bad, or only middling, by Englishmen. One point made by the opponents of the bill is, that the wife would, in a large number of cases—we are not quite sure that they do not say in the majority of cases—refuse to contribute to the support of the family, and spend her money on herself, while leaving the husband responsible for her debts. It is a pity that no statistics on this point could be collected in this country; the result would, we feel sure, be strongly disappointing to the *Pall Mall Gazette*. In fact, most of the English arguments against the change are based on the Hobbes doctrine, that selfishness in its lowest form is the great regulator of the social relations, and that, freedom of choice being given, men and women will, in the majority of cases, follow the lead of their worst instincts. If women who have money were generally disposed to use it as the *Gazette* fears they will, women without money would be unfit for marriage, and society would go to pieces. Unmitigated selfishness does not need the control of a fortune to display itself.

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The queerest news of the day now always comes from France—much of it reading not unlike a chapter from Tacitus. For instance, what is there in the "Annals"—taking into account the difference in civilization between Imperial France and Imperial Rome—odder than this last story? M. Billault was once an Orleanist, then a Republican, and then an Imperialist, having long served the present Emperor in the Corps Législatif as no other man had ever served him, as Minister of State. M. Billault, during his ministership, quarrelled with an old friend of his democratic days, and immediately after the quarrel issued his warrant and had him locked up in an asylum as a dangerous lunatic, and here the unfortunate man remained till M. Billault's death, when he was unconditionally released. The affair was mentioned the other day in the Chamber, and then M. Rochefort took it up in his funny little weekly, the *Lanterne*, and, of course, made a piece of very unpleasant reading out of it for the Government. The minister then sent him an official explanation, and required him to publish it in his paper according to law; but the explanation was forty pages long, and the *Lanterne* only contained sixty. This, M. Rochefort said, amounted to confiscation, and refused to publish it, and he has been prosecuted for refusing, and condemned to a year's imprisonment and a fine of $2,000. All this occurs, too, in the France which could not bear Charles X., or even Louis Philippe, and looks back on the *lettres de cachet* as one of the horrors of the past.

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Recent elections in Würtemberg show that the unification movement is making progress in South Germany. The national party has elected ten members of the chamber, in spite of the active hostility of the Government, which frankly acknowledges itself beaten, and announces that the aim of its policy is to make closer the union between North and South Germany. Austria in the meantime has been making a vigorous effort to rouse some German feeling in her own behalf, by having a great Schützenfest at Vienna; but, on the other hand, the real power passes more and more into the hands of the Hungarians and Croats, and the more it does, the more the Germans of the old Duchy are likely to feel their separation from the main body. The command of the Hungarian contingent of the army is henceforward to be exclusively in the hands of Hungarian officers. Prussia is gradually getting into a snarl with Italy, *apropos* of the La Marmora revelations about the Prussian plan of campaign, and the tone of the Prussian press is not likely to heal the breach. Prussia has many virtues, but a conciliatory demeanor is not one of them; and the Italians, in the character of a worsted ally and *protégé*, will probably retain, when all is over, a most unsavory recollection of the effect of *Geist* on manners.

## THE NEXT STEP IN RECONSTRUCTION.

THERE is, of course, a good deal of allowance to be made in every canvass for buncombe and exaggeration in estimating the amount of weight which ought to be attached to campaign speeches; and although Southern orators could not complain if we took literally all they are just now saying, probably very few people do take it literally. It is most likely that neither Blair, Wade Hampton, nor Forrest *feels* nearly as valorous or as bloodthirsty as he talks. If they did, they would not only belie all our past experience of Southern speeches, but of all campaign speeches. If campaign orators really went through all the emotions they describe themselves as going through, few of them would ever witness the Presidential election. There are limits to human endurance; and if speakers usually found—like General Battle, the other day, at Mobile—that "no language could express the emotions that swelled their bosoms," there would be a grave beside every stump. But there is little doubt that, though Southern politicians do not mean as much mischief as their words, taken literally, would indicate, they mean a good deal of mischief. There is good reason for believing that they do not intend to be very scrupulous about the use of intimidation as a means of influencing the coming election. They are busy getting up a "Conservative party" amongst the negroes by moral suasion, and any negro who is convinced by their arguments that the Southern planters are his best friends, they appear to be receiving into their ranks with a good deal of cordiality. But then, it would be a mistake to suppose that they give up as hopeless cases those negroes who are not convinced by their arguments. For them they are providing a simple and efficient system of social persecution, by which, in some parts of the country at least, any negro who is not armed with a card, issued by a white committee, testifying to his "soundness," will not receive employment in any capacity. But there will, of course, be a large number of cases in which both the moral suasion and the denial of employment will prove ineffectual; and the great question of Southern politics now is, how will these and the white Unionists—"the carpet-baggers" and "scallawags"—be dealt with on the first Tuesday in November next? We suspect roughly. We doubt very much whether, in a large number of districts in the South, voting the Radical ticket at the polls will not be a service of much difficulty and great personal danger.

Now, this ought not to be. If all we have heard during the last year or two of the "regeneration" of the Southern States through the adoption of the new constitutions and the readmission of their members to Congress has been true, there ought to be no more ground for anxiety about the elections in Georgia and Alabama than about the elections in New York or Connecticut. But it was not true, or true only in a Pickwickian sense. Southern society remains in the States which are in the Union exactly what it is in the States which are out of the Union. The loyal portion of the population are represented in Congress, which is all very well so far as it goes; but the disloyal portion is no smaller, and no less fierce and bitter than it has ever been. What we have gained by reconstruction is, that the government of the restored State has been handed back to those of its own people who are fit to be trusted with it, and that the negroes are being familiarized with the duties of political life. But the tie which binds the State to the Union has not been really strengthened, nor have the normal guarantees of social order. No shifting of the power from one hand to another, no distribution of the franchise, no administration of oaths, will do this. Nothing will do it but the growth of new habits on the part of the people. A State is made peaceful and prosperous, not by the appearance of a certain number of gentlemen in black broadcloth in certain seats in the House and Senate, and the accession of Jones, in place of Brown, to the governorship or shrievalty, but by the acquisition by the mass of the people of certain ways of looking at life, and their adoption of certain standards of propriety for the regulation of their conduct. If the mass of men in South Carolina had the same notions of the objects of living, and of the difference between vice and virtue, comfort and discomfort, as the mass of men in Massachusetts, even though their views about the rebellion were substantially what they are now, you might safely let them send Hampton and Forrest, or anybody else they pleased, to Congress, and let everybody vote without any test oath or other restriction. A man might approve of the rebellion most heartily, but if he had a sincere respect for the law, or, at all events, a hearty horror for violence and outrage, he would prove a very good citizen, and discussion might fairly be relied on to cure his political heresies. But the mass of men in most Southern States are not in this condition, or in any thing like it, and therefore it is that what we call "reconstruction"—that is, the restoration of civil government in the Southern States, and the reappearance of their members in Congress—instead of being the "regeneration" of Southern society, is only one of the various agencies by which that regeneration is to be effected.

The foremost amongst them, we say still, as we have frequently said during the past two years, and we say it now more confidently than we have ever said it before, are time and order. What does most to make the spectacle of the political equality of the negroes odious to Southerners is what made the spectacle of negro freedom odious to them—want of familiarity with it. What makes it so hard for them to have negroes vote is their never having seen them vote. What makes it so hard for them to keep their knives out of negro ribs, and their pistols away from negro heads, is the fact that outrages on colored people, or, in fact, on any people, are not associated in their minds, as they are in the minds of the members of more civi lized communities, with legal punishment. It is, therefore, in the highest degree important—no matter who represents the South in Congress—that the State governments should be in the hands of persons who will use their powers to give security to all classes, and that there should be an administration at Washington which may be counted on to uphold these governments in case of necessity. Put Seymour and Blair in power, and the process of undoing at the South at once begins; the rule of the strong hand is restored, and we are just as far from real reconstruction as ever—in fact, farther than ever—for the beneficent effects of the last three years of military rule would be lost. The idea of respect for the law, as something higher and stronger than the feelings of the local mob, which has been slowly taking root in the Southern mind, would be torn up and cast out, and we should be worse off than ever. To govern the South militarily so long is the best thing that the Republican party has done next to emancipation, and if it could, with a due regard to the interests of the whole country, which we admit it cannot, keep it under military rule for four years more, it would be rendering the South the highest service that it can receive through any human agency. Unless the machinery of government the party has set up there, however, can be kept going for some years longer—unless, in short, the South can be governed by law, and not, as in times past, by the passions and prejudices of the most passionate and most prejudiced of the most turbulent community in the world, reconstruction will prove a complete farce. The South of 1869 will be the South of 1860, minus so many men killed, so much property destroyed, and the destruction of legal slavery.

The danger of a Democratic triumph, too, does not lie in the fact that Seymour is this kind of man, or Blair that kind of man, but that the party which elects them has ceased to be a party of progress or reform. This has been often said of it of late; but it is usually said, and most loudly said, with special reference simply to its opposition to the removal of negro disabilities, and the charge therefore makes less impression on the public mind than it ought. The fact is that it is the enemy of all useful changes or ameliorations in the government. Judicial purity, administrative efficiency, popular education, the sense of corporate honor, the strict administration of justice, and, in fact, all restraints on the evil tendencies of society, in whatever direction, have no worse enemy. In fact, the only principle it can be said to hold firmly and preach persistently is that liberty is not a means but an end, and that as long as a man can do what he pleases, what it pleases him to do is of little or no consequence—a doctrine as hostile to social and political progress as any that ever was preached. It is in this fact, inded, that the gravity of the present crisis lies. Usually, an opposition has the other half of a political and social truth in its possession, and while pursuing the same great ends as the party in power, advocates the use of different agencies, and has at its head men who, whether right-headed or wrong-headed, are sincerely wedded to ideas, and stand as high morally as their opponents. The peculi-

arity of the Democratic party is—and the history of the last seven years justifies us in saying this—that its sole principle is hostility to the men in power, so that if the Republicans hit on a plan of adding twenty healthy, happy years to human life, the Democrats would devote themselves to persuading the public that the boon, coming from such hands, was worthless. There is probably nothing in political history equal to the speeches of the Brookses, Vallandighams, and Seymours, since 1861, for emptiness of everything but negation and invective; and the readiness the Democratic members of the House invariably show to vote *en masse* with any Republican, on any subject, who sets himself up in opposition to the rest of his party, is a striking illustration of their childishness and the imbecility of their tactics. Their accession to office, therefore, for the government of any community, would be a great misfortune—much more for a community in so disturbed and critical condition as this.

## THE PROBABLE SOLUTION OF THE GREENBACK CONTROVERSY.

While the country is agitated with the discussion of "the greenback question," meaning thereby the question of repudiation, no one appears to notice the very important fact that another "greenback question," vitally affecting this controversy, and bearing directly upon the business interests of the whole country, is now under consideration in the highest court of the land, and that within a short time we may hear of a judicial decision which will compel the Pendletons and Butlers to take their choice between the full payment and the total repudiation of the public debt. Yet this fact is well known; and, although the judges have said little or nothing, there is very little doubt among those who know their habit of mind as to what their decision will be. It is the firm conviction of every one who has any means of foreseeing the result, that the Supreme Court will declare the Legal Tender Act unconstitutional.

The reasons for such an expectation are obvious to any one even slightly familiar with law and politics. No judge of a State Court, adhering to the Democratic party, has acknowledged the validity of the Act, while several prominent Republican judges have denied it. It is manifest from the written opinions of those judges who affirmed the constitutionality of the statute, that they did so under the pressure of a supposed necessity, and that they found great difficulty in reaching that conclusion. The period of necessity has passed. The real interest of the country plainly demands a different decision, and in so far as the judges may be affected by feeling, it is more likely to lead them to overthrow the statute than to imbue them with a desire to maintain it. There are eight judges, four of whom are unquestionably allied to the Democratic party, and two others are understood to have leaned toward it for some time past. We think there can be no doubt that Messrs. Nelson, Grier, Clifford, and Field believe the Legal Tender Act to be invalid; and it was a matter of common rumor at Washington last spring that Chief-Justice Chase was disposed to take the same view. We think that Judge Davis will; and we should not be surprised if the court were unanimous.

It is easy to see that such a decision would scatter to the winds all the ingenious schemes that have been devised for pretending to pay the public debt without really paying any of it. As Congress is not restrained from passing laws impairing the obligation of contracts, the legal tender clause of the Act of 1862, if declared unconstitutional at all, must be held void as to future contracts as well as in respect to past ones. It cannot fall on account of its retrospective operation, and must therefore fall as a whole. It follows that the holders of the five-twenties, and, in fact, of every species of claim against the Government, would have an absolute legal right to payment in gold. The holders of greenbacks and other obligations of the Government not bearing interest would, of course, have no means of enforcing their claims at once; but the holders of interest-bearing bonds would have such a plain right to the payment of interest until the Government was ready to pay the principal in gold, that their claims could not be evaded without unequivocal, undisguised repudiation. Honest men would then get face to face with political Jeremy Diddlers; and we should have no more palliation of fraud by reference to "the letter of the law."

But there is another result certain to follow this judgment, and not so agreeable to contemplate. The decision which we predict will involve a forced and sudden return to specie payments among private citizens. The injustice which was suffered by creditors in 1862 and 1863, when debts contracted in gold were paid off in depreciated paper, will now be inflicted upon debtors, who must pay in gold debts contracted in paper. In the majority of cases, such payment will not be exacted, because paper will continue to constitute the actual currency, and gold will be paid only upon legal compulsion; but debts secured by good mortgages will be largely collected in gold, unless the courts feel at liberty to go behind the technical word "money," and inquire what the parties really meant when the bond was drawn. In any event, the decision which we anticipate must seriously unsettle business for a time, and produce some hardship; yet we believe that its ultimate benefits will far outweigh its temporary disadvantages. The existing system is demoralizing the nation; and scarcely any price is too dear to pay for the sake of getting back to solid bottom. Congress will, we fear, never dare to return to a specie basis; and our only hope is in the severe remedy of a judicial decision.

The Senate, foreseeing this event, twice passed a bill allowing contracts to be made for payment in gold; but the House of Representatives, with its usual shortsightedness, refused to concur. The passage of such a measure would have enabled the community to anticipate and avoid the evil results of a sudden return to specie payments. As matters stand, it is difficult, but not quite impossible to do so. The courts are more disposed now than they were during the war to enforce specie contracts; and with a little care such contracts may be drawn so as to protect all parties. We should advise all who have large sums to pay after next winter, and who expect to pay in full, to consider well the form of their obligation, and either to secure the right of paying in greenbacks or to agree to pay in gold of specified weight and fineness the equivalent of what they have received. Nevertheless, it must be distinctly understood that all our warning is founded upon surmise, and that no one must blame us if our predictions are not fulfilled. The Legal Tender Act *may* be fully sustained. Every one must forecast for himself. But our belief and expectation are as we have set forth, and in calling the attention of the public to the possibilities of the case, we have done all our duty.

## THADDEUS STEVENS.

Mr. Stevens cannot be said to have so associated himself with any public measure or series of measures as to make it a memorial of him personally and peculiarly, except the school system of Pennsylvania. He was not, strictly speaking, the founder of this; but he did what was, perhaps, harder than founding it—he saved it from the attacks of the friends of ignorance, and made it the means of raising Pennsylvania from darkness into light, and of furnishing her material industry with the only sure basis, that of popular intelligence. This alone, of course, gave him a fair title not only to fame, but to the gratitude of posterity, but it would hardly have sufficed to make him much known outside the boundaries of his own State. Coupled with his personal popularity, however—which his habit of living in public and the extraordinary kindliness of his nature made unusually great—it enabled him to enter Congress with an amount of hearty confidence from his constituency such as few representatives ever enjoy. This confidence he never lost, and it made his re-election so sure that he became one of the oldest and most experienced members of the House, and its readiest and shrewdest tactician. Other constituencies might well learn a valuable lesson from the course pursued by his—the lesson that, when they have got a good man to represent them in Congress, the very best thing they can do is to keep him, and that in keeping him they not only increase his value to the country, but increase their own influence on national affairs.

His earlier Congressional record appears to have been simply that of a hard worker in committee-rooms. His attention, like that of all other politicians, statesmen, or philanthropists, was absorbed in the slavery question as the great, and, in fact, the only, question of the day, and to the agitation of this he brought almost unequalled ardor and enthusiasm, a shrewd wit and bitter tongue, such as few of the

other anti-slavery men possessed. Moreover, he had the great virtue of thinking more of his subject than of himself. No public man was less of an egotist. His personality was completely swallowed up in his convictions, and about the nature of these he never left the slightest room for doubt. There were few men of his day to whom the colored race owed more—few men, we might almost say, to whom the poor and needy owed more. His usefulness continued unabated through the war. It reached its highest point, perhaps, in the second year of the war. What was wanted then was men who did not doubt or hesitate, and to whom the issue was certain—not through a calculation of the material chances of the struggle, but through moral faith—and Mr. Stevens was one of these. He was one of the first to perceive the legal effect of the blockade of the Southern ports. He was not for one moment deceived into supposing that it could be upheld as a measure of municipal police. He held that it was a virtual concession of belligerent rights, and from this concession he extracted the inference that the Southerners were henceforward alien enemies, entitled to whatever rights they could make good at the point of the sword, and to nothing more. In this way he cleared the ground for the curious experiments in reconstructive legislation which he afterwards brought to the notice of Congress, and for the success of which, of course, freedom from constitutional restrictions was absolutely necessary. He urged Mr. Lincoln into the issue of the emancipation proclamation under this theory, and pushed forward every war measure with extraordinary vigor and tenacity, and with the authority of long parliamentary experience, of a perfect mastery of parliamentary tactics, and of withering scorn for everybody who had the misfortune to differ with him.

The anti-slavery agitation was, however, essentially a destructive agitation. It had in view the breaking down of old prejudices, of well-established social and political theories, and of legislation created for the support of them. The business of the agitator was to keep the hammer constantly going, and the bump of reverence compressed. In this kind of work Mr. Stevens was a master, but the minute the burden of reconstruction, or of working the complicated machinery of government, was imposed on him, he failed utterly. The first symptom of his incompetency in this direction was afforded by his famous bill attempting to make greenbacks equal in value to gold by making it penal to buy or sell gold at a premium. To say that this showed simply ignorance of political economy does not tell the whole truth. The laws of political economy are in large part the laws of human nature, and ignorance of them is a sign that a man has not considered, as every legislator is bound to do, the nature of the motives by which the mass of men are guided in the ordinary transactions of life, and consequently, the extent to which the force of these motives can be increased or diminished by legislation. His scheme, "mild confiscation," by which he proposed to pay off the national debt and provide farms for the negroes, displayed the same mental defects; and foremost among these was a total want of imagination, the absence or presence of which often makes all the difference between a lawyer or statistician and a statesman. No man is fit to *conceive* legislation who has not the power of putting himself in the position of those for whom he legislates, and of following out his measures to their remote consequences. Of this Mr. Stevens was apparently completely incapable. His defence of his gold bill made plain, too, his inability to digest history, and he rarely showed in his speeches much sign of intelligent reading of it. This was curiously illustrated in a conversation with him reported in the *Tribune* of August 14, where he discovers a parallel between Charles I. and Andrew Johnson, and evidently thinks lessons for the guidance of the Fortieth Congress may be found in the history of the Long Parliament, overlooking altogether the essential fact of Charles's case—that he was irremovable except by death. Had he been, as Johnson was, removable by the popular vote at the end of two years, he would undoubtedly never have been tried, and the Long Parliament would not have furnished the shadow of a precedent to the Congress which impeached Johnson.

Upon reconstruction Mr. Stevens's influence was in many respects very unfavorable. He did good service in pushing Congress to the position which it finally took up, but his two theories of conquest and of the omnipotence of legislation over human conduct, combined with his natural restlessness, led him into constant efforts to overdo, and to pile bill on bill, and resolution on resolution, thus shaking the confidence of the South in the good faith of Congress, and the confidence of the North in its sagacity. His position, too, as Chairman of the Committee on Reconstruction gave him an amount of control over legislation which his failing health, as well as his natural defects, made very unfortunate. The crisis was so serious that it was undoubtedly the duty of his political friends to have formally put him aside. The effect even of his nominal leadership on the public mind was prejudicial to the party and to the country, and it was made more so by the theory on which most of the party papers acted, that his past services and his high personal character entitled his political opinions and acts to exemption from criticism. There could not have been a more mischievous mistake. Whenever the greatness of a man's past increases the weight of his authority, the duty of withstanding him face to face, when his aberrations from sound principles become glaring, is doubly imperative. Of his share in the impeachment business we have said so much recently, that we shall say nothing now. For whatever was reprehensible in his course then, the party was more to blame than he. If the stories some members of it told of his mental and bodily condition were true, and their estimate of the importance of the process was a just one, their putting him among the managers, and "crowding round" the clerk's desk to listen to lectures from him on the law and ethics of the matter, was a most objectionable mode of testifying their respect for him.

His greatest value, after all, lay in his character as a man, and his eminence in that character nobody can deny. A manlier man never sat in the House. He had what Congressmen so often want—a conscience of his own, opinions of his own, and a will of his own, and he never flinched from the duty of asserting them. When one sees the eagerness of hosts of his colleagues to repudiate their own individuality, their readiness to take up the last popular cry, the neutral tint of all that they say and do, and the utter want of basis either in their mind or temperament for much of their political course, one's admiration for Stevens, who never was cowed, and never retreated, and never considered what was "safe," can hardly help being hearty. No political puppet or intriguer could look at him without envy, and nobody who believes as we do, that the dignity, force, and independence of individual character are of more importance to the state than even wisdom in legislation, can deny that he deserved well of his country and of his age. Any young politician who proposes to get on in the world by being a cowardly sneak, as thousands of young politicians do, cannot help profiting by the study of his life. He will see by it that, even under the shadow of an irresistible popular will, the road to the highest success lies through courage and self-assertion, and not through base compliance. The tenderness, too, with which the old man's heart overflowed, even in the last evil hours of his long career, for all whom kinship, sorrow, or suffering gave a claim on his sympathy or pity, must, as long as his memory lives, secure for him the indulgence which has been solemnly promised to those who have loved much.

## FRENCH CANADA.

II.

Although there has been until now no system of popular education amongst the French Canadians, and though the priests have done little or nothing to make up for the want of it, and although the feudal tenures and feudal organization of society may be said to have held their own down to 1837, colonial life, with its usual concomitants of good food, good clothing, security, and the absence of class feeling, and exemption in a great degree from the blighting influence of feudal traditions, have raised the bulk of the people, both physically and morally, far above the peasantry of France. The French race in the New World certainly weighs more and stands higher in its stockings than the French race in the Old World, though of course the question might be raised whether this was not due rather to the fact that the original settlers were picked men than to the influence of the new soil and climate on their descendants, or whether Frenchmen, as has been often asserted, have not dwindled greatly in size under the influence of the wars of Louis XIV. and of the first Napoleon. The famines of the earlier years of the eighteenth century, and the relegation, during the

earlier years of this one, of the task of perpetuating the population to the halt, the lame, and the blind, owing to the insatiate demands of the army on the able-bodied, no doubt have done much to lower the French stature, and something, no doubt, also to mar the regularity of French features. At all events, their Canadian cousins are now vastly better-looking men and women. One who is at all familiar with the appearance of the French peasantry at home, or even with the appearance of the French army, which contains the flower of the peasantry, cannot go very far along the Lower St. Lawrence without asking himself whether the good-sized people with the well-cut faces whom he meets are really Frenchmen and Frenchwomen.

If what we were told be true, they are, however, not only bigger and handsomer than their cousins, but better, more intelligent, and more moral. In spite of their piety, they do not keep up the supply of priests needed even for their own education—a circumstance for which one gentleman accounted to us by the startling assertion that celibacy was more repugnant to them than to Frenchmen. Consequently, drafts have from time to time to be made on the French clergy, but the French priests are rarely put in charge of country parishes. They are kept for service in the large towns, and in schools and colleges, nearly every case in which the experiment has been made of sending them out amongst the peasantry having proved a total failure. In the first place, their manners are found by the country folk intolerable. Priest-ridden and seigneur-ridden though he has been, the free air of the wilderness has given the Canadian a dignity and self-respect in which the French peasant, in spite of the Revolution, is still wanting. The former will not, in short, allow the priest to treat him as a clodhopper and ignoramus. Moreover, the preaching of the French priests has proved as offensive as their pastoral demeanor. In country parishes in France, they communicate moral instruction from the pulpit, and descend into the particulars of immorality with startling plainness and simplicity. In the few cases in which they have been permitted to try this style of instruction on the Canadians, it created such an uproar that they had to be recalled, and the country curés are now almost invariably natives. They are generally well-educated, and often polished men; they still levy tithes by law, the rights and privileges of the Catholic Church having been reserved by the treaty of cession; are consequently well paid, keep a good table, are well housed, and if they suffer from want of society, have, *per contra*, the satisfaction which results from being the chief men of a comfortable and very religious community.

Some idea of the sums they extract from their flocks for religious purposes may be formed from the size and costliness of the churches, which are generally, judged by the American standard, amazingly out of proportion to the means and numbers of the worshippers. In New England, one rarely finds, out of the large towns, churches of half the size, or costing half as much, as one is almost sure to meet with in the smallest Canadian village. We found in perhaps the poorest parish in the province, which for eight months of the year has no means of communication with the civilized world without a four days' journey through the wilderness, a lofty stone church, 150 feet long by 75 broad, with a large vestry in the rear. The number of families which can reach it in winter, in fine weather, does not, we were assured, exceed 300. The only country church in New England, in fact, which we have happened to see, which can compare in size, cost, and material to great numbers of country churches in Canada, is that at Greenwich, Connecticut.

One can, of course, readily give a dozen reasons why Americans and Englishmen continue to speak the same language in much the same way, though it is over two centuries since they separated. Their literary and religious and commercial intercourse would alone have prevented any very serious divergence from the common standard, even if the intellectual activity of the colonists and their attention to literature and oratory, at least in the Northern States, had not been as great as it has been. But that Canadians and Frenchmen should speak the same language in much the same way, after two centuries of separation, one can hardly help regarding with surprise, considering how small the amount of intercourse which was at any time carried on between them, how completely it has ceased since the fall of Quebec, and how small and how sluggish the educated class in Lower Canada has always been. And yet the Canadian peasantry—for peasantry they are—speak not only very good French, but they all speak the same French. The French priests, when they come out, are astonished to find that, wherever they go, they never come upon a trace of *patois*. The original settlers were mainly Normans and Bretons; but no trace of mixed origin is to be discovered in the language of their descendants. The accent of the country people is, of course, rude, and they use plenty of words unknown to Frenchmen, called into existence by the wants of colonial life; but there is probably no part of France in which a foreigner will find so little difficulty in understanding and in making himself understood by the farmers as in Canada. Of intonation it hardly becomes a foreigner to judge; but we received abundance of good testimony to the effect that though Canadian speaking was much more monotonous than that of Frenchmen, the cadences were the same in character, though generally less marked. Some ways of using the voice with which one becomes very familiar in France, but which are impossible to describe on paper, produce a strange and almost startling effect when heard in a Canadian village or wood-path. We were told by a young man who had studied in Paris that he surprised and delighted some of the lovers of the older French poesy in that city by producing and singing as common village songs, with which he had been familiar from childhood, songs which for the last century have been only known in France to literary antiquaries.

Oaths are always a delicate subject, but that they are not an utterly despicable subject a social philosopher may readily satisfy himself. There are very few well-established oaths that do not tell something worth knowing of the people who use them. They may be divided into two great classes. Oaths belonging to the first connote a belief in a future state and in a system of rewards and punishments after death; oaths belonging to the second class connote looseness of manners and disbelief in female virtue. The oaths of nearly all northern nations are of the first class; the oaths of Oriental nations mostly belong to the second; while, curiously enough, the great oath of the Hungarians, with which everybody who has heard much Magyar spoken is doubtless familiar, may be said to be a horrible mixture of both, the Hungarians being an Oriental race Christianized. The disguises in which old oaths are frequently found are often amongst the most curious of the many ways in which people show the effects of early religious training and of a social atmosphere strongly pervaded by religious feeling, or even of sensitiveness about the *convenances*. The most brutal and unblushing swearers in the world are the English and Americans. In many parts of the North, however, oaths are a good deal disguised, as in the former's "swan," and "swow," and "dun," and "gosh," and in Ireland some of the earlier English oaths, which have been long extinct in England, are preserved in such phrases as "blood an' 'ouns" or "blood an' oundhers." In France variety in oaths is almost gone, though in such phrases as "ventre-bleu" the remains of some primitive Norman swearing may be detected. But there is one French oath in disguise which everybody who has passed a night in a French camp will remember as almost invariably the first sound which fell on his waking ear, coming through the canvas from the lusty throats of grooms and cooks, "Sacré nom d'un chien." We have always supposed it to be a device of comparatively recent origin, dating probably from the First Empire or at all events from the latter days of the Revolution. There is nothing of the grace or wit of the *ancien régime* about it, and it is very difficult to say from internal evidence whether it is the composition of a worshipper of the goddess Reason or of a Christian who retained traces of an earlier respect for the proprieties of the tongue. But our doubts were set at rest by hearing it in a remote Canadian village from the lips of a very old man who was in a great rage with one of his neighbors about some eggs. There it was with the same emphasis on "nom," the same dropping of the voice at "chien," with which one is familiar in France, and yet the old man was of the old Canadian stock, and had probably never seen a Frenchman in his life.

The French Canadians, instead of declining before the Anglo-Saxons, gain on them rapidly, and bid fair before many years to have the lower province almost entirely to themselves. There is a Scotch colony on the Lower St. Lawrence, of not very ancient date, from which every trace of Scotch origin has disappeared, and in which French only is spoken. Wherever Canadians intermarry with the English or Scotch, the Canadians, owing to their greater religious tenacity, almost invariably succeed in bringing up the children as Catholics; and the children being Catholics, they naturally consort with the French, and are soon absorbed by them. Moreover, commerce is deserting Lower Canada. Quebec is a declining city; and there are few things more melancholy to the eye of "enterprise" than the almost complete absence of ships from the magnificent expanse of water which connects the port with the sea. Even the lumber trade has moved up to Ottawa. The English and Scotch, of course, will not stay in a place which commerce is deserting, and the Canadians, who are still content with their small farms and retail stores, move in and fill their places—and we suspect are not sorry to be rid of the others and their restlessness and heresy.

The number of Irish who have got a foothold in the province is small, and the inhabitants, in spite of their Catholicism, detest them for their tur-

bulence and love of politics. The French lawyer whom we have already mentioned spoke of them with great bitterness as a kind of scourge. He said they were "lancés sur l'humanité commes des loups." In his own town of five thousand inhabitants, he said there were only twelve Irishmen. "Figurez vous, monsieur," he said with great earnestness, taking us by the button-hole—"seulement douze;" and yet one of them had got to be mayor, in the way with which we are so familiar in New York. He kept a grocery, and bought up "the people"—that is, the poor Canadians—partly in money and partly in groceries. The Anglo-Saxon race has rendered incalculable service to the cause of civil and religious liberty; but it has committed the two greatest crimes of history—worse crimes by far than Cæsar's slaughter of the Gauls—in the elaborate legal degradation of the Irish and the negroes; and there is something comic as well as striking in the way in which retributive justice is being dealt out upon it both in the New and Old World, by the conversion of the descendants of the victims into a political and social thorn of the first magnitude, from which there appears to be no escape. The rage of the Irish for political offices is one of the most curious phenomena in history, and is a really unprecedented result of extraordinary and long-continued oppression; but it is certainly rather hard that the French Canadians should suffer from it.

The latter will probably preserve their language and manners intact till the whole country is annexed to the United States. Both will probably then disappear rapidly before the terrible solvent of American ideas and institutions. With them will disappear the last relic of Old France, and probably, outside the Tyrol, the purest and simplest, most prosperous and most pious Catholic community on the globe.

## ENGLAND.

London, July 31, 1868.

Everything gives signs of the approaching holidays. The Ministers have performed their solemn annual ceremony of dining off whitebait, and have blown their trumpets more emphatically in public dinners at the city. Parliament has dwindled to a small body of virtuous members who remain at their post in spite of the hot weather, and wrangle more pertinaciously, and with even less temper, than in the whole previous session. Every one is glad because of their departure, and the summer migration has fairly set in. The railways are crowded, and considerably less than three millions of people are left in London. They would doubtless feel it dull in their comparative solitude were it not for the patriotic efforts of newspaper editors. Now is the time for those energetic gentlemen to start what, in the language of the chase, would be called their bag-foxes. Every editor keeps a stock of those useful animals, and when no game is to be found in the regular beats he lets one of them loose to make sport for the multitude. Thus, for example, the *Daily Telegraph* has contrived to get up a tremendous discussion on that most perennial of topics, the comparison between celibacy and marriage. Its columns fairly overflow with the enormous quantity of correspondence addressed to it by persons who appear to have a *bonâ fide* belief that they can settle the matter offhand, and lay down, for the first time in history, a distinct moral code showing when a man ought to marry and when he ought not. The peculiar social stratum for which the *Daily Telegraph* is written delights in extremely fine language and a great deal of commonplace morality. In spite of the lavish expenditure of brilliant epigrams in the leaders, and of excited sentiment in the correspondence, I do not think that any results have been obtained of sufficient interest or novelty to justify transmission across the Atlantic. I may remark, in passing, that an important change has recently taken place in English journalism, which threatens to interfere with the influence exercised by the "Penny Thunderer"—to give the *Telegraph* its fittest title. The *Daily News*—a paper which has long had a very high reputation for its thorough liberalism and for its commercial independence—has lowered its price to a penny, and I am glad to hear that the experiment of providing really good matter at that price seems likely to be successful. The other penny papers, the *Star* and the *Standard*, may pair off on opposite sides as rabid and unscrupulous defenders of the extreme parties. They are very little credit to their supporters. The *Times* and the *Post* are now left alone as high-priced daily papers. How long the *Times* will be able to maintain its place, and to charge three times as much as its rivals, is doubtful. The *Post*, which has a very small circulation, and lives chiefly by reporting fashionable intelligence, depends upon a different class of clients. But the influence which the *Times* once wielded, as representing English opinion almost alone, has received some severe blows, and its humble imitator, the *Telegraph*, will now have an effective rival in the *Daily News*.

To return to the great marriage controversy, it may be said that it is merely the manifestation of a movement which daily excites keener interest. Women's rights and women's wrongs are becoming prominent matters of discussion in many quarters. Women have already been admitted on the register of voters in one constituency, and it seems not impossible that the legal position which they assert has more claims to validity than was at first believed. One of the last acts of the dying Parliament was to appoint a select committee to enquire into the laws affecting the property of married women. A very lively discussion arose in the *Pall Mall Gazette* upon this topic. A powerful writer, to whom a great part of the influence of the paper is unquestionably due, asserted that Parliament had dealt with the subject with disgraceful levity; that it had acted upon no fixed principles, and proposed a sweeping alteration in the law without the faintest forethought as to the consequences. He wound up by declaring that the only sound theory was that a family should be in the nature of a monarchy, in which the husband was king, and that the simple fact must be recognized that men were stronger than women, mentally, morally, and physically; in short, in every way in which one human being could be stronger than another. Great was the indignation at this round assertion amongst all classes of women, and one after another rushed into the controversy. The most prominent combatant was Miss Taylor, the step-daughter of Mr. John S. Mill, who seems to have assimilated many of Mr. Mill's ideas and something of his style. The battle was well fought on both sides, though I think, as is usual in such cases, the most conspicuous result was the absence of any appropriate experience on the subject. The committee appointed by Parliament have just issued their report. Without speaking decisively, they rely very much upon the evidence received from the United States and Canada. In England, as you are aware, we still have the old common law, by which a woman's property is vested entirely in her husband; and in the case of poor people, undefended by settlements, this undoubtedly leads to many considerable hardships. A drunken husband often enough lives by plundering his wife periodically of her earnings. According to the evidence received, the change of law in New York, Massachusetts, and elsewhere is said to have given universal satisfaction; and we are recommended, after taking certain precautions in respect to the working of the law, to move in the same direction. If any of your readers can throw any light upon the subject, they may encourage our Parliament in a reform or deter it from a blunder.

But it is plain that this and other questions are rapidly becoming more prominent. The other side of the question has been taken in a series of articles in the *Saturday Review*, which have gained unusual notoriety. They have been attributed to a great number of people, though, I think, the evidence is in favor of female authorship. The lady, if such she is, reviles her sex, as at present existing in England, with extraordinary virulence and pertinacity. She says that they paint themselves, and are almost openly indelicate in their manners; that they are either fast, frivolous, and horsey, or make ludicrous attempts to rival masculine thought; that most of them have for their one object in life the making of a rich marriage for themselves or their daughters; and that none of them are fitted for domestic life. The moral is, let our wives and daughters take to cookery and mending our shirt-collars, and give up attempting to think, and still more retire from what it is proper to call the "vortex of fashionable life." I believe that a more preposterous caricature was never drawn, and that it resembles most English ladies about as closely as Dickens's Miss Hominey resembles George Eliot. In short, it is only worth notice as a specimen of the irritation produced in some minds by the various tendencies which are summed up in the demands for the emancipation of women. We, say the strong-minded ladies, want to take a larger part in the affairs of the nation; and the answer is, what a foolish, frivolous, unwomanly set you are! We will laugh and abuse you till we make you feel your insignificance, and drive you back to be content with your inferior position. The check has been certainly unmanly, and quite unworthy of a paper which is generally gentlemanlike in its language. But as there is a grain of truth on both sides of most questions, it may perhaps be admitted that some fashionable ladies have given occasion to the blasphemer by extravagance in dress or behavior, and that even strong-minded ladies have at times a few ridiculous points.

To turn from these wide questions, the last new sensation has been the discovery, or supposed discovery, of a new poem of Milton's, which, I presume, you will have seen by this time. The rapidity with which controversy has accumulated round it rather tends to diminish one's respect for the critics. The cause of the sceptics has been prejudiced by Lord Winchelsea's rash assertions that Milton never used such rhymes as are found in the poem, whereas the commonest acquaintance with his writings would supply abundant instances. On the whole, I think the critics incline toward the favor-

able side, and hold the poem to be a genuine, though not a very fine, specimen of Milton; but it is a very pretty quarrel, and there is room enough for new disputants to distinguish themselves in the fray.

Yesterday the greatest improvement that has been made in London within modern times, the Thames embankment, was partially thrown open. The river, instead of being an unsavory ditch hidden carefully out of sight, will, before long, be a very respectable stream, with a really fine roadway along the greatest part of the bank. The Houses of Parliament and the Somerset House are at present the only picturesque buildings immediately fronting the river, but undoubtedly others will spring up on what will be the best of all points for architectural effect. We have already gained perceptibly by its partial completion, which has allowed the drainage system of London to be nearly completed. The chief sewer follows the line of embankment and discharges into the Thames at such a distance as to prevent the return of offensive matter to London. Consequently throughout the unprecedented heat of this summer the river has never been offensive, whereas a few years back the stench in summer weather was enough to knock a weak man down, and produced a fearful crop of fevers. It is true that a few miles down the sewerage is forming banks which are blocking up the navigation; but there is every prospect that it will soon be applied to agricultural improvement, and the problem of decent drainage be effectually solved.

# Correspondence.

## THE SOUTH AND DEMOCRATIC SUCCESS.

To the Editor of the Nation:

I have read much of the campaign literature that has appeared so far on both sides of the question, and although I have met with much declamation and numerous frantic appeals on the one hand not to let so much blood have been spilled and so much treasure lavished, etc., etc., in vain, and on the other hand to preserve intact the glorious fabric of the Constitution as bequeathed to us, etc., etc.; and although I have besides seen learned disquisitions proceeding from Mr. George T. Curtis and other shining lights of the wisdom-of-our-ancestors party, all proving by chapter and verse that all the events that have happened since 1861 had no right to happen, and that it is the duty of every pious citizen to consider that they have not happened and govern himself accordingly; although I have found abundance of this sort of thing, I have found very little of that practical, common-sense discussion of the issues of the hour which strikes one so favorably in the British newspapers, and of which some very fair specimens abound in the recently republished essays of Mr. Bernard Cracroft. To be sure, there are exceptions, and if I may say so without seeming to flatter, more of them in your columns than in those of any other journal with which I am familiar; it is for that reason that I venture to suggest to you some aspects of the present contest which I do not think have received the attention they deserve, and which you may think it worth while to develop. I refer to the effects which the result of the election is likely to exercise on the condition of the country at large, and more especially on that of the Southern States. The politicians of the South and all that portion of the Southern people who embarked with enthusiasm in the rebellion, and are now bitterly mourning for their lost cause, were at one time more than half disposed to acquiesce in the accomplished fact of reconstruction, to accept the inevitable, and to go to work to build up a new prosperity on the new basis. The unfortunate course which Mr. Johnson saw fit to pursue inspired them with fresh though faint hopes that something would turn up, and now the platform of the Democratic party, the language held before and since the making of the nomination by one of the candidates, and the high consideration accorded to Northern Peace Democrats and to rebel generals and pirates, have completely carried them beyond the bounds of good sense, have obliterated from their memories the sufferings of the last seven years, and have led them to form the most extravagant expectations of the advantages to accrue to them from a Democratic triumph. If, by some unforeseen combination of events, Mr. Seymour should be elected, how would his election benefit the South? Even if his success at the polls included the return of a number of Democratic Congressmen commensurate with his electoral vote, the Republican majority in the House, being re-enforced by the Southern members, would still be large enough to render him as impotent as Mr. Johnson now is for every purpose but the interposition of aggravating and embittering delays, and of obstacles requiring nothing but time for their removal. But suppose we go a step further, and put the case that the Republican ascendancy in Congress is reduced from a two-thirds vote to a simple majority. Suppose we go still further, and concede a Democratic majority, what would be the result? The Democratic party are, by their own declarations, precluded from legislating in Congress concerning the suffrage, even if they were insane enough to suppose that the suffrage once conferred can be taken away; their only course would therefore be to repeal the Reconstruction Acts and remit the whole question to the people of the Southern States. But repealing a law does not wipe out the acts done under that law while it was in existence, for Congress is prohibited by the Constitution from passing *ex post facto* laws, and the regular governments which are now in existence in the Southern States would be the ones which the new administration would be bound to deal with and recognize, there being no others by whom their validity can be called in question. To these governments, then, elected by the colored voters, would, in the extremest and most unlikely contingency, in the contingency most favorable to the pretensions of the Democratic party, be remitted the question whether the colored voters should be disfranchised.

While the completest victory of the Democratic party would thus work no change in the actual situation which could benefit any class of Southern society, the election of Mr. Seymour, with or without a Democratic Congress, would stimulate the feverish unrest which is the bane of Southern prosperity, would induce excitement where peace and order are the principal requisites, and would open afresh the wounds which, if "let alone," would soon heal up spontaneously. The election of General Grant, on the other hand, will at once give their quietus to all the vain imaginings in which Southern politicians are so prone to indulge, and will for ever convince them that their only salvation lies in bowing to the necessity of the hour, and that the Democratic party is the last quarter from which to expect substantial aid. When this result is once attained, the most serious obstacle in the way of genuine welfare and prosperity will have been removed, and the Southern States once more put in the way to repair the losses and sufferings entailed by the war. I fear I have already trespassed too far on your patience, and must therefore refrain from dwelling on the benefits to be expected for the whole country from a united and harmonious administration, as contradistinguished from the disastrous results which must follow a continuation of the present want of harmony between the various branches of the Government; and I must equally refrain from pointing out how the former will be secured by the election of Grant—how the latter must unavoidably follow his defeat. Hoping that you will not hold it useless to elaborate and press home some of these hints, I remain, yours respectfully,

A. T.

New York, August 10, 1868.

# Notes.

## LITERARY.

Messrs. Nichols & Noyes announce as in press, and to be published during the month of September, three works. One is the "The American Church Register for Various Denominations," designed for the use of pastors and church clerks, compiled by the Rev. Daniel T. Noyes. It will be published in several sizes, and the price will vary with the size. A "Memoir and Sermons of Professor George Shepard, of the Bangor Theological Seminary," is another of Nichols & Noyes' announcements; and the third is "The Cricket's Friends," by Virginia W. Johnson, who is the author of several "juveniles," one of which we recollect as being not bad.——In mentioning the illustrated Christmas "Kathrina" of Messrs. Charles Scribner & Co., we omitted to mention that of the seventy illustrations, nine (landscapes) are from designs by Mr. C. C. Griswold; the rest are by Mr. W. J. Hennessy, as before stated.——We add to previous announcements by Messrs. G. P. Putnam & Son, "What Makes Me Grow? or, Walks and Talks with Amy Dudley," a 16mo, for small readers.

—Messrs. O. D. Case & Co., Hartford, who lately republished Baker's "Nile Tributaries," have issued sixteen supplementary pages, in the same style, and numbered right on, so that they may, if desired, be bound up with that work. The Rev. W. L. Gage is the writer, and we think must have previously contributed the substance of the supplement to one of the monthly magazines, where we seem to remember having read it. It is now tacked on to Mr. Baker's narrative as if to complete his information concerning Abyssinia, of which Mr. Gage first reports the religious history, then speaks in a very general and indefinite manner of its geography and resources, then pictures the character and career of the late Emperor Theodore, and finally alludes to recent events that ended in the destruction of Magdala and of the emperor himself. There are, however, several reasons why this does not seem to us either a necessary or a valuable addition to Mr. Baker's work. In the first place, the connecting link of Abyssinia is by no means

so strong a one as the title of the work would seem to imply. It is true, the Nile tributaries followed up by Mr. Baker are rightly assigned to Abyssinia, since they take their rise in that country; but he did not explore them to their sources, and except when visiting Mek Nimmur, an outlying vassal of Theodore's, he can hardly be said to have entered Abyssinia at all. Elsewhere, at most he was in neutral territory, contested feebly by Theodore, whose pretensions extended even to Khartoum, but effectively possessed by Egypt; a large part of it, indeed, uninhabited, and the rest having a very unstable and migratory population. What Mr. Baker saw of Abyssinia amounted to little more than that great mountain-barrier and watershed which he frequently terms the alps, and he cannot be said, although Mr. Gage asserts it in his opening sentence, to have made that country "interesting" to his readers. So the statement that "the most casual reader of Baker's pages must be struck with the extraordinary fertility and the almost inexhaustible supply of game" cannot properly be applied to Abyssinia. It is as if a person who had visited Galicia and seen the Carpathian Mountains should be cited as having given an account of Hungary, which lies on the other side. Moreover, as we have said, Mr. Gage is too little precise in what he has to tell us of Abyssinia and of General Napier's expedition; and this defect is aggravated by the extreme carelessness of the printer, who in one place represents Theodore as "*framing* [fearing] a combined English and Turkish invasion." There are other errors not so easily rectified.

—If any one wishes an instance of how much the value of an office depends on its incumbent, let him compare the first annual report of the Commissioner of Education, at Washington, just printed, with the statute creating the department. We do not suppose it is doubtful that no other American can rival Mr. Barnard in fitness for the position which he now holds. Certainly so far as past experience, accumulation of facts and works of reference, and breadth of view are concerned, his superiority is not likely to be called in question; and if he is spared for the work, and liberally sustained by Congress, we believe he will justify in the most gratifying manner the wisdom of the act under which he is laboring. We presume that sound judgment, as well as the economy imposed on the department, forbids the very general circulation of the documents which emanate from it. They would be in danger of going to waste if distributed much outside of the teachers themselves, the clergy, and the various newspapers. We could wish, however, that the simple tabulation of the scope of the Commissioner's enquiries might be very widely broadcast, in order to exhibit the real meaning and extent of education to those who have the most inadequate ideas of it—among whom teachers would form a by no means insignificant minority. The report is also deserving of study as suggesting the importance of a bureau whose authority does not exceed the collecting and collating of statistics, which at first sight is not an obvious advantage to the country. But whoever has attempted to get light from the chaos of State Superintendents' reports, whether taken by themselves or in connection with others, and has witnessed the numerous false inferences which even their authors have drawn from them, simply because there is no uniformity in the statistics furnished, will be prepared to believe that almost the first step the department can take "to promote the cause of education throughout the country," is to introduce a proper system of inter-State comparison of the condition and progress of public instruction. This progress depends in a great degree on force of example; and the clearer the example is made—the more perfectly one State is able to discern the merits or defects of the school system of another—the easier it will be to suggest and to effect improvements.

—Mrs. Prescott Spofford, with her wondrous wine-cellar full of topaz tints and amethystine tints, and liquid sunshine and quivering souls, and fine names of Sidonian and Damascene and other gorgeous wines, would feel a little thrill of the old fervor now and again if she were to read a report published in the *Horticulturist* for July and August, made by a committee of American wine-growers who have been looking into European viticulture. These are their remarks on Johannisberger, full of an agreeable enthusiasm for that hock of hocks and mysterious king among wines:

"Now, Johannisberger is the most delicate of wine, as it is indeed superlative in every respect. By the kind invitation of the Princess Metternich the committee were allowed to taste specimens of the best the castle cellar contained, including some that was twenty-one years old in the cask, and some from a cask that was, *par excellence*, called the 'bride of the cellar,' and the opinion formed was that the quality of Johannisberger is such that it cannot be described, and can be communicated only to the organs of taste; nor can it be understood, or even imagined, except by those who are so highly favored as to have a taste of it."

The committee argue in favor of the superiority of red wine over white; it is less heating, much more tonic, much less exciting to the nerves, much less intoxicating to the brain, and its effects are more enduring than those produced by white wine. We Americans, then, being, by reason of our dry climate, as well as from moral causes, more excitable than Europeans, have peculiar reason for following the example of the French, who every year use less and less white wine. This suggestion it would be not at all difficult to carry into practical effect in this country, and the subject is worth the consideration of the temperance people, who are spending much of their money in vain, and who are too obstinate in refusing to accept lager bier and good native wines as allies of great value in the war against whiskey. The committee came back, they tell us, with a better opinion of American wines than they had at setting out—a good opinion shared by the German jurors at the Great Exposition, but not by the French, who say that the more of the natural flavor a wine possesses, the lower they rank it in the scale. The Germans, accustomed to wines of high bouquet, which only the very best of French wines have to any extent, were much pleased with the Catawba, which the French despise. The committee repeat the assurances with which all writers on this subject close their remarks, and of which, indeed, there can be no doubt, that the United States cannot but become a great wine-growing country.

—We have recently come upon a pair of twin brothers for the famous Parson Knak, of Berlin, who avows his belief that the sun moves round the world, or rather over it, and says to the men of "science falsely so called," "You may laugh at me, but I am as happy as a child." In 1823 the learned Jesuits Le Sueur and Jacquiers edited a new edition of the "Principia," "in the preface to which," says Mr. R. A. Proctor, the astronomer, "there occurs the following remarkable passage: 'In adopting the theory of the earth's motion, to explain Newton's propositions, we assume another character than our own, for we profess obedience to the decrees of the Popes against the motion of the earth!'" Mr. Proctor has recently contributed to the *Popular Science Review* an interesting article on "Jupiter without his Satellites"—that is to say, Jupiter as he will be seen to-morrow night by many more astronomers than have ever so seen him before. So far as is known, no more than five men have ever observed the eclipse of the four satellites—Molyneux in 1681, Sir W. Herschel in 1802, Wallis in 1826, and Dawes and Griesbach in 1843. Mr. Proctor's article, as well as another on "The Earth a Magnet," may be found in the September *Eclectic*, which also has Blackwood's recent abuse of Ruskin as a sociologist, and a readable paper on "British Arms and Soldiery."

—The "silly season" of the English newspapers having fairly set in, the controversy about Mr. Morley's Miltonic poem occupies much time and attention. The opinions of the critics—some of whom are critics for the nonce and have the trade yet to learn—are on the whole not unequally divided. Mr. Morley sticks to his first impression. Professor Masson—who, by the way, made the acquaintance of the poem years ago when he was studying for his biography of the poet—also abides by the opinion he first expressed, and will not believe it Milton's. As for the handwriting, he and the best experts of the British Museum deny its genuineness, while some of the Museum authorities, Mr. Hain Friswell and Mr. Hepworth Dixon, who has his say about everything that anybody is saying anything about, are sure that Milton's own hand wrote the lines. Mr. Morley does not deny that Mr. Bond's and Mr. Rye's dictum on this point has shaken him in his former belief. As for the signature, it appears that it may be J. M. or P. M., and a correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette*—for the fate of whose suggestion we shall watch with interest—suggests that it may be A. M. A horizontal flourish at the tip of the A was perfectly common at that time. A. M. would be Andrew Marvell, at that time twenty-seven years old, subsequently a secretary of Milton's, and presumably an early earnest admirer of his master. Much of Marvell's own poetry, it may be added, shows that he might have been an enthusiastic admirer of Milton's earlier poetry. He himself was of like mind; many of his own poems—all the good ones with one or two exceptions—have, not less than Milton's first ones, a beautiful natural-seeming melody and sweetness entirely in agreement with the tenderness of the sentiments, and, more than Milton, Marvell had an inclination towards semi-philosophical reverie—

> "Reducing everything that's made
> To a green thought in a green shade"

—an inclination which would be stronger at twenty-seven, an age which dreams, than afterwards, and one which consorts well enough with the spirit of the epitaph in dispute. But we suppose the experts in handwriting will settle the question easily enough. If *they* divide on it and the world at large is remitted to the internal evidence, we feel pretty sure that there will be, proportionately, more editions of Marvell published with the poem in them than of Milton. This remark alone embodies a strong argument in favor of the enthusiastic disciple's claims to the authorship. "Milton

was at all events not so impoverished in thoughts as to quote himself. But young Mr. Marvell might have unconsciously assisted himself without dishonor." Amid all the talk the general public is learning a great deal about an author known better by name than by the reading of him. It is made plain that he was in practice as in theory rather disposed to scorn the "barbarous jingle" of rhyme; that rhythm was what he cared for; that the word "its" is of rare occurrence in his works; and that his habit is to use "his" or "her," and much more of the same sort. In the epitaph, by the way, "its" occurs four times, while in all the acknowledged works it occurs but twice. At least it is so asserted; the correspondents are not all wise or trustworthy; Lord Winchilsea's letter, for instance, was most foolish, and Professor Masson's concerning his lordship's courage and gallantry was also very absurd and gave the reader unpleasant sensations. The poem, meantime, is itself really not worth all the stir that has been made about it. Neither Milton nor Marvell need have been too much ashamed of it, and even the lesser of the two would certainly have had no reason to be proud of it. There is good music in it and good detached expressions, but little or nothing more that is good; and much of it is far-fetched and ill-brought.

—The Right Rev. Samuel Hinds, who was formerly the chaplain and friend of Archbishop Whately, and afterwards the Bishop of Norwich, which see he resigned about ten years ago, has just published a book which may be pronounced exceedingly liberal for the work of so high a dignitary of the Church as he has been. Indeed, he might almost have been the author of the "Comedy of Convocation," and might certainly have been the author of that saying of Dr. Holmes's, "Protestantism means 'None of your business.' No logical stopping-place short of 'None of your business.'" Dr. Hinds argues for perfect freedom of discussion, and that it is the right—nay, the duty—of clergymen to stay in the Church, whether they believe its generally received doctrines or not. As for the action of ecclesiastical courts in depriving and suspending clergymen for their opinions, that forms "an interference of authority extraneous to the Church." The fundamental article of the Church of England, the one which determines the test by which doctrines may be tried, the sixth article, in effect simply forbids that any of its members should be compelled to believe any doctrine as requisite and necessary to salvation which cannot be proved to be so. "The first generation of the Reformed Church," says the doctor, "had no right to restrain future generations from doing what they did themselves, and assumed no such right. . . . . What the framers of the Articles have left with us is not a will bequeathing fixed property, but a series of decisions . . . . and the framers of the Articles being fallible men," and claiming to be no more, could not debar their successors from also—if they felt moved thereto—using their fallible judgments too. The work may very well be the work of an author of a "Logic," and will be welcomed by Bishop Colenso's friends as well as by Catholics, who are always apt to think something is done for them when the outside things of some other communion are attacked. Friends of free discussion among truth-loving men will like it most of all, and will thank its venerable author for this latest labor of his. The "Free Discussion of Religious Topics" is the title of the work.

—We have already once or twice spoken of "Max Havelaar," a novel by a Dutchman who wrote for the purpose of showing his fellow-countrymen the horrors of Dutch rule in the East. There has been an English translation of it made, and Messrs. Putnam & Son have promised to reproduce it in this country—which would be to confer a favor on novel-readers. We refer to it again to speak of the verses which are here and there scattered through the story, and which have every appearance of being what they purport to be, genuine translations of Javanese originals; certainly they are not Dutch. Readers curious in poetry will be glad to see a specimen of them. In fact, the poem below will please all readers of poetry, and not the curious only. By reason of the last touch, which, by the way, is surprisingly well managed and very effective, it quite merits the word "exquisite" which the Nashville *Home Monthly* bestows upon it. *Mata glap*, let us say, means "in a frenzy."

"I do not know where I shall die.
I saw the great sea on the south coast when I was there with my father making salt.
If I die at sea and my body is thrown into the deep water, then sharks will come;
They will swim round my corpse, and ask, 'Which of us shall devour the body that goes down into the water?'
I shall not hear it.

"I do not know where I shall die.
I saw in a blaze the house of Pa-ansoe, which he himself set on fire, because he was *mata glap*;
If I die in a burning house, glowing embers would fall on my corpse;
And outside of the house there will be many cries of men throwing water on the fire to kill it.
I shall not hear it.

"I do not know where I shall die.
I saw the little Si-Oenah fall out of a klappa-tree, when he plucked a *klappa* (cocoa-nut) for his mother;
If I fall out of a klappa-tree I shall lie dead below in the shrubs like Si-Oenah.
Then my mother will not weep, for she is dead. But others will say with a loud voice, 'See, there lies Saidjah.'
I shall not hear it.

"I do not know where I shall die.
I have seen the corpse of Palisoe, who died of old age, for his hairs were white:
If I die of old age, with white hairs, hired women will stand weeping near my corpse,
And they will make lamentation, as did the mourners over Palisoe's corpse, and the grandchildren will weep very loud.
I shall not hear it.

"I do not know where I shall die.
I have seen at Badoer many that were dead. They were dressed in white shrouds, and were buried in the earth.
If I die at Badoer, and am buried beyond the dessah (village), eastward against the hill, where the grass is high,
Then will Adinda pass by there, and the border of her sarong will sweep softly along the grass.
I shall hear it."

The bold realistic handling and the vivid picturing bring to mind the book of Japanese poetry of whose contents we not long since gave some examples. But this is far more finely imaginative than anything we remember in that volume.

—M. Henri Rochefort, the young man of thirty or thirty-five who, by his satirical abilities, has made the *Lanterne* so brilliant a success that he finds himself within the short space of a few weeks rich, famous, and feared, has, of course, got himself into difficulties with the Government. He has had served up to him a dish of the sort that he is so fond of setting before other people, and apparently he does not relish the jest very well. The Minister of the Interior has sent in to him a *communiqué* so long that it would fill or nearly fill one entire number of the *Lanterne*. By law, the paper served with a *communiqué* must print it. In the case of a libel on a private person, the offending journal is bound to print a reply, though it should be twice as long as the article complained of. There is no law, however, to decide how long a *communiqué* may be, and M. Rochefort is decidedly of opinion that this one is too long. He sees no reason why, if he is bound to submit to the present infliction, he may not get next week, in reply to three lines about Napoleon I., the six volumes of the "Memorials of Saint Helena;" and the week after, that work may be followed by twenty-two volumes of M. Thiers' "Consulate and Empire." So he preferred to refuse to print, to be prosecuted, to pay the maximum fine of 10,000 francs, and to go to jail for a year. He is, however, more popular than ever in Paris, where he before was the most popular man in the city. Very likely he will issue the *Lanterne* from his prison. In the course of the affair publicity has been given to a letter written by Béranger to Rochefort when the latter was a school-boy in the Monge Lyceum. He had sent the aged poet an ode in his honor. The letter of reply is very pleasant and is worth reproducing:

"To the Lycéen Rochefort: I am under great obligations to your friends, monsieur, for having suggested that you should send your charming ode to me. You certainly owed me a copy, since I was so fortunate as to inspire your muse. Is it true that you are only sixteen? When I reread your verses I cannot help asking myself and you this question—Are you but sixteen? Oh! if I, at that age, had composed such well-turned poetic strophes, I should have fancied that a brilliant destiny was before me. It is true that you *lycéens* are forced in a hot-house, whereas I, at sixteen, did not know how to spell. Now, remembering all the means that have been taken to develop your faculties precociously, do not, my dear child, allow yourself to be too vain of a happy *début* and the praises of an old rhymester, who may be somewhat blinded, perhaps, by your incense. *Beau mérite, vraiment, de toucher un vieillard que l'on flatte.* But this old man has yet mind and reason enough, and a heart warm enough to respond to the impulses of generous youth, and from the bottom of his heart he begs you to receive his thanks. Stick to your themes and versions for a long while yet, and believe me, my dear young friend, yours very truly,
"Béranger.
"Passy, December 20, 1849."

## MR. BRONSON ALCOTT'S ESSAYS.*

For the orphic reader the Orphic Saying is no doubt a very fine thing, but somehow the world in general is as yet unripe for it; wherefore the orphic sayer, so far as he is a man addressing contemporary human beings, must appear to be an unsagacious person, or, not to put too fine a point on it, a bad failure. For our own part, we have no doubt that such a man's conversations posterity, down to the last syllable of recorded time, will allow to remain soliloquies; but let it be that he is writing for the future; certainly he is not writing for the present when he sets down on paper thoughts like this:

"Boehme, the subtilest thinker on Genesis since Moses, conceives that

* "Tablets. By A. Bronson Alcott." Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1868.

nature fell from its original oneness by fault of Lucifer before man rose physically from its ruins; and moreover, that his present existence, being the struggle to recover from nature's lapse, is embarrassed with double difficulties by defection from rectitude on his part. We think it needs no Lucifer other than mankind collectively conspiring, to account for nature's mishaps, or man's, since, assuming man to be nature's ancestor, and nature man's ruins rather, himself were the impediment he seeks to remove; nature being the child of his choices, corresponding in large—or macrocosmically—to his intents. Eldest of creatures, the progenitor of all below him, personally one and imperishable in essence, if debased forms appear in nature, these are consequent on man's degeneracy prior to their genesis. And it is only as he lapses out of his integrity, by debasing his essence, that he impairs his original likeness, and drags it into the prone shapes of the animal kingdom—these being the effigies and vestiges of his individualized and shattered personality. Behold these upstarts of his loins, everywhere the mimics jeering him saucily, or gaily parodying their fallen lord.

> "'Most happy he who hath fit place assigned
> To his beasts, and disafforested his mind;
> Can use his horse, goat, wolf, and every beast,
> And is not ape himself to all the rest.'

It is man alone who conceives and brings forth the beast in him that swerves and dies. Perversion of will by mischoice precipitates him into serpentine form, duplicated in sex."

Consider it as thought and argument intended for the persuasion and enlightenment of an audience, and put it into ordinary language, and what is got from the passage above given will be this: If there are poisonous snakes in the world, and wallowing hogs, and noxious plants, and foul weather, it is not, as Boehme fondly imagines it is, because the devil fell from a state of holiness and worked evil on earth before man arrived in it. Boehme's undoubted superiority in subtilty, or subtlety, did not save him from here falling into a complete misunderstanding of the matter. The fact is, that when men became numerous enough they "collectively conspired," and the snakes, and diseases, and hard frosts, and rotting leaves, and bad things generally, are the results of the conspiracy. How plain this becomes if we will only recollect, 1st, That man was made before nature; and 2dly, That he is "the progenitor of all below him." Nature is the child of his choices, and this being so, what possible effect can Lucifer's choices have had on nature? Nature corresponds in large to man's intents. If at the time of the conspiracy he had very bad intents, he "shattered his personality" into some very low animal, perhaps a bat or a fish of one of the meaner species; if his intents were better, he "debased his essence" into the forms of some vertebrates higher in the scale, or perhaps made it into some of the milder types of disease, or into some rather inclement weather, while his good intents took shape in beautiful and convenient things.

To us we are free to say this sort of thing does not seem to be thought in any sense of that word which has ever yet found acceptance among men, and if it were not orphic we should have no hesitation in calling it by some very hard name. If we were going to account for the genesis of it, we should say that Mr. Alcott once read the bit of poetry above cited—good enough as a poet's figurative remark on certain bestial traits of human nature, but otherwise valueless—and then proceeded, as is the wont of his kind, to spin a plain saying out into obscurity, making it at the same time devoid of meaning and perfectly dogmatic. It is, by the way, a distinguishing mark of the school to which Mr. Alcott belongs, that their "thought" is very commonly a distortion or adaptation of some other man's metaphor, and that they in return repay the simile-monger better than any other student of their works.

Another habit of theirs is to take what is known to the unilluminated as a truism, and enounce it in the orphic manner. For example, no one would call the man a seer who should say that actions speak louder than words; but it is orphic to say, "If one's life is not worshipful, no one cares for his professions." It is orphic to say,

> "When thou approachest to The One,
> Self from thyself thou first must free,
> Thy cloak duplicity cast clean aside,
> And in the Being's Being Be."

But, even if capital letters were employed, it would be unorphic to say that when one wishes to find The Truth it is well to divest one's self of prejudice and all self-seeking feelings. Go at a man with a saying of this kind, "Know, that seeing you, I divine your gods also," and he discerns at once the difference between you and the man who merely repeats to him the familiar remarks that a man's face is an index of his character, and that his notions of heaven and hell and his views of God's character are determined by his own character and the degree of his intellectual and spiritual enlightenment. Give it as your opinion that "like loves like," and you are on the level of Mr. Tupper; but it were a worshipful thing to inform a listening world that "Affinities tell. Every one is not for every one."

There is, however, a class of orphic utterances, removed as far as need be from sayings whose obvious truth has made them, in their ordinary form, proverbial philosophy. No man is fully orphic until he can turn out things of this kind: "Every pulse pushes nature's quaternion along life's currents, recreating us afresh; the morn feeding the morn, Memnon's music issuing from every stop, as if the Orient itself had sung." Or here is another: "Memory is the premise of our sensations: it dates our immortality." Still another is this, which describes "Man": "Not elemental, but fundamental, essential, he generates elements and forces, perpetually replenishing his waste—the final conflagration a current fact of his existence." Under the head of "The Family," it is said to us: "Still youth and innocency are the sole solvents of all doubts and infidelities; the faiths of women and children in friendship ever fresh demonstrations of life's sufficiency and imperishableness." The next sentence after this last one suggests to us a consideration which is not without its comfort for the ordinary, unillumined reader. It is to the effect that "Families never die, since they trace their pedigree to Adam the First, who is of immortal ancestry." It is a consideration which very possibly long ago occurred to the mind of the reader; but, as we have said, it struck us most forcibly when we had read along to the page or two from which we have just been quoting, and it took in our mind this shape—that it is within the reach of every man and woman of average intelligence to become, when he or she likes, as orphic as the best seer in existence. Let it be that youth and innocence—or innocency—dissolve doubts, and that women's faiths demonstrate that life is imperishable; what has that to do, said we, with the fact that Adam the First was of immortal ancestry, and that families never die because Adam the First, being of immortal ancestry, founded "The Family"? Surely, we continued, a good deal of being orphic depends on saying the first thing that comes into one's head, without any regard for what preceded it, and without the least idea of what is to follow it. Now, anybody—a village idiot—can do this in his idler moments—when for a little while he throws off the responsibility, greater or less, which is imposed on all of us, of being, first of all, so far as we can, intelligent and intelligible animals. A principal thing to be done by the would-be orphic sayer or seer is to become an intellectual voluptuary, and allow the mind to lie passive while a throng of ideas and images, coming from everywhere, going anywhere, often indistinguishable the one from the other, pass before it for its mere delight, submitting to any usage. Of course, to be totally and constantly orphic, orphic and nothing else, more is necessary than to abandon one's self to reverie and soliloquy, but for a short time the effects can be produced in all desirable perfection—in sufficient perfection at any rate to relieve the young from that painful awe which the orphic sayer is apt to inspire into them when they are just leaving off feeling and have not yet learned thinking. The regular orphic seer has been obliged to begin while young the reading of as much idealistic philosophy as he could get hold of, and he must hold in its fulness the doctrine which may be briefly described as the bringing of all things under one's own hat, to the great ruin, theoretically, of the outside world, including the hat and the head—a process which has for its chief result the strenuous assertion of the "imperishable me," and so great a consequent contempt for everything else that the oracles of the seer are flung out of cloud-land to the poor despised seeker for truth as bones are flung to a dog; and furthermore, if the dogs are to be trusted and not the thrower, are as bad as bones can be.

We, for our part, have found "Tablets" very nearly worthless, and have learned little or nothing from it except that Mr. Emerson is not indebted for some of his deepest thoughts to Mr. Alcott—which story used to circulate among some of the more puzzled and enthusiastic of the Boston believers. He may have been indebted to him for an impulse away from materialism, but that too we doubt. Even if Mr. Alcott ever did that much good to anybody, it would be good got at a vast expense; it would be like preventing a traveller from being thirsty, not by giving him a draught of water, but by enveloping him and saturating him to the bones in a bewildering dank fog or Scotch mist—cause of more delay to the pilgrim than any loitering he would be likely to do for the sake of gratifying his materialist senses. In other words, we look on Mr. Alcott with his emptiness and affectations as being, for all his anti-materialism, no good servant of the cause which he is thought to serve. His thinking and preaching delight himself, no doubt; to us, so far as we know either, both appear trivial to almost the last degree—that is to say, when it is Mr. Alcott himself who is talking. Much of the book is quotation of the two ordinary kinds—the acknowledged borrowing from other men, and, secondly, the use, or orphic abuse, rather, of the world's common stock of familiar ideas.

## CHAPMAN'S TRAVELS IN SOUTH AFRICA.*

MR. CHAPMAN'S work, though scarcely comparing in interest with those of Dr. Livingstone on the same region, is in the same category. They are contemporaneous also; both explorers beginning their travels into the interior in 1849, and being often near each other, or crossing one another's tracks. While Livingstone, however, made the Cape his original starting-place, Chapman entered by the way of Natal, and thus obtained an experience of the Boers quite other than that which the missionary had of them, among the tribes adjoining the Trans-Vaal. We would not imply that he extenuates the barbarousness of that remarkable people, or apologizes for their murderous slave-hunting incursions upon their peaceful neighbors. It would be strange indeed if the Dutch stock of the colony had wholly run to evil, and such does not appear to be the case. Honesty and hospitality are virtues which they own in dealing with one another and with the stranger who comes among them free from suspicion. Old-countrymen, it appears, are not of this number, owing to sundry impostures which have brought the name of Hollander into bad odor among the Boers. Towards the natives their feelings are such as a superior and master race always entertains for an inferior and servile; and their prejudices in regard to sitting on a jury with negroes, or burial in the same ground, or even living under a rule—the British—which gives equal rights to blacks and whites, and which was a principal cause of their secession from the colony, are the exact parallel of those which flourished among us and at the South in the palmy days of slavery. For much of the blood shed by the Boers in their attacks upon the natives—that is to say, for the attacks themselves—the British Government is responsible by the studiously unequal provisions of its treaties in regard to the sale of guns and ammunition, by which the blacks were left quite unarmed and wholly exposed to the rapacity of the Boers. And on the other hand, we must agree with Mr. Chapman in thinking that "it is a pity that missionary societies, instead of quarrelling with the Boers in their endeavors to instruct the natives, have not rather turned their attention and their means to the advancement and instruction of the Boers themselves, who at the time I speak of had not one permanent clergyman amongst them, and generally no better schoolmaster than a British deserter fresh from the ranks to teach their progeny the *Dutch* language."

The chapters, or parts of chapters, relating to the Boers are among the most entertaining in the two volumes, and we turn from them with reluctance which is somewhat mitigated by the Dutch flavor that pervades the narrative, and treats us frequently to such words as trek, inyoke, outspan, vley, and veld. Next in point of interest we have found the Bushmen, whose character, says Chapman, has much in it to be admired. "Degraded as they are in the scale of humanity, and even in the eyes of their superiors amongst the native races, their morals are in general far better than those of the more civilized Bechuanas," whom they serve. They have a plurality of wives, but "their women are not at all flattered by the attentions of their Bechuana lords." The Namaqua Hottentots, on the other hand, appear to the least advantage, as indolent lords of the Damaras, who were once the owners of the immense flocks and herds which they are now forced to tend for their conquerors, and "of the soil on which they now grubbed for roots in order to obtain a scanty subsistence." In spite of its absolute, life-and-death sway over its unfortunate subjects, the tribe of Namaquas is but a small one, and, in the author's emphatic words, "the most besotted, dissipated, and debauched wretches on the face of the earth." They have had the honor of introducing the habit of smoking among the hitherto only snuff-taking tribes, besides imparting the diseases which everywhere wait upon licentiousness. Their polygamy is without the effect of increasing the population; which the missionaries have observed to be the case generally. "One of the tribes tried the experiment with the view of increasing their number and power. The men took each as many wives as they could support, but in a few years the result proved no increase, but a decided decrease, whereas among those who lived at missionary stations and confined themselves to one wife there was a considerable increase of population." Among the Makololo, the limited extent of polygamy is attributed to the number of slaves, and the abundance of food and rain.

The spirit of adventure which prompted Mr. Chapman to make his excursions, was joined with a passion for hunting and a willingness to speculate in ivory, together with a laudable desire to promote natural science. His journal is full of observations on the fauna and flora, the geology and climatic phenomena of the country which he traversed—so full that the general reader may be somewhat wearied by it, his practice being different from that of Livingstone, who omits unnecessary and purely scientific details and reserves them for an independent work. In these two volumes, however, we have apparently a clean account of all Mr. Chapman has to render for his fifteen years of travel; and besides what is plentifully scattered through the text, there are long appendices, scientifically prepared, on the animals, birds, insects, and botany of inter-tropical South Africa. With some part of these observations the text, of course, could not dispense. It would, for instance, have been far less graphic without this concentrated experience (ii., p. 234):

"The wet weather, however, has its disadvantages for us. Last night a large, swift, hairy spider, six inches long, ran over my face several times, but was so quick that we could not catch him until he had run the gauntlet of everybody; and although the boys did not care much about him, saying he *did n't* bite, I did not feel at all easy until I had secured him. Hardly was this done when another nuisance was discovered, and my bed was found swarming with a kind of ant, half an inch long; body, brownish-red; abdomen, brown; these, although they do not bite, are disagreeable bed companions. Being in search of cooked food and sugar, for which they have a strong predilection, they had got the smell of the elephant lard with which I had anointed my limbs; and as I could not jump into a warm bath to obliterate the traces of it, I was obliged to put up with the nuisance as well as I could, slaying as far as I was able. In the morning I found a scorpion in my shoe, and another in my haversack."

Of course the formidable tsetse (poison-fly) figures frequently in these pages. Like the other pests, its extinction may be certainly looked for soon after the establishment of civilized colonies in those parts. Its habitat is within a certain range from water, and it is thought to be a parasite of the buffalo only; so drainage and cultivation, and the introduction of guns, are likely to exterminate this insect, whose bite is so fatal to cattle and horses. And with it, many other animals besides the buffalo will be exterminated with fire-arms. The elephant, being most valuable, will perhaps go first. He was principal game for Mr. Chapman, and in comparing his experience with Mr. Baker's in the Soudan, it would appear that the South African elephants are more vulnerable and less ferocious than those attacked with swords by the Hamran Arabs. While Baker, again, almost invariably shot at them from horseback, Chapman disapproves of this method; but the "unsteady, panting, and frightened horse" is the one he has in view, which Mr. Baker's highly trained steed was far from being. The two or three serious situations our hunter was brought into with elephants, were, in fact, due to some misbehavior of his horse. But he was generally an excellent shot, as, to say nothing of his perils and think only of his voracious followers, he had good need to be. "Can it be credited," he asks, "that, besides the bundles of flesh, they (about fifty men, women, and children of the Makalakas) have devoured a buffalo, a quagga, a fallah, two water-bucks, and three rhinoceroses, and all since Saturday evening, this being Tuesday?"

Mr. Chapman devotes his second volume to what may be called his most original expedition, from Walvisch Bay, on the west coast, to the Victoria Falls of the Zambesi, where he had been preceded by Dr. Livingstone. His idea was that the port just named would be a more natural and feasible entrance to the interior, for trading purposes, than the Portuguese port of Loanda, where Dr. Livingstone emerged, and from which he afterward crossed to the east coast. He started, therefore, better equipped than he had been on any previous "trekking," with a "special artist" attached, and with photographic apparatus, etc. But almost in the ratio of his preparations he was destined to meet with obstacles and delays and accidents; and his plan of descending the Zambesi in boats constructed by his party was rendered futile. He succeeded in witnessing the glory of the smoky falls, and—to judge from Mr. Baines's views in chromo—like Dr. Livingstone, failed to do even faint justice to it in words. Returning to Damara Land, and hoping to effect a settlement which should serve as a basis for a fresh expedition to the Zambesi, or at least permit him to prosecute his researches in natural history, he was foiled also in this, owing to incessant broils between the Damaras and the Hottentots, and was at length compelled to abandon a country in which there was no security for life or property; in which, if there was a cattle plague, tribal wars must ensue; if a bountiful harvest, invasion must be feared. We may take leave of him just before the last illusion is dispelled, on his way to Walvisch Bay, amid the lovely scenery of the Kaan valley:

"Through such a landscape it is an interesting sight to watch the red wheels of the white-tilted waggons dragging heavily after the sturdy team of parti-colored oxen, often stumbling and kneeling over the sharp flints; now rolling with the roar of distant thunder down the rocky steps of the mountains, with difficulty maintaining its equilibrium; now grating down the quartz slope with the drag on, the oxen dragging sometimes on their

* "Travels in the Interior of South Africa, comprising fifteen years' hunting and trading; with journeys across the continent from Natal to Walvisch Bay, and visits to Lake Ngami and the Victoria Falls. By James Chapman, F.R.G.S." Illustrated with maps and numerous engravings. In two volumes. London: Bell & Daldy. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1868.

haunches; anon grinding over the pebbly bed of the stream, on emerging from which the sore-footed cattle more firmly tread the soft, red, sandy road, cut through a carpet of emerald, until they bury themselves out of sight in the blooming groves, while the mountains re-echo with the driver's harsh voice and the crack of his huge whip."

## UHLHORN'S DISCOURSES.*

THESE discourses, which have no particular value either as criticism or as positive scientific or religious statement, are yet very well worth reading, since they show in an intelligible and untechnical way both the strength and the weakness of the position taken by the orthodox Protestant who assumes that Christianity must stand or fall with the Bible. Dr. Uhlhorn apparently thinks that the sole internal evidence of the truth of Christianity is afforded by the life of the faithful believer—which is virtually making it a subject for purely historical treatment. As such he uses it, considering it always from an external stand-point, and making evident neither in his argument nor in the temper in which it was conducted any reason for supposing that he believes the spiritual truths and the moral precepts of the New Testament to have any value apart from the accounts of miracles with which they are connected. To him the ethics of Paul, for instance, seem worthy of attention only because Paul was miraculously converted while on the road to Damascus. The critics whom he opposes look at the question from the historical point of view also; but they attack only the superstructure of dogma which the Church builds on what they consider historically insufficient grounds, and not her spiritual and moral teachings. Dr. Uhlhorn stakes both on the single issue of the truth or falsehood of the apostolic versions of the life of Jesus—which is not only absurd and logically inaccurate, but, taking into consideration the fact that he was addressing an audience who were presumably believers and obviously uncritical, is also manifestly disingenuous. From the clerical standpoint there doubtless appears every reason why discourses like these should be occasionally delivered, but when it comes to printing them it seems worth while to consider whether it is best to strengthen the position of the antagonistic party by using unsound arguments against them.

The first two of these discourses contain a fair and sufficiently careful estimate of Renan's "Life of Jesus" and the "Character of Jesus Portrayed," by Dr. Daniel Schenkel. The title of the second discourse associates the name of Dr. Strauss with that of Dr. Schenkel, but the quality of fairness which we predicate of Dr. Uhlhorn's treatment of the two books we have mentioned cannot be predicated of his hasty consideration of the "New Life of Jesus," by Dr. Strauss. There is no permanent danger to Christianity to be apprehended from a rationalism like that of Dr. Schenkel, nor from the poetical romancing of Renan's criticisms; and Dr. Uhlhorn, very well comprehending this truth, devotes to it plenty of space and much pleasing and convincing eloquence. He is hardly as fair in his treatment of Schenkel and Renan personally as in his review of their arguments; but as he found it easy to demolish the latter, it was perhaps only natural that he should look for the motive of work so palpably unsatisfactory. He is more respectful to Dr. Strauss, and makes a less damaging criticism on that author's book. He considers it, he says, less dangerous than the other, because people cannot understand it, and therefore will not read it. He seems to us, however, to understand thoroughly that it is only Dr. Strauss and critics of his school who seriously undermine the historical foundations of the faith. His arguments are passed over lightly; indeed, the positive portion of this volume is composed of statements fortified only by proofs against which Dr. Strauss has brought much evidence, which in a work of this kind would seem to have been worth investigating. We, for our own part, should have been glad of some more definite information on certain disputed points, such as the paschal controversy and the authorship of the fourth Gospel, than is contained in Dr. Uhlhorn's assertion that the recent investigations of "such men" as Ewald and Steitz have settled the matter beyond further dispute in favor of the Church's view. Dr. Uhlhorn's unfortunate habit of quoting the meaning instead of the words of his authorities, and omitting to give any precise references, except to texts of Scripture, would have been in some degree atoned for had he furnished the curious reader some account of the nature of this conclusive proof of which he merely hints the existence.

In his discussion of miracles we do not find Dr. Uhlhorn altogether satisfactory. He does not attempt to prove the miracles of Jesus from the Gospel records of them, because he "demonstrated *their* (the records) trustworthiness only upon the presumption that there were miracles, and hence cannot now prove miracles upon the presumption of their trustworthiness." He turns, therefore, to the "four uncontested Epistles of Paul, in which we have an indisputable historical document." But what does he mean by such a use of the word "historical"? Paul's Epistles are not narratives of matters of fact, but letters of reproof, of counsel, and of exhortation to those who already believed in miracles. The word "authentic" applies to them as indubitable productions of the author whose name they bear, but "historical" is a term as inappropriate to them as to the thoughts of Marcus Aurelius. Great miracles attended the martyrdom of Polycarp, insomuch that the Jews endeavored to keep his body from the Christians, lest they should hide it and announce a new resurrection. Irenæus also testifies that in his own times men were raised from the dead by the united prayers of the Church. Is Dr. Uhlhorn ready to accept these miracles on testimony, or does he, like the majority of Protestants, while claiming the possibility of miraculous intervention in human affairs, limit the period of such intervention? Catholics find no difficulty here, but it is unnecessary to convince those who already believe. Behind the Catholic is a Church which claims a perennial inspiration, a perpetual miraculous power. Her life is so full of accounts of the exercise of this power that when Dr. Uhlhorn, in combating the idea that the primitive Church was easy of belief, says that "everything is opposed to the view that the Church acted so uncritically as to accept anything that seemed edifying without regard for its truth," we should be more ready to accept the statement if he would amend it so as to insert after "everything" the words "except the ecclesiastical histories." It is the Protestant, the man who scouts the idea that a miraculous power is latent in the Church, who needs to have irrefragable proofs offered him—whose reason it is necessary to convince that a miraculous occurrence is susceptible of historical proof.

* "The Modern Representations of the Life of Jesus. Four Discourses delivered before the Evangelical Union at Hanover, Germany. By Dr. Gerhard Uhlhorn, First Preacher to the Court. Translated from the third German edition by Charles E. Grinnell." Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1868.

*Old Deccan Days; or, Hindoo Fairy Legends current in Southern India.* Collected from oral tradition, by M. Frere. With an introduction and notes by Sir Bartle Frere. (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1868.)—Despite the resemblances which the collector has pointed out, and the reader cannot fail to observe of himself, between these fairy tales and those of Northern Europe and the Teutonic race generally, they are substantially fresh and peculiar, and in a high degree entertaining. In complexity, which never begets confusion, and of course in Oriental flavor, they recall most vividly the "Arabian Nights." But even here the jungle serves to characterize their Indian origin. Stepmothers and second wives (or, as in "Truth's Triumph," the thirteenth wife) cause most of the difficulties; and the king and queen who had no children, but wanted them sadly, in the end have their prayer granted. These stock characters and situations involve pretty certainly the following incidents: A prince gets comfortably married, and presently has a dream of another princess, who is kept secluded in a glass palace surrounded by seven hedges of bayonets and as many seas, which must all be passed in order to win her; which done, and the marriage celebrated, desire arises to see the first wife and home again. The return is accompanied with renewed perils, but all ends happily, and the wicked are generally brought to grief. There is also, in most of the stories, a Rakshas, or evil geni of the stupid sort, and a cobra more or less friendly to man, and always living in a nest of precious stones and other treasure. It will be strange, also, if the jackal is left out, he being to the other animals what the fox is in European legends, or "Br. Rabbit" in the laughable *contes* of the Sea Island negroes. In the punishments and vengeances we see the Oriental contempt of human life and suffering; and Oriental extravagance abounds. The stepmother in "Punchkin" must have a shaddock-tree pulled up and boiled root and branch, and her forehead wet with a little of the water, to cure a headache; and afterward bids her husband kill his seven daughters, that by anointing her forehead and palms with their blood she may be cured of her feigned mortal sickness. Vicram Maharajah is directed by the shade of his father to perform this act of devotion to the god Gunputti: "You must fasten a rope to the top of the tower, and to the other end of the rope attach a basket, into which you must get head downward, then twist the rope by which the basket is hung three times, and, as it is untwisting, cut it, when you will fall head downward to the earth"—upon a bayonet hedge, unless the god interposes. The Rajah's son says of his best friend and inseparable companion, "Father, I am angry with the Wuzeer's son; I hate that boy; kill him, and let his eyes be brought to me in proof of his death, or I will not eat my dinner." The occasion of this quarrel is an excellent stroke of art. So, in another way, is this description: "And many passers-by, with chattees [pots] on their heads, for watching him, let the chattees tumble down and break, they were so much astonished; and several men and

women, who were looking out of the windows of their houses, leant too far forward and fell into the street, so giddy did they become from wonder and amazement!" The girl-nature is aptly hit off in the case where a hundred brothers and one sister are hidden each under one of a flight of steps leading to a well. A washerman's child amuses herself by running up and down, without knowing what is beneath her. "All the hundred boys bore this without uttering a sound," but the little girl cries out, on being squeezed, "How can you be so cruel to me, trampling on me in this way? Have pity on me, for I am a little girl as well as you;" and the secret of their hiding-place is betrayed at once. As for *naïveté*, take the following conclusion of the story just quoted from: "Thus truth triumphed in the end [the Rajah has just burnt his treacherous dozen wives]; but so unequally is human justice meted out, that the old nurse who worked their evil will, and was in fact the most guilty wretch of all, is said to have lived unpunished, to have died in the bosom of her family, and to have had as big a funeral pile as any virtuous Hindoo."

These narratives preserve, with some exceptions, a simplicity of style which will recommend them to children, for whom they appear to have been designed, and who will certainly forget—unless children have changed—the violent and polygamous portions of them, and retain only the main incidents and actions.

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*The Opium Habit.* With Suggestions as to the Remedy. (New York: Harper & Brothers. 1868.)—If we are to believe all that is darkly hinted or confidently asserted, "the opium habit" is fearfully increasing in this and in all civilized countries. It has always been true that here and there an invalid, especially among women, having at first resorted to the drug as a necessary remedy, has at last made constant food of what should have been an occasional medicine, and has suffered more or fewer of the certain evils which attend its excessive use. But with the excitements of modern civilized social life the temptation to resort to opium, as a solace for disappointment and as a sedative for the legion of high-wrought excitements to which the inhabitants of great cities are exposed, has been intensified. It is not surprising that this temptation should not be resisted in an age in which is prevalent the epicurean doctrine that comfortable sensations comprehend the sum of human blessings and are "the chief end" of human existence. The author of this book thinks that "the number of confirmed opium-eaters in the United States is large—not less, judging from the testimony of druggists in all parts of the country, as well as from other sources, than eighty to a hundred thousand." They are in general "professional and literary men, persons suffering from protracted nervous disorders, women obliged by their necessities to work beyond their strength, prostitutes, and, in brief, all classes whose business or whose vices make special demands upon the nervous system."

The writer and compiler of the volume has been himself a victim to the habit which he describes, having eaten more than half a hundredweight of the drug and continued in its uninterrupted use for more than fifteen years. He emancipated himself by a short but painful struggle of six weeks, in which he proceeded from 80 grains a day by diminished doses to its entire abandonment. The story which he tells is interesting without being at all sensational; it is minute enough without being tedious, and its moral lessons of hope and perseverance are none the less impressive from the fact that there is not any attempt to state or enforce them. There is no cant nor preaching in the story, and but very little in the selections which follow it; the author judging wisely enough that the facts preach loudly and forcibly enough, and that to the great majority of opium-eaters their own reflections furnish more preaching than they care to hear or can consent to endorse.

The story of the author, who is known to his friends as a well-educated and accomplished man of about fifty, is entitled "A Successful Attempt to Abandon Opium." With the brief introduction it occupies a little less than eighty pages. This is followed by all from De Quincey of fact and description which his own writings and those of his friends furnish in respect to his experiences with opium. These are followed by the opium reminiscences of Coleridge, which are gleaned from all the sources accessible in any published writings, from Joseph Cottle to Dr. Gilman. To these are added the narrative of William Blair, from the *Knickerbocker Magazine* of 1842, which is more full of horrors than it is altogether pleasant to read. An essay, never before published, on "Opium and Alcohol Compared," by a person who had made ample use of both, is not much more soothing to the nerves, however salutary it may be to the conscience. Then another narrative of "Insanity and Suicide from an Attempt to abandon Morphine," tells the story of a clergyman who committed suicide in January of the present year. Our feelings are somewhat relieved by the record which follows of "A Morphine Habit Overcome," taken from *Lippincott's Magazine* of April, 1868. The conscience of the opium-taker will gather some gleams of ghostly comfort from the introduction of Rev. Robert Hall and William Wilberforce as habitual eaters of opium. Then comes Fitz Hugh Ludlow's article, "What shall they do to be Saved?" followed by the less exciting but no less interesting "Outlines of the Opium-cure," from the same writer. These collected papers may be said to furnish nearly, if not all, that can be served up to the public in regard to the "Opium Habit." The facts which these papers embody are worthy the attention of "all whom it may concern." All confirmed opium-takers who have not yet lost their wits or their courage, all those who are dallying with this enchanting drug, and the friends of both classes, will find in these pages much material for their consideration. None of them will find anything which need offend their taste or shock their prejudices. We cannot but hope that the suggestions in the last article will lead speedily to the foundation of an asylum in which many victims of opium may be successfully treated.

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*A Hand-book of Gymnastics and Athletics.* By E. G. Ravenstein, F.R.G.S., etc., President of the German Gymnastic Society, London, and John Hulley, Gymnasiarch, of Liverpool. With numerous wood-cut illustrations, from original designs. (London: Trübner & Co.; New York: John Wiley & Son.)—We believe there are still traces on the Delta, at Harvard College, of the open-air gymnasium which flourished, if it was not founded, during the professorship of the eminent Dr. Charles Follen, himself one of the most accomplished gymnasts that Jahn's example produced in Germany. Not till later—that is, after 1835—perhaps considerably later, were established those in-door gymnasiums, one or more of which are now to be found in every large city of the country. Last to be introduced were the Turnvereins, which we owe to the German immigration of 1848-9, and which are the only real gymnasiums that exist in the United States. The *esprit de corps*, the rigid discipline, the perfect co-operation and subordination which characterize them, are still foreign to our native establishments though generally kept by a professional gymnast. Instead of a thorough system of instruction, with tests of strength and proficiency, assignment of exercises and leaders, a programme that is regularly carried out, we see commonly the frequenters of our gymnasiums divided into two classes—the skilled performers, who monopolize *ad libitum* certain instruments, and often spend a large portion of the evening in emulating the tricks of the circus; and the unskilled, who practise as they can, without association or instruction, or lounge and gape at the display. Inefficient as are these resorts for the moral and physical training contemplated by their founder, when Germany was still oppressed by Napoleon, and the hour of her resurrection was approaching, they have nevertheless accomplished a vast amount of good. Many a strong man went from swinging the clubs and pulling the weights to leading a company or a regiment in the Federal army, and the greater endurance of soldiers from the cities over those from the country may be partly attributed to the bodily culture of the gymnasium. But there is no reason why the country towns should not have gymnasiums, and none why those in cities should not be brought up to the ideal standard. This standard, we are glad to announce, is given in the beautiful work before us, certainly the best of its kind we have ever had the fortune to read—clear, orderly, full of special knowledge, abounding in common sense, and complete in scope. It is equally fitted for the novice and the teacher, for practice in company and practice alone; includes free exercises and exercises with every variety of instrument, and according to a number of systems; and does not neglect swimming, skating, or the more athletic sports. At the end are condensed the directions which a leader will need to use in guiding his class. The chapter devoted to boxing is free from the odor of the prize-ring; and generally, we may say, that the æsthetic side of gymnastics, rather than the animal, determines the tone of this work.

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*The Lost Cause Regained.* By Edward A. Pollard. (New York: G. W. Carleton & Co. London: S. Low, Son & Co. 1868.)—That quality of the Southern mind which leads it to evolve continually, without any cessation, perpetual *Congressional Globes*, in the shape of political treatises on the negro and kindred matters, is perfectly illustrated by Mr. Pollard's "Lost Cause Regained." We feel moved to assure Mr. Pollard that we, familiar with the literature of many ages and many lands, do not know more worthless writing than is produced by the typical Richmond editor. People of any taste or judgment are constrained to laugh whenever that gentleman makes his appearance. It does no good, though, to say so; for he is not merely ignorant to the point of absurdity of what the world—literary, sociological, religious, scientific, or what not—has been thinking

about during the past hundred years; he is not merely destitute of all knowledge except the knowlege of the art of writing obsolete bad English, but he is the most conceited of provincial mankind. It is impossible to make him understand that he is a laughing-stock. Beyond a doubt Mr. Pollard, for instance, is incredulous as to our sincerity when we say that books like "The Lost Cause Regained" excite in us a feeling of amused contempt mixed with some pity for the authors of them. We present a specimen of the work before us. Mr. Johnson is Mr. Pollard's theme, and the Richmond and Petersburg historic muse is to be seen in not her most high-stepping mood, but still in much of her natural pomp and dignity:

"Had he chosen the part of a Cromwell or a Napoleon, a servile legislative assembly would have been at hand to prompt and sustain him in the character of usurper, and to constitute him the greatest military despot of modern times. Had he acquiesced in the scheme of reconstruction prepared by Congress, he would have secured its bad alliance, and, through his office as commander-in-chief, have found himself absolute master of the lives and fortunes of ten millions of people residing in the military districts of the South. It was the spectacle of a legislative assembly, in order to gratify its political passions, not only offering the Executive chief despotic powers, but prompting him to their assumption, and eager for his acceptance. Congress laid at his feet the absolute empire of nearly one-half of the country—a patronage the most enormous in history; and had he accepted them, he might well have defied the feeble discontent of the South, while Congress would have been complaisant, and he would have blazed in the encomiums of the most numerous party of the North. What, then, constrained this man, thus tempted—the temptation safe, the temptation even calculated on a balance of popularity for the acceptance—to deny and spurn it, to mortify his ambition, to reject the counsels of the most numerous, to sacrifice power and popularity together?—what but the high, severe, overruling sense of duty, which absolves from his selfishness, and makes him the sublime minister of the eternal laws of truth and justice."

There is any quantity of such matter in the book, but it contains some personal abuse of Southern "statesmen," which is agreeable reading, and sounds like truth.

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*Hannah; or, A Glimpse of Paradise.* A tale in four parts. Illustrated. By H. M. Moos, author of "Mortara; or, The Pope and his Inquisitors," etc. (Cincinnati: Literary Eclectic Publishing House. 1868.)—This is a large, well-bound volume, with gilt edges and profuse illustrations which are admirably well adapted to the style of the letterpress. We advise all our readers to look at it, for reasons which will be obvious when we make one or two extracts from its pages—we despair of giving in any other way a just idea of its author's capabilities. Here is a description of the hero:

"He was of medium height, lithe and slenderly built, and attired in a suit of plain black cloth. His face was as fair, pale, and clear as the moon seen through the mirror of the lake, and his features as calm and regular as if drawn by the hand of God upon the brow of an angel. His eyes were soft, black, and dreamy, expressing mildness, depth, and suffering. His lips were thin and pale, from under which a row of small pearly teeth peeped forth, in whiteness vying with the purest ivory. His nose was of a Grecian style, small and elegantly cut. His hair was black, long, and glossy, falling loosely over his shoulders. Hannah gazed at this retired stranger with a sense of admiration and astonishment. Never before had she seen so sad and yet so lovely a face. Its beauty was unearthly, reminding her of the ideal—of sweet dreams—of a faint mirror of heaven—of a thought of love faintly visible through the pale light of the moon."

"Could any one have looked into Edgar's face at that moment, he might have seen and read in its calm, fixed, and immovable lines that peculiar look, which, in its want of expression, reminds one of a pale and sickly candle-light, or of a faint shadow of midnight seen through the color of morn. It was not despair—it seemed rather a passion that was deprived of its intensity and violence without having lost that depression which utterly stupefies and benumbs the senses, that could be traced in every lineament of his face. It was equanimity, seen through the light of extinguished hopes. It was exhaustion, seen through the mirror of receded misery."

This beautiful and pensive youth keeps a diary, with an extract from which we close our notice:

"Thursday, March 11.—Went to the office and attended to my duties. Found a letter from Mr. Clark; he accepted my poem; desires me to compose others for him; will pay me two dollars and fifty cents for every one accepted by him. Answered him, complying with his wish. How happy I feel! Can compose four a month. Will net me ten dollars. . . . Came home to supper. Told my parents of my engagement with Clark. Mother kissed me and father fondly gazed at me. Peace! peace! peace! Our dwelling is the home of peace. . . . Came home; gave a lesson to Ruth. Spoke to my father and mother until they retired. Commenced a new poem—wrote till twelve."

---

*Folly as it Flies: Hit at by Fanny Fern.* (New York: G. W. Carleton & Co. 1868.)—Fanny Fern is a little too apt to indulge in slang, and treads dangerously near the borders of vulgarity; but she does not, on the whole, compare unfavorably with the rest of the small social philosophers. Strip off from the thought of any of them the husk of it—the literary expression—and she really differs in no essential respect from any half-dozen one could name of the more celebrated or respected platitudinarian moralists. And from the fact of her being actually a woman, and healthy, and not given to sentimentalizing, her style gains a certain freshness, which is pleasanter than the prosiness and the unction and the general deadly dulness which mark others of her school who, by virtue of some inexplicable freak of nature, are women—old women—only mentally.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

| *Authors.* | *Publishers.—Price.* |
|---|---|
| Black's General Atlas of the World, edition for America | (John Wiley & Son) |
| Brooks (S.), The Gordian Knot: a Tale | (Roberts Bros.) |
| Champlin (J. T.), Lessons in Political Economy | (A. S. Barnes & Co.) |
| Comer's Navigation Simplified | (Harper & Bros.) |
| Concilii Plenarii Baltimorensis II. Acta et Decreta | (Murphy & Co.) |
| Cronise (T. F.), Natural Wealth of California | (H. H. Bancroft & Co.) $6 00 |
| Hecker (J.), Scientific Basis of Education | (A. S. Barnes & Co.) |
| Hittell (J. S.), The Resources of California | (A. Roman & Co.) |
| Jenkin (C.), A Psyche of To-day: a Tale | (Leypoldt & Holt) 1 25 |
| Kolb (G. F.), Culturgeschichte der Menschheit, Part 1, swd. | (L. W. Schmidt) |
| Macgregor (A. L.), John Ward's Governess: a Tale | (J. B. Lippincott & Co.) |
| Major (R. H.), Life of Prince Henry of Portugal, surnamed the Navigator. | (John Wiley & Son) |
| Meunier (Mme. H.), Le Docteur au Village | (F. W. Christern) |
| Packard (Dr. A. S., Jr.), Guide to the Study of Insects, Part 2, swd. | (Essex Inst.) 0 50 |
| Pictorial History of the Rebellion, Vol. II. and last | (Harper & Bros.) 6 00 |
| Ravenstein (E. G.), and Hulley (J.), Handbook of Gymnastics and Athletics. | (John Wiley & Son) |
| Stephens (A. H.), Constitutional View of the late War between the States, Vol. I. | (National Pub. Co.) |
| The Art Journal, August, swd. | (Virtue & Yorston) 1 25 |
| Theory of the Universe | (P. S. Wynkoop & Son) |
| Webster (N.), Academic Dictionary | (Ivison, Phinney, Blakeman & Co.) 2 25 |
| High School Dictionary | " " " 1 25 |
| Common School Dictionary | " " " 0 95 |
| Primary School Dictionary | " " " 0 63 |
| Pocket Dictionary | " " " 1 00 |
| Army and Navy Pocket Dictionary, | " " " 1 00 |

# Fine Arts.

## PORTRAITS OF GRANT.

THE personal presence of the general of the army corresponds very well with the regard in which he is held by the sounder portion of the community. All through the war the photographs of the leaders were very entertaining study, and Grant's portrait, when it first appeared as the likeness of a Western officer who could strike hard and who knew how to choose his time to strike, was as interesting as any one. It contrasted sharply enough with some of the pictures of earlier heroes. Most of them were troubled with self-consciousness, and prancing and ambling in various attitudes, with which their carefully posed faces did not harmonize. They were also exhibited alone, seated but erect in body, looking off to the right, looking off to the left, grasping spy-glasses, girded about with sword-belts; they were displayed standing with their staffs (if that is the right plural) around them, with one leg a little bent or "sprung" as *Punch* has it, with tents in the background, with intrenchments in the background, with field-batteries or siege-trains in the background. There were exceptional single portraits which could be enjoyed and which we still enjoy; but, classing roughly together the heads and the accessories, the outlook was not bright for a couple of years after the great Wigfall had taken Sumter. Perhaps it is rash to prophesy boldly from the "cut of the jib" of any public man; but prophecies after the fact were very well warranted by the faces of the great leaders of Red River expeditions and Manassas campaigns. So when experience had begun to do its work, and officers who had better than anticipatory fame took the places of the figure-heads, it was pleasant to a loyal and still hopeful community to see their business-like countenances. And Grant's quiet face, while it would not justify many men in confident prognostications of success of the cause, was found to agree very well with some interesting passages in his recent record, and comforted us all during the dark days of the long campaign against Vicksburg.

Since that time portraits of Grant have multiplied in the land, and they differ less among themselves than the different likenesses of most men. The expression changes but little from day to day. It is that of a man of firmness and self-possession; and a certain greatness of soul shows in it which we would call magnanimity, if that word were not Latin and long. As we have said, prophetic insight is not common. It would be unwise to build upon any man's face too solid a fabric of inference as to his future; but at this time it is interesting to trace in Grant's face his past career, and, believing him just the best man now in public life to make a President of, to find confirmation of that opinion in his outward aspect.

Of the different portraits of the General, photographs being excluded, we find the most satisfactory to be (*mirabile dictu*) a chromolith, published by—we know not what house. It is not remarkable as a piece of litho-

chromy, but has caught the right expression wonderfully well, and is fairly good as a work of art. Of other portraits, the two of most importance are large engravings—one of head and shoulders, the other more nearly a half-length—the one engraved by Mr. W. E. Marshall, from his own drawing, the other engraved by Mr. H. Gugler, after a drawing by Mr. J. H. Littlefield; the one published and sent to us by Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, the other by Mr. Littlefield himself. The Littlefield portrait is the better engraving of the two, for Mr. Marshall's work has all that coarseness and want of delicate meaning in the lines which was objectionable in his portrait of Lincoln. Mr. Gugler's work is better done—is indeed unusually soft and brilliant for a modern engraving in line. And as regards the important question of truth of portraiture, while it would be impossible, in the case of two good likenesses, for any person but an intimate friend, who should be also a close observer, to decide absolutely upon the best, no such difficult question, it is evident, has place here. The Marshall portrait, if an ideal head, would be a poorly imagined one; as a portrait, it is a poorly rendered one. We are speaking wholly of the engraving; its badness as an engraving has much to do with the expressionless character of the face which looks out of it; the painting may have been a good likeness, but as published it is not a portrait head at all in the best sense.

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## The Week.

MAINE being ready to speak, it is hardly worth while to prophesy as to the result of the contest, but we think no one who does not live in the South with Democratic neighbors about him need disquiet himself in regard to the turbulence of the Southern leaders. The news relating to the canvass in the North seems to be all in favor of the Republicans. The campaign has passed through two stages, and may now be said to be in that one which will last till after the day of the election. At first Grant's election was conceded by everybody; it was only a question among the Democrats as to who should have the compliment of the nomination. After Seymour was put up, and it was found that there was not so noisy and utterly disastrous a stampede from the Democratic fold as most impartial observers had predicted, the Democrats began to pick up courage, and this unexpected confidence lasted through the period of "ratification meetings." But now that both parties have got fairly at work, and that there are seen to be no disgusted Republicans left, while disgusted Democrats of considerable prominence—from the Hon. Mr. Weston, of Maine, to Mr. Sibley, of California, and from Chief-Justice Pearson in North Carolina to Judge Lindley in Indiana—are each week pronouncing in favor of Grant and Colfax, the Republicans feel their strength, and the Democratic rejoicings of a fortnight or three weeks ago sensibly abate. From Indiana the news is decidedly adverse to Democratic hopes. The Republicans have perfected a canvassing system not much inferior apparently—considering the more "magnificent distances"—to that which works so well in New Hampshire; mass-meetings are the order of the day, and are enthusiastically attended; the Democrats decline to meet their opponents on the stump; and altogether there is every indication that the result of the October election will not only give the Republicans the State, but will be of a kind to encourage the party for its November struggle. So also of Ohio, which the best-informed authorities, looking at the State by Congressional districts, pronounce absolutely sure for the Republicans by a majority a good many times larger than the majority of three thousand by which it was retained last fall. Pennsylvania is still to be put down as doubtful; it will take hard work to overcome the small Democratic majority, but we hear of some hard work being done. At the worst, then, giving Pennsylvania to the Democrats, the October elections, so important in their influence upon the "weak-kneed," will, no doubt, on the whole, be favorable to the Republicans. And nothing short of their being very unfavorable could, so far as we can see, prevent Grant's getting a majority of the 317 electoral votes, which are all there are even if we count the votes of Texas, Virginia, and Mississippi. Seymour may carry Pennsylvania (doubtful), New York (not certain), Connecticut (which will go Republican if Pennsylvania goes so in October, and possibly will go so in any event), Delaware, Kentucky, Maryland, Nebraska, Nevada, New Jersey (a State which there is a chance of Grant's carrying), Oregon, Alabama (which is as yet doubtful), Arkansas, Mississippi, Texas, Georgia, and Virginia, and Grant will still have all he needs.

---

Apparently the campaign in the Southern States gets more and more bitter, despite the somewhat less violent language which the orators have been warned to employ. Not that they do not allow themselves full swing on all subjects but that of open war against the present State governments. They make up for their enforced silence on that point by gross abuse of their opponents. Wade Hampton says, in a speech made in Anderson District the other day: "These scallawags and traitors should be branded with infamy and eternally stigmatized. . . . . The word scallawag is used by drovers to describe the mean, lousy, and filthy kine that are not fit for butchers or dogs. . . . . They have dishonored their State, and heaped everlasting shame on their families. . . . . There are no words in the English language to express the utter contempt entertained by me for these renegades and traitors"—white Unionists, namely. For a year or so after the war a man suspected of being a Yankee took his life in his hand when he went into Anderson District; it is one of the darkest corners of the South. Possibly speeches like this last one from Hampton may do something towards bringing back the halcyon days of 1865. Another gentleman, speaking at the same meeting, says: "Who is Scott, before high heaven? He is the best-looking omnibus-driver I have seen in some time." "Scott" being General Scott, a hard-headed, sensible Western man, a brave soldier, and probably gentlemanly enough to think meanly of himself if he should foam at the mouth and call names when discussing the character and claims of his political opponents. Colonel Thomas was another of the Anderson orators, and of him we hear that "Colonel Thomas then described the South Carolina Legislature as a conclave of ignominy, ignorance, baseness, and depravity."

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On either side of South Carolina, in Georgia and North Carolina, the canvass goes on, and the latter State becomes each day more certainly Republican. Chief-Justice Pearson's recent Grant and Colfax letter is worth thousands of votes to the Republicans, the judge being probably the most respected man in the whole State. Georgia, it seems to be daily more probable, will be carried by the Democrats. In the Legislature, on Monday last, a resolution was offered which declares that the State is full of "organizations in open hostility to the public peace and good order, threatening violence, and in many instances opposing the execution of the laws." The Southern governors, meantime, cannot procure arms from the Secretary of War, in consequence of an unrepealed provision of the Army Appropriation Bill of the last session of the last Congress, which was aimed at the negro-harrying militia companies of Mr. Johnson's provisional governors. In Alabama, too, the Republicans have work before them if they are to keep the State. From Mississippi we hear that the Democratic State Committee, which acts temporarily as a State Convention of the party, talks seriously of nominating Presidential electors in the face of the law which declares that the electoral vote of Mississippi shall not be counted. An adjourned meeting of the committee is to be held on the day after that appointed for the possible September session of Congress; and should Congress not then meet, one may expect this wanton incitement to disturbance. Louisiana remains quiet; General Buchanan has ordered his subordinates to send him word by telegraph if they apprehend trouble within the limits of their commands, but not to use troops without orders from him. He certainly ought to have the State well in hand, and will be held responsible for any outbreak that may

occur. The Texas and Virginia Democrats are said to have in contemplation the line of action which those of Mississippi are supposed to intend following. In Tennessee the Legislature has in hand a bill which could hardly be more lavish in its gift of power to Governor Brownlow if the State were involved in civil war. It will probably pass, for, in fact, Middle and West Tennessee are even now in a condition not far removed from civil war, and nobody thinks the state of things will improve between now and November.

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The Brooklyn *Union*, which certainly knows more about the political condition of Brooklyn than we do, denies the accuracy of our statement about the lukewarmness of the Brooklyn Republicans, and says that, although they might do better, they are doing well. As regards the State of New York, the *Tribune* is very confident of a Republican victory, but gives expression to its confidence in its usual way—and that way, we need hardly say, gives no human being a clear idea of the real state of the case. Its general theory is, as well as we can make it out, that the Republican defeats in New York have always occurred on occasions of secondary interest; that "on a vigorous canvass and a full poll," such as this is sure to be, a Republican victory is certain. The small majority last year it ascribes to the absence of thousands of Republicans "in Europe and travelling on business"—as if the Democrats did not go to Europe or travel on business also—to the bad conduct of three Republican dailies in this city, and to from ten to twenty thousand fraudulent votes. This year a greater effort will doubtless be made, and Republicans have fewer burdens to bear in the shape of bad local legislation and local frauds. But then the Democrats as well as Republicans will be home from Europe; there is no improvement in the character of the "Republican dailies." As to the fraudulent votes, when the *Tribune*, in reply to the question, Will they not be cast this year in as large numbers as ever? replies, "No; we shall be wide-awake and on the alert this year; we shall be watching the villains," etc., there is nothing left for sensible men to do but to lay down the paper and smile. Everybody is so familiar with this kind of talk, and has seen it so often followed by defeat, that its continuance argues extraordinary contempt for the public understanding on the part of those who use it. The result in this State will depend, in the main, on the majority the Democrats carry out of this city and Brooklyn. That that will be enormous no one doubts, but it is a majority which, of course, exertion on the part of the Republicans can diminish.

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Mr. Sherman, of Ohio, has been making a very able speech on the situation, in which he reiterates his heresies about the bonds, but neutralizes them by the admission that though the bonds may be payable in greenbacks, the greenbacks are certainly payable, and payable at once, in gold. The *Tribune*, which certainly shines in the greenback controversy, replies to this in a really unanswerable article, which, if printed together with Sherman's speech, would make a campaign document of the best kind. It points out that the very fact that the greenbacks are made by "the letter of the law" convertible into bonds at the pleasure of the holder, proves that the legislature did not suppose the bonds might be paid off in greenbacks, for the bondholder, under the contract, would have the right to demand instantly another bond.

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We are glad to see that General Butler is not going to resemble the somewhat celebrated Smithers, and "walk the course" in his Congressional district. The Grant Club of Salem, which seems to number among its members some of the best men of Salem and the region round about, have just "denounced" him—denounced him by implication to be sure, and without making bold to mention their new neighbor by name, still their references are direct enough to be understood. "Our candidates," they say, "must be supporters of the Republican party and its principles. They must be worthy men, loyal men, men of good moral character. They must be nominated, and fairly nominated, upon the Republican issues alone." Then, too, they adopted these resolutions: "Resolved, that we *heartily* endorse the platform of the Republican party, and ratify its nomination of Grant and Colfax; that it is repudiation either to substitute greenbacks for United States bonds or to retain under the name of taxation any part of the interest due thereon." If now the honest and honorable Republicans of the Fifth District, remembering the truth—it is the simple truth, neither more nor less—that to send Mr. Butler to Congress is to injure their own reputation and that of Massachusetts, will work as hard against Butler and Loring as these two worthies have been working for themselves, they will deserve and receive the thanks of the whole party.

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It must in justice be said of the *World* that it has been since 1862 the only approach to an opposition the country has had, and the only Democratic paper which has ever presented "the other side" of any question of the day with clearness and ability. It has doubtless more than neutralized any good it has done in this way by its faults, of which we have often spoken, and everybody knows what they are. Its greatest fault has undoubtedly been its gross and shameful abuse of General Grant, into which, we would fain hope for the credit of the press, it has been dragged by the low cravings of the rank and file of the Democratic party. It has, however, within a few days, sought to account for the extraordinary contradiction between its judgment on Grant in 1865 and its judgment on him in 1868—both judgments being very elaborate and written in its most careful style—by announcing that, in 1865, it was led away by its "enthusiasm," and said of Grant, while in the glow, that which calm consideration now shows to have been totally untrue. We give this explanation to the public for what it is worth.

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If correct, it furnishes an awful warning to the enthusiasts of all parties, and especially to the *Boston Commonwealth*. Surely, after following the *World's* criticisms of Grant, they will beware of getting into "a glow." Our advice likewise is, and we offer it once more with great deference, to try in political discussion the human understanding simply. When one of them has written an article, let him, before sending it to the printer, strike out all the poetic and vituperative parts. The remainder, it is true, will present a very poor appearance; but it will still be the work of a human being trying to improve himself, and as such entitled to the respect of all good men. The second attempt will be found still easier, and in favorable cases, where the patient's natural parts are good and his education fair, he will be able in three or four months to write a column of average reasoning in clear, gentlemanly language. To repress the tendency "to glow," there is nothing like a wet towel round the head and sedative draughts. For the tendency to vituperation, the treatment ought to be moral rather than physical—walks in the country, early hours, and association, if possible, with cultivated and well-bred men—though this in many cases would be like prescribing port wine and carriage exercise to a pauper—and the reading of good philosophical works, but not histories or biographies, as "historical parallels" are the patient's worst enemies, and are often fearfully exciting.

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Brick Pomeroy has accused Grant of stealing molasses, but the story has a feeble air about it, and is not funny. The question for honest Democrats will soon be, What species of commodity known in commerce has Grant not stolen, and what general of ancient or modern times ever displayed such military incapacity as he? The next greatest ass of history must, on the *World's* theory, have been Napoleon Bonaparte, for he too slaughtered great numbers of men, and was on divers occasions abandoned by his enemies on the field of battle—we suppose through horror of his butcheries and thefts. There is an affidavit from an English captain in "Her Majesty's Merchant Service," whatever that may be, showing that Vallandigham, or "Val.," as Mr. Greeley bitingly calls him, ran the blockade during the war for the purpose of exciting riots in Northern cities. This, however, is not a campaign story proper, because Vallandigham is only a candidate for Congress. Mr. Pendleton and other Democratic stump orators have been speaking very respectfully of Grant, which makes it seem probable that the abuse of him has been found a failure, and that a change of tactics has been resolved on. This, if true, will place the *World* in a very awkward position.

The *World* and the *Commercial Advertiser* have had a terrible encounter during the past week, owing to the former having announced that the *Advertiser* was going down and would soon expire. Nothing could better illustrate the strength of the commercial instincts of the race than the fury which an insinuation of this kind always inspires. It is between newspapers the equivalent of the *soufflet* among continental duellists—a sign that all hope and all wish for peaceful relations have passed away. One newspaper may say that the editor of another is a noted cracksman, or has stolen a horse from a one-armed negro, and time, or the intervention of friends, may wipe out the remembrance of the insult; but if it says that his circulation is declining, and will cease on an early day, it is usually taken as an indication of diabolical hate, which renders all further interchange of what are called "the amenities of journalism" impossible, and calls for a few observations on the assailant as "scathing" as time and means will permit. The insinuation is really in most cases resorted to as an expression of deadly hostility—a sort of hoisting of the black flag. It is, of course, of no use against long established and thriving journals, and yet even their nerves are rarely proof against it. The sensitiveness of some of them, whose prosperity is notorious, about their circulation, is amusingly shown in the mutual bets and affidavits to which they so frequently treat the public, and which they evidently consider of the highest interest to everybody. In the present case the *Advertiser* followed the usual, and, as we think, mistaken course, of getting into a rage and being brutal in reply. But, if we may be allowed to perpetrate "an amenity," we are glad to learn that it is thriving. We confess, however, we miss the articles on "H. G."

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A party of deputy-sheriffs went to a theatre in this city during the performance to serve a writ on the manager, issued in a suit between him and the proprietor. They forced an entrance by knocking down the door-keeper, and then, going behind the scenes, pistol in hand, opened fire on the crowd of actors and mechanics, wounding a boy mortally and a man seriously, and continued the fire or threats of firing until overpowered by the police. It is not very long since one of the same fraternity went to a lawyer's office in this city to replevin a bill of exchange in a friendly suit, and not finding the lawyer who held it in the office, refused to comply with his partner's request to wait a few minutes, attempted to force the safe, and finally got the partner on the floor and proceeded to strangle him. The life of the latter was saved by the intervention of some clients, when the deputy drew his pistol on them all, and, on being overpowered and disarmed, had them arrested for assault and battery. Complaint was made to the Sheriff, but no notice, we believe, was ever taken of it. The deputy-sheriffs are drawn from the lowest grades of city politicians, and are generally men of pugilistic and pot-house antecedents, who have helped the Sheriff himself at the elections; and the bar has to bear with their idiosyncrasies for the simple reason that a lawyer who made himself obnoxious in the Sheriff's office would find his writs so extraordinarily difficult to execute that his business would leave him. From the courts, under the present system, there is of course no redress to be had, for the same reason that there is no use in complaining to the Sheriff himself. He has in this instance written a most impertinent letter to the police justice, offering to take the blame of the conduct of his men on himself. But his share of the blame lies in his having such men in his employment. The penalty of their crimes they must pay in person. There is this peculiarity about all that relates to the administration of justice in this city, that what is told of it in the papers is always an understatement. Generally the press exaggerates; in this case, strange to say, it conceals or diminishes. The real horrors are only heard in private conversation.

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M. Rochefort's affairs, which may now be said to furnish the topic in which Frenchmen are most interested, are becoming more and more complicated. It appears that he gave way after all, and did finally publish the ministerial communication about M. Billault and M. Sandon, but not till he had been prosecuted for refusing to do it. Moreover, instead of its occupying forty pages of his paper, as he said it would, it only occupied nineteen; and instead of injuring his paper, it served it, for the number containing it sold as no number had ever done before, and in acknowledging this he invites the minister to become a regular contributor, and offers him five sous a line and a loaf of bread every day. It is right to add that the ministerial communication is neither more nor less than the report of the committee of the Senate on the Sandon case, from which it appears that M. Sandon was an unmistakable lunatic, and was so certified to be by the principal mad-doctors of Paris, and that all M. Billault had to do with his detention was his prosecuting him for an attempt to extort money by writing threatening letters. He was a monomaniac only, however, his delusion being that he had been outrageously wronged by M. Billault, and when M. Billault died all good reason for his detention was at an end. In short, M. Rochefort does not come well out of this affair, and, in fact, shows clearly that he is by no means a politician, or anything but a witty and not very scrupulous Frenchman turned "little digger." We have a swarm of such men in the press here, but few so bright.

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*La Lanterne* has, however, been at last suppressed, the police even seizing the copies they saw sticking out of people's pockets in the street. The number contains an account of an assault committed by M. Rochefort on the publisher of one of the *petits journaux*, in which, he says, agents of the police had been defaming him, with the view of provoking and entrapping him. They first attacked only his personal character, then assailed the memory of his mother, and, hearing that they were going to libel his daughter, a school-girl of twelve years of age, he went and thrashed the publisher in default of other satisfaction. For this he has been sentenced to four months' imprisonment. The same journal which libelled him libelled also M. Wolff, one of the writers for the *Figaro*, in a similar manner. M. Wolff, instead of taking the law into his own hands, appealed to the courts, and the defendant was convicted and fined one franc. This case was mentioned in our correspondent's letter a fortnight ago. These *petits journaux* have reached a lower depth of degradation than any other newspaper since the press came into existence, not excepting the La Crosse *Democrat*, for even it and the Southern papers, we believe, respect the female relatives of their victims; and so do, thus far, the "little diggers" of our Northern journals.

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Some amusing details of the voting of the last French loan of $100,000,000—which, by the way, has been taken in a rush, but at a lower rate than American securities now bring in the European markets—have been received by mail. The debate in the Senate on the bill—one of the most important of the session—consisted of one speech of eighteen lines from the reporter, the Marquis of Audriffet. The committee on the bill had it twenty-four hours under consideration, including their sleeping and eating hours. The vote followed immediately after the marquis's speech. There were ninety-one senators present, and there was a majority of ninety-one for the bill, and the division was followed by cries of "Vive l'Empereur!" and an immediate adjournment. Our distinguished representative, Mr. Cobb, when he moved last session the introduction of a bill taxing Government bonds ten per cent., and then immediately afterwards moved "the previous question" also, evidently had some such swift legislation as this in his glorious eye; but we are still behind the French in many things, and he had to submit to the stupid formality of a short debate.

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The Emperor has delivered a short speech at Troyes, in which he declared that the peace of Europe was in no danger of being disturbed, and the newspapers have been discussing it ever since. It has given a good deal of relief in business circles, but there is still in many quarters a lurking suspicion that his last word has not been said. The opinion that France must fight soon is certainly stronger amongst well-informed persons than it was a year ago. The armament is too great to be borne without war, and the dynasty is for various reasons in a weakly state. The story is in circulation that the Queen of England has gone abroad on a diplomatic mission, having in view a general disarmament. The state of her health only is sufficient to make the report ridiculous, though there are plenty of other reasons for paying no heed to it.

## PROBABLE EFFECTS OF THE DECISION ON THE LEGAL TENDER ACT.

THE influence of all legislation affecting ever so remotely the currency of a country is so widespread that the approaching decision of the Supreme Court touching the constitutionality of the Legal Tender Act, to which we called attention in our last issue, is beginning to be very seriously discussed among many very different classes of the community. The political, or, more correctly speaking, the partisan importance attaching to the mode of paying the national debt, and to other purely financial questions, has caused the currency difficulties to be temporarily lost sight of; but thinking men have always known that before this currency question even the debt and taxation fade into comparative insignificance, and that no attempt in whatsoever direction to re-establish our financial affairs on a solid basis can be of the slightest avail until we have first restored to health and soundness that foundation of all finances—our currency. Not the wisdom of our representatives, not the forethought of our Treasury officials, but the practical necessities of daily business transactions are bringing this issue to a settlement—a new and striking illustration of the incompetence or backwardness of the whole body of officials.

What is the question that the Supreme Court will be called on to decide? Not, as many people may think, Is the Legal Tender Act constitutional? Issues do not come before the Supreme Court in that shape. The Supreme Court, like any other court, can only decide questions of right between individuals. Brown owes Jones a thousand dollars. Brown hands Jones a one thousand dollar greenback in payment. Jones refuses to receive it, demands one thousand dollars in American gold coin, and sues Brown for that amount. The question for the Supreme Court to decide is: What does Brown owe to Jones? and nothing more. Brown appeals to the Legal Tender Act, which says that the greenback shall be a legal tender for all debts public and private, and claims that all he owes to Jones is paid by the thousand dollar greenback. The court decides, supposing that should be its decision, that the laws of the country know no dollars except gold dollars, that Brown's appeal to the Legal Tender Act cannot be admitted, because that act, in the opinion of the court, is not in accordance with the Constitution, the supreme law of the land, and is therefore no law at all, and that Brown owes and must pay one thousand dollars in gold coin. This decision, of course, fully and finally settles the case of Brown and Jones, and for all practical purposes settles in advance all future cases of a precisely similar nature, and to that extent entirely destroys the force and validity of the so-called Legal Tender Act. But, as before stated, the Supreme Court decides *only* on questions of right between individual suitors, and its decision in any one case can of course prejudge only cases that are precisely similar. It is therefore desirable to state more explicitly what the general nature of the different cases may be that are likely to come up for decision, without any reference to the cases actually under consideration.

The cases likely to come before the Supreme Court under the Legal Tender Act may be placed in four different groups: 1st, Claims for payment in coin of engagements entered into *prior* to the passage of the Legal Tender Act, in cases where the original contract simply calls for the payment of dollars; 2d, Claims for payment in coin of engagements entered into *subsequent* to the passage of the act, where the contract specifically states or clearly implies that payment is to be made in coin; 3d, Claims for payment in coin of engagements entered into either prior or subsequent to the passage of the act, in cases between foreigners and American citizens, where the contract was made abroad, and does not specify the nature of the currency; 4th, Claims for payment in coin of engagements entered into subsequent to the passage of the act, in cases where the contract does not specify the nature of the currency. It will be seen that almost every case likely to arise can be placed in one or other of these groups, and that at least four decisions on four different cases will be necessary to enable the general public to understand how its interests are to be affected by the opinion of the Supreme Court on the constitutionality of the Legal Tender Act.

As far as the political and legal associations and the implied or expressed opinions of the majority of the judges enable us to arrive at a conclusion, we are, as stated in our former article, very decidedly convinced that the court will base all its decisions on the declared unconstitutionality of the Legal Tender Act, and that, in all cases belonging to the three first groups described above, the court will decide that payment is due and must be made in United States gold coin. In the fourth case, however, we are, after mature consideration, more inclined to believe that the decision will be against the claimant, on the ground that, although the Legal Tender Act be unconstitutional, and the very issue of the greenbacks perhaps be illegal, yet the existence of the greenbacks and their undisputed acceptance as the general popular currency was an accomplished fact of unquestioned notoriety, and that after the passage of the act and the issue of the currency every contract made was made with the knowledge of the act and of the currency, and with the implied understanding, which is absolutely not to be questioned, that, in the absence of all other specification, payment was to be made in the accepted, universal, undisputed currency of the time. We repeat: if our judgment of the men composing the Supreme Court is correct, they will decide that an agreement to pay money, if made before the passage of the Legal Tender Act, is an agreement to pay gold coin; and that an agreement to pay money, if made subsequent to the passage of the act, is an agreement to pay greenbacks; and that an agreement to pay gold coin, no matter when or where made, is an agreement to pay gold coin, and cannot be settled by the tender of greenbacks or of anything else, but solely by the payment of the only money known to the Constitution. These decisions would be in accordance not only with the known views and antecedents of the majority of the judges, but with equity, common sense, and the requirements of an exalted statesmanship. The injustice of the Legal Tender Act is generally admitted. The great majority of wrongs perpetrated under it cannot ever be repaired, but under the supposed decision of the Supreme Court no further injustice could be done in any case originating prior to the act and not yet settled, while it is possible that some redress may even be found for flagrant cases settled by consent or under judicial decision. In no case can the gross injustice practised in 1862 upon creditors under the protection of the Legal Tender Act be an excuse for, or an argument in favor of, practising a similar or worse injustice upon the debtor class in 1868. In fact, the history of the world has shown that, while wholesale injustice to creditors, if rare, is still possible, wholesale injustice to debtors is a practical impossibility, and has never been attempted without resulting in revolution and social anarchy. The recognized impossibility of this injustice, as well as the moral aspect of the injustice itself, make it seem likely that the declaration of the unconstitutionality of the Legal Tender Act will not practically involve the compulsory payment in coin of legal tender engagements now outstanding.

If our view of the approaching decision be correct, its main effect will be to establish virtually a double currency for the United States, by declaring that the only currency recognized by the Constitution, the gold coin currency, is the only currency that the law can recognize; that all debts of whatsoever nature are legally payable in coin; but that if contracts exist between individuals calling for payment without specifying the kind of currency, although the judicial presumption thereafter will be in favor of a gold coin currency, yet proof shall be admissible that another currency—greenback currency—was intended, and that the burden of such proof shall thereafter fall upon the debtor instead of the creditor. It is evident that this re-establishment of a gold coin currency legalizes gold contracts far more completely and more satisfactorily than the otherwise well-intended but unsuccessful legislative attempts of the last session of Congress, and is, of course, as we have constantly urged, an important step towards a resumption of specie payments. It is equally evident that the declaration of the unconstitutionality of the Legal Tender Act must debar the Government of the United States from ever claiming any legal right to pay its indebtedness in greenbacks. But beyond the legalization of gold contracts, the settlement of some important relations between individuals, and the additional force given to the claim that the debt of the United States is payable in coin, the supposed action of the Supreme Court in declaring the Legal Tender Act unconstitutional is not likely to produce immediate results. It is certainly very far from at once restoring

specie payments, as many sanguine people seem to expect it will, for the simple reason that, as we have repeatedly shown in these columns, specie payments had been suspended long before the Legal Tender Act was dreamed of, and that the Legal Tender Act merely attempted to legalize a state of things brought about by events entirely beyond legislative control. The Legal Tender Act did not produce suspension, but it rendered resumption more difficult; its abolition cannot restore specie payments, but it no longer renders resumption impossible.

The essential condition of a resumption of specie payments is a reasonable degree of certainty that the coin required for banking reserves shall not be suddenly withdrawn for export or for hoarding. The suspension of specie payments was brought about by the withdrawal of the banking reserves for hoarding. The resumption of specie payments is prevented by the steady and increasing withdrawal for export of the coin required for banking reserves. Our domestic fears brought about suspension; but it is the condition of our foreign commerce that renders resumption impossible. For three years past our supply of coin has steadily decreased, the exports during the last six months alone being over fifty millions, or double the total product of the Pacific States during that time. For three years past the mistaken policy of our Treasury management has made our gold coin, our precious bank reserves, our only hope for an early resumption, the cheapest article in our markets, and has actually held out an inducement to foreigners to come and take it away. While Mr. McCulloch was doing his best to make our bank reserves as cheap as possible, the Legal Tender Act was making them practically useless, by exposing the lender of gold to the risk of having his loan repaid in greenbacks. This last evil the abolition of the Legal Tender Act would greatly tend to remove, and would to that extent contribute to the resumption of specie payments. But as long as our national extravagance permits or encourages the continuance of our present enormous importation of foreign merchandise, so long will our supplies of coin continue to decrease, the resumption of specie payments be rendered more difficult and more distant, and the abolition of the Legal Tender Act be of but slight avail. Nevertheless, as the first step in the right direction, after long, weary days of wandering from the true path—as the first sign of returning judgment after years of dementia—let us by all means offer it welcome, and let us hope that our anticipations of the course of action to be adopted by the Supreme Court may prove to be well founded. The Legal Tender Act once removed from our path, the peace that General Grant bespeaks once restored, we shall only need to return to our old ways of honesty and economy to see ourselves once more resume our old career of prosperity and progress.

## THE SOUTHERN LEGISLATURES AND THE ELECTORAL VOTE.

We have not been very much impressed by the arguments of those Republicans who commend Governor Smith because he vetoed the bill empowering the Legislature of Alabama to cast the electoral vote of that State. For there seems to us very good grounds to fear that any popular election held in Alabama next fall will be, so far as concerns the expression of the popular will, a farce. If it does not turn out a bloody farce, it will be, if we are not mistaken, simply because many voters of the majority, being in fear of their lives, will submit to a minority threatening violence. The Federal soldiers in Alabama are very few; just how small is their number we do not know, but South Carolina is as well supplied with garrisons as Alabama and the South generally, and in all that State the military posts are to be but three —Charleston, Columbia, and Aiken. Now, we have no manner of doubt —no one needs have any doubt who has heard what General Thomas says about Tennessee, or who reads Southern papers and the reports of Southern speeches — that without United States troops to prevent intimidation, and even murder, the colored voters of Alabama, to say nothing of the white loyalists, will have to stay away from a good many of the polling-places, unless they choose to hazard a fight. Every day's news from the South shows that the hopes of what may be called the rebel element of the population have never been so high since the war as they are now, nor the determination so strong to take all possible means of carrying the South for Seymour and Blair. Everybody knows what it is that the Southern Democrat hopes for from the success of that ticket, and how little there is except his own will to prevent his taking the extremest measures to bring about the desired result, and how successful such measures were in Mississippi, despite the decided majority of colored voters in that State. What reason Governor Smith or any other man can have for supposing that the next election in Alabama will be a tolerably fair one we cannot see, nor hardly how anybody can expect it to be peaceful.

If this is really the state of the case, why should not Alabama, Louisiana, and Georgia follow Florida's example, and let their legislatures cast their electoral votes? Of course no one doubts their constitutional right to do so; but why, on the ground of high expediency, is it not the best thing to do?

Several objections are brought forward. First, it is said that the present legislatures were not chosen for the purpose of choosing Presidential electors. But to make this objection very weighty, it would seem to be necessary to show, first, that when the people this spring ratified the Radical constitutions and elected members of the legislatures, the issue was not the same as it is now and will be in November; or, secondly, it will be necessary to show that, the issue being the same, the mind of the people has changed. Even if this were admitted, it might be answered that in the case of each constituency the representative would be likely to know the change and to regard it. But the fact is that, unless perhaps in the case of Georgia, there is no reason for supposing that any such change has taken place, and we think no one would say that the issue is not substantially the same. The question now is of the stability of what was this spring established. A Southern vote for Grant, as the Alabama Legislature plainly said, is felt to be essentially the same thing as a vote to go into the Union under the Republican conditions of reconstruction. And we have no more doubt than we have in regard to the identity of the two issues as to whether the legislatures could speak the mind of their constituents on the relative merits of Seymour and Grant. At all events, the Alabama Legislature is as competent to speak for Alabama as her Ku-Klux Klan is, or her disfranchised citizens, and after all that, practically, is about what the matter comes to.

In the second place, it is said—Governor Smith lays great stress on this point—that to take away from the people at large and give to the legislature the right to cast Alabama's vote for President would be unrepublican. This brings us face to face with the practical question again. How republican does Governor Smith suppose would be the election in Mobile, or Atlanta, or Charleston, or New Orleans, should there be in those cities, on the third of November next, no United States police to protect the majority of the voters? How republican will it be in Kingstree and Opelika and Natchitoches? It is not considered unrepublican that the legislatures should elect senators; it was not originally intended, nor was it at first the practice, that the electoral college should have no discretion in giving its votes to the various Presidential candidates before the people. But leaving out of view considerations of that kind, what is there republican in allowing the minority to set at naught by illegitimate means—by main force, in fact —the wishes of the majority? It is simply because for generations the spirit and the whole structure of Southern society was thoroughly unrepublican, as the minority would like to make it now, that we to-day have United States troops there, and negro voters to be protected by them, and Governor Smiths in office. If at present we have republicanism there, if the majority has for a little time been ruling, it is only because hitherto the National Government has supported by the military arm what military force established—recently for the first time established. We may as well admit—Governor Smith and the rest of us—that exceptional means are required for the continuance of the exceptional republican condition in which the South now finds itself, and to which the Southern minority intends to put an end as soon as it can. The military forces of the Government—which we need not again say we are sorry to see withdrawn from the Southern States, which were never so well governed as since 1865—are, practically, no longer available for this purpose. Why not, then, use all possible means which can be found in the Constitution—though they may be somewhat exceptional in character—for subserving the same purpose that has been subserved by the national forces, which for some time have been all

that prevented a minority from oversetting the government of the majority? That this overturn should be possible may be and is a bad thing; Governor Smith may believe that it is a state of things which ought to come to an end, and, further, that soon it must come to an end. We are not going to take issue with him as regards that, but we in his place should have held that the new government of Alabama ought at least to be allowed every constitutional chance to live till it can be seen whether the election of Grant and the certainty of four years more of Republican rule will not, as may reasonably be anticipated, have a quieting influence on the now turbulent Southern minorities. Certainly there is no reason for ruining it by a *doctrinaire* stickling for an abstraction, by an unpractical reverence for a merely nominal republicanism whose practical effect will almost surely be the coercion of the larger by the smaller part of the people.

In the third place, it has been said that the effect at the North of the course which we on the whole feel inclined to recommend to the Southern governors would be damaging to the Republicans in the fall elections. This is matter of opinion; we strongly doubt whether, in view of the accounts that come to us of the terrorism which already begins to reign at the South, the Republican party would not gratify their Southern brethren in going to the utmost limits of constitutional right for the purpose of preventing an election all but absolutely certain to be dishonest, and very likely to be bloody. This last consideration —the probability that on the day of election there will be, in many places, several hours of what may almost be called civil war—this alone, aside from any thought at all as to the effect which the election in these three or four States may have on Grant's prospects, might well enough have prevented Governor Smith's veto.

In the foregoing we are replying, in part, to the arguments of the *Chicago Tribune*, a journal from which we always dissent with some hesitation. Whether the considerations we bring forward are entitled to any weight or not, the Southern legislatures can best judge. If they believe they can preserve the peace on election day, by all means let the electors be chosen by the popular vote. But any legislature which knows it has not the means of preserving order, and knows that order will not be preserved, owes it to the people to prevent the enactment of a bloody farce, by doing the voting itself. We do not want to see, and we are sure the *Chicago Tribune* does not, the repetition of what passed in Alabama last spring, when the constitution was defeated. The Unionists, we were then told, were kept from the polls by force and fraud, and it was then solemnly determined by the Republican leaders to disregard the result of the vote and act as if the constitution had been formally adopted, and Alabama was accordingly admitted under it. This we considered at the time a serious blow to republicanism and to popular respect for law and plighted faith, and we do not want to see the party exposed to the temptation of repeating it. It ought, therefore, to ask itself this question now, frankly and fairly: "Are we prepared to see every State in the South carried at the muzzle of the pistol for Seymour and Blair?" If they are, then let the popular vote be taken, and let us have no whining over the result. If they are not, let troops be got ready to preserve order thoroughly—there is no force in the South now for any such purpose; or else let the legislatures vote as they may legally do.

## THE EMPIRE AND THE "LANTERNE."

The history of the *Lanterne*, M. Rochefort's little weekly, furnishes a striking illustration of the difficulties with which the French Government has to contend, and of the vanity of the hopes in which the Emperor has now for seventeen long years been indulging of making his dynasty, before he died, a fundamental political fact, about which discussion might rage without danger to the throne. His theory has been, that what is wanted in order to secure France against the frequent revolutions which have marked her history since 1789 is the formation of new political habits, and that any government which could maintain itself till the habit of respecting it as a fixture—or, as we should call it here, an "institution"—was formed, might count on a career of indefinite duration, perhaps as long as that of the Bourbons. He has, therefore, set deliberately to work to create this habit for the benefit of his own dynasty, and with the firm faith that the thing was possible, and with a firm determination not to stick at trifles in striving after it.

His writings during his exile and imprisonment committed him, as fully as writings, when out of power, can commit a man to anything when in power, to the concession of the largest liberty of debate, both on the platform and in the press; but he has never until now permitted any liberty of debate whatever, and has shown himself in his constitution and in his policy the worst enemy the French press has ever had, except his uncle. This he justifies, however, by alleging—through his partisans, of course—that this freedom of speech can only be safely granted, and is only granted in any country, on condition that something in the Government be treated by all parties as unassailable and unchangeable. This thing in America is, he says, a republican form of government embodied in a written constitution, or, if you will, the sovereignty of the people, and he insists that freedom of speech would not be permitted here if a large portion of the press became the advocates of monarchy, or aristocracy, or anarchy. So in England, the throne or the government of the kingdom by three estates, is treated by all parties as a fundamental, unassailable fact. Were the right of either of them to exist to be questioned by the newspapers every day, society would, in self-defence, curtail the liberty of the press. Let the various political parties in France only treat the Napoleonic dynasty as fixed and sacred, and he will let discussion rage in France also.

Unfortunately, however, to create the habit which in America makes the sovereignty of the people, and in England the legitimacy of the monarchy, the great postulate from which all political controversy starts, a long period of popular acquiescence is needed. This in France can only be secured by repression; but repression stimulates the very questioning which it is intended to drown. Moreover, a parliamentary government involves free discussion as a matter of course. In order to avoid free discussion, you must have the personal government of the monarch; and if you have the personal government of the monarch, you expose the monarch himself to responsibility for all public misfortunes; and as long as he is exposed to this, the habit of respecting the dynasty as a fixture cannot grow up. After seventeen years' experiment, therefore, the Emperor finds himself still moving in a vicious circle, with as little prospect of repose as ever. The legitimacy of the dynasty is not only as much questioned as ever, but a generation has grown up which remembers nothing of the terror which made the *coup d'état* possible, and caused Louis Napoleon to be hailed as the "Savior of Society." The generation which is now interesting itself in politics, and which is criticising the Empire, and to which the Emperor is looking for the recognition of his son, cares nothing about the "*spectre rouge*" by which its fathers were so frightened in 1849.

Moreover, the "*spectre rouge*" can no longer be said to exist. The terrible "Reds" are a thing of the past. Communism, in all its forms, has died a natural death in France. The new generation of workingmen know nothing of it. Their attention is entirely turned to co-operation in various forms—either for production or consumption, or for the extortion of a larger share of profits from capitalists—as the true remedy for the evils of their condition. They no longer expect anything from the state, except greater freedom of action and the reduction of the army. They are no longer hostile to property. The political sense, too, is acknowledged to have grown amongst them with extraordinary rapidity. M. Reybaud, a French economist, who is in general disposed to take a rather low view of the mental and moral condition of the working-men, bears strong testimony in their favor on this point in a recent number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, calling attention to the remarkable fact that the working-men of Paris were the first to take heart after the *coup d'état*, the first to believe in the possibility of the restoration of political life, when the middle classes were despairing or indifferent, and that it was owing to their exertions, organization, and votes that the first five opposition deputies were returned to the Corps Législatif; and we all know that it was the indignant eloquence of these five that roused France from her stupor, and gave her that consciousness of her degradation to which her present uneasiness is due.

Another circumstance which is rendering the Imperial plan difficult of realization is the great change which has taken place in the condi-

tion of Europe since 1851. At that time the reaction was everywhere triumphant. Parliamentary government was supposed to have received a mortal blow. It had failed in France, failed in Austria, and though it lived in Italy it lived miserably on Austrian sufferance, and was generally believed on the Continent to have had a narrow escape in England. Since then it has everywhere triumphed. Austria is free and constitutional; Italy is free and constitutional; Germany is constitutional and nearly free; oligarchy is on its last legs in England, and democracy has come triumphant out of a desperate struggle in the United States. French pride is touched to the quick not simply by the total loss by France of the position of head-propagandist of liberal opinions, which she had held ever since Waterloo, but by seeing her subjected to a régime from which every other Christian country except Russia has escaped as intolerable and degrading, and, to cap the climax, by seeing her standing sentinel over the Pope and assisting in the preparation for an Œcumenical Council, in which it is confidently believed the modern world, with all its works and ways and ideas, including "the principles of '89," will be handsomely cursed.

What is worst of all, the men of education, and especially the young men of education, concentrated in Paris, are dead against the Government. It is "the thing" nowadays, as it was between 1820 and 1830, for French students, artists, literary men, and advocates to hate the priests and the "authorities," and to make demonstrations against them. Competent observers say there has never been such hostility to the clergy in France as these classes now cherish, and lose no opportunity of displaying. The Empire has absolutely no hold on them. When a son of General Cavaignac, Louis Napoleon's old rival, was called up the other day to receive a college prize at the Sorbonne, at the hands of the Minister of Public Instruction, the sturdy young republican refused to go because the Prince Imperial was standing beside the minister, and, as it were, patronizing the ceremony, and the refusal was loudly applauded by his fellows. Sainte-Beuve, as the foe of the Church, is now the hero of the Quartier Latin, and a striking evidence of the extent to which the tide of opposition has risen amongst men of culture of more mature age is afforded by the fact that M. Grévy has just been elected "bâtonnier" or president of the Order of Advocates of Paris, although his professional position is not high, simply because he is an opposition candidate for election to the Corps Législatif. Those who know how sensitive the French are about all the professional proprieties will appreciate the force of this demonstration. Now, it may be true that the peasantry are still devoted to the Empire, but if the peasantry can save the Empire after the intellect of France has turned against it, France must have undergone some great change of which there is as yet no sign. The very centralization to which the Government clings as its main-stay makes the adhesion of the provinces of no use to it, and makes it completely dependent on the capital, in which its enemies most do congregate.

The popularity of M. Rochefort and his *Lanterne* is under these circumstances easily understood, and so is the sensitiveness of the Government. The kind of attacks he makes on it, which are a combination of rather light wit and biting sarcasm, with somewhat coarse caricature, would certainly be annoying anywhere to individuals, but there is no country but France in which they would be considered dangerous to the state. But the fact is they appeal to what is stronger in Parisian Frenchmen than their political sense, and that is their sense of order and logic. In almost any other community the class to which M. Rochefort belongs—a class which is known here as "lively writers"—produces little or no impression on the public mind. They amuse, and in times of excitement stir up the fire a little, but they never influence the popular judgment on grave questions, and certainly could never bring the public to doubt seriously the right of the Government to exist. But in France the absurdity of a political arrangement or any want of congruity between facts and phrases excites hostility as fierce as would outrages on public liberty, and every political arrangement the country has had since 1789 has been in the strict sense of the word absurd. The speeches and the books and pamphlets of everybody engaged in the work of government have dealt with a state of things which did not exist, with a France of the mind, in fact, which the writer or orator conjured up *ad hoc*. During the First Empire every public document was drawn on the theory that the first desire as well as duty of every Frenchman was to die for the Emperor. During the Restoration, in like manner, governmental acts were based on the theory that there was nothing Frenchmen desired so much as to wipe out every trace of the Revolution, and live in the shadow of the old altar and throne. In Louis Philippe's day peace, simple peace, was treated as the national *summum bonum*, and the present Government talks and acts as if all Frenchmen, except a few low-minded persons, were overwhelmed by the spectacle of the Imperial wisdom and goodness. Educated Frenchmen see the humbug of all this just as clearly as "practical" Americans or Englishmen, and when anybody undertakes to expose it artistically, as Rochefort does, they go into ecstasies over his sallies, and may even be roused by them into a fury of disgust; but having no "realizing sense" of the possibility of improvement as the result of discussion or agitation, look on or share in the contest as men look on or share in the abatement of a nuisance, and not as men look on or share in the work of reform. In a healthy political atmosphere Rochefort could no more circulate 125,000 copies of his paper than he could get that number of persons to live on cocktails; and it cannot be said that he is in the least helping on the political education of Frenchmen. People do not turn readily from champagne of this kind to the somewhat flat and unexciting liquids which are all that real liberty and progress in most cases have to offer. They might as well seek to cultivate in a gambling-house or theatre a taste for the sober joys of home and the dull routine of ordinary business.

## LYING FOR THE RIGHT.

To any person interested in lies and liars the Presidential campaign offers an opportunity for successful investigation such as is rarely met with. At no other period do the liars show themselves so fearlessly and are the lies to be seen in such abundance and variety. Of course there is always plenty of lying going on around us, but at no other time is there systematic lying with reference to a fixed object. In ordinary times men lie loosely and individually, for all sorts of objects, without order or method. During the campaign they lie on a preconcerted plan, by columns of battalions, every lie being uttered in combination with thousands of others. The interest of the occasion to the scientific observer may therefore be imagined.

The classification of lies devised by the New York *Tribune* is now the one most generally received, and on the whole it is, perhaps, as good a one as we are likely to have. But it has one serious defect; and it is a defect which well illustrates the justice of John Stuart Mill's remark, that "a true psychology is the indispensable scientific basis of morals, of politics, of the science and art of education"—viz., that in its definition of a lie it entirely overlooks the fact that a lie must be the product of a deliberate intention to deceive, and that therefore its phrase—or, rather, the common phrase—"he lies, and he knows it," is a pleonasm. Nobody can lie without knowing it. This being so, a large number of assertions which Mr. Greeley places in the category of simple lies must be taken out of it, and placed in that of unintentional falsehoods. There is no doubt whatever that the many false statements of his political antagonists which he so frequently exposes are made in good faith, and in the belief that they are true. There are so many versions of every political occurrence, so many ways of looking at the character of every political man, and so many different inferences may be drawn from the simplest bit of statistics, that the cases are very rare indeed in which it is safe to assert positively of a political speaker or writer that "he lies" and is a "villain;" if, indeed, the charge of lying does not always include that of villany. But in the *Tribune's* classification of well-marked or acknowledged lies—such as most campaign attacks on the character of candidates are—we doubt if any improvement is likely to be made in our time.

The campaign, too, affords a striking illustration of the stimulus which the progress of society has given to lying, and the enormous increase of power which the liar has derived from it. In the ancient and mediæval world the public was doubtless more credulous, but his powers of reaching it were so limited that, no matter how great his skill or energy might have been, he could accomplish very little. Very few of the great liars of antiquity or of the Middle Ages were able to circulate a lie beyond the city in which they lived, and even there only imperfectly. The slander of opponents, too, was, as a weapon either of offence or defence, comparatively worthless, because it required prodigious efforts to get a slander before more than a very small number of persons, or before them in a perfect or

effective shape, so rapidly do stories change in passing from mouth to mouth. It therefore required only about half as much virtue to be a truth-teller in old times as it requires now, because the temptation to lie was only about half as strong. The whole ancient and mediæval world offered no such example of the triumph of moral principle as the modern world offers in the person of a truthful editor, or telegraph operator, or orator. A lie told in the agora of a Greek city was comparatively a feeble thing; a lie told on the stump or in an editorial article in the United States has the wings of the morning, and flies to the uttermost ends of the earth. No one can say so heartily as the modern liar, "Knowledge is power," for no one's condition has the growth of knowledge so much improved. The invention of newspapers has, in fact, done for the liar what the invention of gunpowder did for the man-at-arms—it makes difference of strength or weight of no account on the battle-field. In the absence of widely-circulated periodicals, the great or good man with the unblemished reputation cared little for the mendacious Bohemian. His name was known and his character established over a wider area than the Bohemian could possibly cover with his slanders. Now the Bohemian has him at his mercy, just as a boy with a revolver would have a knight armed cap-à-pié at his mercy. When the Bohemian says to 50,000 people that the great man stole a service of plate, or was seen, the night before last, drunk in the gutter, what can the great man do?

It ought to be observed, however, that campaign lies are, unlike the common lies of ordinary periods, told upon a definite theory, and that theory is that to do a great right it is sometimes lawful to do a little wrong. There is very little gratuitous and utterly wicked lying in a Presidential canvass. We have no doubt whatever that even Brick Pomeroy comforts himself with the reflection that his lies are helping in the accomplishment of a great end, and are therefore excusable. To say that Grant is a beastly drunkard, or that he uses stolen plate at his table, is a small matter; whereas to defeat Grant, relieve the South from her "shackles," and overthrow the tyranny of the Radicals, would be a great matter. Therefore it is well to lie on, the guilt of lying, like the guilt of killing, being dependent on circumstances. We feel satisfied, too, that if an examination of motives could be made, it would be found that a large number of the frauds on the Government are committed on a similar principle. The amount that any one man can steal from it, the cheat says, is hardly felt by the nation, while it adds enormously to his happiness and that of his children, and may produce a marked improvement in his character. Of course a regular thief of the lower grade does not number self-improvement amongst the objects of his stealing, but there is no doubt a large number of poor peculators who do. There are few poor men who do not feel that they would find it far easier to be honorable and conscientious if they were well off, and plenty of them put their scruples to sleep by dreams of the pious uses to which they will devote their booty—the churches they will build, and the widows and orphans they will comfort.

It must not be forgotten, too, in judging Brick Pomeroy and his like, that his delusion, if our presumption as to his state of mind be correct, is a very ancient one, and has been and is still shared by men who stand well with the world, and stand well with their own consciences as moralists and reformers. Lying has been freely used in the service of the very best of causes during the last three hundred years, ever since, in fact, the principle of association for religious and philanthropic objects came into common use, and since means of publicity began to be extensive. The Jesuits reduced it to an art, and made it one of their most powerful weapons, openly proclaiming that the use of calumny against the enemies of the order or of the faith was at least excusable, a doctrine which still has a strong hold on the minds of large bodies of excellent men in every Christian country at the present day, though doubtless if presented to them in its naked simplicity they would indignantly repudiate it. Many of our readers doubtless remember Pascal's delicious story, in the "Provincial Letters," of the quarrel between the Jesuit, Father Alby, and M. Puys, a priest of a parish near Lyons. M. Puys published a little book, inculcating the duty of attending one's own parish church, instead of running about after strange preachers. The Jesuits were then preaching a good deal, and Father Alby thought the book was aimed at them. So he denounced M. Puys, who was an old and respected clergyman of unblemished reputation, from the pulpit, as a man of licentious habits, whose intrigues with women were notorious, who was suspected of being an impious heretic, and who deserved to be burnt at the stake. M. Puys was overcome by these accusations, and after some negotiation, finding what the trouble was, formally declared that nothing was further from his intention than to attack the Society of Jesus, which, on the contrary, he honored and loved. Whereupon Father Alby said that it was his belief that M. Puys meant to attack the Jesuits which had led him to use the language complained of, but that "knowing better what his intention was, he declared there *was nothing to hinder* him from holding M. Puys to be a man of enlightened intellect, of profound and orthodox learning, of irreproachable manners, and, in a word, a worthy pastor of his church."

Now, this sounds very comical, but the principle on which the worthy father acted has by no means completely fallen into disuse. It is seen in a very coarse and brutal form in the campaign lies of the newspapers about the candidates—in, for instance, the *World's* daily contradiction within the last three or four months of what it said three years ago of Grant's talents and character, the facts, except his nomination for the Presidency, remaining precisely the same. But it is also found in quarters where more attention is paid to moral distinctions. On many of the reform platforms there is very little trouble taken to ascertain whether stories which are being circulated by the members to the disadvantage of men considered unfaithful or unfriendly to the cause are true or false. We would not charge these gentlemen with inventing slanders, but they certainly give little sign of caring whether they are slanders or not before they pass them on. Between the circulation of such stories as they spread abroad a year ago, of Grant's having been drunk in the streets of Washington, and the invention of them, there is doubtless a distinction of which human critics are bound to take notice; but if it be a distinction to which the Divine Intelligence will attach much importance, either our logic or theology is at fault.

We might multiply illustrations of the same sort indefinitely from the columns of the "organs" of various reform movements. A good biting story against an "enemy of the cause" is generally published cheerfully and without enquiry; if his acts admit of two constructions, the worse is put upon them, circumstances which tell in his favor are carefully concealed, or his refutation passed over without notice. A striking illustration of this particular form of lying was afforded after the impeachment trial, when the accounts given of Trumbull, Fessenden, and others were in such ludicrous contrast with the accounts which the same organs would have given of the same gentlemen the week before the verdict, in a controversy with a Democratic opponent, that one could almost fancy in reading them that one heard the joyous wagging of the devil's tail. In the temperance agitation, there is visible the same tendency to "help on the work" by loosening the obligation of truth-telling. The rules of evidence are not so strictly enforced in examining into a charge of drunkenness against a moderate drinker as they would be in an enquiry conducted by the same persons on any other subject; and we fear presumptions are adopted against unbelievers by good Christians with a laxity which they would not display if it was the fair fame of a brother believer that was at stake. The tendency to be untruthful is, in fact, in such partly involuntary, and the victim is often entirely unconscious of it himself.

That the world is growing worse in this respect we do not mean to say. On the contrary, considering the prodigious increase of temptation and of population, we think it is growing better. We doubt, for instance, whether any campaign has ever been conducted in this country with so great a regard to truth and decency as the Republicans are displaying in the conduct of this one. Whatever indications of deterioration there may be are found not in the fact that the number of liars increases, but that the liars are a better kind of people, and that the bad effects of lying on society at large are being hidden by the good use made of lying in particular cases. But we cannot consider the effects of lying for the right fairly without remembering that modern society is weakest on the side of the virtues which are covered by the term *bona fides*. It is gaining prodigiously in humanity and sympathy, but whether it is gaining, or seems likely to gain, in honesty, truthfulness, scrupulousness, and candor is still a disputed question; and it is to this side, therefore, the attention of moralists should be directed.

One other thing ought not to be overlooked, and that is, that confining the term education to the training children get in schools is a dangerous abuse of language. Children get a very small part of their education in schools; of their moral training, so called, hardly anything. Their notions of truth and justice they get from what goes on around them in society—from the conversations and the speeches they listen to, the newspapers they read, the acts they see their relatives commit; and those who flatter themselves that the injurious influences of a canvass filled with lies and vituperation, or of the spectacle of the use of immoral agencies in the furtherance of a good cause, on the opening mind of boys, can be counteracted, on the whole and in the long run, by set lessons in morality or religion, given by paid teachers or even by parents, deceive themselves. Every man who mounts a platform or takes up a pen, there-

fore, with the determination not to be too fastidious, or "too particular" about accuracy, provided he can "help on the work," is a corrupter of youth, who puts the world back two steps for the one he helps it forward, and on whom a cup of hemlock, if it could be lawfully administered to him, would not be thrown away.

# Correspondence.

## RECONSTRUCTION AT YALE COLLEGE.

To the Editor of the Nation:

It is not probable that a careful reader of the letter in your issue of the 13th inst. upon "President Woolsey's Reconstruction Policy" will be misled thereby; but yet it may be well to briefly notice some of its misleading statements or implications.

1. That, "not content with his proper glory," but possessed by "the Haussmann mania for demolition," President Woolsey originated the plan which involves the removal of the long row of brick buildings which "Academia" describes as "toned down with age to a warm and sober brown," but which, to less imaginative minds, are dingy red in hue, and the erection of stone structures on the sides of the college plot. Neither President Woolsey nor any other single individual is to be credited with said plan, but the necessities of the case. The present chapel, recitation-rooms, and dormitories have long been felt to be inferior to what the best interests of the college demand, and their removal has only been a question of how and when. The general opinion of those acquainted with the college "parallelogram" is, that to have the four sides occupied with appropriate buildings, and an open space in the centre, will be the best economy as to space, and will produce the best architectural effect.

2. That not "to destroy the ancient convenience (?) and beauty (!) of the college arrangements" "would leave a generous fund to endow the library and pay first-rate instructors." The money now at the disposal of the college for the proposed new structures was donated for this especial purpose, and cannot be used in any other way. However much the college authorities might desire to use these funds for the improvement of the library and to increase the inadequate salaries of the professors, they have no choice left them. The money was given for the erection of new buildings (in one instance, at least, for their *speedy* erection), and cannot honestly—probably not even legally—be used to other ends. It is undoubtedly true that the library needs a more liberal endowment, and that the "first-rate instructors" who now so faithfully serve the college are entitled to much larger salaries than they receive; but some other way must be found to accomplish these desirable results, as far as relates to the funds in question, than by a delay in the erection of the structures they were given for until after this present doleful period of a "low state of architecture and high price of building." The cost of building at present, undeniably, is "high," and the state of architectural knowledge must be "low" when so authoritative a critic as "Academia" can describe Alumni Hall as Gothic; but his plan for providing a proper support for such men as now compose the college faculty, and for the needed enlargement of the library, is hardly practicable. The result of his plan might be a "*generous* fund" for the ends named, but certainly would not be a just use of the money, and the college authorities are not men who are inclined to be generous (especially not to themselves) at the expense of injustice to others.

3. That the proposal for a change in the membership of the college corporation emanates from a desire to increase the clerical influence therein. The practical effect of the change which President Woolsey suggested in the *New Englander* of October, 1866, would be just the opposite to that which "Academia," ringing the changes on church and state, suggests. At present the corporation is composed of the president of the college, ten clergymen of the State of Connecticut, who elect their successors, the governor and lieutenant-governor of the State, and the six senior members of the Senate. It very often happens that these senators feel no interest in the affairs of the college. They have only cared to be senators of the State of Connecticut, and not at all members of the board of corporation of Yale. The former office they have striven to obtain—the latter they only accept as an unavoidable adjunct of the former. However attentive to their duties as senators, they give scarcely any attention to their duties as members of the corporation—in the majority of cases do not even attend the meetings of the board. There have been honorable exceptions, but the statement just made has been too generally true. Thus, in practical operation, the corporation has been chiefly clerical in its constitution, and by the requirements of the college charter the clergymen composing it have all been from the one State of Connecticut. However well this has worked in the past, when Yale was less of a university than it is fast coming to be, there are obvious reasons for a change in the future. The change proposed is to substitute for the six senators six graduates of the college, chosen, without regard to their occupation or location, by the whole body of the graduates. This, plainly, will give the graduates more control than they at present possess over the college, will naturally tend to maintain their interest in it, and, by bringing into the corporation picked men from different parts of the Union, and of varied experience as to men and affairs, will inevitably serve to make the college more national and universal in its management than can be expected at present.

Although "Academia's" eye for color and architecture appears to be strangely constituted, he can probably see that the proposed change will not at all tend to make the corporation of Yale (and this, and not an "autocratic" faculty, is its controlling power) more clerical than, contrary to the intention of the charter, is now the case, and that it only promises benefit to the Alma Mater which doubtless he loves. E. L. H.

August 17, 1868.

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To the Editor of the Nation:

Now that your correspondent "Academia" has introduced the subject of the Yale College buildings, I wish you would give me space to say a few words that seem to me to need saying.

As a graduate of the college, I am interested in its prosperity and have a right loyal love for it. More than that, I hope to place my own sons under its training. And, therefore, I do most earnestly beg that no other building may ever be erected for college purposes on the present grounds.

The desirableness on some accounts of a change of location has been felt and admitted by a large number of the alumni, and others taking an interest in the college, for a number of years; but the imperative necessity for a change, and the feasibility of it, do not seem to be at all comprehended by the governing powers of the college, whoever they may be. And, with "Academia," I wish there might be some way of making them understand and feel the influence of the sentiments of the great body of the alumni and other friends of the college living at other places than New Haven.

It would seem as if it ought to be sufficiently clear on mere inspection that the college has outgrown its present limits. It has not even a comfortable ball-ground which it can claim as its own; and the students are only allowed, by an unwilling sufferance, to make use of a portion of the public green for that purpose. The college is in the heart of the city, in the midst of noise and dust, and a student cannot find a place sufficiently retired for rehearsing freely in the open air without a walk of a mile or more. In short, all modern ideas of comfort and propriety require for such an institution abundant room, which Yale College has not.

But, setting aside all these things as not worth what such a change is likely to cost, there are other reasons which to my mind are conclusive and overwhelming. These are the unfavorable sanitary conditions of the present location. I would say nothing to create needless alarm, but the present position and condition of Yale College are unhealthy, and are growing more so every year.

The city of New Haven has now a population of 50,000 or more. It lies on a plain only a few feet above the level of tide-water. Its only outlet to the sea is a shallow harbor five miles in length. It has no natural advantages for good drainage, and up to the present time there are no indications of any systematic effort to supply the deficiency. Public water has recently been introduced, and the free use of this on the streets and about dwellings, which, with a proper system of drainage, would undoubtedly conduce to health, without such a system does exactly the reverse. It is true that a few (not more, I think, than two or three) of the main streets have sewers for taking off the surface-water and such wastage as occurs along their lines, but these have been only very partially availed of, so that all the filth, garbage, and exuvial matter of 50,000 people goes into the soil to come back again as miasma. Fevers and dysenteries are common. Contagious diseases are not easily checked. Fever-and-ague is by no means so rare as it once was, and that this state of things is growing worse is undeniable.

The remedy is not easy; the city, for one of its size, is not rich; its government is controlled by men who are not likely to appreciate the importance of sanitary precautions, and a majority of its voters are of that class who would not be likely to support them if they did. Any thorough system of drainage would necessarily involve heavy expense; the engineering difficulties are considerable; and it is not likely that anything short of pestilence will fully arouse the people to a sense of their necessities in this

regard. In the midst of this city, and partaking of all its disadvantages, the college is now located.

Within a mile of its present site are high and dry lands, healthful, easily drainable, easy of access, not too far removed from the city for all purposes of daily convenience—though the college ought in any case to have its own independent post-office, and perhaps telegraphic and other facilities. I have understood that the college already owns a considerable tract of this sort, but this may be a mistake.

Now, what are the obstacles to the change? First and greatest, I fear, is the conservative obstinacy of two or three individuals whose position and strength of will threaten to make them omnipotent in this matter. But the ostensible objection is the expense—mainly the necessary sacrifice of buildings now on the ground. Now, the only new and valuable buildings on the present site, and the only ones which it is proposed in any event to retain, are three—the Street Art building, the Library, and Alumni Hall. In regard to the Street Art building, it is so little connected with the academic course that, even if the college were removed, it would be better on all accounts where it is, for, though under the care of the college, it was never intended for undergraduates, but for the public at large, including the advanced students, and for students of art. That question, then, is readily disposed of.

The Alumni Hall, on the other corner of the lot, is an ugly pile, but roomy and substantial, and could easily be turned to any secular use without the least sense of desecration or unfitness, and would bring its full value for some such purpose.

The Library building is the worst elephant of the lot, and might have to be got rid of at some sacrifice. Then the whole College street front could be sold, judging from values of neighboring property, for a sum many times greater than the cost of a suitable site, supposing the college not to own one already. But I must not waste your space with details. The question is—How can we graduates and friends of the college, who want to send our sons to a healthful, pleasant place, and regret to turn our backs on Old Yale, get this change brought about? Let us at least hear from each other.

A Graduate.

# Notes.

## LITERARY.

J. B. Lippincott & Co. add to their announcements "The Unconscious Truth of the Four Gospels," by Rev. Dr. H. W. Furness; "A Few Friends," by M. E. Dodge; and "The Maternal Management of Infancy," by F. H. Getchell, M.D.——J. C. Garrigues & Co. announce "Life Scenes from the Old Testament," by Rev. George Jones, who for many years has been a chaplain in the U. S. Navy.——Leypoldt & Holt, among many promised additions to their stock of text-books in foreign languages, announce these works of general literature: Madame de Staël's "L'Allemagne" and "Corinne;" "Œuvres Choisis de Racine," including "Bérénice," "Bajazet," "Phèdre," "Esther," "Athalie," "Mithridate," and "Iphigénie;" Madame Cottin's "Elizabeth" and "Claire d'Albe;" and Bernardin St. Pierre's "Paul et Virginie" and "La Chaumière Indienne."——Robert Carter & Brothers announce "Wind-wafted Seeds," by Dr. Guthrie and Dr. McLeod.——G. W. Carleton announces "The Ring of Polycrates," by an anonymous writer; "The Art of Reading," by Sidney A. Cox; and "A New Juvenile," by Mrs. M. J. Holmes.

—We have discussed elsewhere the use of slander in the service of good causes, and have cited an amusing example of it from Pascal. We have found since the article was written another illustration, almost as good, in a report of the proceedings of the San Francisco Board of Education. A Mr. Cobb, one of the members, insisted on the immediate dismissal of one of the teachers, Professor Williams, on the ground that he "had rudely shoved a teacher;" that "he had no control over his temper, words, or actions;" and that to keep him in his place under such circumstances "would be cruelty to animals." A day or two later, however, an investigation having been made in the meantime, Mr. Cobb read the following declaration before the board:

"The school" (Professor Williams's) "is a credit to the department, and Professor Williams shows himself entirely competent and capable in every respect; wherefore, any charges made are withdrawn, having been made *naturally under the circumstances*, but later developments having shown that no good could arise from further pressing them; *and it is admitted that the same would not have been made if as much had been known at the commencement as now.*"

—Among interesting new English books recently issued or soon to be issued we see the names of these: "The Life of Sir Walter Raleigh, based on Contemporary Documents preserved in the Rolls House, the Privy Council Office, the British Museum, and other MS. Depositaries." The work, which is still in press, and may not be issued for some time by Messrs. Macmillan & Co., is by Edward Edwards, Esq. The Rev. F. D. Maurice is the author of "The Conscience, or Lectures on Casuistry," which seems hardly the book for him to do well with. Mr. F. T. Palgrave's name is put to a book with the title, "Entertainments at Wentworth Grange," of which we have no more than the title, but it cannot be Mr. Palgrave's and be bad. Mr. Crabbe Robinson, not long since deceased, was for many years intimate with the set of which Coleridge, Lamb, and Keats were the chief men, and also with Blake the artist, Rogers, and many more. He left behind him memoirs which it is now proposed to publish, and which will assuredly be very entertaining, interesting, and valuable. "Salient Points of Scripture History" is a book that our clerical readers will find of use to them. Zebina Cooper is the author, or rather the compiler, of it; and what the work will be may be gathered from the descriptive title of Part I.—"The Pentateuch, with a short account of the ancient versions and of the English translations, from that of Wickliffe to the authorized version, genealogical tables, tabular views of the wanderings, the great Jewish feasts," etc., etc.——"The Memorials of London and London Life in the Thirteenth, Fourteenth, and Fifteenth Centuries"—a work prepared by order of the Corporation of the City—contains a series of extracts, local, social, and political, from the City archives. It ought to be a treasure to the novelist, and certainly not valueless to the historian, and the Corporation merits praise for its liberality.——The next volume of the pretty little Bayard Series, of which we have several times spoken, and of which we intend speaking again before the holidays come, is the volume on which Mr. Morley was at work when he discovered the supposed Miltonic poem. The title is, "The King and the Commons: Cavalier and Puritanic Songs." It will contain a photographic fac-simile of the "epitaph," and a temperate summary of the internal and external evidence bearing on the authorship—a task which, we have no doubt, will be well performed by Mr. Morley, though he is one of the parties to the dispute. Other books of the same series that are announced as forthcoming are Johnson's "Rasselas;" Horace Walpole's brummagem "Castle of Otranto"—brummagem, but as stable and dear, for all that, as the best castle that ever was in the air; and the "Table-Talk and Opinions of the Duke of Wellington," a work which, if it is well compiled, will be well worth having. ——We may mention here that a Bristol and London house is announcing the sixteenth thousand of "The Girl of the Period," "reprinted verbatim, by permission," from the *Saturday Review*—which will be encouragement to Mr. Redfield to go on with his scheme of republishing that and its sister articles in this country. By the way, a letter comes to England from India which says: "Did you see that article in the *Saturday Review*, some time ago, called 'The Girl of the Period'? It was spiteful and untrue; but Captain —— tells me it has done an immense deal of harm out here. It has been translated into Hindostani, and the people are all saying, 'Why should they educate their women if that is the result of the education of English women?'" Another one of the *Saturday Review's* articles—that entitled "Mr. Gladstone Descends into the Gutter," which the *Spectator* thought a disgrace to journalism, and which probably was of the nature of a spiteful stab—is now in circulation throughout Lancashire, where Mr. Gladstone is on the hustings fighting all the Stanleys, who, however, are not to be supposed guilty of mailing the diatribe in question.

—As for English books which are more particularly interesting to Americans as Americans, we may mention these: Mr. John McMullen is the author of an octavo "History of Canada, from its First Discovery," etc. —a work which ought to have some attractions for American readers, as being the only tolerably good history of their nearest neighbors that is extant. A new edition of Professor C. D. Cleveland's "Concordance, or Verbal Index to the whole of Milton's Works"—a book that has been much thumbed of late in England—is announced by Sampson Low, Son & Marston; "Artemus Ward, his Book" and "Major Jack Downing's Letters" also appear in new editions. Trübner & Co. have put on the English market Mr. D. G. Brinton's "Myths of the New World" and Professor James D. Dana's "System of Mineralogy." Mr. J. W. De Forest's "Miss Ravenel's Conversion," a lively, sensible, satirical novel, which our readers will recollect, is well spoken of abroad; but so is Mr. Bishop's "First Book of the Law," which somebody in the *Saturday Review* seems to have criticised without opening it at all!

—To many persons belonging to that highly respectable body of American citizens known as "the intelligent reading public" Signor Cibrario will stand as a mere name; others, however, will at once recognize Ci-

brario as a man of some note as a statesman, but still better known as the author of a "History of Political Economy in the Middle Ages" ("Economia Politica nel Medio Evo"), which is regarded not only in Italy, but also in France and Germany, as a work of the highest authority. The treatise on "Slavery and Servitude" ("Della Schiavitù e del Servaggio, especialmente dei servi Agricoltori"), by the same author, is to comprise three volumes, the first of which has just been published at Milan. It differs from the writings of Muratori, Guizot, Savigny, Laboulaye, De Tocqueville, Wolowski, Golesco, and the many other eminent men who have discussed this subject, in the fact that the latter have treated the question of slavery in some one of its particular phases—social, economical, or national—whereas Signor Cibrario gives a general history of servitude in all its forms, and the gradual modifications which it has undergone in ancient, mediæval, and modern times. The moral, legal, political, and industrial aspects and influences of the institution are also fully considered. A very interesting portion of the book is the detailed account of the traffic in children which, during the Middle Ages, was carried on by the maritime states of Italy, and especially by Venice. These children (called *anime*) were usually brought from the coasts of Dalmatia and Istria, or from inland cities like Verona and Brescia, and sold for a term of years, and became free on attaining the age of twenty. This peculiar traffic began in the twelfth century; in the fourteenth century it was considerably ameliorated by a decree of the Venetian Senate providing that all *anime* should have the right to purchase their freedom by the payment of six ducats, and that they should in no case be held to involuntary service for a longer period than four years. These and other enactments of a like tendency so diminished the profits of the inhuman commerce that towards the close of the fifteenth century it ceased altogether. Among all peoples, and in all ages, the most numerous and important class of slaves have been servile tillers of the soil (*servi agricoltori*, or *colonati*). In the present volume Signor Cibrario simply notes the various forms assumed by this species of servitude in ancient times, and the different juridical problems to which it gave rise. In the two subsequent volumes of his work he promises to give a more extended treatment of this branch of the subject, and to trace its history through the Middle Ages down to the present day.

—A recent number (Vol. XXII., p. 249) of the "Journal of the German Oriental Society" ("Zeitschrift der Deutschen Morgenländischen Gesellschaft"), edited by Dr. Krehl, contains an account of the founding of a new university at Pekin, not only with the sanction but also under the patronage of the Chinese Government. The project originated with Prince Kung, whose memorials to the Emperor on the subject are given in full in the above-mentioned journal. A large space in the programme of study is devoted to astronomy, mathematics, the natural sciences, and the mechanical arts. The necessary buildings have been erected, with an observatory constructed after European models and equipped with the best instruments. The professors are mostly French and German. These gentlemen are already in Pekin studying the Chinese language and otherwise fitting themselves for their peculiar work. The innovation, of course, meets with the most bitter opposition from the learned caste, which has hitherto enjoyed a monopoly of erudition; and Prince Kung is accused of treason against the venerable traditions of the nation and of disgracing the Celestial Empire by introducing foreigners as instructors. The institution is expected to go into operation in about two years, and if well managed will produce very important results. Prince Kung, in his last memorial and proposals addressed to the Emperor, refers to a general petition which had been presented previously, and which we believe set forth pretty well the principles on which the new institution is founded. If so, there is to be an examination of candidates before admission; the pupils are to live in the university, so that they may be within easy reach of their masters and out of the reach of temptation; there are to be monthly examinations; every three years there shall be a general examination; successful students shall be admitted into the public service. One regulation—proposed but not, so far as we are aware, adopted—is to the effect that "the students shall be properly paid while pursuing their studies; and this pay shall consist not of board and lodging merely, but also of a sum of ready money monthly, in order that the pupils may not indulge in melancholy reflections which are fatal to mental activity."

—That publishers' advertisements cannot always be implicitly relied upon is a truth known to all book-buyers. A fresh illustration of it we had lately on ordering, from Germany, according to an unqualified announcement, the *fifth* edition of that very valuable and very comprehensive cyclopædia, "Pierer's Universal Lexikon der Vergangenheit und Gegenwart, oder Neuestes encyclopädisches Wörterbuch der Wissenschaften, Künste und Gewerbe," now being issued at Altenburg. This new edition is not only advertised, but also marked on the title-page as "fünfte durchgängig verbesserte Stereotyp-Ausgabe." Receiving the first three volumes, we were curious to know to what extent and with what degree of accuracy the newest and latest information is being incorporated in this "thoroughly revised edition" of the "*Newest* Cyclopædic Dictionary" of the "Past and Present." We turned to the letter B. General B. F. Butler is certainly a unique general and statesman. What of him? Not a word. Burnside, too, though one of the commanders of the famous Army of the Potomac, is totally ignored. So is Beauregard. We knew Pierer to be far from fastidious in the selection of his immortals, and the thing began to look suspicious. One more test of the same kind we applied; John Brown we sought for. He, too, was wanting. We were now convinced of having been deceived. We looked for decisive proofs, and found them in abundance. Carlyle's earlier writings, great or small, are all enumerated; but there is no mention of his "Frederick the Great." If we may believe Pierer, D'Azeglio is still living; Von Beust still Minister of Saxony. The respective histories of Australia, Baden, Bohemia, etc., are brought down to 1857 only, the year of the publication of the corresponding articles in the *fourth* edition. Only here and there, where a change could most easily be made, a few words have been inserted—as in "Bismark"—or a new population figure—as in "Brooklyn"—to base the claim of *Verbesserung* upon. *Caveant* book-buyers.

—The second volume of Cav. De Rossi's "Roma Sotterranea Cristiana" has been just published by the *Cromolitografia Pontifica* at Rome. It is accompanied by a chart of the latest explorations, representing in different colors the several divisions of the catacombs, and thus enabling the reader to follow the author through the subterranean maze with comparative ease. The present volume (like the first, which appeared in 1864) is devoted to the exploration and rehabilitation (if such a term can be applied to a tomb) of the famous cemetery of St. Calixtus. The author aims to prove by monumental evidence that primitive Christianity was not wholly confined to the poor and plebeian classes, but that it had its representatives among the wealthy and aristocratic families of ancient Rome, and particularly in the celebrated *Gens Pomponia*. Many things which in the first volume were thrown out as simple conjectures are here verified by inscriptions. On the whole, this work is the most clear, full, and scientific account of the catacombs that has ever been published.

—That witty writer, of almost unprecedented fertility in prose and poetry, August Heinrich Hoffmann von Fallersleben, has now concluded, with the sixth volume, the recollections of his "Life"—a work of unusual interest to the student of our times. The author is now in his seventy-first year. His work is published in Hanover.——L. Spengel has issued, at Munich, the third part of his "Aristotelische Studien," embracing "Politics" and "Œconomics."——Of two comprehensive geographico-statistical works by the Prussian Minister of War, Albrecht von Roon, one—"Anfangsgründe der Erd-, Völker- und Staatenkunde"—has, within thirty-four years, reached its twelfth edition. The first edition appeared in 1834. The merits of the author in this field and as a writer on military science are generally regarded as being of a high order. German political newspapers quote from this, his latest publication, various passages on the political condition of the principal states of Europe—utterances to which the position of the writer and his participation in the late great events in Central Europe lend a particular interest.——G. F. Kolb, the author of the "Handbuch der vergleichenden Statistik," etc., which we noticed lately, has issued, at Leipzig, the first number of a universal history of civilization, entitled, "Culturgeschichte der Menschheit," etc. The work is to consist of two volumes of moderate size, the one embracing an "Introduction" and "Antiquity," and the other "Middle Ages" and "Modern Times." It is a book of no mean pretensions, being planned to become a kind of philosophical history of mankind in its various developments, physical, intellectual, moral, and political. The little that is before us allows of no decided judgment concerning its merits.

—At the time of the French Revolution the women were in much the same ferment that we see them in now; and then, as now, they had their champions who said sensible things, and their champions who were on the same intellectual level with the writers in the paper called the *Revolution*. "The gallantry of Frenchmen," says one of the petitions of the women to the States-General—"the gallantry of Frenchmen should now give a grand example to the world. Women, forming the sounder and the larger part of the people, should compose a fourth order in the States-General. Their graces would not be without their use in inducing the clergy to let the church property be sold" (as was afterwards done, we

regret to say, without the aid of the ladies' charms), "and in inducing the nobility to renounce their privileges. What is the great wealth of a country? Population. Whence comes population? From marriage. Suppress, then, the bachelors. Accord no rank as a citizen to any man who is not married and has not at least one child," etc., etc. Another "requête des dames" of the period cries out in an equally threatening manner, "You intend to abolish the privileges of the nobility! Abolish also those of the masculine sex." It is, perhaps, worth remarking that there was then the same (comparative) scorn and contempt of the African in the female breast that was volubly expressed in Kansas a while ago. "There is talk," says Madame B. B., in her "*Cahiers des doléances et réclamations des Femmes*"—"there is talk of enfranchising *les nègres:* why not enfranchise the women also?" The negro is ahead, sure enough. Madame B. B. says, however, many sensible things, and is by no means a writer to be laughed at. Among the rest, she says—it is less true to-day, but nearer the truth than it should be—"It is all-important to change our rules for the education of young girls. School us no more as if we were destined to the pleasures of the seraglio. We must one day partake your good or bad fortune. Do not deprive us of the education which will enable us to aid you either by our counsel or our labor, or to replace you if by a natural or premature death you should leave us charged with the maintenance and education of your children."

## MONTLONG'S MEXICAN REVELATIONS.*

EARLY in February, 1867, a few days before Maximilian set out on his fatal march from Mexico to Queretaro, the city which, after a seventy days' siege, was to witness his downfall on May 15, and his execution on June 19, he entrusted Wilhelm von Montlong, an officer of his staff (it is this officer and his friends who state it), with the task of elaborating, from official documents, an exact and detailed account ("noticia exacta y pormenorizada") of the conduct of the French army during its stay in Mexico, the evacuation of which it was then completing. The task was executed after the death of the Prince with devoted zeal, but without the aid of materials sufficient for an exhaustive work on so interesting a topic. The book which embodies the results of what is introduced to us as a labor of love and devotion to the memory of "the unfortunate monarch" is too fragmentary, and the documentary evidence adduced to support some of its most important assertions hardly ample enough for their corroboration. But even so, these new "Revelations" are an interesting contribution to the history of our time and continent. Written not "sine ira et studio," they have, at least, the merit of strengthening opinions generally current in camps hostile to that of the author.

"The empire began with treason," says Major Montlong, "and treason brought about its end." Maximilian, he believes, would never have accepted the crown carried to him at Miramar had he not been most artfully and treacherously deceived concerning his election as emperor. This may be true only to a degree, but the grossness of the deception which was to serve as the basis of a new throne and dynasty is revealed in the following: The principal inhabitants of Monterey having been assembled by the French General Jeanningros—who acted precisely as others did in other towns—he addressed them in these words: "The Emperor of the French, always anxious to promote the welfare of all unfortunate nations, and desirous to establish your happiness, has determined to transform the Mexican Republic into a rich and flourishing empire, and has selected for your emperor the most liberal and enlightened prince of Europe, the Archduke Maximilian of Austria. But Napoleon wishes Maximilian to be elected by the general vote of the nation. I have called you here, therefore, to receive your votes." And advancing a few steps towards the assembled Mexicans, he added, with a threatening countenance: "N'est-ce pas, gentlemen, you accept the prince whom the Emperor Napoleon sends you?" To which the assembly, intimidated by a squad of French troops posted in front of them, answered, "We do," and the general, turning to an officer of his staff who collected the protocols, said: "Write, sir, that this city has voted unanimously for the empire, and let these gentlemen sign the document." The notables of San Luis Potosi, who refused to sign a similar declaration, were thrown into prison, kept for thirty-six hours without food, and thus compelled to submit.

This is an example of the political dealings of the French invaders in Mexico. Of their military deeds in that country we learn some that hardly redound in a higher degree to the glory of "the great nation." General Mangin having on the occupation of the village of Montealto found out the suspicious disposition of its inhabitants, he had forty-six of them, noted as the most "liberal," arrested in the night and shot without trial or sentence. This ferocious act may be ascribed to the prompting of incipient insanity, as the general shortly after lost his reason; but other barbarities are related for which, unfortunately for human nature, no such plea can be raised. A Captain Charrier, of the Foreign Legion, is charged with having, by threats of execution, forced the prefect of a small town to sign the death-sentence of his own brother, whose only crime was his attachment to the liberal cause. According to our narrative, however, atrocities like these were much more frequently committed by the "liberal" Mexicans than by the French champions of "civilization." The native allies of the latter naturally make no exception, and in a retrospective glance a butchery of almost unparalleled atrocity—executed at Tacubaya in 1859—is related in which the future Imperial generals, Miramon and Marquez, were the chief actors. Miramon—we read—in an order concluding with the words "God and law!" decreed the execution of all wounded officers found in the hospital at that captured place, and Marquez included in the hecatomb the seven physicians whom he found administering to the wounded. And yet Miramon is one of those few Mexicans of whom our author occasionally speaks with admiration, a sentiment which Maximilian must have fully shared if it be true that, a few minutes before their common execution, placing him between himself and General Mejia, he addressed to him these words: "Even monarchs must admire the brave; before dying I cede to you the post of honor." Miramon himself, who energetically protested his constant fidelity to the cause of order, died with the words "Live the Emperor" on his lips. The Emperor lived a few seconds longer, during which he vainly tried to recover breath after the deadly volley. His last words and acts—his enemies acknowledged it—were worthy of a better cause than was his, viewed in the mildest light. Mejia alone sank in silent despair, having, a moment before, seen his wife in mad anguish running through the streets of Queretaro with her baby in her arms.

The men of whom our author speaks with almost unqualified contempt are Marquez, Lopez, and Marshal Bazaine. In Marquez's tardiness to relieve Puebla, then besieged by Porfirio Diaz, he sees the main cause of the disasters which terminated the last struggle of the empire. His obstinately-prolonged defence of the capital after the fall of Queretaro—a defence made possible only by atrocious deceptions practised on the decimated and starving garrison—he ascribes to purely selfish motives. The treason of Lopez who is stated to have sold Queretaro to Escobedo—yet with the intention of aiding in the flight of Maximilian—is represented as a fact the authenticity of which is proved by a mass of irrefragable evidence. Bazaine, whose impeachment before the tribunal of public opinion and of history seems to be the main object of the book, is charged—not without proof—not only with sordid selfishness, extortion, peculation, and cruelty, but also with duplicity, intentional abuse of instructions, falsity to the interests of both France and Mexico, hostility to the cause of Maximilian, and even conscious military treachery—the motive being the marshal's secret intention, fomented perhaps by his Mexican marriage, to make himself master of Mexico as president or otherwise. The bloody Imperial decree of October 3, 1865, is represented as having been extorted by the heartless Frenchman, and made doubly fatal by his still more sanguinary secret instructions concerning its execution. These are certainly no isolated accusations, broad as they are, but, as we have stated, they are not sufficiently substantiated by the documentary evidence.

The little that is said in the book of Juarez and Porfirio Diaz betrays, if it does not display, the writer's antipathy to the former and esteem for the latter. He detests most of the Mexican leaders in both camps, unveils the corruption and treachery that doomed the Imperial Government to barrenness and precocious decay, excuses the crimes of one party only by those of the other, and finds the Mexican people, with their bandit warriors and ignorant and profligate clergy, "utterly demoralized by a civil war of forty years' duration, which has broken all the springs of the machine of state, distracted all minds, and adulterated every sentiment of duty, honor, and social integrity." He considers the Conservative party, both in Mexico and Central America, as doomed, finally, to succumb to the Liberal, and that—the late Mexican Imperial officer acknowledges it without hesitation—on account of its greater rottenness. And yet he is convinced that Maximilian undertook the gigantic task of regenerating such a nation with the aid of such a party in good conscience and from noble motives, and that his victory alone could have secured to the distracted country the blessings of peace, order, and civilization. But was this victory possible after the downfall of the Southern Confederacy, even if Bazaine and the Mexican Imperialists remained faithful? Was it still possible in the latter part of 1866, when the French commenced their retrograde

* "Authentische Enthüllungen über die letzten Ereignisse in Mexico. Auf Befehl weiland Sr. Majestät des Kaisers Maximilian, nach Dokumenten bearbeitet von Wilhelm von Montlong, k. mexic. General Stats-Major, etc." Stuttgart. 1868.

movements, preparatory to their return to France? Was it still possible when Maximilian returned from Orizaba to the capital to continue the struggle single-handed? Was not the gallant stand made at Queretaro as useless a waste of blood—for honor's sake, perhaps—as was the post-Imperial defence of Mexico by Marquez, from less honorable personal motives? Did princely or military honor command the leader and his enthusiastic Austrian followers to cling to the last to a cause which was already known to them to have been conceived in treason, and, if not criminal from the beginning, had certainly become a "lost cause"? To none of these questions does our author attempt to give an answer. *We* can certainly find no explanation strong enough to exculpate his hero from the guilt of reckless adventurousness—a guilt which he may have nobly expiated with his blood, though without repentance. It was a strange Nemesis that carried a scion of the house of Austria, three hundred years after the death of Charles V., to the shores deluged with Aztec blood by that monarch's *conquistadores*, to perish by a bullet at the hand of an Aztec chief!

## RUSKIN'S MODERN PAINTERS.*

ALL the more important of Mr. Ruskin's writings have been republished in America by Mr. Wiley's house, though in a form very different from that of the beautiful English editions. The appearance of a new issue of the reprint of "Modern Painters" gives occasion for a brief review of the author's work as artist and writer upon art. It is our purpose to abstain from all consideration of those writings upon ethics, government, and society which have given Mr. Ruskin a wider and, for the present at least, a less enviable notoriety than his artistic labors. His largest book, that mentioned above, with twenty-five years between the dates of its first and its fifth volume, begun for the purpose of proving and establishing an important fact in modern art history, never forsaking its original end, but, in the task, ranging over earth and the world of thought in search of the profoundest truths of nature and spirit, is in itself an embodiment of Ruskin's mind from early manhood up to a mature age. During those years through which there went on the slow growth of "Modern Painters" other books were produced which are nearly as well known. The "Seven Lamps of Architecture," the "Stones of Venice," several smaller books, and many lectures, pamphlets, articles, and letters received and contained the surplus matter, the outside accretion of thought which found no proper receptacle in the central book itself. In all these we find the same strong conviction that good in art is much like good in other things, not a creation of law, but the reason why laws are created; an absolute thing which, indeed, one may fail to reach and yet be forgiven, but which is never to be ignored or denied without ruin following. It is not without an effort that the author keeps to his self-allotted task; the truth outside of the world of art seems to him not altogether distinguishable from truthfulness in art itself; so that his peculiar views upon political economy occasionally find brief utterance. But up to the close of the fifth volume of "Modern Painters" the thought upon these subjects is confined to generalization, and does not crystallize into those sumptuary laws the unskilful promulgation of which has made even the admirers of the author stand aghast.

The first object of Mr. Ruskin's life as a writer was to claim for Turner, the landscape painter, then an old man and past his artistic prime, the place and character of the greatest of all landscape painters, and a genius fit to rank with the few great painters of the world. To this task he was called by his own impatience at foolish, captious, and ungrateful fault-finding—a tone of discussion adopted by the English press of the time in regard to Turner's noblest works, too narrow and inconsiderate to be called criticism, too absurd to be worthy of serious refutation but for the mischief it was doing. During the half-dozen years before the appearance of the first volume of "Modern Painters" the most magnificent of Turner's works had been exhibited upon the walls of the Royal Academy, and had been greeted with unanimous abuse and foolish jesting by press and people. To Ruskin the pseudo-criticism of the wiseacres of the day was in every way horrible. As a constant student of landscape and of all natural beauty—as a lover of good art and of verity of every kind, he hated to see such falsehoods circulated in regard to noble pictures; as a lover of men, he chafed at the folly which kept his countrymen from a pure and lofty pleasure; as a personal friend and devoted admirer of Turner, he suffered from the attacks which were wearing out the soul of the great artist. He commenced a letter to the editor of some review—a mere protest against foolish carping at Turner. The letter grew into a volume. It was published as Volume I. of "Modern Painters," and received with great interest and more general approval than has been given to any of Ruskin's subsequent works. People had not then found out how many vested interests were attacked, and how many favorite old humbugs were endangered by this new Quixote.

The publication of this volume, and the fact that it found readers, seem to have startled the author into recognition of the truth that he had made himself an art critic without sufficient preparation. It was one thing to cry out against the gabble of the newspapers and show that Turner was the greatest of living landscape painters; to a practised draughtsman and close observer this was easy; it was another thing to establish Turner's claim to a seat beside Titian and Leonardo. He had not proposed to himself the devotion of his life to the study of art; but now something very like that was forced upon him. The work upon "Modern Painters" was suspended, and in the prime of early manhood he went at the study of the fine arts with the same energy and devotion which most men give to money-making business. Already a skilful draughtsman, his power grew with every day's work; already familiar in more than the usual sense with the greatest works of art in Europe, he studied them now as other men study the markets and the tendencies of trade. His notion of studying Lombard architecture was to copy line by line its most precious remaining buildings, and stone by stone its loveliest sculpture. If he sought to know Florentine painting, it was by setting up his easel and copying the precious originals in form and color. In this way he studied art for ten years, while still retaining his hold on nature by that careful drawing out of doors, both in black and white and in color, which had been familiar to him from early youth.

One interest grew out of his study on the continent of Europe which threatened to put to one side the interpretation of Turner to the world, and did delay that primary work. The fancy for Gothic architecture which was then taking hold of the educated classes in Europe was causing the ruin, under the name of "restoration," of some of the noblest buildings left from the Middle Ages, while it had not availed to save any of them from destruction out and out to make room for modern buildings. Tortured every day by the sight of this hopeless and remediless destruction going on around him, busied in making careful drawings of parts of buildings which the morrow would see dashed to pieces, powerless to prevent or delay the annihilation of works of art which could never be replaced, and of which perhaps the only record would be left in his own drawings—he turned more and more towards this part of his work, and for a time followed the study of ancient architecture as an end instead of a means. The attempt to awaken a living interest in Gothic architecture, an interest which should suffice to save his beloved monuments from destruction, became a secondary duty, not conflicting with the primary object of interpreting Turner and his relations to landscape painting, but pursued side by side with it, and never relinquished until years had shown the utter futility of the task. Some little good has come to modern building through the exertions of Ruskin and his followers, but for the preservation of the noble buildings they loved it has been in vain that they strove. Within thirty years half the best architecture in Europe has been swept off from the face of the earth and the remainder mostly renovated into nothingness.

Books so large as "Modern Painters" and "The Stones of Venice" find but few readers in our days. Even the charm of the illustrations cannot keep many men or women attentive to the text through hundreds of large octavo pages. It is because of this that these books fail of their effect. There are few men who have read "Modern Painters" carefully through, and yet no one but he who has can be said to know much about Ruskin's writings. The smaller books are generally inferior, the lectures notably so, and, though crowded with information and suggestion, are incomplete in reasoning, sometimes hasty in assertion, and nearly always unfortunate in expression. But "Modern Painters" is of a completeness and gravity not attained by any part of any of the smaller works except one. It grows, as Mr. Ruskin himself has said in another case, like a tree, branching in many ways, but developing always into fuller life. One who wishes to be lead into a true feeling for art ought to read and re-read "Modern Painters."

The general tendency of Ruskin's teachings in art is always right. The separate and detached expressions of opinion are always worthy of careful consideration, and are nearly always stimulating to thought, but are open to question as to their complete or partial rightness. In saying this, we mean not only the early opinions which maturer thought has modified, as in the notable instance of the relative rank given to Venetian painting in the first and in the fifth volume of "Modern Painters." These changes are the best proof of real because growing knowledge, and of that flexible-mindedness essential to the investigator. We refer rather to hasty generalizations, and assertions too sweeping because too hotly made. But this

* "Modern Painters. By a Graduate of Oxford." New York: John Wiley & Son. 5 vols. 1868.

consideration does not prevent us from giving this advice to the student of art about to visit Europe—copy every piece of description and of criticism of pictures, statues, buildings, and scenery from all Ruskin's writings, classify them geographically, and study each thing commented on with the aid of the comments. It is not too much to say that it is altogether impossible to study art aright, nowadays, without seeking aid continually from Ruskin's books. And as to the questionable accuracy of some statements, it is safe to say that the student had better take them all at first as absolutely true, and gradually learn to discriminate, than to close his eyes and ears by too much doubting.

## HOSPITAL DAYS.*

"In the autumn of 1865, when the new Peace on all the hills and fields made them seem so sweet and fair, we found ourselves, a family long parted, exploring the by-roads in the north New Hampshire country. Following, one day, a winding green wagon-track, far from the main road, we came upon a desolate rough farm half way up the lower slopes of the Bartlett mountain. A dozen sheep were scattered over the stony field, and among them sat a man in the full uniform of a Zouave, baggy trousers, gay-braided jacket, cap, tassel, and long bright crimson scarf, complete. He had but just got home from some distant post with very little back pay in his pocket for the sick wife, and none at all to spend in sober clothes, and had gone at once to work upon the obstinate farm, all in his gay attire. He seemed a little stunned by the silence round him. He 'missed the drums,' he said. We had a little talk over the old days already so distant although so near, and left him, the sun touching the red and the blue of his bright garments, tending his sheep under the solemn hills.

"One who sits and listens for the drums to-day seems like the Zouave among the sheep crofts; the flags and the music have marched so far away. And yet there may be some in these times of gain-getting, pleasure-seeking, and 'reaction' who are not sorry to look backward a little, now and then, and refresh from the old fountains their courage and their love of country."

This charming little bit of prose—picture and music in one—is the introduction, or rather the prelude, to a delightful book, which we should be glad if all our readers could see. Nothing nearly so good has been written by any one else of the many who have told us about the life led by the wounded and sick and their nurses in the Union hospitals. The author's style is admirable; hardly anywhere else, perhaps, so elaborately finished as in the passage we have just read, and perhaps not the worse for that; but those whose taste is not entirely pleased by a polish quite so high will be readiest to remember that the native texture of the material must be firm and fine before such polish is possible. Throughout the book itself, when once we get into it, we have almost unfailingly the elegant but unbookish and not too precise English which, as somebody says, cultivated women naturally talk in its perfection, but to write which is to give a proof, not much oftener given by women than by men—confessedly incapable of it—of possessing a rare and excellent literary taste. We intend, however, that the book, which is privately printed and will be seen by only a few persons, shall speak its own praises both in this and in other respects. But first it is proper to say a word or two concerning its writer. She, with one of her sisters, offered herself as a nurse in the army hospitals, and set out for her post, as the introduction says, "on a blue-and-gold day in the edge of November, a hundred years ago"—which is to say, in the year 1862, in the first days of the war, since when so many of us have lived so long that those times may indeed almost be spoken of as if they were a hundred years ago. She was made superintendent of the hospital at Fairfax Seminary, at Alexandria, within eye-shot of the dome of the Capitol; —"and on the left, looking through miles of airy purple, hung in the smoke of the city and the autumn vapor, the wonderful white dome not yet lifting aloft, nor having the right to lift, the finished figure of Liberty." There, in constant attendance on the wounded, she remained until after the grand review of Sherman's and Grant's armies and the breaking-up of the hospital—three laborious, anxious years. This is the description of the beginning of them:

"The morning after their arrival, the newcomers, who had already been formally mustered into the service of the United States, were put on duty in published orders, and were waited on in the store-room by the women-nurses in a body, somewhat prepared to resent if occasion offered, but soon melting and smiling on observing the unformidable aspect of the new authority. 'Them dear lambs!' said old Mrs. B. afterwards, 'what *I* was afraid of was caps.'"

It was a happiness that too few of our wounded men could have known to be waited on by nurses who brought into the melancholy wards such cheeriness and brightness as, one would say, must have attended the presence of our story-teller. The humorous stroke which closes the passage we have just quoted is one of a hundred like it that are to be found in these pages; constantly recurring, they give to the narrative, despite the pathos and pain of much of it, a general tone of cheerful courage which, it is hardly doubtful, faithfully represents the general tone of the superintendent's intercourse with her patients. Speaking of her, we mean to be understood of her sister also, whose letters, two or three of which are given, show the same fortunate disposition. Here is another illustration of it. She has previously described the way in which the food is put into a car which, drawn by a double team of stewards, runs on a wooden track from the kitchen to the various wards:

"The superintendent follows in the wake of the diet-cars. Such is the celerity with which the Defenders, even when ill, swallow their food it is impossible to be in more than one or two wards while eating is actually going on. But by beginning at a different and unexpected ward and meal every day the objects of an inspection are pretty well secured. 'Was the gruel right?' 'Did you get a *full* tumbler of punch?' 'You are tired of the beef-tea?' 'Grumble as much as you like.' 'But I don't want to grumble; I ain't got no complaint to make—only'—(aside to G——) 'I'd as lief see the devil coming up the ward as that beef-tea.'"

The following amusing sketch occurs in a chapter on "Women Nurses," of whom in general the author has a good opinion:

"Mrs. M—— announced with dignity at our first interview, 'I am a Daughter of Pennsylvania. You must have heard of Curtin's Daughters. I have been in the field with the —— brigade, in such and such battles and such and such skirmishes. All this may be found in my journal.' Then, after a little conversation, she revealed that she had given us the 'sign' or password of two or three orders, and as none had been 'taken up' she inferred we 'was all right.' She had registered a vow not to serve with any 'sisters,' or with members of any secret society. She gave also the details of an interview with the general superintendent who had visited the hospital not long before. The nurse corps paraded. 'Here,' said the child of the Keystone State. She looked hard at me, and says she, 'So you're the regiment woman!' at which I drew myself up, and looking back as good as her, says I, 'No, madam,' says I, 'I am not the regiment woman; I am the *brigade* woman.' Whether the new administration was disappointing, or fresh fields of laurels unfolded elsewhere, I do not know, but in a few weeks 'letters requiring her presence at home' arrived, and the Daughter of Pennsylvania was seen no more."

Still more amusing, we regret to say, is this account of a pretty bad young man, whose sickness had not, apparently, brought him at all into a right way of thinking:

"The extempore speech and prayer sometimes took odd turns. I was present at a meeting when a Defender rose and said he wished to confess to the brethren some particulars of a sinful life. There was once, in such a town, a godless youth, said he—and went on to paint his career: how at the age of twelve he smoked cigars and threw the Bible at his grandmother; at fourteen he played tenpins and went sailing on Sunday; at sixteen he ran away from home, etc., etc.; and when we expected the usual conclusion, 'and I who address you to-night, my friends, am that forsaken lad,' he surprised us by clapping his hand on the shoulder of an innocent, blushing youth in front of him, one of the steadiest boys in camp, and shouting his climax, 'which his name is Asy Allen, and here he sets!'"

There must have been need, surely, of whatever light-heartedness and enjoyment of fun one could get. After all, and at the best, it was the house of mourning; very far within the valley of the shadow of death. Companionship with dreadful wounds, with sufferings the sight of which was all the more affecting because they were borne with a quiet courage that gave one fresh respect for human nature, with the mortal illness of the young, with the grief of parents who came too late—this must have made up much of the superintendent's daily life. She says in one place:

"The men were all fond of flowers. Hot-house flowers sometimes came down to us, and the lovely white and crimson carnations were a delight to a sick sergeant, who touched and fondled them, and had them fastened to the frame of the bedstead close by his head, and died with one clutched in his thin fingers. One spring morning I carried a bunch of the first lilacs to a very sick New England boy. 'Now I've got something for you,' I said, holding them behind me, 'just like what grows in your front door-yard at home; guess.' 'Lalocs!' he whispered, and I laid them on his folded hands. 'Oh, *lalocs!* How did you know that?' The lilacs outlived him."

With this following extract we must take leave of a book every page of which we might quote and give pleasure—giving not more than we should feel. Not pleasure alone; for the good it could not but do to every reader, as well as for the pleasure it could not but give, it is to be wished that it might be widely published instead of being merely printed for the eyes of a few:

"I heard a strange moaning in the lower hall one day, like the cry of

* "Hospital Days. Printed for Private Use." New York: D. Van Nostrand. 1868.

some wounded creature, and going quickly down the staircase found S.'s poor old mother, who had come alone from far out West to see him, not knowing how rapidly he had failed. She had stopped at the registry office door, and giving in the name, was thoughtlessly answered by the clerk in one word, 'dead.' We got her up-stairs and made her some tea, and she sat in a chair by the window, bending to and fro, and moaning softly all the afternoon, and saying not a word. Only the next day she was able to hear how good and faithful he had been as a nurse to his comrades, and how peaceful in his death."

Or perhaps it is better to close with this passage taken from one of the letters—simple enough many of them, like this one—which the men used to send back to Alexandria when they had reached home and friends:

"I can never forget you. My daily prayer is that God will spare your life to labor for the poor soldier. The day never passes but I think of the many favors received from surgeon in charge and officers. I was nowhere since I left home where I felt so satisfied as at the hospital. May the Lord bless you and all those who labor with you, and at last may you hear the sweet voice of your Saviour say, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, ye have done it unto me.'"

## MAGAZINES FOR SEPTEMBER.

Mr. Bayard Taylor describes for the *Atlantic* a visit that he has recently made to the Islands of Maddalena and Caprera. The latter, as all the world knows, is the home of Garibaldi, to whom Mr. Taylor had excellent letters of introduction. His wish to see the hero was very far removed, he makes us understand, from the mere ordinary man's vulgar desire to make the personal acquaintance of distinguished men. He would by no means have sought an interview with the general directly after the glorious Sicilian and Calabrian campaign, when all sorts of cheap persons would have risked their necks, in fact did risk their necks, in order to get a sight of the great man of the day. But after Mentana, in Garibaldi's day of defeat and neglect, then Mr. Taylor, being in no fear of confounding himself with the multitude, the summer friends, the "flies of estate and sunshine," felt free to present himself before the exile. Garibaldi, as it appears, was for some unknown reason unwilling to see Mr. Taylor, who could get no more satisfactory reply to his overtures than a statement that the liberator was not well and could not receive him. Mr. Taylor explains this awkward-looking affair by giving his readers an impression that a certain doctor—described as a base hanger-on of Garibaldi's, an eater of his substance, a braggart, and a humbug generally—had, by natural antipathy, conceived a deep dislike of him (Mr. Taylor), and by secret machinations had, out of hatred or a thirst for revenge, prevented his seeing the chief.

Mr. De Forest, whom we are always glad to meet in the magazines, has a sprightly paper in this month's *Atlantic* on "The Man and Brother." It is the first of a series of papers on the same subject, and judging them by this first one and by other things that Mr. De Forest has done, we feel able to recommend them almost unreservedly to such of our readers as wish to understand our new Southern citizen. We, for our own part, should make some abatement, we think, from Mr. De Forest's high estimate of the truthfulness of the average colored witness. We speak from experience; an *à priori* reasoner on the subject, recollecting that lying is the vice of slaves, would probably easily find himself at one with us, and incredulous as regards the statements of "the Bureau Major." On the whole, however, he seems to us, as we have said, a safe guide; where to look for a safer we should hardly know, and he is always lively and agreeable.

Miss Agnes Harrison's story, "St. Michael's Night," still keeps the reader interested and pleased. Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, who is an authority worth listening to, makes a good article on "Modern Methods of Studying Poisons," and gives much information new to the magazine reader in regard to the vegetable poisons woorara and corroval, as well as in regard to the means which the physiologist takes in order to learn the way in which those agents act on their victims. Mr. Whipple is better than usual in dealing with Raleigh and Sidney; but we should say that to speak less about the men and more about their works would perhaps have been a more useful line for Mr. Whipple to take than the one he is apt to take, and has taken in this instance, because the readers who profit most by his criticisms have not, as a general thing, a very familiar acquaintance with the subject-matter of them. "The Face in the Glass" is one of one million such stories alike in all essential respects; but the writer of it knows very well the business of putting them together. Quite a different affair is the critical essay on "The Genius of Hawthorne," by an anonymous writer, in which thoughtful study is more plainly to be seen than literary practice, although the writing is good too. We have not much hesitation, let us remark, in saying "No" to the author when he—or rather she, it seems to be a woman—asks the question whether it was not a master-stroke of genius in Hawthorne to make Miriam, in "The Marble Faun," symbolize Italy. Anything symbolizes anything. If Miriam symbolizes Italy, it is very well; but she exists for other purposes, and, as we suppose, no master-stroke had anything to do with relating her to anything but the incidents of her life and to the men and women with whom she is surrounded. But, on the whole, the critic keeps closely to the work in hand, and lovers of Hawthorne will be extremely well pleased with this aid to their study of him. For poetry this last *Atlantic* has pieces by Miss Celia Thaxter, by Dr. Holmes, and by an anonymous writer. Dr. Holmes's "Bill and Joe" is the heartiest and most simply natural expression that he has ever given, so far as we can recollect, to the sentiment which pervades so much of his verse—the man's fond looking-back to the things of youth. It will be read with pleasure. We ought not to forget the "Siberian Exiles" of Mr. T. W. Knox, which contains new information, nor the reviews at the end of the magazine, in which a poor book by Dr. C. B. Boynton—"The History of the Navy"—is well shown up by a critic who is evidently very well read and very intelligent, and in which appears the best criticism of "The Spanish Gypsy" that we remember to have read. That poem, by the way, has been handled with far more fairness and impartiality by American critics than by English.

Of *Lippincott's* for September it is not necessary to say much. A new contributor, with what seems to be the pseudonymous name "Augustus Adee," furnishes a touching little Parisian sketch, quite cleverly done, called "On Essaie Tous les Gants." Mr. C. A. Bristed begins a set of articles on the "Dispute about Education," but has not yet got far enough into them to make it worth while to pay attention to him as yet. "Nantucket" we found amusing, and so, in another way, was the "Pre-Raphaelite at Saratoga," which has all its jokes italicized and made very easy. Mr. Bayard Taylor is the only writer who signs his name to poetry in the September *Lippincott's*, though there are two or three pieces besides his. His is smooth, and otherwise up to Mr. Taylor's level. By the "Vigil," a piece of blank-verse, we are reminded to say that the proof-reader of *Lippincott's* is a little careless this month, as witness pp. 300 and 326.

*Putnam's* as well as *Harper's* has something Siberian: Mr. George Kennan gives us a well-written account of sledging in a tremendous snow-storm. Dr. H. Grünbaum's "John and Bridget" is a talk about the derivation and meaning of names, and will be found very unlike the ordinary papers on the same subject, which usually go on repeating each other indefinitely, seldom containing anything that has not, time out of mind, been the property of all the Ladies' Magazines. Dr. Grünbaum brings much learning to bear on the subject, rather too much, perhaps, for he treats of many names that most of his hearers have never heard of. And we must say, we think he is to be warned to shun sportiveness and the tossing of the light joke. Mr. William Young gives us this month the third of his series of articles on Mr. Old's collection of autographs. The letters he copies tend strongly to confirm—Veuve Beauharnais and Mozart being witnesses—the old scandal that the widow was at least well enough inclined to be wooed and won by young General Buonaparte, and the story of the mysterious stranger who engaged Mozart to write him a requiem, and afterwards used to call on the composer urging the completion of the work, till at last Mozart, his sensitive temperament worked upon by the singular circumstances of the engagement, came to regard this requiem as his own funeral dirge, and died before he finished it. Mr. Young gives us also copies of characteristic letters by Oliver Cromwell and Charles the First. The Rev. Dr. Vinton tries to reopen the Eleazer Williams controversy by offering himself as a person convinced of the justice of that gentleman's claims. But he offers, too, the evidence which convinced him, and it is all either absurdly weak in itself or utterly unsupported, or both. The editorial notes to the article are done very gravely, but seem to be really a parody on the notes of editors of real historical documents. "The Situation and the Candidates" is one of those extremely impartial political articles the writers of which see little difference between this and that or that and this, because really they see nothing. "French Newspapers" will be found readable, and so will "A Three-Horned Dilemma." *Putnam's* poetry is almost never good; but this month, if we except Mr. A. B. Street's "Pine," and Mr. Calvert's "Threescore," and Mr. Hatfield's "Organ Chant," it is pretty and good.

"Parole d'Honneur" in *Harper's* continues as well as it begun, and is a vivid picture of the life—or a part of it—of a Southern court-house town, and of the lawless wilderness that so often surrounds it closely. "Women's Work and Wages" contains useful statistical statements, which must represent personal investigations made by the writer among the large work-rooms of the city. The leading pictorial article is another screed by Mr. Parton on the Gorham Manufacturing Company's silver-ware. It is not so well done as a former article on the same subject in the *Atlantic*, but it makes rather better than ordinary letterpress to accompany the

illustrations. Other illustrated papers are on "Travelling in Siberia;" "The Unwelcome Guests of Insects;" "The Last Years of Kosciuszko;" and some chapters of Mrs. Craik's novel. The "Easy Chair" has something to say on foreign travel—in which a good word is spoken for Byron—on Mr. Longfellow's reception in England, on Mr. Evarts's not very civil or dignified speech at the dinner given to the Chinese embassy, and on William Morris's "Earthly Paradise." It is all good, and shows Mr. Curtis at nearly his best in his various capacities of sentimental essayist, literary critic, and censor of minor morals.

In the *Galaxy* Mr. Grant White criticises Mr. Morris fairly well. He appears to be ignorant of the fact that Mr. Morris came before the public when a young man. In his appearances in the *Germ* he hardly can be said to have got before the public; but the "Defence of Guenevere, and other Poems" has been for years well known to such readers as are familiar with late English poetry, and ought to be read by the critics of his more recent works. Mr. White tries, we see, to reintroduce the use of the past-participle in *en*—"sitten," for example—and disfigures his own writing without compensation, unless in his own virtuous consciousness of philological duty performed in the face of an indifferent or sneering world he can find his sufficient reward.

Dr. John C. Peters compiles from books on India a readable account of the way in which cholera begins its march from the holy places of the Hindoos. "For Life" is a story by Miss M. L. Poole, who seems to be improving slightly. Her hero's complexion is still a little too clear an olive, and his eyes more darkly passionate than is very common, and his face a trifle too clear cut and sensitive, and the heroine has more and duller dull pains at her heart than if she were really alive; but on the whole the story "For Life" may be read without that mental goose-flesh which the near neighborhood of stories of this school usually produces. "Great Awakenings" is a feeble article on revivals of religion. "The Galaxy Miscellany" is composed of Mr. N. S. Dodge's spirited account of the collision of two Cunarders off Newfoundland; an agreeable tale about "The Mud Baths of Franzensbad;" "An Old Newspaper," by Mr. C. P. Cranch; some of Mr. George Wakeman's padding made out of old scraps of newspapers; and an article, not of great research, but readable, as such articles are apt to be, by Dr. T. Edwards Clarke, on "Slow and Secret Poisoning." The *Galaxy* "Driftwood" is made up of some sensible talk from Philip Quilibet on "Political Candor," and some conjectures as to the probable effect on the Yankee character of the admixture of German blood which the American race is now undergoing. But it would require a profounder ethnologist than the writer to do more than deal in conjectures on this subject. "The Annals of Angling," by Mr. Charles Lanman, contains a good list of recent English works on fishing.

In *Hours at Home*, the Rev. W. W. Patton addresses the religious world in a way that will probably not find much favor among those who speak for the religious world about amusements. But the young men and women who by and by are to be the Church, Mr. Patton has on his side, and what he has written and may write will not be without fruit. Another good article in this month's *Hours at Home* is Dr. D. B. Simmons's "Religion of Japan." "A Chat with Adolphe Thiers" is translated from the German of a gentleman who seems to have been profoundly impressed with respect for the little historian with his big house and big ways; Mr. J. W. Phelps gives a description of the Lincoln College for colored students; Miss Alice Gray, a new writer, tells a pleasant story entitled "Julie Dean;" there is a discourse by Dr. Bushnell, to whom we decline to listen when he preaches on architectural subjects; there are some pretty verses by Grace Hinsdale; there are more chapters of "The Chaplet of Pearls;" there are some agreeable "Leaves from the Unpublished Journal" of a Revolutionary minister, who journeyed all the way from Essex, in Massachusetts, to Philadelphia, where he saw Dr. Franklin—and so the magazine is made up.

The *Catholic World's* most striking article this month is an abusive review of Archbishop Purcell's "Vickers and Purcell Controversy," or rather it is an article for which the archbishop's book is made to stand as a text; there is no reviewing done. Mr. Vickers is declared to be not a clergyman, but a pantheistic lecturer; a "young gentleman;" "coolly impertinent;" a person "paternally castigated" by the archbishop; a victim of "lawless intellectual activity," and so on. The fact of the matter is, that the archbishop, who is better fitted morally than mentally to acquire the respect of his neighbors, was worsted in argument with Mr. Vickers a while ago, and some friends of the esteemed prelate cannot miss this opportunity of abusing the impertinent young gentleman, who "passed a few years in Germany studying what he calls science." Nothing at all is said of the matter in dispute, and the article in question is a perfect model of the misrepresentation that comes of non-presentation. The non-partisan reader will find in the September *Catholic World* not very much nutriment. "The Holy Shepherdess of Pibrac" will amuse him, and he will be profited by reading "European Prison Discipline" and "Gheel, a Colony of the Insane," both of which articles are well worth attention; and the account of Madame De La Fayette (translated) is a beautiful picture of conjugal love; but there is nothing besides, we believe. However, three good articles seem to be not a poor allowance, as the magazines go this month; none of them is more than fairly good; none, perhaps, quite up to its own standard.

## A MAN IN EARNEST.*

THE subject of this memoir was born in Vermont, in the year 1811. He died in the hospital near Murfreesborough, Tennessee, in February, 1863. Anything concerning him which lay between these two dates and was of vital importance to his fellow-men might, we should say, have been very fully told in half a column of the space devoted by the religious weeklies to obituary notices. As his biographer, who has had five years in which to consider the matter, thinks differently, it may be worth while to lay before the curious reader some account of the facts of Mr. Conant's life, of the opinions he held, and the kind of work he did to earn the title of "A Man in Earnest."

Up to his nineteenth year Mr. Conant seems to have been a reasonably good boy, of whom nothing noteworthy is recorded but that at some very tender age he bore an unjust whipping rather than betray a playmate. But at nineteen Mr. Collyer finds this "bud of promise on the tree of his life": "July 14, 1830.—I, Augustus Hammond Conant, do this day resolve to break myself of every evil practice, and to forsake every sin as revealed to me by the light of *reason*. So help me God!" In 1832, "starting from Whitehall in the canal-boat Missanic, Mr. Conant went by Fort Ann and Fort Miller to Saratoga." Thence he went on out West. Mr. Collyer devotes eight or nine pages to slight geographical notes of this important journey; and as they are about as significant as anything else that he records, we will transcribe one or two of them: "Jonesville he found a town of two frame and four log houses." "On the Sunday he came to White Pigeon, where he attended meeting all day." "Keokuk he found, in those early days, a sink of depravity—by far the most wicked place he had ever seen in his life." "Marietta, Mr. Conant found a very handsome place indeed; Wheeling, a mile long, built of brick, and containing 8,000 people; Steubenville, flourishing exceedingly; and Pittsburg the wonder of all that his eyes had ever seen since he left home, for elegance, grandeur, and business."

In 1836 we find Mr. Conant on a farm of his own, within twenty miles of Chicago. Beside his farm work, he did nothing very important except keep a diary, from which Mr. Collyer quotes liberally—selecting, however, he says, only such extracts as "will preserve the essential spirit of the entire work." Judging from these extracts, Mr. Conant seems to have had a fondness for brief and concise statements, which appears to have failed of producing its most natural effect upon his biographer. Let us give a specimen or two:

"Sept. 16.—Attended meeting, and read a sermon of Channing's.
"Oct. 16.—Went to the mill.
"Oct. 21.—Returned from the mill.
"Nov. 13.—Went to the miller's to read Channing. Unwell; so wrote temperance address. Temperance meeting; delivered my address. Read 'Statement of Reasons.' Circulated subscription paper for a school. Mended boots."

There are several pages of this kind of thing, of which Mr. Collyer says: "These extracts need no comment; they speak for themselves"—which they do.

About this time Mr. Conant, who appears to have been agitated in a mild sort of way on the subjects of temperance and slavery, fell in with the *Western Messenger*, which was then edited by Mr. James Freeman Clarke, and afterwards with some of Channing's sermons. "The great positive doctrines of Unitarianism" took immediate possession of him. He gave up his farm, sent his wife and children to Vermont, and betook himself to Cambridge, where he passed a year in preparing himself for the ministry. In Cambridge he taught Sunday-school, delivered temperance addresses, heard Dr. Gannett preach, began the study of Greek (which, however, he considered of doubtful utility), wrote letters to the *Western Messenger*, which, he says, had "made him acquainted with some of the master spirits of the age," and had his head examined by a phrenologist. One is not surprised to find that the examination made a considerable impression on him.

* "A Man in Earnest: Life of A. H. Conant. By Robert Collyer." Boston: H. B. Fuller; Chicago: John R. Walsh. 1868.

The year ended, he returned with his family to Illinois, and settled in Geneva, where, for the next sixteen years, he preached to a small Unitarian congregation. In 1857 he left Geneva to go to Rockford, and remained there in charge of another church of the same denomination until the war broke out. His life at Rockford appears to have been marked by no specially remarkable incident except the celebration of his silver wedding, an account of which, about as suggestive as such accounts are apt to be, is copied into the biography from the *Christian Inquirer*. In 1861 Mr. Conant resigned his charge, to take a chaplaincy in the Nineteenth Illinois Regiment. He seems to have enjoyed himself pretty well in this position, and to have done much serviceable hospital work—not to speak of sundry little odd jobs of carpentry which added much to his own comfort and that of other officers of the regiment. He was a good deal troubled at one time by a Mr. Moody, a Methodist preacher, who insisted on praying and preaching in an uncomfortably loud voice, who commented roughly on what he thought Mr. Conant's want of zeal, and who carried away into the prayer-meeting many of the latter gentleman's flock. In 1863 Mr. Conant died in the hospital, of an inflammation of the lungs. Mr. Collyer preached his funeral sermon, and now prints it as the concluding chapter of this memoir. As to the memoir itself, if Mr. Collyer were not in such evident sympathy with the subject of it, we should describe it as a painful and laborious effort to make something out of nothing. As it is, that description will answer well enough for the work performed by Mr. Collyer's readers. The fact of the matter is, that while Mr. Conant was a good man, an estimable member of society, an endurable preacher, a person of much bodily activity, his acts and opinions are of not the least consequence to his fellow-beings generally. It is only Mr. Collyer's love for a telling, or "meaty," or "savory" expression that makes him think the term "an earnest man" in any special sense applicable to Mr. Conant. Earnestness is of the spirit and mind; and before it is proper to call a man "earnest," it is better to require of him a rather less arid spirit and a rather stronger and wider mind than Mr. Conant could lay any claim to possessing. However, Western Unitarians who knew and liked the subject of this biography—to say nothing of those who know and like the biographer—will be interested in reading the book, and may very probably be profited by reading it. They will, at all events, get not much harm—though, of course, it is bad to hear exaggerated praise and to learn to use false standards.

*The Gordian Knot: A Story of Good and of Evil.* By Shirley Brooks author of "Sooner or Later," "Aspen Court," etc. (London: Bradbury, Evans & Co. 1868.)—The tone of Mr. Shirley Brooks's novel is so decorously proper and conventional that it seems almost a pity not to be able to draw from it any profounder lesson than that people who wish to attain any very respectable moral altitude would do well to be born of disreputable, or even actively vicious, parents. Perhaps this was not the precise teaching which the "Gordian Knot" was intended to convey; and the reader, if he be a young married man addicted to clubs and billiards, and coming home late at night, may reasonably hope to profit by Mr. Brooks's exposition of the deleterious effects of such practices on home life and the happiness of wives. For our own part, being prejudiced in favor of the view that there are certain kinds of literary and artistic work which no man of sound mind is justified in undertaking unless he is qualified both by nature and cultivation to produce something which shall at least approximate the best of its kind, we find this novel grievously flat and unprofitable. Mr. Brooks is a man of such evident cleverness that it is the less easy to pardon him for neglecting the absolutely necessary work which may be done with a pen and ink, and to which a man can devote himself as to a business which may be learned by the help of ordinary industry, in order to produce books such as this. What good reason is there why any one should write a novel like this, with not one stroke of genuine character-painting in it, with a story of no conceivable interest or importance, with an objectionable moral and plenty of trite moralizing?

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| Osborn (H. S.), Teacher's Guide to Palestine | (J. C. Garrigues & Co.) | |
| Rolfe (W. J.) & Gillet (J. A.), Hand-book of the Stars | (Woolworth, Ainsworth & Co.) | |
| Hand-book of Natural Philosophy, | " " | |
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ADDRESS, PUBLISHER OF "THE NATION," BOX 6732, NEW YORK.

## The Week.

IN the last few days of the canvass the Republicans in Vermont began to hope that their last year's majority could be increased by five or six thousand. Outsiders supposed them mistaken. The election comes in a busy time of the year for a rural population; the weather has been hot; the Democrats had not a ghost of a chance of carrying the State; and, altogether, it seemed likely that Republican carelessness would give "gains" for the *World*, and "Behold, how brightly breaks the morning!" would be in capitals in all the Democratic papers. But every Republican was out; in the heaviest vote ever cast the gain on last year's vote is probably nine thousand. This is because Hampton and Vallandigham were permitted to make themselves the present leaders of the Democratic party. Practically, the people are asked to say that we ought to give the negro back to his old owner, and substitute a South Carolina Black Code for the Civil Rights Bill. On that issue Vermont, at any rate, seems to have its mind made up. The effect will no doubt be good in Maine, and we dare say there are more Republican voters in Pennsylvania this morning than two days ago.

The South grows more, rather than less, disorderly, and unless there is truth in the story that the Northern Democrats are using all their powers of persuasion to keep the Southern brethren quiet till after the election, it seems as if we might very likely see Congress in session this month. It would be disagreeable for many reasons; but it may become necessary. Mr. Johnson's acts do nothing to make it unnecessary, and as for his words, he has recently been having one of his "conversations" with a Southern gentleman, which can hardly fail to increase the weekly number of murders in the South. He talked of removing Thomas from command in Tennessee, and putting Gillem, or Gordon Granger, or Rousseau, in his place. Thomas has declared in effect that civil war in Tennessee is imminent, and he of course may be relied on to support the Legislature and governor; Granger and Rousseau could probably be relied on to confront the state militia with Federal troops. But it is not likely that Mr. Johnson, however much it might suit his plans of future office-holding to put the Tennessee Democrats under obligations to him, will venture on doing what he talks about; but it is such talk that has done as much as any one thing to keep the South intractable. Just now it is wild enough without more goading.

The lower house of the Tennessee Legislature, we are glad to see, has passed the Militia Bill, and the Senate will do the same thing. It is said that more than 250 Republicans from various parts of the State have made affidavits before a committee of the Legislature that they, in their own persons, have been made the victims of shameful outrages of one kind and another, and further, they gave testimony concerning the sufferings of many others. Men, and even women, have been whipped, tortured, and murdered, for no offence but holding a political creed different from that of the Ku-klux Klan. This organization, or something practically the same, is at work throughout the South, and a branch of it seems to be ready to begin operations in Missouri. The story that comes from Arkansas to the effect that in three counties of that State there is open rebellion, and that there have been skirmishes between rebels and Union men (it is just as well to use the old names when we have the old things), we take to be exaggerated. It is true, however, that Arkansians in the North are not much surprised at the news. In Louisiana there have been no outbreaks as yet, but the quarrelling in the Legislature is very bitter. The agent of the Associated Press in New Orleans ought to be turned out of his place for his stupid and unbusiness-like partiality, which is so plainly shown in his reports that the reader is never inclined to believe more than half he says; but we take it that he would hardly tell a direct falsehood in stating matters of fact. If he has told the truth in regard to the ousting of Jewell, on suborned testimony, politics will not long be unmixed with pistol-shooting in Louisiana. Governor Scott, in South Carolina, has felt compelled to issue a circular denouncing secret armed associations. He promises "to exercise all his authority to keep peace;" but his means of enforcing his authority are small enough.

For the rest, in North Carolina 70,000 men are enrolled in Union Leagues; but it is not Union Leagues that begin disturbances, and it would be well for the South if there were at least 70,000 members of such organizations in every State. North Carolina, by the way, the only State whose political future seems secure, has just found the advantage it is to her that the belief to that effect is generally held. She has been able to borrow a hundred thousand dollars that she wanted, at six per cent., a rate of interest obtainable by no other Southern State. Georgia is talking of unseating all the colored members in her Legislature. When the constitution was adopted, it was freely said that although it gave negroes the right to vote, it made them ineligible to office. We have not a copy of that instrument, but if its effect should be as stated, it would be not the first piece of Republican legislation so bunglingly put together as to defeat the purposes of its framers. Florida has had one or two riots within the last week.

General Rosecrans has paid a visit to the White Sulphur Springs, and had long consultations there with various Southern generals, including Lee and Beauregard, on the state of the country. They were closeted together by the hour, and it is recorded, by way of giving some idea of the importance of the occasion, that one general who was about to leave, on hearing that he was wanted, "at once ordered his trunks back to his room." Of what was said at these interviews we know nothing, except from a brief sketch of General Lee's views sent to the *Richmond Whig* by a correspondent; and from this we learn that the popular notion at the North that the Southerners do not like the negroes, and would ill-treat them if left in their hands, is a pure delusion; that, on the contrary, the Southerners, having been brought up with the negroes, are very fond of them and would freely concede to them as many rights and privileges as would be good for them, and more. General Rosecrans has returned to the North, carrying in his valise, according to popular rumor, an address from General Lee and others to the nation at large. But in reply to enquiries made of him here by a *Tribune* reporter, General Rosecrans says that there is no such document in existence; that there was "much said" at the interviews in which he took part at the Springs, and that he would let the public know what it was when he thought proper; that he did not know whether the Southern leaders would "devote themselves to the task of restoring prosperity or not;" that he had not "considered the question of the payment of the Government bonds;" and that he had not "the slightest idea" what were Grant's chances for election. On the whole,

we are inclined to believe that the meeting at the White Sulphur Springs will not exercise that powerful influence on the destiny of humanity which "Our Washington Correspondent" at first led us to expect.

The only fresh campaign story about Grant is that he stole a Shetland pony, which his son now rides, followed by *two* black grooms. This is the tale as Pomeroy tells it; but we cannot help feeling that he has suppressed a portion of it, and that if the whole of it were revealed, it would be found that the blacks are eunuchs, and force everybody they meet to lie down on his face on the side of the road till young Grant passes. About Blair, we have to record that after his expulsion from Yale he tried the University of North Carolina, from which he was also expelled; and it was after this that he made his appearance at Princeton and cut off the nose of a fellow-student. The way in which Colfax escapes the stories is something wonderful, and proves his popularity to be almost unprecedented. The only charge brought against him thus far is that of having, in order to pay attention to another visitor who sent in his card on a "silver waiter," snubbed a soldier who had asked for an interview. The soldier had been previously requested by a pampered menial to deposit *his* card on the same evidence of wanton luxury, but the veteran, not having his card-case about him, refused to comply, and the snobbish Colfax, disgusted with his vulgarity, haughtily refused to converse with him. This story Mr. Colfax disposed of by a peremptory denial, and added that he had never owned a "silver salver." Disheartened by the result of this first attempt, the party troubadours have ever since let him severely alone.

The *Chicago Tribune* is displeased with us for not marking, in our account of campaign stories, our appreciation of the essential difference between stories, such, for instance, as stories of Blair's drunkenness and stories of Grant's drunkenness—the former being true, and the latter false. Let us say, in the first place, that in every reference we have made to campaign stories in "The Week," we have noticed them simply as works of art, and not as instruments of persuasion. Of their utility we have not thought, and do not mean to think, in this place. We enjoy them, simply; to others we leave the task of analyzing them. If the *Tribune* chooses to take a cold utilitarian view of them, let it. We shall do nothing of the kind. Let us say, in the second place, however, that if, as instruments of persuasion, campaign stories do not count for much, one party is as much to blame as the other. The great reason why our stories of Blair's drunkenness do not produce much effect is, that some of us who now tell them told similar stories of Grant's drunkenness before he was nominated. Now, the public at large do not believe, as some newspapers appear to believe—we need not say we do not include the *Chicago Tribune* in the number—that it is in the power of a political convention to change the moral order of the universe, and make it all right to lie about one man, and all wrong to lie about another; so, having discovered that we lied about Grant, they are unwilling to believe that we tell the truth about Blair, and when we unpack our campaign stories, and bid the audience get their tears and their horror ready, they simply put on a broad grin.

Mr. Atkinson, of Boston, a week ago, demanded payment in specie for a ten-dollar greenback of Mr. Spinner, the United States Treasurer, who naturally declined to pay, and wrote the applicant a long letter instead, in which he excused the issue of greenbacks on the ground of necessity, but acknowledged that the necessity of not redeeming them in gold had ceased to exist; urged the opening of national banking *to all* who complied with the requirements of the law, and the issue of a new four per cent. loan both here and in Europe, to take the place of the present bonds, and to be deposited by the banks as security for the payment of their bills. Mr. Spinner treats the subject of resuming specie payments, as far as the Government is concerned, as one of will mainly, but we cannot help thinking that the supply of gold in the country has much to do with it, and that though it might be easy to begin paying in specie, it might not prove easy to keep on. But Mr. Spinner's letter is full of good sense and good feeling. We would rather, however, not hear him talk of lending money to the Government on patriotic or other sentimental grounds, because this gives the Butlers the idea that if they can show that a man lent money to the Government from purely selfish motives, the cutting down of his interest or principal is no sin.

There has been a good deal of speech-making during the week, the ablest and most solid and most useful of the campaign, thus far, being Senator Wilson's at Bangor. He performed in it very successfully the very difficult feat of giving his readers a condensed history of the secession movement, throwing out into strong relief the connection of the Democratic party with it, and sketching the plans and purposes of the Southern leaders, in a series of very light but very graphic strokes. One does not often read a more artistic piece of oratory for campaign purposes. Moreover, it has the merit of reading very well, and may therefore be made to do good service in print. Mr. Wilson's recent book doubtless prepared him for the effort, but even with the materials in his brain, there are not many men who could put them together on the platform so skilfully. The oratory of the canvass in general has thus far not been remarkably effective. There is in all of it that we have seen a little feebleness and uncertainty, owing to the differences within the party ranks about the public debt, and the soreness left by impeachment, so that nobody blows his trumpet with the full power of his lungs. Some of the leading party papers, too, rarely mention such champions as Trumbull and Fessenden without a sneer or malediction, and with this remarkable piece of tactics couple the equally remarkable device of praising to the skies General Butler—the great repudiator of the party platform. Of course, the "bawlers" of the party are not discouraged by this sort of thing, but the really earnest men who contribute its bone and sinew, are not encouraged by it. Considering that impeachment is no longer a part of the party policy, and that the maintenance of the public credit is a very important part of it, we would respectfully recommend that, as a matter of expediency, the depraved and guilty Seven be now let alone, and the representative of the Fifth Massachusetts district be allowed to travel as much as possible on his own merits.

Our readers may remember that when Mr. Washburne made the charges of having changed his name, and being a fugitive from justice, against Mr. Ignatius Donnelly, which drew from this last-named gentlemen his now celebrated outburst of blackguardism, there was a Congressional committee appointed to enquire into the truth of these charges. It reported, however, that since Mr. Donnelly's election to Congress it had detected no trace on his part either of a change of name or of a flight from the officers of the law, and that into his history before he became a member of the House it did not feel authorized to enquire. The matter then dropped, and from some expressions let fall by Mr. Donnelly we got the impression that he and Mr. Washburne had been reconciled. Since the Bingham-Butler reconciliation, we are, of course, prepared for any display of forgiveness on the part of Congressmen. It appears, however, that we were mistaken, and that the lofty natures of Messrs. Washburne and Donnelly are still rent by the old hates. Donnelly has just been treating his constituents to an account of his Congressional labors, which in many respects surpasses his famous Congressional speech, and reveals the same intense animosity to the Washburne family. This second effort makes Mr. Donnelly, beyond question, the champion ruffian of North America. If Brick Pomeroy is wise and enterprising, he will secure him as a "special contributor" for the *Democrat* at any price.

The difficulty the English liberals have—and will, we fear, continue to have for a long time to come—in acting with the Irish has just been well illustrated by the case of Mr. Mason Jones, who, though an Irishman by birth, has long been in political affiliation with the English radicals, and is a candidate for a seat in Parliament from Queen's County. But he is, like all English radicals, an opponent of the temporal power of the Pope, and a friend of Italian unity—so he has been summarily dismissed, the Italian question being a more vital one to the priests than any other question.

The women are going to make a determined effort to vote at the next election in England. The "National Society for Women's Suffrage" has issued a batch of instructions to claimants, accompanied by a form of claim. In several places women have already, through

accident, oversight, or peculiarities in local usage, succeeded in getting their names on the register, but the general question of the right of female rate-payers to vote under the act of 1867 remains to be determined, and it will probably be determined adversely. It seems pretty clear, judging from the list of candidates now before the public, that there will be no material change in the composition of the next House of Commons. The members will be largely the same as those of the last, and such new ones as come in will be drawn from the same classes. The *Economist*, whose political judgments are always amongst the soundest, urges, however, that though there may be no change in the *personnel* of the House, there will be a marked change in its spirit; that ever since the overthrow of the Confederacy, and the triumphant issue of the North from its troubles, the conviction has penetrated the minds of English politicians, deeper than mere argument could have driven it, that the burden of proof lies on those who are opposed to reforms, whereas, under the Palmerstonian régime, it rested on those who proposed them. Accordingly, the writer predicts sweeping legislative changes through the instrumentality of the very men who have hitherto preached rest and thankfulness. In connection with this prediction, the fact is worth attention that all the rising statesmen are men of the middle class, and that the aristocracy is for the first time in its history ceasing to produce a supply of first-class men for the leading positions in the government, the only aristocratic politician who can be said to be a competitor for the highest prizes being the Marquis of Huntington, who is, however, after all only a second-rate man.

The Trades Unionists have been meeting with rather rough treatment from the courts both here and in England during the last month. Eight bricklayers were convicted at White Plains, in this State, the other day, for conspiracy in refusing to allow one William Dawson to work at his trade, he not being a member of their Union. We spoke some time ago of the argument before the English Vice-Chancellor on an application for an injunction to restrain certain members of a trades union from issuing placards or other notices warning operatives not to work for a certain manufacturing company. The injunction has been granted. Since then a batch of masons have been convicted of conspiracy at Leeds, in England, for enticing or intimidating men into leaving the employment of a master builder against whom a strike was pending simply because he had his stones dressed at the quarry instead of carting them in the rough state six miles to the building, and thus seriously increasing the labor both of horses and men. All attempts on the part of workmen to increase the labor of production are offenses not only against their own class, but against civilization. If they have not sense enough to refrain from them, nobody can regret seeing them go to jail for committing them.

On the other hand, there are plenty of signs that the reign of folly and ignorance is coming, though slowly, to an end. Mr. Briggs, of the Briggs Colliery, of which we have so often spoken, has made another report, in which he speaks more warmly than ever of the success of his experiment of admitting workmen to a share in the profits. The "Free Labor Registration Society"—an association formed to assist men who wished to escape from the tyranny of the trades unions in getting employment—have made their first report, showing the result of six months' operations, from which it appears that they have obtained employment for upwards of 1,000 men in various trades. In what is called the "Black Country," in Warwickshire, a large population of nailers are reduced to the utmost misery, and the trade nearly destroyed, through a series of strikes. Four years ago the plate-lock makers at Wolverhampton, in the same region, finding themselves threatened by the masters with a reduction of wages, instead of striking, formed, with the assistance of John Stuart Mill and Tom Hughes, a co-operative association which has been perfectly successful, and is now likely to receive large reinforcements of members, owing to another threatened reduction in wages. In this city the eight-hour bricklayers are slowly going to the wall before the influx of non-union men from Canada and other places.

The *Lanterne* excitement continues in Paris. M. Rochefort has withdrawn, it is said, to Belgium in order to be able to continue the publication of his paper, which the Government has not, under the new law, the power of suppressing arbitrarily, though it may seize particular issues. He has now two separate condemnations, with a separate sentence of fine and imprisonment attached to each, and it is not at all likely he will be able to show his face in France again under the present régime. His prodigious success, pecuniary as well as political, has produced a host of imitations of the *Lanterne*, all of them servile. Five of these little pamphlets now lie before us: *Le Lampion*, *La Chandelle*, *La Petite Lanterne*, *La Veilleuse* (night-light), and *L'Eteignoir*, selling at various prices from five to two sous, and all attempting to treat the questions of the day in short paragraphs in the Rochefort manner, and all failing miserably. The lowest-priced one is coarse and indecent, and the others labored and dull.

Those who imagine that the Government will be restrained by the law, however, in its mode of putting down offenders against its peace and dignity, are likely to find themselves grievously mistaken. Meetings for the discussion of politics or any other subjects in private houses are allowed by law, if each person present comes with an invitation from the owner. Two "reunions" of this character were recently called by opposition candidates at Nîmes and Alais, and were at once pounced upon and dispersed by the police, in one case with the aid of the military and with great and unnecessary violence. The newspapers have remonstrated as warmly as they dare; but there is no legal remedy. Suits, either civil or criminal, cannot be instituted against any functionary, high or low, without the consent of the Government, and we need hardly say such suits are, therefore, unknown in France. The exasperation of the authorities is likely to be increased to the highest point by the triumph, by a large majority, in the Department of the Jura, of M. Grévy, the opposition candidate, whose election to the position of *bâtonnier* of the Paris bar we spoke of last week. This defeat has occurred, too, in a purely agricultural district, and is therefore alarming, as it shows that the peasantry are not so sound as was supposed.

The stories about the success of the new loan are somewhat conflicting. There has been every outward sign of great eagerness for it, the subscription-offices being adorned with large *queues*, stretching far into the street from morning till night, and the official papers say that thirty times the required amount (nearly $100,000,000) has been subscribed for. The rule of subscription was that every person applying for a share in the loan should deposit with his application the amount of annual interest he expected to draw from his investment, and this, if the stories of the total amount of the subscriptions be true, would have swelled the deposits in the Bank of France by some $120,000,000; whereas the balance, as published the day after the subscription-books were closed, only showed an increase of about $5,000,000, which has led the ill-natured to hint that there is "a lie somewhere." But there is no doubt the loan has gone off successfully; the exact amount subscribed for, over and above the sum needed, is not a point of any importance.

Count Cambray-Digny has succeeded in carrying through the Italian Parliament a measure authorizing him to farm out to a company the monopoly of tobacco-selling and cigar-making, which the Italian, as well as the French, Government reserves to itself. The Italian Government has, however, produced such abominable cigars that the smokers are pleased with the transfer, feeling that it may better and cannot worsen their condition. In France, on the other hand, the assumption by the Government of the task of providing cigars for the French people has had such happy results that every smoker blesses it. The tobacco is selected by its agents with the greatest care, and the manufacture of the cigars is conducted at various points with extraordinary skill and elaboration. Every step in the process is the result of scientific experiments, performed day by day and week by week, by scientific men assigned specially to the work and highly paid for it, and all of them pupils of the École Polytechnique. Mr. Jenckes will be glad to hear that since the manufacture was placed in charge of the graduates of this institution, frauds and peculation have totally ceased. "Blood," it is said, "tells," but it does not "tell" as training does.

## THE VALUE OF SOUTHERN DECLARATIONS.

Two hundred "influential citizens" of Charleston, S. C., have held a meeting and issued an address to the white people of the district, informing them, in substance, that the blacks have come to the conclusion that true happiness for the negro can only be found in "the most degrading vassalage of the white citizens of the State," and are "fired with a sentiment of hostility to the white population of the city and State," and prophesying that, unless "timely averted, the purposes of wicked men will be accomplished in deadly strife, and in the streets of the city scenes will be enacted which all good men will deplore." The document is written in what, considering the season at which it appears, may perhaps be called campaign English, and it is therefore impossible to say what its value is, either as an expression of feeling or as a description of a state of things actually existing. The account it gives of the sufferings of the whites and of the bad conduct of the blacks may have some truth in it, but the reader is furnished with so little means of guessing how much truth that he is almost driven into refusing it all credence whatever as the only safe course. What adds to his difficulty is that the picture the paper draws of white sufferings makes the advice to the whites to be "patient" and do nothing violent, with which it winds up, sound very like the famous admonition to the mob, on no account to nail the ears of the sheriff's officer to the pump.

No matter to what Southern source one turns for information as to the real condition, moral as well as physical, of the South, one finds one's self plunged in the same perplexity. It is not simply that the language of Southern speeches and articles is inflated, but the propositions they contain are in such direct opposition to familiar facts of Southern history that one could not believe them, even if the language in which they are stated were never so simple and direct. For instance, we find in the report of General Rosecrans's interviews with General Lee at the White Sulphur Springs, published by the Richmond *Whig*, that "as to Southern animosity to the negro, nothing could be further from the fact, and why should there be? Said he, there is no rivalry between the races, but a reciprocal interest, growing out of the fact that each is dependent on the other to a great extent," etc., etc. Now, whether General Lee actually said this or no makes little difference for the purpose of our argument. Southern men of his class are constantly saying it, and the newspapers keep repeating it, and it is such a clear evasion of the real question that, hearing it so often, one is almost driven to the conclusion that discussion with Southern men is useless, and that wild abuse of them, such as the Hunnicuts and Underwoods indulge in, is as good a way of dealing with them as any.

They are not enemies of the negro, it is true, provided the negro accepts their theory of his rightful condition. But looking at enmity in this way, it may be said with equal truth that nobody has any enemies. All any man has to do, in order to put an end to all hostility to him, is to accept the conclusions of those who do not like him as to the place he ought to occupy in society. A proud man, for instance, is disliked because he thinks he is superior to his neighbors, and lets it be known that he thinks it; but if he became very humble in his manner, and acted every day as if he was the inferior of everybody he met, his former enemies would soon get to love him, or at least cease to hate him. A close rich man is disliked, because people think he has acquired his wealth in an improper manner, and that the generous and kind-hearted would have his money if justice were done; so all he has to do to make everybody his friend is to divide his possessions amongst his neighbors, and leave himself poor and mean, as people think he deserves to be.

This same difficulty is at the bottom of most national antipathies. If Americans would frankly accept the English view of the American character, and of the part which Americans ought to play in the world, the English would like the Americans very much; or if the English could be got to see themselves as the Americans see them, warmer friends than the two nations would not be found on earth. So, also, the long-standing hatred between France and England has been due simply to the resolute refusal of each nation to adopt the other's view of its character, capacity, and rights. Cases of hatred, flowing from pure devilishness of disposition, are almost unknown in civilized life. So that when the Southerner tells us that he is the friend of the black man, he simply means that he is the friend of the black man as long as the black man remains in what he considers his proper place—that of the member of an inferior race, who is, for the benefit of his superiors, to be restrained and prevented from exerting all his faculties. In other words, the assertion is a mere quibble, and does not forward the discussion in the least.

The war arose out of the fact that the North and South held two widely different theories of society and government, and the existing strife and confusion is kept up by the fact that the South refuses to accept and apply the Northern theory as to the result of its defeat in the field; and yet in nearly everything the Southern press and orators say about their aims and intentions this fact is kept out of sight. The North finding, at the close of the war, that the South was unwilling to accept its social theory, applied the screw in the shape of negro enfranchisement and partial white disfranchisement. Now, this might be called, as the Southerners do call it, "reducing the Southern whites to 'vassalage,'" if it were done deliberately for the purpose of permanently degrading the whites; but it is done for precisely the same reason that cannon was used against the Southern armies in the war—to make them submit to the will of the stronger. To call it "vassalage," under these circumstances, is simply silly.

What we want from Southern orators and statesmen is a declaration of their feelings and intentions in language used in the same sense as that in which we use it. For instance, we want to know, from General Lee and others, not whether they are friends of the negro seen from their point of view, but are they his friends seen from our point of view? Are they willing to take him not as a black, but as an ignorant man of mercurial temperament, and lay aside, for the purposes of legislation, all their old theories as to his origin and destiny? To these questions no Southerner of prominence has, to our knowledge, ever given a definite answer. No Southern paper ever touches them in discussion. We are left to find out which theory most Southerners entertain, incidentally, by watching their conduct to the negro and listening to their talk amongst themselves about him. Everything we learn in this way makes it all but certain that the mass of the Southern people have not adopted—and will not, if they can help it, adopt—the Northern theory of society; and that their fair talk to us is due simply to their practice of using words in a sense of their own, differing from ours. Now, if they will say frankly, "Your social and political theory we will never adopt," they would not only do a manly thing, but would do much to clear the public mind on both sides of the line. Instead of this, they pretend to adopt it by a kind of equivocation.

What we know of the nature of the Southern view of the negro's place in society we learn not from the speeches of the Lees and Stephenses and Beauregards, but from the practice of the mass of the community, and the state papers of the governors and other public men; from the black codes of many of the States after the war; and from the actual legislation of Kentucky, which, not having been touched by the reconstruction process, gives us an idea of what would be done all over the South were it not for Radical intermeddling. There the negro is literally an outlaw, is dependent for life and limb on the humanity of any ruffian whom he chances to meet—his evidence against white men not being received in the courts, or, at all events, counting for nothing if it is received. Evidence of this kind, not being prepared, is worth volumes of addresses and conversations with distinguished Southern statesmen. There are, of course, the same things to be said against negro suffrage that are to be said against all voting on the part of ignorant men; but when you have said this you have not finished the argument. You have still to show how it would fare with the ignorant man if he were deprived of the right of voting. In highly civilized and highly organized communities like New and Old England, or France and Germany, where respect for life and property has become a habit of the popular mind, and where the law is executed with certainty and despatch, a non-elector may, and does, enjoy security and comfort. He does not impress his opinions or wishes on the policy of the state, but he is sure of justice in the courts and of the aid of the police against his enemies. He is not asked to rely on the pity, or even on the kindly feeling, of his neighbors for protection.

Now, no honest Southern man will pretend that the negro at the South will find the same justice and the same protection if left entirely in the hands of the Southern people that poor white men do. There is a prejudice against him at the South; there is contempt for him; and there is also a habit of showing prejudice and contempt by acts of violence which the courts are not ready to punish. On these points we do not need General Lee's opinion. We have the facts before us every day in the newspapers; and what we want to know of General Lee is not whether he loves the negro and wants peace, but whether he is willing to submit to the conditions imposed by the conquering party in the late war—one of which is the acceptance and embodiment in the law and practice of the land of the Northern theory of society and government.

## THE "NECESSITY" OF THE LEGAL TENDER ACT.

THE New York *Times* commented at some length on Monday last on our recent attempt to forecast the decision of the Supreme Court on the constitutionality of the Legal Tender Act. We must remind the *Times* that we have not argued the case, or tried to show what, as a matter of law, the court *ought* to decide. We have simply expressed an opinion as to what the decision of the court will be, and have endeavored to point out the probable effects of that decision on the business of the country. The *Times* does not, it is true, profess to answer us; but we may say that, had it done so, the only proper answer would have been the production of some special reason for believing that the court will decide differently from what we have predicted.

The *Times*, however, *does* give reasons for thinking that the court ought to sustain the law; but they will not, in our opinion, bear examination. It does not base the Legal Tender Act on the power to coin money, but simply on the *necessity* of the measure as a means of carrying on the war. Now, not only the Legal Tender Act, but anything whatever that Congress chose to do, might be justified under this construction. In other words, the argument is too strong. Congress being the sole judge of what is necessary for the defence of the national existence, it might wipe out at one blow all private debts, or, on this theory, send half the males to the field to fight, and put the other half to work under the lash to raise supplies. Such a measure might be justified on high grounds of necessity; but a court of law interpreting a constitution would not take cognizance of necessity of this kind.

The clause of the Constitution authorizing Congress to make "all laws necessary and proper" for carrying its powers into effect undoubtedly points to such measures as are not inconsistent with other parts of the Constitution, and which, in time of war for instance, will be *proximately* useful in the prosecution of the war. The obliteration of the governments of all loyal States might be remotely serviceable in the prosecution of hostilities, but no court would pronounce it "necessary" under the Constitution. Moreover, the Supreme Court has decided unanimously, in the Milligan case, that there are limits to constitutional necessity, by declaring that the President has no power to try men before military commissions in peaceful States, and a majority of the court, in an *obiter dictum*, declared that Congress did not possess this power either, while the minority claimed no such omnipotence for Congress as the *Times* does.

The argument of the *Times*, drawn from the probable consequences of the refusal of the Government to issue legal tender paper, if it proves anything, proves that in the absence of legal tender paper the war could not have been carried on without much greater popular discontent than it excited; but it does not prove or tend to prove that the war could not have been carried on at all without legal tender paper. The question was how much the people would bear. If the Government erred in thinking the people would not bear the struggle without paper money, we certainly have no right to find fault with it, because our wisdom comes after the event. But even if it was right on grounds of naked expediency in doing what it did at that time, it does not follow that we are right now in still adhering to its policy. It would be easy to produce several good reasons for believing that, had the Government issued its notes without making them legal tenders, their purchasing power would, on the average, have been as great as that of the greenbacks. We are not, let us repeat, blaming the Government for what it did. In judging it, we must not look at the problem it had to solve from the stand-point of September, 1868, but from that of September, 1861. We simply say that the constitutional "necessity" of the Legal Tender Act is not provable.

The main question in this controversy is, however, after all, Has not the Constitution *prohibited* the issue of paper money as legal tender? On this point, the argument of Judge Denio, in the New York Court of Appeals (1863), is to our mind unanswerable, and has not been answered. The gist of it is, that the control of private contracts is by the Constitution reserved to the States, and that they being prohibited from issuing paper money as a legal tender in payment of debts, there exists no power anywhere to do so. It is quite certain that the framers of the Constitution *believed* they had put a veto on paper legal tenders; and it is hardly likely they were mistaken. We do not know to what passage of Bowen's "Political Economy" it is that the *Times* refers when it says that he "declares that paper is the currency of all severe wars." But we must remind the *Times* that all he can correctly say on the subject is that paper *has been* the currency of *some* severe wars. If he has anywhere said more than this, he has fallen into a grievous error. Many very severe wars have been carried on with little currency of any kind, and that little metallic. Moreover, he knows of no case in which paper money was issued in a severe war by a government fighting under a written constitution, or existing in virtue of it. The kind of currency with which a war is carried on depends on the strength of the government, on its credit, its unscrupulousness, or the amount of popular confidence in it.

Political "necessity" means, of course, the highest public interest; and if this was a valid reason in 1861, in the eyes of a lawyer, for the issue of legal tender paper, it is now an equally valid reason for declaring paper to be no longer a legal tender. No matter on what plea you issue legal tender paper, the nature of the operation remains the same. It is essentially both a forced loan and an interference with contracts between individuals. The forced loan has been submitted to and its consequences are no longer perceptible. But the interference of Government with the obligation of contracts, and with the value of private property, continues as long as paper continues a legal tender. The value of every man's property, and the amount of his debts, may at present, as one of the effects of the Legal Tender Act, be altered arbitrarily and suddenly from day to day, every time a Cobb or a Butler can get forty or fifty demagogues to join him in an assault on the public credit, or every time a Banks or a Chandler chooses to meet the world in arms. If necessity, therefore, is now a valid consideration for either judge or statesman in regulating the currency, the greatest necessity of the day is that this thing should cease.

It is now more than three years since the war ended. We have been reducing our debt, buying territory, building railroads, sending holiday fleets to Europe, and living in luxury, but all attempts to get rid of the incubus of this inconvertible currency have failed. Nothing —absolutely nothing—has been done to remove this great national curse. Nay, to cap the climax, we are now, in the fourth year of peace, called on to discuss propositions to issue an unlimited quantity of it, and we find that it has exercised so injurious an influence on the popular imagination that there has been no difficulty in inducing a vast body of persons to approve of an attempt to use it in the perpetration of a gigantic swindle. When things have reached this pass, we may fairly say that necessity calls for a sharp and decisive remedy. We ourselves are, we confess, losing patience; we are ready to have any knife, be it that of Congress or of the courts, thrust into the tumor. It will certainly be a very painful operation, and will cause much suffering, but we shall enjoy good health afterwards. But we would not be misunderstood. We are not opposed to paper money, and especially not to Government paper money, but we want a paper money whose volume shall depend on the wants of the business community, and not on the votes of politicians.

## GENERAL BUTLER.

GENERAL BUTLER is just now a candidate for re-election to Congress from a Massachusetts district. There is a good deal of opposition to his nomination amongst very good Republicans on various grounds,

some personal and some political, and it has accordingly been felt necessary by several papers to undertake a more outspoken vindication of him than they have hitherto ventured upon or have felt to be necessary, and there are indications that he himself feels at present somewhat more strongly than usual the desirableness of standing well with the conscientious and scrupulous portion of the community. The mere fact that he is trying to get a Republican nomination in a State like Massachusetts is and ought to be considered an appeal to the moral and religious public to stamp his career with approval; and this being the case, his career becomes at once a legitimate subject for criticism. We propose to state, as fairly as we can—nothing extenuating, and setting down naught in malice—what, in our opinion, are the points which, in offering himself for re-election to Congress, he presents for the public judgment; and we consider the task all the more necessary, because every defence of him which has appeared studiously avoids meeting the real difficulties of his case, and treats the outcry against him as if it came from Secessionists and Democrats only, and were excited simply by his vigorous and peremptory, but otherwise legitimate and proper discharge of political duties. But this theory of the cause of his unpopularity will not hold water. The odium which surrounds his name, whether deserved or undeserved, is not confined to Secessionists or Democrats, or to any section of the United States, or to any particular party or class. We have seen many defences of him, both in the press and on the stump, but we have not yet met with a single Republican who spoke well of him privately, and we have tried the experiment in cases which close political sympathy, and even co-operation with him, made almost crucial. Moreover, although he has been harsh to the South, he has not been half as harsh as many other generals, whose names, whether at the South or North, are rarely mentioned by calm and intelligent men without praise. He inflicted no defeats on it, as Grant did; ravaged none of it, as Sheridan and Sherman did; and though he hanged a Southern blackguard, he did, in this, no more than nor as much as General Dix.

Nor will it do to ascribe his unpopularity to the severity of his administration at New Orleans. We have met, we might almost say, hundreds of good and wise men who admired and approved of *that* who neither admire nor approve of him. There is not the shadow of a doubt that any French, English, or Prussian general would, in Butler's place, not only have hanged Mumford, but half a dozen Mumfords. It was a righteous deed well done. Moreover, the order about the women was an ingenious, a merciful, and perfectly proper way of dealing with a disgusting nuisance. It was a device on which any foreign general would have been glad to hit; compared to the flogging of Madame de Maderspach, for instance, which did not exclude Haynau from the best circles in Europe, it was humane and civilized. And it justified itself, because it produced the desired effect without injury to anybody in mind, body, or reputation, and this is the best possible test of the value of penal legislation. The outcry raised against it at the time by the English and a portion of the Northern press was simply the product of the frenzy in which all things Northern were at the time judged. We hold, too, and we feel sure the enlightened public of every country holds that, in the main features of his rule at New Orleans, General Butler rendered a great service to civilization, because he afforded the world the now rare but always strengthening and edifying spectacle of force successfully employed in the diffusion of law, order, and health amongst a community demoralized and well-nigh ruined by its own vices. There could not have been a better place selected than New Orleans to show the ruffians of the continent that society was still too much for them, even in a trial of brute strength, and if General Butler was not the best man to select for the conduct of the experiment, it must be admitted that nobody could have performed it better.

Having said this, however, we have said all that an honest man can say in praise of his administration. The praise bestowed on him by the *Tribune*, of having paid all the expenses of the occupation of the city out of the pockets of the rebels, is not praise which the public of a Christian country can bestow till it knows how he levied the money. A Roman proconsul might have put this forward as a title to the applause of the senate or forum; but this government is not founded and administered on the same principles or with the same object as the Roman government. Therefore, when a general comes before us and says, "Your armies under my command have cost you nothing; they have lived on the enemy; I have a handsome balance still left to your credit," we have still to enquire whether, supposing the levying of the contribution to have been just under the laws of war, it was collected by clean hands and on equitable principles—whether, in the levying of it, pains were taken to avoid the gratification of personal greed, malignity, and cruelty. On this point no clear and satisfactory evidence has ever been offered to the public by General Butler or any of his friends. We put Mr. Parton's "Life" of him aside, inasmuch as the circumstances under which it was written, the tone of it, and Mr. Parton's apparent want of familiarity with the nature and force of proof, give it no claim to consideration as anything better than a eulogy. An official report on General Butler's administration was made to the Government by competent lawyers, but it never saw the light. He himself ought to have clamored for its publication. He has never done so, in spite of the incessant and shocking charges made against him.

The present writer has had occasion to make enquiries on several occasions as to the truth of some of these charges, and he made these enquiries of persons whose official relations with General Butler were such as to give them ample opportunities of detecting anything like peculation or pecuniary malfeasance on his part. We are bound to say that we never lighted on the slightest trace of proof against him personally and directly. We believe, therefore, the charges of "theft" so freely made against him to be unfounded. We do not believe, either, that they have made any impression on the mind of any candid man. But, on the other hand, numerous competent witnesses testify that his brother was in New Orleans during the greater part of his administration; that this brother was a man whose antecedents and character were bad; and that he did use, night and day, the facilities which his relationship and constant intercourse with the commanding general gave him to perpetrate various frauds and jobs and violations of regulations for his own private benefit; and that in the doing of these things he accumulated a large fortune, which, at his death, he bequeathed to the general. What the public refuses to believe about this is, that so shrewd an observer as the general did not know what the brother was about; and what disgusts it is, that he should not have sent him out of the department, at least when his performances began to create scandal. A man of the nicest sense of honor would, of course, not have waited for the scandal.

What aggravates the unfavorable impression left by the New Orleans episode in General Butler's career is his reputation at the bar before the war broke out. Whether justly or unjustly acquired, it was that of an unscrupulous practitioner. His professional brethren and the public of his own State certainly had no reason to doubt his ability. They say they had every reason to doubt the delicacy of his moral fibre. His military career did nothing, unfortunately, to upset the unfavorable presumption thus created. The qualities he displayed from the day he began to raise troops till the day he left the service were those which everybody knew he possessed—quickness, vigor, determination, courage of a certain sort, acuteness, and readiness; but he did nothing to prove that people had been mistaken about his moral constitution. His most famous stroke, the application of the term "contraband" to runaway slaves, was, curiously enough, simply a cunning device for getting rid of the real difficulty by the dexterous perversion of a legal term. He had hardly arrived at Fortress Monroe, too, when he began to disorganize the medical service of the hospitals by his favoritism, until the Sanitary Commission had to apply to the President to put a stop to it.

Moreover, he has, during his two years' service in Congress, done nothing to rehabilitate himself. He became the leading champion of impeachment, which was a perfectly legitimate vocation; but he brought arts and manners to the conduct of the process which had disgusted the refined and intelligent and conscientious portion of the community with it before it was half over. The investigation, too, into the alleged corruption of the senators with which he charged himself, was really an exhibition of great contempt, not only for juridical principles, but

for common decency. We know some newspapers pretend not to believe this, but no intelligent man denies it in a private room. Curiously enough, too, as every observer of Congressional proceedings will have noticed, whenever he has taken an active part in the work of legislation, it has never been for the furtherance or support of any great reform, but invariably for the execution of some sharp scheme of doubtful morality, for somebody's detriment or annoyance.

In the meantime, the charges of personal dishonesty against him grow louder; the number of persons who are convinced of his want of principle grows larger; his evil fame has overspread the civilized world—the burden of the odium which rests on him increasing as it is diffused. Any other man, we suppose we might say, would long ago have been killed by it. He ought to have been killed by it, or have met the charges against him and refuted them. He has no right to say that he does not care for them. There are only two cases in which a man has a right to show indifference to his personal reputation in the community in which he lives. One is, when his standard of morality differs from that of the community, as in the case of a civilized man living amongst barbarians; the other is when, although innocent, he is deprived by circumstances of the means of proving his innocence. In the first of these cases, even a good man need not care; in the second, he may be careless if he can. But as long as the world believes a man infamous, and he has the means of showing that he is not, he owes it not only to his Creator, but to the highest interests of the society in which he lives, to give himself no rest till he has vindicated himself. The man who, with the means of vindication within his reach, refuses to use them, and not only sits down in hardened indifference to the opinion of his fellows, but asks them to clothe him with official rank, is a moral monster.

General Butler ought never to have sought office or any position of prominence, after leaving the army, without bringing his accusers either before a court of enquiry or a court of law. He has steadily refused or neglected to do so, and is now trying to make slipshod paragraphs in party newspapers do the work of the solemn judgment of a properly constituted tribunal. But this will not or ought not to succeed. The countenance which his indifference to his reputation receives from many good men is a startling proof of the relaxed state of public opinion in some quarters; his re-election by a Massachusetts district, of all places in the world, would be a real public calamity.

## A WORD WITH PROSPECTIVE AMBASSADORS.

WHILE the whole subject of the Civil Service is now attracting public attention, if the Diplomatic Service has attracted less than other branches it is not because it is less important, but because it is more out of sight. But though not much talked of at this moment, it is in reality the subject of serious consideration to a very large body of gentlemen who are taking part in the canvass either on the stump or in the newspapers, and who expect to be rewarded with "missions" or consulships. For their benefit we make the following observations, which are the results of some knowledge of our legations abroad, of much conversation upon the subject with intelligent Americans who have travelled extensively in Europe, and of a comparison between our diplomatic service and that of other nations. We need hardly say that they touch the system and its organization, and not upon the gentlemen now employed in it, who, it is generally admitted, are above the average of the quarter of a century preceding the advent of Mr. Lincoln's administration. Indeed, the words system and organization are misnomers when applied to a service conducted as ours is, and it is wonderful—perhaps the only thing to be said in its favor—that its results have not compelled a reformation of it long since.

To begin with the appointments. There is no branch of the American civil service to which the American system of appointments is less adapted or to which it is more injurious. In this case the degrading and demoralizing doctrine, "To the victors belong the spoils," is not really so bad as the attendant and inveterate practice of distributing the spoils for supposed partisan services, and according to supposed "claims" of persons and localities, with little or no regard to qualifications. Other governments make diplomacy a profession, a career—with good behavior, a life office—just as we do of the regular navy, the regular army, and the judiciary.

In this practice other governments have been sustained by experience; and it is curious and instructive that the idea of making diplomacy a permanent career originated about the same time that the idea was abandoned that the biggest knave and the shrewdest liar was the best diplomat; and it becomes firmer established the more diplomacy ceases to be a mere trick and becomes a veritable business. And when we consider the vast and varied acquirements needed to make a man a really good diplomat—law, languages, history, especially of negotiations and treaties, the interrelations of the modern family of states; and those smaller, but very useful, qualities and accomplishments that give a man personal influence in society (personal influence being a tremendous diplomatic as well as political power)—we shall perceive the reasons why other nations require a man to have certain qualifications to begin the career in its lowest grades, as attaché or unpaid secretary; and why, having found a man fit for it, they keep him in it, instead of turning him out about the time he has learned his business to put in another new man, destined to go through the same process of learning and being turned out.

Appointments should be much more carefully made. No man should be appointed merely because he is "strongly recommended," as those who recommend often do not know, and seldom take the trouble to enquire, what qualities are needed in the positions for which they recommend those who have been zealous, perhaps useful, in local politics. If the applicant has seen diplomatic service, so much the better; if not, he should know the world and society as well as he conveniently may without foreign travel. The more foreign languages he knows, the better for him and his government, but he should be required to know French. We would not require that he should speak it in Parisian style, but that he should be able to express himself intelligibly in conversation; would not require that he should write it with critical accuracy, but that he should read it with ease to himself and translate it with promptness and accuracy for his government. Then when he receives an official communication in that language from the government to which he stands accredited, he will not have to take some unknown foreigner into his confidence and service to translate for him. Once let it be known that a man has to do this, and his correspondence is at the command of any government which deems it worth paying for. It is believed that ours is the only diplomatic service in which this has ever happened; and it has happened, in times past, oftener than would bear telling.

He should be a good lawyer; especially should he know international law, maritime law, the rights of legations, the laws of war, the whole system of sea law, embracing blockade and prize law, and should show a reasonable acquaintance with the great negotiations, congresses, and treaties from Westphalia down. Much of the learning on these subjects cannot be found, so far as the writer knows, in the English language.

Being in office, his course in politics ought to be conformed in some degree to a correct standard of judicial-political propriety, *not* modelled or measured after the Chase pattern. He should neither be required to renounce the interest or the freedom of a free citizen of a free republic, nor encouraged to be constantly fidgetting his political "views" and his "position" before the public. He should be encouraged to hope for permanence in office, and for promotion in the service, just in proportion as his own discharge of duty is able, skilful, and faithful, considered in connection with his present grade and the length of past service. He should have removed from his contemplation the degrading spectacle of a basketful of bloody heads rushing at him for his own at every turn and whiff of the political breeze. It either makes him a coward and a time-server or renders him stolidly indifferent to the discharge of duty. What incitement has a man so situated to the close study of the politics, the manners, the commercial interests, the political growths, the alliances, and the national animosities of the people among whom he lives, and for making clear and compact statements of these in his despatches to his own Government?

He ought either to have a larger annual salary or to have both an outfit and an infit. It may be stated, as a general rule, that American diplomats either do not live and move and socially reciprocate as would be advantageous to their Government, or, if they do, they lose money at it. The British diplomat has an outfit to begin with, which the American has not; he has an outfit every time he is changed to another post, which the American has not—indeed, the latter is seldom changed except when unceremoniously jerked home; he has an infit when he retires, which the American has not; after a certain length of service and permanent retirement he has a pension, which the American does not ask for; while in office he has from two to four times the help to do the work of the legation, and he has the reward of promotion constantly held up to him, which the American has not. These are very great advantages. When to these we add that while in office his annual pay is about three times as large as that of his American colleague, and his grade of office always higher, we can estimate the pecuniary difference between the two positions

The French and Russians are but little behind the English, while the Prussians, Austrians, and much smaller powers are far in advance of the Americans. There is no question of pride in the case, and the question of justice to our diplomats is a minor consideration. The question is, Which system will command the best services, and give us the greatest influence in those quarters where we often sadly need it?

An American diplomat is under the necessity either of staying out of society, which would injure both himself and his Government, or of constantly accepting hospitalities with no power to reciprocate them. So far from the present scale of pay being in harmony with our institutions, it is directly the contrary, because it either weakens that branch of the public service, while the natural and healthful tendency of democracy is to invigorate the whole public administration, or it practically attaches a property qualification to the office by driving competent poor men out of it. The notion that living is much cheaper in Europe than in the United States is either an exploded error or—what is more probable—emigration, steam, commerce, and political emancipation in Europe have brought the two continents very nearly to a level, though the tradition of the former difference survives this change. Without considering the disadvantage of breaking up a man's business at home, the cost of moving his family to Europe and getting properly established is immense. One minister, it is known to the writer, declares that he fared much better at Washington on $3,000 per year and mileage, with greenbacks at 140 to 280, than he does in diplomacy on nearly twice the amount paid, as it is, in gold. An instructive anecdote is told of another, who gets $12,000 a year, that as a senator he had been the quickest and the most determined in opposition to all motions for putting our diplomatic service on an equal footing with that of other nations, while as a minister he was the first and most earnest to complain that he could not live on his salary. This is not repeated here for any purpose of reflection or ridicule, but for exactly the opposite purpose. It is mentioned to show the justice of his present complaint, and the little care that is taken to understand the matter at Washington.

All the great powers—England, France, Russia, Prussia, Austria—understand the elements and means of diplomatic influence, and it is no disparagement of our representatives abroad to admit that they usually beat us in every court in Europe. If we beat them with the republics of this hemisphere, it is our institutions rather than the efficient organization of our diplomacy which gives us the predominance here. In Europe we not only lack the influence of our institutions, but they are in some degree a weight we have to carry. After all that is said about progress, liberalism, and the nineteenth century (to say nothing of the uniform "distinguished consideration" met with in diplomacy), the practical business truth is that there is no predisposing political love for us in the political and official atmosphere of Europe. There our diplomatic representatives are looked upon not exactly as interlopers, but as having no "carrière;" as being clever, possibly great men, but as having little or no professional standing; as being temporarily installed into the service under the execrable spoils theory, the fleeting representative of a system of politics at best not popular with those over whom we seek to have an influence. Who cares what he says, even in matters affecting the interests of his own government, whom the next elections at home, turning on questions he never discusses, and which nobody in Europe cares for or understands, may prove to have been wholly unworthy of confidence or respect—only fit to be recalled at the earliest possible moment after the outs have become the ins?

When distinguished Americans, of world-wide reputation—statesmen, military and naval officers, authors, savans—visit Europe, they would return with an increased capacity for the public service if, while abroad, they had seen something of the inner social, intellectual, political, official, literary, and scientific life of that little continent which, from the budding of the Greek mind to the landing on Plymouth Rock, was the seat of the world's brains. Murray's and Harper's guide-books (very good in their place) do not introduce Americans or show them the road to this great study. Fussy, chattering guides, couriers, and hotel commissionaires will show the finest galleries, the oldest churches, the biggest battle-grounds, the most splendid streets, etc., etc.; but they cannot show a studious American what is most valuable—they cannot show him living Europe. To nine of ten Americans the legation is the only access. But they find their minister unable—pecuniarily unable—to bring them in contact with foreigners of their own calibre and standing in the usual and useful way of doing such things; and they even find him a little sensitive about presenting them to such, because he cannot possibly reciprocate the attention that would be certain to be shown them. The ready answer to all this is, that it is not democratic—it is not plain republicanism. We have our institutions and our *ideas*, and our manners and our official salaries must conform themselves to these. Certainly, if we can only agree about it. Democracy needs to be intelligent to be successful. Once successful, it makes more powerful men and more powerful nations than any other system. Democracy elevates the masses, and those masses should demand that, while they are so far in advance of the masses of other nations, their chosen servants and representatives should be placed on a par with those of other systems. This is the social-political view of the matter. The business-political view is that diplomacy—the whole theory of diplomatic representation—is receiving the impress of the age, is being reduced very much to a business affair. Then, to pay, it must succeed. But our republican ideas are not the ideas of all the world yet; we do not advance them by officially and officiously parading them; and it is a mistake to suppose that a meanly-kept legation is the way to convert the world.

The material truth here is, that under all political forms "human nature is the same;" and David Crockett, a prince of a fellow in his way, once said that there was a good deal of human nature in man. Then the true idea at the bottom of the whole matter is neither royalty, nor aristocracy, nor republican plainness. It is human nature the world over to have respect for and to be influenced by good manners, cultivation, social parts, and a gentlemanly dispensation of an intellectual hospitality. There is no country in the world where this is better understood or more practised than in the United States. And yet a people which understands life and human nature quite as well as any other, and at home bestows its hospitality more lavishly than any other, and with all this believes in its democracy and is justly proud of its democracy, will send ministers resident to courts where third and fourth-rate monarchies send their envoys extraordinary and ministers plenipotentiary—is content that its diplomats shall live on mean streets and in third-rate houses, keeps them on a scale of pay that was fixed when living in Europe cost about one-half what it does now, and will have them walk when others ride, or ride in greasy street-cabs when others ride in their own carriages. The Government, properly enough, if it would only be consistent, enjoins upon them the duty and advantage of being on good social relations with their colleagues of the diplomatic corps, and with the chief persons and officials of the government to which they stand accredited (which, in plain English, means to eat their salt and drink their wine), and yet does not enable them ever to employ, from our own side, such undoubted means of influence and information without stopping to count how big a hole each dinner will knock out of their private estates. All this is done in the name of republicanism, democracy, and economy. It is a reproach and an injury to all three.

"Oh, yes! I see. U. S. legations are to be made U. S. hotels, where insolent European aristocrats and rich American flunkeys and snobs travelling abroad are to meet and drink champagne and eat venison at the expense of the U. S. Government. That's it. I see. Certainly very nice—for some people."

Perhaps you do see it. But we think you do not. On the contrary, we think the remark, besides showing your vulgarity and ill-nature, shows that you don't understand the subject, and that no argument would do you any good. This is, perhaps, a little blunt; but then—it was intended to be so. If there are candid, well-informed people who doubt the policy here advocated, let Congress or the Department of State prepare a suitable schedule of questions about the American diplomatic service to be submitted for answers by an officer of the New York Custom House to the numerous Americans returning from a tour through Europe during the months of autumn—at least to all who know the difference between a minister and a guide; all who, abroad, know the difference between hurried, eye-strained sight-seeing and intelligent travelling; to all who, at home, know the difference between coarse epithets and enlightened democracy—and the answers will surely result in a thorough reform of our diplomatic system. But such a commission must not be expected to convince "war-horse" politicians, or those newspapers whose daily employment is to illustrate what Bentham once called "bawling on paper."

# Correspondence.

## THE BALLOT AS A PANACEA.

To the Editor of the Nation:

With your permission, I desire to take serious exception to the second editorial article in your impression of the 27th inst. You approve of the action of the Alabama Legislature, because you think there are good grounds to fear that any popular election in that State next fall will be a farce, and that voters of the majority, being in fear of their lives, will submit to a minority threatening violence. Now, it strikes me that if this

is true, it is a good reason for abolishing the Republican party. When that party first proposed to confer the suffrage on the freedmen, the grave objections which could with justice be urged against so sweeping a project admitted of but one sufficient answer—the answer which embodies the creed of the English and I hope, of the American Liberals. The burden of our side of the argument has been, that if you give a man the right to elect his rulers, you give him all the protection which he can demand from the state, and that everything else is in his own hands. We have maintained over and over again, and no one has done so more frequently or more clearly than Mr. Wendell Phillips, that there was no necessity for educating the colored man before transforming him into a voter, because when a man is once a voter it is the interest of the whole community to give him an education and every other advantage which he can desire, and because rival parties would outbid each other in the inducements which they would offer to the newly enfranchised. And although men of intelligence and moderation never pretended to suppose that the suffrage in itself was a panacea for all political and social ills, they did suppose that it was a sufficient bulwark against the aggressions of the late Southern oligarchies, more especially in those States in which the colored voters largely preponderate. But now comes the most conscientious and candid Republican journal and complains that these new voters, who are in the proportion of at least two to one, are afraid to vote; are afraid to go to the polls; and, what is most extraordinary, that the *disfranchised citizens* are going to decide the elections. It would appear, then, that it is not enough to give the negro the ballot; after giving him that you must give him also a U. S. marine, or perhaps a corporal's guard, to go with him to the polls. If that is so, Mr. Editor, if the majority is afraid of the minority, why should not the minority rule? The great problem which has engrossed all writers on popular governments has been how to protect the minority against encroachments on its rights by the majority. To this end are framed the rules of parliamentary debate, to this end Mr. Hare wrote a thick book, and Mr. Dudley Field petitioned the late Constitutional Convention; but it seems that in the Southern States the conditions of the problem are reversed, and it is the majority that requires to be protected against the minority.

My second objection is that you defend a questionable measure because good consequences are likely to flow from it. A legislature confers powers on itself which it did not possess when it was elected. Can any measure be more subversive? Can any precedent be more dangerous? Can any consideration justify such a reckless proceeding? The leaders of the Republican party seem to forget that the time may come when that party may be under a cloud, as it has been, and when the tactics which it has invented and sanctioned may be turned against itself. They seem to have no faith in their own doctrines, for as soon as they meet with an obstacle, they turn back and look for some new road to victory, instead of fighting it out on that line. Hence all their temporary expedients, which partially drive away one scarecrow, and at the same time conjure up a half-dozen new ones.

In my humble opinion, Governor Smith has shown himself the superior of this class of politicians, and has given evidence that he possesses foresight, judgment, and *principle*. Yours respectfully,

A. T.

New York, Aug. 30, 1868.

[*We* have never believed or argued that the ballot would *at once* furnish the negro all the protection he needs. On the contrary, we have filled pages with attempts to show that it would not do so, and that the first requisite of Southern society was the maintenance of order until the dominant race had acquired the *habit* of submission to the law. The ballot does not immediately make a man either learned, virtuous, or bullet-proof; but neither does education. It would be just as sensible, however, to withhold it for this reason from the weak, as to close the school-houses against the ignorant. Moreover, the coming election will take place under peculiar circumstances, and therefore may need peculiar safeguards, because the Southern whites intend to decide by it, if possible, that negroes shall not have the ballot at all. If it goes against these whites, we believe they will submit, and that at the next election they will be peaceable enough. The fact that "the majority is afraid of the minority," we do not consider a sufficient reason for the minority ruling—naked fear not being a legitimate basis of authority, though influence and respect, combined with fear, may be; and the history of political progress is simply the history of attempts on the part of the majority to get rid of the rule of minorities, who had lost all claim to authority except the capacity of inspiring terror. Southern Legislatures which elect Presidential electors will not usurp any power. They have the power under the United States Constitution; and if they use it we hope it will be with the view of securing thereby a real expression of the will of the legal voters.—Ed. Nation.]

## THE NEW SCHOOL-BILL IN LOUISIANA.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Your issue for August 20 contains strictures upon a proposed law relating to education in the State of Louisiana, drafted by Mr. T. W. Conway, the present superintendent. Your objections are to the "extraordinary powers" which it is proposed to grant to the State Superintendent in the matter of appointing deputies, and deciding, without appeal, all controversies or disputes arising under the law; and to the provision "making the association of black and white children a necessary prerequisite to any child's getting an education of any sort."

The general school law of the State of New York provides (secs. 2 and 5, title 1) that the State Superintendent of Public Instruction "shall appoint a deputy," . . . "and so many clerks as he may deem necessary." . . . Title 12 of the same act gives him, specifically, jurisdiction to hear and decide appeals from the decision of local school officers and school meetings, and in general terms gives him jurisdiction of all cases which may possibly arise under the general act, "or any other act relating to public instruction." The same title further declares that the decision of the superintendent "shall be final and conclusive, and not subject to question or review in any place or court whatever."

This has been the law of our State since 1830 (see chap. 320, Session Laws of that year), and under it hundreds of cases are annually disposed of in a summary manner, which otherwise might be dragging out lengthy and expensive lives in the courts of law.

Similar provisions of law are in force in Pennsylvania, Ohio, Wisconsin, Iowa, and doubtless in other Northern States, so that that provision in the proposed act for Louisiana would seem to be neither new nor extraordinary.

I have not seen the draft of the act which you criticise, and so am incapacitated from judging of the merits of the second section to which you refer—that relating to the association of black and white children in the school room. That section may have been drawn in such a manner as to render it peculiarly offensive, though I think it more probable that the offence consists in what it is proposed to accomplish. I desire, however, to call your attention to our own School Act (section 39, title 7), which provides that "common schools in the several districts of this State shall be free to all persons over five and under twenty-one years of age residing in the district." . . . The condition of things in Louisiana is not, of course, precisely that of things in New York, and it does not follow that it would be wise to abolish all social distinctions in the schools of the former State, because such a course has been pursued in the latter. Yet the prejudices of race are not weak in New York.

In Louisiana the negroes represent political power. Certain persons of their race are members of the Legislature; a majority of the members of that body owe their election to negro votes. Under such circumstances, would it be reasonable to suppose that the Legislature would look with favor upon an act relating to public education which should continue to regard white children as a class entitled to special privileges in the common schools? A. A. Keyes.

Dept. of Public Instruction, Albany, August 22, 1868.

[When commenting on Mr. Conway's bill we had before us a brief digest of it which was copied, if we remember right, from some New Orleans paper into one of our Northern papers. After stating that the Louisiana superintendent was to be clothed with all the powers with which, as our correspondent says, most State superintendents in the North are invested, the digest went on to say—and we quoted its own language—that in the case of the Louisiana superintendent the proposed law "also invests him with other extraordinary powers." But our chief objection was made against that section of the bill which, if we are not misinformed, compels all children in the State to attend the public schools, which are, of course, thrown open equally to whites and blacks. Here in New York we throw the schools open to all, but after they are thrown open we do not force Mr. Keyes's children, for instance, into them, and thus into companionship with scholars for whom Mr. Keyes—unreasonably it may be, or it may be very reasonably—has so strong a dislike that he would rather see his boys half-

educated or not educated at all than see them attend the school where the objects of his aversion are to be found.

It may be natural that the colored people of Louisiana, having political power in their hands, should seek to use it for the purpose of bringing about a state of complete equality in social matters. Natural or not, it is not the less mistaken; and neither Mr. Conway nor anybody else is to be commended for encouraging such a course of action. The matter is a practical one; abstract politics have nothing to do with it; the thing that ought to be aimed at by every friend of freedom and of the elevation of the colored race in Louisiana is the education and enlightenment of all her young people—white and black. Give the two races separate schools, or give them leave to attend separate schools even although you make—as you may and should—the State schools perfectly free, no more the property of the one race than of the other, and you take, as it seems to us, effectual measures to bring about the condition we all desire. To take any other course is, as we believe we have said before and as any one can see, to intensify class differences, to endanger the security of the political foundations of the new State, and to postpone the day when all Louisianians alike shall be as well educated as a republican citizen ought to be. We should like to believe Mr. Conway a valuable worker in this cause.—Ed. Nation.]

# Notes.

## LITERARY.

"Smoked Glass" is the title given to his new book by Mr. R. H. Newell ("Orpheus C. Kerr"), whose publishers are Messrs. G. W. Carleton & Co. The same house will issue a work by H. R. Helper, who, undeterred by the fate of "Nojoque," has written "The Negroes in Negroland, the Negroes in America, and Negroes Generally." "Salad for the Solitary" will be remembered by its title, though its contents were not recollectable. The author of that book, Mr. Frederick Saunders, announces as in Messrs. Carleton & Co.'s press a new book, "Woman, Love, and Marriage;" and some anonymous author will publish "The Philosopher of Foufouville, a rich satirical burlesque," Mr. Carleton says, "upon Fourierism, Socialism, and other popular *isms* of the day."——Messrs. Eyre & Spottiswoode announce that they have made Messrs. Pott & Amery their exclusive agents in this country for the sale of Bibles and Prayer-books. Debts due to Eyre & Spottiswoode may be paid in at the new agency.

—We have received the first number of a magazine which is not without a good deal of interest of a painful sort, and which bids fair to be of very considerable value to the officers of the law. It is called the *Detective's Manual and Officer's Guide*, and is edited by detective officers. The number before us begins with a photographed "Rogues' Gallery" containing sixteen pictures, which look as if they might be very good ones, of persons "wanted" for various offences. There are likenesses of two murderers, of two "cracksmen," of one incendiary, one defaulter, one forger, one shoplifter, several "confidence men," one "confidence woman," and some other criminals. Weakness is the prevailing trait—if that can be called a trait—of character shown in the portraits; all these persons, except the burglars, appear to be men and women of natural parts inferior to those of the average decent member of society. Next after the "Rogues' Gallery" comes an abstract of legal decisions and opinions as to arrest—as to what constitutes an arrest, who are exempt from it, when it may be made without a warrant, and so forth. "Terms Used by Rogues" is the beginning of a vocabulary of thieves' slang, which is so prepared as to lead one to suppose that the guardians of the public peace are not very eager for etymological knowledge, but rather are solicitous merely of a conversational acquaintance with the only live Latin of our day. "To Abraham" a fellow-creature is, we learn, to deceive him; an "Adam" or an "Albert" is a chum or accomplice; "an active citizen" is the cant name for a certain parasitic insect; "air and exercise" is working at Sing Sing or at Blackwell's Island, in the quarry; "apples and pears" are stairs; to be "autumed" is to be married, the male and female parties to the contract being respectively an "autum cove" and an "autum cackler"; the "autum cackler," being bereaved of her husband, becomes "an ace of spades"—that being what a widow is styled in the slang dictionary; "an autum bawler" is the best name that is given to a clergyman. "Men Wanted—Property Stolen" is the heading of the next article. A specimen of its contents—a specimen of more than common readability—is the following description of a man for whose arrest the chief of the Western State Detective Police offers $250 reward:

"A man by the name of J. W. Youmans, a physician, is travelling from place to place and practising medicine. He is guilty of murder. He is about fifty-five or sixty years of age; is about 5 feet 11 inches high; full features; square, broad shoulders; dark auburn hair, inclined to curl, and is slightly grey. There may be one or two moles on his face, and also some blotches or dimples, making the face look rough. Has a deep-set grey eye; has a dent or dimple on the chin; is somewhat stoop-shouldered; has good front teeth; legs rather short; will weigh from 165 to 175 pounds; goes considerably with his hands in pockets; his hair is very thin on the temples and scalp; has a habit of clearing up, or coughing to clear his throat; looks like a strong man; has a habit of putting his thumbs in his vest and swelling himself out, and throwing himself back in a very pompous manner; sometimes goes with his head down, but when in good humor will throw his hat back in a very peculiar manner; chews plug tobacco, and after taking a chew will keep spitting for a short time; takes large chews, and is very dirty about his mouth; drinks whiskey and talks very loud; is a great story-teller, and is vulgar in language; likes women's company; sometimes wears a ring on one small finger. Has lived in McLean, Logan, and Livingston Counties, Illinois, and also in Missouri. Was born in Bourbon County, Kentucky. He is now travelling under disguise, and has sometimes his hair colored, and pretends to be lame, and will walk in a stooping manner. He will try to bluff any officer who may arrest him, and will deny having ever been in this State."

The rest of the magazine is filled up with some remarks about counterfeiting, and how to discover the ungenuineness of certain specified and described bills and notes now in circulation; with instructions to patrolmen and detectives as to their rights and duties; with directions for restoring to consciousness persons apparently drowned or suffocated or stricken with apoplexy; with a list of all sheriffs in the Union, and other kindred matters. As we have said, the new periodical is not devoid of general interest, and it must be of value to men employed in the police service. Springfield, Massachusetts, is the place of publication.

—The *Pall Mall Gazette* has unearthed a poem called the "Gospel Railroad," published in the *Christian Sentinel*, a paper designed, as its name indicates, to be read by the soldiers in barracks. These two stanzas are a fair sample of it:

"At Sin-hate door all take a ticket
To show the porter at the wicket;
No money are they called to pay,
Since Jesus did its price defray.

"The carriage by the Saviour reared
With rushing sound is ever heard,
As swift are drawn to Zion's station
Travellers of every rank and nation."

This is nonsensical enough, to be sure, and bad in other ways, but as regards the pulling down of lofty things and the inculcation of false and degrading religious conceptions, it must yield to a little hymn which, it is a pity to say, was widely popular in this country a few years ago. It begins thus:

"I have a never-failing bank,
A more than golden store;
No earthly bank is half so rich—
Now, then, can I be poor?"

In further development of this pleasing metaphor we have verses like these:

"I know my bank will never break—
No, it can never fail;
The firm—three persons in one God,
Jehovah—Lord of all.

. . . . . .

"The leper had a little note—
Lord, if Thou wilt, Thou can;
The banker cashed this little note
And healed this sickly man.

. . . . . .

"But see the wretched, dying thief
Hang by the Banker's side;
He cried, 'Dear Lord, remember me,'
And got his cash—and died."

The work in which we find these stanzas is still in use among us, and in 1860 had reached its twenty-third thousand.

—The July number of Dr. Hammond's *Quarterly Journal of Psychological Medicine* is but just out, the magazine having passed into new hands since the last quarter. D. Appleton & Co. are the present publishers. The Appletons are the only great publishers who hitherto have not been owners of some sort of a periodical to be used as a vehicle for the owner's advertisements. Their *Railway Guide* might very well have been so used, but, if we remember right, it has not been so used to any great extent. The *Quarterly Journal* will partly or wholly perform this office for its new owners, and it is likely that we may hear no more of the rumor that Messrs. Appleton are about to put a new monthly magazine on our already overburdened market. It would, however, be matter of rejoicing if they, with their facilities for the widest advertising and their pecuniary resources, would enter the field of periodical literature with a good magazine, and kill two or three of the things which are now educating people into inanity. The *Quar-*

*terly Journal of Psychological Medicine and Medical Jurisprudence*—we wish its new owners had made a new name for it—we always read with a good deal of pleasure. We suppose there are not in the whole range of science any subjects so interesting to the tolerably thoughtful general reader as those offered to his contemplation by medical science. Let alone the interest that he naturally takes in studies whose object it is to abolish or diminish pain and to lengthen human life; let alone his natural curiosity as regards his own bodily composition, and the dangers to which as a being of flesh and blood he is always exposed; leave unconsidered the pleasure he must get from seeing plainly, as the observer of medical science does see, that gradually man is to put under his feet the evils that beset his body; leave unconsidered, too, the gratification got from shrewd argumentation upon ingenious theories and facts closely observed and accurately weighed; leave aside all these elements of interest, and psychological medicine—physiological psychology—still commands the most earnest attention. Upon philosophy and religion it exerts a great and a constantly increasing influence. The term physiological psychology in itself challenges attention; it is of importance for us to know how the doctors of medicine and the doctors of divinity agree, and what the dissectors of the brain have to say to the students of the mind. In this July number of the *Journal* these are the articles and their authors: "Chlorosis a Disease of the Nervous System," by Dr. Wm. A. Hammond; "Suicide and Insanity," by Dr. T. Edwards Clark; "The Legal Consequences of Insanity," by Dr. S. Henry Dixon; "A Case of Epilepsy Successfully Treated with Strychnia," by R. L. Parsons; "Singular Development of Language in a Child," by Dr. E. R. Hun; "Further Remarks on Organic Infantile Paralysis," by Dr. Wm. A. Hammond; "The Formation of the Mixed Human Races," by M. de Quatrefages (translated by Dr. E. S. Dunster); and some sharp but just remarks by Dr. H. R. Storer on a lawyer's criticism, made by Mr. Simon Stern, of a previous article by Dr. Storer in which fault was found with the law of rape. Perhaps it was hardly worth the Doctor's while to attack his critic; almost no one thought the criticism worth notice. After these articles there are some careful reviews of books; then comes what is called the "Chronicle," which relates to the physiology and pathology of the brain and nervous system; this is followed by a miscellaneous article—made up of home and foreign reports of cases—on medical jurisprudence, and by an article containing remarks on rare diseases, on freaks of insane persons, on noteworthy facts of science, and so on. Physicians, we imagine, do not need to be advised to take the magazine; the general reader has our advice to read it regularly.

—The singular development of language in a child which is mentioned above certainly is, so far as we know, singular in the true (or the narrow) sense of that word. A little girl, now four and a half years old, was observed to be, when two or three years old, very backward in learning to speak. She could then use only the words "papa" and "mamma," and these are the only words of common English that she now uses; she has invented a copious vocabulary of her own and taught it to her brother, who is some eighteen months younger than herself. He, however, makes use of the new language only when he talks with his sister; he finds no difficulty in using ordinary diction. The little girl says *too* for "all." *Gaän* means "God;" *migno-migno* means "water," "wash," "bath;" *odo* means "to send for," "to go out," "to take away;" *feu* means "fire,' "heat," "light," "cigar," "sun." On a rainy day the child has been heard to say, when looking out of the window: *Gaän feu odo migno-migno, feu odo*, which means, "God, take away the rain and send the sun." It is said by Dr. Hun that by *odo*, which she uses as a transitive verb, she means "take away" if she puts the object after the verb, and "send" if she puts the object first. *Ne pa* means "not;" *ma* means "I," "myself." These last-mentioned words—and *feu* for "fire" and *too* (*tout*) for "all"—would seem to prove that the child had somewhere picked up some French; but her parents say that she has had no opportunity to do so. A rigid cross-examination might throw doubt on their testimony in this particular. But it would still be somewhat hard to account for the fact that in the new language *peer* means "a ball," and *waia-wawar* "black" or "darkness" or "a negro," and *gummigar* "all the substantials of the table, such as bread, meat, vegetables, etc." The same word is used to designate the cook. We say it would be somewhat hard—we do not know the child and her surroundings, and consequently do not know just how hard it would be—but we think it would not be at all impossible. We should say that in all probability it can be proved that *ne pa* is the child's word for "not," because she has somewhere heard some French; and the same remark is, of course, to be made about *too*, and might be made about *ma*, which, however, may as well be "me" as *moi*; vowel sounds count for nothing in such cases. Some of the other words in this new vocabulary are obviously corruptions of ordinary English, as for instance *petee-petee* (pretty), "the name given by the boy to his sister;" *babia* (baby), the name by which the boy and girl call their younger brother; *mea* (miaouw), the word for "furs" and for "cat;" *go-go* (good), "delicacies of any kind;" and *dere*, which is used for "there" or "there is." Other words that are set down by Dr. Hun will not seem to persons acquainted with "baby-talk" as being at all worse corruptions of good English than are every week occurring in every nursery. *Gar* for "horse" is not worse than *na-na*, which we have for some time known as "baby-English" for "grandma," nor than other of the orthoepic distortions known by the score to every head of a family. But however the vocabulary was acquired, it is certainly remarkable that it should be exclusively employed, and employed for so long a time. The little girl uses no other words than those which may be called her own, and those she uses with great fluency. It would be well, we should say, to force her, by putting her with persons who are ignorant of her peculiar tongue, to express herself in common words. This, we suppose, would be easy; a child that feels the desire to communicate with her acquaintances so strongly as to invent a language to subserve that end would, if a little pressure were brought to bear on her, readily adopt the language of those about her.

—In addition to the new English books and announcements spoken of last week, we may speak of these others as being of interest to the reading public on this as well as on that side of the water. The *Bookbuyer* says that Emanuel Deutsch, whose article on the *Talmud* made so much noise a few months ago, is now announced as the author of a book to be called "The Talmud"—a book as to which no one seems to know just what it will be. Carlyle is said to be preparing a standard library edition of all his works. Each one of the works will—when it is at all possible—be complete in one volume, and the volumes of the set will, therefore, vary in price, but the edition is not going to be a cheap one. Mr. Dallas, the not very judicious author of "The Gay Science"—criticism, namely—is going to stand responsible for a pruned edition of "Clarissa Harlowe." Mr. Dallas's mutilation of Richardson deserves to share, and in all likelihood will share, the fate of Mr. Hain Friswell's recent abridgment of the "Arcadia." People who want any of either of these romances want all. Bohn's Lowndes's "Bibliographer's Manual" is to appear in a new edition, in six octavos. All things considered, it is perhaps our most satisfactory work of reference in English, and, satisfactory or not, is a book hardly to be dispensed with. A new edition of "Pepys' Diary" is to be issued in the course of the fall or of next spring, and it will be so different from the editions now extant that it may almost be called the first. There has been a new interpretation, Mr. Welford says, of the author's short-hand manuscripts, and it has been copied *in extenso*. Previous editors—who had this much excuse for their shortcomings, that the manuscript was most crabbed, and that the publication of so much fossil gossip was an experiment on the forbearance of readers,—previous editors gave, as it appears, no page exactly as it is in the original, but allowed themselves large liberty of omitting and altering. We see that Mr. Beecher's "Norwood" is out in a popular six-shilling edition. The third volume of the new series of "Wellington's Despatches" is out, and contains diplomatic papers on Russia, Turkey, and Greece, the Duke's review of Napoleon's Russian campaign, and much information on the Eastern question. Mr. Kinglake's new volumes, attacked on the score of incorrectness in statement of fact, and not so much admired for their style as were their predecessors when the style was new, are not selling so well as they might be, it is said.

—Inasmuch as the authorities at Oxford are receiving from America letters of enquiry as to the rules laid down for the government of the new class of students at that university, we are requested to state what the rules are that have been adopted. "Scholares non ascripti," or Unattached Students, are such as, without belonging to any college or hall, are members of the university, and "keep terms by residing in Oxford either with their parents or in lodgings which have been duly licensed." Persons who desire to become Unattached Students must apply to the Delegates for licensing lodging-houses, and these must be satisfied of the candidate's good character, and of their parents' willingness that they should live in lodgings. Then follows (on the 15th of October is the first one) an examination of such as present themselves for admission, who must be up in three books of Homer or one Greek Play; in three books of the "Æneid" or of Horace's "Odes;" in translating from English into Latin; in the elements of Greek and Latin Grammar; in Arithmetic, including vulgar and decimal fractions and proportion; in the first and second books of Euclid, or else in Algebra—so far as to have the first four rules, fractions, and simple equations.

The candidate, having been successful, is required to choose a tutor from a number of gentlemen whose names are put on a list approved by the Delegates, and then he is matriculated by the Vice-Chancellor. The tutors are paid in part by the University—that is to say, the pupil pays for his instruction, but the University pays the tutor for supervising the conduct of his charge, and for instructing him, if he be a member of the Church of England, in matters of faith. Five pounds paid at matriculation, and £3 10s. per annum, are the only fees and dues to be paid by the Unattached Student, and these entitle him to the advice and supervision above-mentioned and to all the University advantages which are the privilege of undergraduates. What is the cost of rooms and what the salaries paid to tutors we do not know. As in the case of students in college or hall, the Unattached Student keeps his twelve terms before proceeding to the degree of Bachelor of Arts. We have received, together with the regulations, the substance of which is above set forth, a set of lodging-house regulations of sufficient severity. For example, the lodging-house keeper forfeits his license if he breaks this rule: "In case any student lodging in my house shall pass the night out of his lodgings, I will attend in person on the following morning, and report the same to the College authorities or (in the case of Unattached Students) to the Delegates of Lodging-houses." The other regulations are equally stringent, and would seem to guarantee pretty well a sober and regular life on the part of the young men.

## BALLAD BOOKS.*

THE first volume of the poems of the Percy Manuscript received a hearty greeting in the *Nation*. We have now the whole book, in three fine octavos of 600 pages, with a supplement, which, for sufficient reasons, is kept somewhat in the background. We have every line, word, and letter of the manuscript that remains, including all of Percy's notes and scribblings. Though the abominable carelessness of the writing might almost have excused indifference to trifles, the very tails and dots of letters have been painfully considered, and where there is only one stroke to an *n* or a variation in the form of *c* we are sure to be informed. Mr. Furnivall, who answers for the text, has been as scrupulous in executing as he was intrepid in undertaking. There are prefaces to every piece, and several articles of a more general character. These prefaces, mostly by Mr. Hales, are carefully made up and agreeably written, and on special points the best authorities in England have lent their help. The pains taken with the book is more remarkable in that the editors were obliged to do their work in a short time. If an opportunity should occur for a deliberate revision, some improvements might be made. The illustrations, whether glossarial, literary, or historical, might be better digested. But this is a slight matter. The prefaces, it may be observed, though they generally contain what is desirable in the way of solid information, are as little as possible in the conventional tone of antiquarians, and the most "advanced" and "progressive" of philanthropists might be convinced by reading two or three of them that a passion for man and a passion for manuscripts are perfectly compatible.

A full expression of the relief of mind which the publication of these poems has brought us would look to many like wasteful and ridiculous excess. Such, however, would not be the judgment of those who set a true estimation on popular poetry. It would not have been the judgment of Macaulay, for instance, who has spoken so appreciatingly of this species of literature in the remarks prefixed to his "Lays of Ancient Rome." "Eighty years ago," he says, "England possessed only one tattered copy of 'Child Waters' and 'Sir Cauline,' and Spain only one tattered copy of the noble poem of the 'Cid.' The snuff of a candle or a mischievous dog might in a moment have deprived the world for ever of any of those fine compositions." This tattered copy of "Child Waters" and of "Sir Cauline" was, of course, the copy contained in our manuscript, which manuscript, even at the epoch referred to, had suffered large losses from "being used by the maids to light the fire," and would all have gone to the dogs or to the flames had not Percy begged it of his friend Humphrey Pitt. With it would have perished, besides the pieces mentioned by Macaulay, and a hundred and fifty others not used for the "Reliques," such noble ballads as "Glasgerion," "Aldingar," "Robin of Portingale," "Child Maurice," "The Child of Ell," "The Marriage of Gawain," "The Boy and the Mantle," "Guy of Gisborn," "The Rising in the North," and "King Estmere"—most of which we possess in no other form—with excellent copies of "Sir Andrew Barton," "The Heir of Lin," "King John and the Bishop," and a good many more than we wish to write out. From the utter loss of these ballads we were saved, as Macaulay intimates, by Percy's intervention. Benedictus! But let us now see what we have gained by the intervention of Mr. Furnivall and Mr. Hales.

Percy printed less than a quarter of the articles in his manuscript. We have now all the rest, and among them not a few admirable poems. Percy did, it is true, give us the best ballads; but he gave only one, we believe, as it stands in the manuscript, and that only in an appendix—to the intent "that such austere antiquaries as complain that the ancient copies have not been always rigidly adhered to may see how unfit for publication many of the pieces would have been if all the blunders, corruptions, and nonsense of illiterate reciters and transcribers had been superstitiously retained, without some attempt to correct and amend them." Now, we admit all the blunders, corruptions, and nonsense which Percy charges on his manuscript, and trust we have as little reverence as any bishop that ever was consecrated for nonsense, corruption, and so forth. Editors are doubtless inexcusable who do not attend properly to the emendation of texts. But what was Percy's course? Let us take for an instance "Sir Cauline," one of the ballads so prized by Macaulay. Under the pretence of correcting and completing a story which was already complete, Percy has extended this ballad from 201 to 392 lines, and has perverted a good, honest tale of successful love into a sort of tragical pastoral of the most revolting sentimentality.

This is the end of the genuine "Sir Cauline":

"Then he did marry this king's daughter,
With gold and silver bright,
And fifteen sonnes this ladye beere
To Sir Cawline the Knight."

And this of the spurious:

"Then fayntinge in a deadlye swoune,
And with a deep-fette sighe,
That burst her gentle heart in twayne,
Fayre Christabelle did die."

Other ballads have fared almost as ill. A magnificent fragment, 39 lines only, of "The Child of Ell," Percy made into a mawkish story of 200—this time realizing Sir Fretful Plagiary's apprehension of the manager, "taking out some of the best things in my tragedy and putting them into his own comedy;" transforming a savage and gloomy tale of immemorial antiquity into the mildest description of eighteenth-century melodrama, in which a knight who has carried off a baron's daughter addresses the enraged father in these civil terms:

"Nowe hold thy hand, thou bold baron,
I pray thee, hold thy hand,
Nor ruthless rend two gentle hearts
Fast knit in true love's band;"

and in which we have this kind of conversion:

(ORIGINAL.)

"He leaned ore his saddle-bow
To kisse this lady good:
The teares that went them two betweene
Were blend water and blood."

(PERCY.)

"And thrice he claspde her to his breste,
And kist her tenderlie;
The teares that fell from her fair eyes
Ranne like the fountayne free."

"Which being so well apparelled in the dust and cobweb of that *un*civil age," Philip Sidney says of "Chevy Chase," "what would it work trimmed in the gorgeous eloquence of Pindar!" The marvellous effects of gorgeous eloquence can be seen in any of the ballads revised and completed by Percy to fit them for polished times. Yet Percy continually speaks of the affecting simplicity and artless beauties of the originals. The wonder is that he should not see that his imitations were in a style precisely the contrary.

"Sir Aldingar," "The Heir of Lin," "Guy of Gisborn"—what not, indeed?—have suffered more or less, and "King Estmere," that purely delightful thing, no one will ever know how much; for to save the trouble of copying for the press, Percy tore out the two leaves containing it, and they are gone for ever. So what with the ravages of the housemaids and of Percy, and some slight damages from the binder and from the atmosphere, the treasures once contained in this book are sensibly diminished, as their beauty had already been marred by the accidents of the process of transmission, and especially by the carelessness of the transcriber. One could make himself very melancholy about this matter; and being in that humor, what words could express our regret for the loss of countless other ballads, which have perished like the generations of the leaves, and largely in consequence of the introduction of the art which boasts the conservation of all arts? Since ballad times cannot return except with the return of a state of society which no rational being wishes to see repeated, all we can do is to put beyond danger

* "Bishop Percy's Folio Manuscript. Ballads and Romances. Edited by John W. Hales, M.A., Fellow and Late Assistant-Tutor of Christ's College, Cambridge, and Frederick J. Furnivall, M.A., of Trinity Hall, Cambridge," etc. 3 vols. London: N. Trübner & Co. 1867-8. New York: For sale by John Wiley & Son.

"Scottish Ballads and Songs, Historical and Traditionary. Edited by James Maidment." 2 vols. Edinburgh: William Paterson. 1868.

what we happen to retain, and to seek out and save what is just ready to perish. The Percy Manuscript was the first thing to be taken in hand, and that is secure. Macaulay's dog or candle; Newton's dog *and* candle; Humphrey Pitt's serving-maids; the devastation of the British Museum by some Abyssinian Theodor; malice domestic, foreign levy—nothing can touch it further.

Without the Percy Manuscript no proper collection of the national ballads of England was possible, since only spurious copies of many of the finest ballads in the language were to be had. Having got it, why should not Englishmen set to work, though very late, to make a complete collection? Why should we not have an English work which should at least aspire to equal Svend Grundtvig's "Old Ballads of Denmark"? At the moment we ask the question, the gallant Furnivall, who has perfectly imbibed the spirit of the knights among whom he has lived so much, and delights above all things in arduous adventures, is establishing a Ballad Society. This society proposes to print all the known collections of English ballads, the Pepys, unless printed by Magdalene College, the Roxburghe, the Bagford, and so on; *also*, manuscript ballads. First, we are to have the great collections of broadsides or flying leaves, and the manuscript ballads "when Mr. Furnivall, or whoever their editor may be, has had time to collect them." Now, while we have not a word to say against the matter of this scheme, we are not favorably struck by the order of proceedings. We all know what the Roxburghe and Pepys collections are made up of. Mr. Collier has printed a volume of Roxburghe ballads, favorable specimens, there is reason to believe. We had, last year, a volume of Black Letter ballads and broadsides, which the editor declares to be the most extraordinary and valuable collection of early English ballads now known to exist, with a very few exceptions, and those familiar pieces. This most extraordinary and valuable of existing collections is about as dull and useless reading as in a considerable acquaintance with worthless literature we have ever met with. The Ballad Society, if the London *Athenæum* is right, expects to publish about thirty such volumes as Collier's and this last. If the project is carried out, we expect to have the fortitude to subscribe for and to examine these thirty volumes. In our quality of lover of popular literature, we could turn over a dark heap, even of these dimensions, for the hope of a jewel here and there. But why should not the Ballad Society put its best foot forward, and print the manuscript ballads *first?* The *prestige* which might be got by discovering a few fine ballads, or by publishing the genuine texts of corrupted and highly "edited" ones already known, would give the society a momentum that would carry it through a long level of broadsides. Whereas, the propelling of a sufficient number of subscribers through twenty-five or thirty volumes of the Roxburghe and Pepys quality seems to us, even with a good start, to be difficult, and, without a good start, out of the question. Give us then, first, all that is left, or all that can be found, of the genuine ballads of the people. Ransack the public libraries. Several of the best ballads we have came from the University Library at Cambridge. Hunt up private manuscripts. Where is the manuscript of Mrs. Brown of Falkland, to which Jamieson and Scott owe so much? At Aberdeen, very likely. Where is Herd's Manuscript, where the Glenriddell Manuscript, lent Scott by Mr. Jollie of Carlisle? And next, where are the Mrs. Farquhars, the Mrs. Browns, the Mrs. Arnots, the Miss Rutherfords themselves, and the nurses who taught them ballads? Small hope, we acknowledge, of finding such nurses any more, or such foster-children, and yet it cannot be that the diffusion of useful knowledge, the intrusion of railroads, and the general progress of society, have quite driven all the old songs out of country-women's heads—for it will be noted that it is mainly through women everywhere—

> "The spinsters and the knitters in the sun,
> And the free maids that weave their thread with bones"—

that ballads have been preserved. From these sources, public libraries, parish scrap-books, and the memory of living persons, it is probable that much might be gathered. The manuscripts we have referred to have, indeed, been used already, but their contents have undergone editorial manipulation, and although it is certain that anything handed down by oral tradition is corrupted and mutilated on the way, and that critical ingenuity has often restored a lost meaning, we insist on having the actual tradition placed before our eyes. We utterly refuse "collated" editions, made up from a variety of copies, such as we find in nearly all the ballad-books from Percy down to our day, including Walter Scott's minstrelsy. No principle less strict than that of the editors of the Percy Manuscript (saving what we think an exaggerated deference for an ignorant and slovenly writer's capital letters) is strict enough.

When the proposed society shall have printed all the ballads preserved in manuscripts or floating in the memories of the people, we shall be ready for the broadsides. These last should follow and not take precedence, not only because the other class is more in danger of destruction, but because its value is immeasurably greater.

It has not been easy for Americans to get at these volumes as they were coming out, but henceforth Messrs. Wiley will no doubt keep a full supply of copies. It should be remembered that Mr. Furnivall has had to bear the pecuniary responsibility of publication, besides doing the larger part of the literary work. A loss to him would be a shame to the public. The profits, if there should be any, will go to the Early English Text Society.

Mr. Maidment's book does not require many words. We have had from him three small parcels of popular poetry before, the oldest dating more than forty years back, and in the three there may be three or four ballad texts which appear for the first time. The present compilation has no new ballads, and no new copies derived from tradition, but the preface contains much historical and genealogical lore, some of which appears to be original. It is exasperating to see Lady Wardlaw's "Hardyknute" anywhere, and not prepossessing to find it in the forefront of "Historical and Traditionary Ballads," actually taking the *pas* of "Sir Patrick Spens" and "The Battle of Otterbourne." Will anybody tell us why Chatterton's more than tolerable ballad of the "Bristowe Tragedie" is never seen in historical and traditional ballads, while this brummagem "Hardyknute" confronts us at every turn? By way of testing Mr. Maidment on a point where the Scotch editors are particularly weak, we turned to the "Douglas Tragedy." He thinks it far from improbable that this story, which is the same as Percy's "Childe of Elle," may be founded on incidents in the history of the family whose name it bears—in this following Walter Scott. But he forgets for a moment the thirty or forty varieties of the story in the Scandinavian language (that he is acquainted with the Scandinavian ballads may be inferred from his asserting that "Sir Patrick Spens" far excels "the ballad poetry of this or *any other* country"), and does not attend to the warnings of Jamieson against trusting the circumstantial evidence of popular tales. Mr. Maidment deserves the praise of rigid honesty in dealing with his texts.

## POPULARIZATION OF SCIENCE IN GERMANY.*

NOTWITHSTANDING the cheerful tale of the column in the Prussian census giving the proportion of those who can to those who cannot read, it must be admitted that the Germans are not a reading people. A traveller in the North German Bund seldom finds even a farm laborer who cannot decipher a written order, but in no country peopled by kindred race does he find such a great gulf fixed between the learned and the unlearned. Though their cousins in Britain and America have pretty much divested themselves of apathy to improvement and inclination to "let well enough alone," they seem natural to the common people of Germany, and are fostered by patrician sentiment and tradition, and favored by government. An author of the last century affirmed that "writing is *virginibus* nothing but a *vehiculum* of immorality," adding that they would employ the accomplishment only to write love-letters; even Julius Mosen declared that as a man of the people he would marry no one able to read and write. Frederic the Great was opposed to educating the peasantry, and said, writing to Zedlitz: "It is enough in the plain country that they know how to read and write a little; if they know too much they run into the cities." And within a year a Prussian superintendent of public instruction said in a teachers' convention: "It is sufficient for a common man if he is able when in barracks to write home, 'Dear Parents—I am well; please send me some money and something to eat.'" It is thus not to be wondered at that working-men's clubs, evening schools, and like advantages for the lower classes are less frequent in Germany than in England and the United States. To do something towards bringing about a different state of things, two professors, the one a celebrated physician and naturalist, the other a distinguished jurist, of the Royal University, hit upon the plan of publishing, in accessible form, the best public lectures delivered in Berlin, where *Vorträge* are held before societies many and on topics numberless. The scope of the collection is somewhat similar to that of the "Revue des Cours Scientifiques" and the "Revue des Cours Littéraires," but it is designed for a less cultivated circle of readers. While the names of the sponsors for these essays guarantee their excellence, the German *coryphæi* in various departments will be found among their authors, as a brief mention of a few of them will show.

* "Sammlung gemeinverständlicher wissenschaftlicher Vorträge, herausgegeben von Rud. Virchow und Fr. v. Holtzendorff. (A Collection of Easily Understood Instructive Lectures, Edited by Rud. Virchow and Fr. von Holtzendorff.) Series I., II., and III. Nos. 1-53.

One of the earliest of the series is contributed by Dr. Bluntschli, of Heidelberg, and treats of "The Significance and Progress of Modern International Law." It would be difficult to present, in the narrow compass of sixty-odd pages, a better view of this somewhat indefinite science, with which newspaper readers are supposed to be more or less familiar. More than half hiding his didactic intent by a happy and withal natural arrangement, the doctor first proves, in a few precursory sentences—which, if less brief, might be dignified with the name of a philosophical introduction—that there is a basis for international law. Then, having answered some objections, he shows that such a thing does exist, despite the half-truism, "Might makes right," as also the maxim, "No statute, no law." Statutes are the clearest and most effective utterance of the law; yet they are not, even to the individuals of a single nation, the only fountain of it; and so, though there is no common lawgiver for the society of states, the law which is to govern them finds expression in various ways—in treaties, in mutual declarations of states united in congress, and even in the legislation of a single state. "We have lately experienced a remarkable example of this kind, which also marks an important advance in modern international law—to wit, the 'Instruction for the Army of the United States in the Field,' which is to be regarded as the first codification of martial law in war on land" (drawn up by Dr. Lieber). . . . . "This 'Instruction' is much more extended and complete than the war regulations in use in European armies; but as it expresses throughout principles of international law of universal character, and as the manner of their expression is in accordance with that accepted as right by the humanity of our day and with the conduct of civilized war of the present time, this edict has a working sphere extending far beyond the wide borders of the United States." Almost worse than the lack of international statutes is the absence of international courts where international disputes could be settled, instead of being determined by war, which is, after all, the *dernier ressort* in most instances of important disagreement. Still, international law has, under all these disadvantages, made progress, from its earliest and rude beginnings among the ancients down through the ages in which Christianity has modified and influenced the actions and relations of the successors of Roman civilization and the Germans, till it has at last emancipated itself from religion, and such compacts as the Holy Alliance have become impossible, when not only the foremost disciple of the Prophet, but also the most prominent believer in the doctrines of Confucius, are reckoned as subjects of "European international law."

A notice of the measures adopted for the suppression of the slave trade, so fruitful of controversies and of compacts concerning the right of search and mixed tribunals, bridges over the return from this historical digression to the subject proper, and to a discussion of the representation of states through envoys and consuls, of the rights of foreigners, of arbitration and intervention, of the freedom of the sea, of the laws of war particularly relating to the status of enemy's property in war on land and at sea, and of the rights and duties of neutrals. As our author keeps constantly in view the progress of "modern international law," he naturally states, in conclusion, its goal—"to become the humane law of the world." By this last sentence, as also by the half assent to Dr. Lieber's proposal concerning the settlement of the "Alabama claims," implied in a variation of it, and by the expression of the possibility of the future existence of an organization which will utter the will of all nations with universally recognized authority, the reader is reminded that Dr. Bluntschli is the latest successor of the Abbé Grégoire in attempting something like a codification of international law. Dr. Woolsey defines international law to be "the aggregate of the rules which Christian states acknowledge as obligatory in their relations to each other and to each other's subjects." Dr. Bluntschli might almost be thought to have paraphrased his definition from this, for he says: "Völkerrecht heisst die als rechtlich-nothwendig anerkannte Ordnung, welche die Beziehungen der Staaten zu einander regelt." The latter is more objectionable than the former, inasmuch as it conveys an impression of greater authority in international law than really exists. He here recommits the error which runs through his book, mentioned above, of confounding what ought to be with what is, and thus affords a new illustration of the importance of good definitions, so dwelt upon by Mr. Mill; for he would have been saved from his mistake by a better definition—*e.g.*, that given by Mr. Austin, "Positive international morality."

Such an extended résumé of one tract is perhaps in contradiction of the promised brief mention, and must be excused on the plea that no subject can be of more general interest than the rules regulating international intercourse, and from the fact that so many of Dr. Bluntschli's illustrations are drawn from United States history; the notices of the others shall at any rate be more succinct. To H. Dove—Professor Dr. Dove, Vice-Chancellor of the civil order *pour le mérite*, member of the Academy, and knight of many orders, would have been more after the German style—is credited "The Circulation of Water on the Surface of the Earth," an instructive lecture which, by its wealth of facts and pleasing diction, calls to mind the elder Silliman. In this is explained much of the wherefore of tides, with their ebb and flood; of salt and other mineral springs, and their temperature; of geysers, and of rain—enough, at least, to still any rising doubts of the immutability of natural laws. An evidence of more thorough early training than usually falls to the lot of our scientific men is the frequency of reference, so characteristic of German savans, to writers of classical antiquity, to Cæsar, Lucretius, Strabo, and Pliny. From the latter it would appear Struve took the hint which led to the artificial preparation of mineral water. As a physicist, Dr. Dove of course ascribes the same health-giving properties to the imitation as to the natural waters, but he is obliged to confess that all the skill of the chemist cannot supply the charms of the baths, where the invalid is no longer only a tolerated creature among hale associates, but a member of the majority, with rights and privileges as such, where ailments take such acceptable form that it is difficult to distinguish the sufferers, and the attractions are so manifold that one does not marvel at Paris marriage contracts containing as a stereotyped stipulation, "*et la saison à Bade.*" The Prussian Astronomer-Royal writes of the "Measures of Time," giving as a preface several pages of abstract remarks, which perhaps wearied the writer, and certainly weary most of his readers, some of whom will feel like re-quoting a line cited by himself:

"Wozu die Brücke breiter als der Fluss?"

The suggestion that northern nations were compelled to invent some mechanism for marking time other than the sun-dials and water-clocks brought to such perfection in Arabia, because the absence of the sun and the prevalence of cold during great portions of the year prevented these contrivances from answering their purpose, is novel if not new.

"Social Rights and Duties" is from the pen of Schulze-Delitzsch, whose name is a household word with the laboring men throughout the "Fatherland," and who never fails to support their interests in the public press and in the many Parliaments with which King William's people are blessed. It is gratifying, though contrary to expectation, to find that Judge Schulze decides in the case of the individual *vs.* society, that the duties of the former are quite as marked as his rights.

"Strikes" would be rare, and the relations between employer and employed would be healthier, if the principles set forth and illustrated by Dr. Engel, Chief of the Prussian Statistical Bureau, in two lectures on the "Nature and Price of Labor," were accepted and realized. Few, if any, of the ideas presented are really new, for most of them were enunciated or suggested by Adam Smith a century ago, but they are here worked out and illustrated with a singular clearness, almost relentlessness, more usual with French than German writers. Yet the tables and computations of Herr Engel, who, mighty in figures, reckons the coefficients of the cost of labor as coolly as he would that of mule or water-power, bring us no further than the sentence in Luke which says: "The laborer is worthy of his hire."

Particularly deserving of notice, which may be said of nearly every one of the collection, are also a very readable statement of the "Dwelling-house Question," by President Lette; a report on "Orphans and the Treatment of Orphans in Berlin," by City-Judge Zelle; a capital treatise on "Bills of Exchange," by Doctor, or, according to the latest papers, Professor Kuehns; and an able pamphlet on the "City Government of London," by Professor Gneist, author of several works on "The English Constitution," "Self-Government," etc. A few biographical sketches are given. Among them is a memoir of Heinrich Zschokke (best known to many through the translations of Mr. Godwin) by Emil Zschokke; and Hermann Grimm, who has preferred to be a novelist, an essayist, and interpreter of Emerson, rather than adopt the severer labors of lexicographer and legal antiquarian, gives an entertaining chapter on art under the title of "Albrecht Dürer. The first number of the new series has also a personal subject, "Machiavelli," by C. Twesten, whose name will long go down in Prussian Parliamentary history as that of a champion and whilom martyr for free speech. Though the date of the publication of this lecture is so recent, it was delivered before the Berlin Artisans' Union in December of 1866, or a little before Judge Twesten with his followers went over to the assistance of Count Bismark and the support of the constitution of the new confederacy. It is, then, perhaps not without significance that Machiavelli's excuse for becoming reconciled with the Medici after the restoration of 1512 is distinctly pointed out. As for Herr Twesten's estimate of Machiavelli, he inclines neither to the side

of those who, with Frederick the Great, regarded him as the incarnation of wicked doctrines, nor to that of those who, like Von Moser, could cry out: "Sancte Machiavelli, ora pro nobis," but rather adopts the judgment of Robert Von Mohl: "Machiavelli hath sinned, but still more hath been sinned against him," and he says himself: "We may consider Machiavelli's sins as atoned for by his high-minded striving for the greatness and importance of his people." "In the year 1827, Macaulay wrote: 'Machiavelli's grave would be approached with greater reverence if the goal of his aspirations were attained.' . . . . That goal is now secured. A national state is developing itself in Italy as in Germany. Not without marvelling can one read the deep truths uttered by the great Italian, and now confirmed after the lapse of centuries."

Professor Virchow himself furnishes the first essay—on "Giant Graves and Pile Structures." His object was evidently more to awaken an interest in the preservation of such relics than to write an erudite disquisition. Though displaying much learning and research, he lays himself open to much criticism by unreservedly adopting the division into the stone, bronze, and iron periods, with the customary conclusions, *e.g.*, the diminutive stature of the men of the bronze period from the smallness of the sword handles. From the accounts of the stone implements of the New Zealanders, and from Admiral d'Urville's discovering pile-buildings in New Guinea similar to those scattered throughout Europe, he deduces not, as might perhaps be pardoned in so ardent a republican, that the savages of the South Sea Islands and the negroes of New Guinea are descendants of Europeans of the stone period, but the dogma—"The course of general human development follows everywhere the same law of progressive culture."

Another essay by Professor Virchow, on "Means of Nourishment and Regalement," was called out by the famine in East Prussia. It has already received favorable comments from medical gentlemen here, to whom it may safely be left.

Professor Von Holtzendorff is one of the few German advocates of "woman's rights," and hence gives, under the title "Improvements in the Social and Economical Position of Women," an account of the ameliorations of the condition of women from the time of Aristotle to the present. The professor would be reckoned, by the women's rights leaders in this country, as a very moderate follower of the true faith, yet he is so much of a pioneer at home that a large deputation of ladies personally paid their thanks to him one day last winter, to his no small surprise and to the delectation of the Berlin newspaper correspondents. His demands are indeed not excessive. He would have women better educated, and their right to engage in any occupation for which they are capable recognized. To ask for them the right of suffrage is doubtless very far from his thoughts, though he does say, when speaking of America: "Whoever will logically oppose women's voting must change the foundation-principle of popular representation, and maintain that the right to vote is based on ability to discharge public duties, as military service, and not on abstract equality of individuals. As soon as the right of suffrage is simply coupled with the individual nature of mankind the difference of sex becomes of no significance." This is rather the language of the publicist and jurist than of the citizen, and it may be questioned whether Professor Von Holtzendorff would assent to its being put in practice. German women are a long and weary way off from anything like participation in politics, as may be seen from this lecture. What is here called "the maiden question," *i. e.*, stated in other words, What is to be done with unmarried women in Germany? must present itself with an irrepressibility that would have appalled even Governor Andrew. One hindrance to their occupying a position like that accorded their sex in England and America is their want of character, in the cultivation of which their education is deficient to a remarkable degree. Until some remedy for this defect in their training is devised marriage will continue to be, in Germany, a matter of bargain and sale, and to bring with it attendant evils.

"Wer Vieles bringt," says Goethe, "wird Manchem etwas bringen." In accordance with some such principle the range of topics discussed in these lectures is somewhat wide, and collected they form a valuable addition to any, but particularly to a school or parish, library. The undertaking has been found worth copying in Sweden, and there is now being published at Stockholm a similar series entitled "Vär tids Vetenskap i populära afhandlingar," and containing mostly translations from the German, *e.g.*, Von Holtzendorff's "Position of Women," Von Graefe's "Organs of Sight," and "The Death Penalty," by Professor John, of Königsberg. If a like imitation is made in New York or Boston, it is to be hoped that the price will not be placed as high as it is in Berlin, where single copies cost from 7½ to 10 and 15 silver groschen. This is reduced, if one takes a whole series, to 5 groschen (12½ cents silver), or 4 thalers for an unbound volume of 900 pages. There should be no such drawback to so praiseworthy an attempt to bring the sheaves of the learned into the market of life.

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*A New Practical Hebrew Grammar, with Hebrew-English and English-Hebrew Exercises and a Hebrew Chrestomathy.* By Solomon Deutsch, A.M., Ph.D. (New York: Leypoldt & Holt. 1868.)—In a brief preface the author enumerates the distinctive features of his manual, which, although many valuable Hebrew grammars have been published in this country, entitle him to the hope that "this fruit of earnest and zealous exertion will be found acceptable and useful." The principal of those features are: the utmost conciseness of the rules, coupled with perspicuity; their ample illustration by examples, and elucidation by exercises; the intrinsic value of the sentences selected for that purpose, almost each of which contains either an interesting historical fact or a pithy saying; the addition of English-Hebrew translating exercises illustrative of the rules which they follow, and "exactly keeping pace with the student's progress;" an Old Testament chrestomathy, composed of selections in prose and poetry, with a vocabulary explaining all words yet untranslated; another vocabulary with the aid of which the student is enabled to find the already given but forgotten meaning of words contained in the exercises; and the embodiment, in a compact form, of the most approved results of continental research in his field, including the recent labors of Fürst (in his "Lexicon"), Luzzatto, and Nägelsbach. We have examined into the intrinsic as well as comparative merits of the book, and we find that the credit claimed by the author for his production, as a work of conscientious labor and possessing "the character of novelty," is in every respect richly merited. It is evidently the product not only of conscientious, but also of long and assiduous, labor, as well as of extensive knowledge; and as regards the method, we can say without hesitation that we have never yet met with a manual so pleasantly paving the way to the literary treasures of an ancient language. But it is the elaborate character of the exercises which constitutes its chief claim to comparative excellence. Omissions could, of course, be pointed out in several parts, besides other minor imperfections. Thus, we find the English portions of the work not sufficiently revised, especially as to punctuation; nor does the brief list of "corrections" cover all the misprints in Hebrew. All these, however, are slight defects when put against the rare merits of the whole. Dr. Deutsch's "Practical Hebrew Grammar" fully deserves to be ranked among the foremost productions of its kind whether in America or Europe.

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*Réfutation de Force et Matière. Le Matérialisme Contemporain.* Par Pierre Nolé. (Paris: Lemerre. 1868.)—The authorship of this spicy little octavo volume is entirely unknown to us. Internal evidence has led us to the conclusion that Pierre Nolé is the pseudonym of some savant who, for reasons doubtless satisfactory to himself, has chosen to put his visor down in entering the lists against the doughty champion of materialism, the author of "Kraft und Stoff." The strength and skill with which he tilts at his antagonist prove that he is not a novice in the art of dialectic fence. Besides, he is no mere professional scrimer fighting with a button on his foil for the vain purpose of displaying his own dexterity, but an earnest and enthusiastic defender of spiritual beliefs in opposition to what he regards as the dangerous materialistic tendencies of the present day. It is also highly creditable to him that, notwithstanding the force of his convictions and the vigor and vivacity of his style, his book is comparatively free from appeals to popular prejudices, as well as from attempts to unbottle against his adversary the bitter vials of religious bigotry. The truth which he holds is, in his eyes, *trop sûre d'elle-même pour être farouche.* This genuinely scientific spirit is so rare in those speculative controversies which have a more or less direct bearing upon social, theological, and political questions that it cannot be too emphatically praised, especially when we remember how often Herr Büchner and his adherents have sinned against philosophic charity in attributing superstition and imbecility to their opponents. M. Nolé employs the Socratic method of discussion by assuming the rôle of an ironical interlocutor, and endeavoring to entangle his adversary in the meshes of an artfully woven dialogue. Against the unfairness of such a manner of controversy the German doctor might very justly protest, since it enables the inquisitor to ensure conviction by so adjusting questions and answers as to lead inevitably to a conclusion which might be wholly different if Herr Büchner were permitted to respond *in propriâ personâ.* That M. Nolé has framed these replies on a careful and conscientious study of the work which he seeks to controvert, does not alter the inherent injustice of the method, nor make the results attained more satisfactory.

The first and most fundamental axiom affirmed by Herr Büchner is that there is no force without matter (*keine Kraft ohne Stoff*). M. Nolé enquires what is meant by force; Herr B. replies that by force he means a modification of matter, which reduces his axiom to the platitude that there can be no modification of matter without matter, or, in other words, that every river presupposes water. The second axiom is that matter is immortal. Why? Because it is indestructible. But physical indestructibility does not involve logical indestructibility; and matter is not logically indestructible, since we can conceive of the soul as existing when withdrawn from all the physical conditions of this life. The third axiom is that matter is infinite. Why? Because we see no end to it in either direction, whether towards the infinitely small or the infinitely great. But the fallacy here consists in making our senses (even when strengthened by the most perfect mechanical appliances) the measure of the reality of things. Thus M. Nolé attempts to show that the famous axioms of the materialistic school are only a series of affirmations, negations, and hypotheses, which, on critical examination, frequently resolve themselves into the most callow *petitiones principii*. We are by no means ready to aver that his "refutation" is always successful; the task, too, which he undertakes is that of purely negative criticism. He aims simply to expose the inadequacy of the arguments which the materialists have brought against the reality of spiritual existence and the personal immortality of the soul. We recommend the book not because we regard it as wholly sound in its logic or correct in its conclusions, but because it lays bare many weak points in Dr. Büchner's reasoning, and will be a valuable help to the reader in settling in his own mind what is just now one of the much discussed questions of speculative philosophy.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

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## The Week.

THE Southern news of the week has not been reassuring. We hear of a state of affairs in Mississippi that ought to cause the immediate removal of General Gillem, who is in command there. Virtual slavery is permitted by him, as he permits the operation of the vagrant law, which orders chain-gang labor for negroes without an employer, and all negroes who vote the Radical ticket are apt to be that. The papers openly advocate the death of such Radicals as dare to remain in the State. In Arkansas, the case is at least as bad; assassination has been resorted to in the case of several prominent Republican leaders; and in the counties of which we spoke last week as being in rebellion, there has really been what amounted to civil war: the courts have been closed, several skirmishes have been fought, and the governor has been obliged to issue his proclamation. Tennessee seems to be trembling on the brink of civil war, and Forrest avers that there are 40,000 men in the State enrolled in the Ku-klux Klan, and that in the South generally it numbers more than five hundred thousand men; and that those of them who live in Tennessee are all ready to take up arms the moment that Brownlow orders out the militia. In South Carolina the legislature has passed a law making Governor Scott a dictator, if there should be within a month or two the apprehended civil war. In Georgia the lower House has turned out, and the upper one will turn out, all its negro members, and there has been rioting in the neighborhood of Savannah, as there has been in South Carolina on the Lower Santee —where the rice negroes are most numerous and most ignorant—at Hampton in Virginia, and in South-west Arkansas. But we advise no Republican to begin arguing on the inherent brutality of the negro every time the Associated Press reports a "negro riot" or "an outrage by armed negroes." Usually, the riots are considerably more white than black; and, even if they were not, the blacks would be doing no more than we should have been glad to see the whites doing in the days just before the late war—a time when, as now, the Union men allowed themselves to be cowed and killed by their more enterprising rebel neighbors. It is a thing to be most devoutly wished that in the other States, as in North Carolina, there could be in every county two or three well-organized bodies of loyal men, armed if necessary, to preserve some sort of order. But white Republicans are plenty in North Carolina, and then, too, the North Carolinian, whether white or black, was always the most sensible of the Southerners of his kind, and the most respectable. What is to be done about all this, except to elect Grant, we can hardly see. The troops are withdrawn, or all but withdrawn; and of such as are left General Gillem is a specimen. That there will be a September session of Congress in behalf of the loyalists of the South seems very doubtful.

On the other hand, there is this much of good Southern news. Mr. Conway's School Bill for Louisiana is probably killed, and it is expected that the substitute for it will be more sensible and conciliatory. There is talk of the State's being carried for Grant by 40,000 majority, which is probably only talk, though we have, as yet, seen no good reason for thinking that the Democrats could take the State from the Republicans. In Arkansas, the very strict registration law is to be strictly enforced, and the reserve militia is to hold itself ready for action. In all the States the military commanders are notified that the men of their commands are to be used by the sheriff or marshal in case of disturbance as part of the *posse comitatus*, if in the judgment of the commanding officers, "exercising a wise discretion," there shall be need of their services. This provision—a necessary one doubtless—will of course be found to work badly in many cases. The order will, however, have its moral effect. The Social Equality Bill of the South Carolina Legislature is said to have been passed in a much modified form; the Louisiana Legislature, which is the worst of all the Southern legislatures, as its Congressional delegation is the worst of all the Southern Congressional delegations, has, we believe, passed its Social Equality Bill in all its undiluted foolishness. Governor Smith, of Alabama, has summoned the legislature of that State to convene for the purpose of providing for registration.

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The Georgia Legislature has been guilty of a most extraordinary performance. The new State constitution declares "all persons born or naturalized in the United States, and resident in the State, citizens of the State," and "prohibits the passage of any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States, or of this State"—all of which is confirmed and enforced by the fourteenth constitutional amendment. But the majority in the legislature have adopted the view that the absence from the constitution of an express affirmation of the eligibility of colored persons to seats in the legislature, coupled with the re-enactment of the old Georgia code, makes them ineligible. Accordingly, the colored members, about twenty-five in number, have been expelled. We have received from private sources a very indifferent account of the white "Unionists" who adorn that body, which their action in this matter seems to confirm. It looks, at present, very much like an attempt on their part to make their peace with the secessionists by the sacrifice of the colored people. One of the colored delegates, in retiring, warned the "carpet-baggers" of their approaching doom, and shook the dust off his clothes in a figurative and contemptuous manner. The question, What is the remedy? is not, however, easy to answer; and the mere asking of it seems to touch the weak point in reconstruction, Will or can Congress interfere to correct the construction put by a State legislature on the constitution under which it sits? Will any court interfere with the judgment of a legislature on the qualifications of its own members? If a court did interfere, what could it do? It fact, it seems as if the only resource, after all, was the ballot.

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General Rosecrans has published his correspondence with the Southern generals, and we doubt much if it has disappointed anybody. He writes them a long, gushing letter, "with his heart in his hand"—the displacement of that organ no doubt accounting for the feebleness of the whole performance—eulogizing in strong terms the Southern generals and army, and repeating, as the expression of his own sentiments and those of "the West and North," a long string of propositions about the dangers of the present crisis at the South, such as may be found in Governor Seymour's speeches and in the editorials of the *World*, and then asks the brave men of the South "what they

think of it, and what they are willing to do about it," and whether they are willing to "pledge the people of the South to a chivalrous and magnanimous devotion to restoring peace and prosperity to our common country." We regret to say that the only epithet we can think of which exactly characterizes the communication is "snivelling." The reply of the Southern generals would, to a sensitive man—which we fear General Rosecrans is not—be very mortifying. It is cold, formal, and guarded. It says that the South, when the war was over, annulled its ordinances of secession and abolished slavery—which as proofs of a conciliatory and submissive spirit are about as valuable as its submission to the winter frosts and summer heats—and that the idea that the Southern people are hostile to the negroes, or would oppress them, "is entirely unfounded." No mention whatever, as might be expected, is made of the black codes passed after the war was over. The sum and substance of the letter is, in fact, that if the South is allowed, slavery being abolished, to come back into the Union, without conditions or restrictions, exactly as if nothing had happened, all will go well.

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Governor Seymour wrote a very nice letter, on the 24th of July, apparently in reply to congratulations, to Mr. C. M. Ingersoll, of New Haven, which has just seen the light, in which he says the nomination "had plunged him into a sea of troubles." How serious these troubles are becomes every day more apparent. Colonel Brown, of Kentucky, a confidential friend of Chief-Justice Chase's, began them, the week before last, in a speech at Cincinnati, in which he gave the history of the Chief-Justice's connection with the Democratic Convention, showing that he would only have accepted the nomination on a platform of his own drafting, and that Governor Seymour was distinctly pledged to his support. Moreover, the platform was drafted, and submitted to Mr. Seymour, and approved by him, and has been published. It advocates "universal suffrage and universal amnesty," condemns the Congressional attacks on the Supreme Court and the military features of the reconstruction plan, calls for the faithful payment of the public debt, and refers the interpretation of the contract between the Government and its creditors to the courts. It is, in fact, a platform of which no honest man could approve, one would think, and afterwards approve of the platform since adopted. Colonel Brown's exposures have called forth other outbursts of discontent—two in particular, from Mr. Reed and Mr. Alexander Long, other Democratic friends of the Chief-Justice, representing the Seymour nomination as a great "coup de thimblerig"—in other words, a most disgraceful breach of faith on Mr. Seymour's own part, and aggravated by his weeping afterwards in a private room, "for hours, like a newly-weaned baby"—a display of tenderness which to the humbugged Chase delegates must have been, and was, little short of maddening. Colonel Brown pronounces Mr. Seymour, "as a weeper, the equal of Job Trotter."

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Mr. Fessenden made an excellent speech at Portland last week—the most effective, except Senator Wilson's, we have yet had in the campaign. He addressed himself mainly to the financial question, and more particularly to the question of the intention of Congress, when the bonds were issued, as to the currency in which they should be paid, giving the history of the loans and of the legal tenders, and giving it with a knowledge of what passed at each stage of this financial legislation such as few men possess. He says that the issue of the legal-tender paper was a forced loan, and Congress well knew it was a forced loan, and therefore a hard measure, which nothing but overwhelming necessity could justify. It therefore, to mitigate its effects, determined to make this new currency convertible into interest-bearing bonds, and issued the bonds accordingly, "no man dreaming," as Mr. Fessenden declares, and as nobody has yet dared to deny, that they would, when due, be paid in anything but coin, or that we should not have got back to specie payments long before they were due. The interest was made expressly payable in coin, simply because it became payable at once, while paper was the circulating medium. Mr. Fessenden added—and we are glad to have the confirmation of such an authority as he is for the doctrine we have all along maintained in these columns—

"We are not to settle a question of this kind according to strict judicial principles, as if we were trying a law case; we are to settle it according to the opinion of those who contracted it; and we are to appeal to the enlightened judgment of the world for the correctness of the decision we make on this question. It is not a question for the court to decide. The language of the statute will allow you to do a particular thing if you choose to do it, but we are to appeal to the enlightened judgment of the world whether we are not bound by honesty and good faith to pay our debts in coin."

Anybody who preaches other doctrine than this is, again to use Mr. Fessenden's language, "a repudiator, unworthy of the confidence of an honest, God-fearing people."

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There was one passage in Mr. Fessenden's speech, however, which we read with pain and misgiving, and that is his confession, speaking of his opposition to making the greenbacks a legal tender, "that he was a doubter, and went just about as far as he was compelled to go in an untried direction, and no further." He surely knows that there is no excuse for any doubting on the part of politicians in this country any longer, inasmuch as they have only to subscribe to some of our Radical contemporaries—the Boston *Commonwealth*, for instance—to have "the truth"—not the half-truths, or approximations to truth, of the poor logicians and mathematicians, but the absolute truth, "la verité vraie," as the French say—served out to them at a very trifling expense, just as regularly as their milk, either by carrier or through the United States mails. Anybody who, under these circumstances, tries to reason his way to his conclusions, and therefore, of course, "doubts," must be a villain or an ignoramus. We know it enrages our Radical brethren to have this fact mentioned—owing, we presume, to a morbid modesty on their part—but our duty is none the less clear.

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The Democratic State Conventions have met during the week, both in New York and Massachusetts—that of New York nominating John T. Hoffman, and that of Massachusetts John Quincy Adams, for the governorship. We are sorry to see from their platforms that certain designing knaves—who they are, has never been made public—still continue their nefarious efforts to deprive the soldiers and sailors of their pensions. No convention of any party has met, we venture to say, within the last six years which has not solemnly declared its determination to have the pensions paid in full, and yet these heartless scoundrels, it appears, persist in trying to have them stopped, and the widows and orphans forgotten. There is only one remedy for this state of things, and that is to publish the names of the leaders in this wicked movement. We understand the reluctance of political committees to take this extreme step, but taken it should be at once. The New York platform also gives another warning, we are glad to see, to the corrupt men in office, by calling for reform in the abuses of the administration. The upholders of these abuses must surely see by this time that they have no friends in either party. Both Democrats and Republicans dislike them, and if they have any delicacy of feeling left they will, under the circumstances, betake themselves to some honest calling.

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It is very curious to see the influence of the strong Republican atmosphere of the State on the Massachusetts Democratic platform. It calls, like that of New York, for one currency for all, but it says that that currency should be gold and silver, and asks for a return to specie payments at the earliest possible moment. The New Yorkers do not mention paper as their favorite, but clearly indicate it. The Massachusetts Convention, too, speaks respectfully of Grant, says nothing about taxing Government bonds—that of New York does call for it—and in fact, except in the declaration of adhesion to Seymour and Blair, has little in it that any Republican need object to.

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We see in the Chicago *Tribune* and other Western papers occasional complaints of the poor quality of the lectures which the unfortunate public in that region have imposed on them during the winter season by the lyceums, and these complaints are frequently accompanied by threats against lecturers of low capacity and excessive ambition. A precedent has been furnished recently in the North

of England for dealing with such cases, which is not only entertaining, but might, we are sure, be often usefully followed in this country. Two Dissenting ministers delivered a pair of successful lectures in a place called Ossett in favor of the disestablishment of the Irish Church. The Episcopal clergy took up the cudgels for the Church, and a Rev. D. C. Kersy delivered another lecture in the same town on the other side, to which the "public were cordially invited." After the lecture there was a discussion, and the following resolution was then moved, seconded, and carried by 650 to 50 votes:

"That in the opinion of this meeting Mr. Kersy's lecture has been wanting in point and uninteresting to this audience, and, as a reply to the lectures of the Revs. M. Miller and C. Williams, has been a miserable failure."

A vote of thanks to the chairman was then reluctantly passed, and he and the lecturer left the room "amidst the hooting and groaning of the audience."

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The *Independent* last week, with that disregard of strict accuracy which, as we have frequently remarked, seems to be growing amongst the reformers, "helped on the cause" by alleging that the *Nation* is in favor of separate schools for blacks and whites at the South. The *Nation* holds that the true object of legislation, like the true object of editorial articles, is, not to make our enemies feel uncomfortable, but to improve the condition of the human race; and while, as we explained clearly last week, we would not allow any public school to be shut in a colored child's face, we would not send policemen, as Mr. Conway proposed to do in Louisiana, to drag white men's children to colored schools, in the hope of thereby promoting the equality of the races. The curse of the colored people at the South is that the whites hate them. To abate that hatred is, or ought to be, the great aim of every Southern and Northern legislator or philanthropist; and every measure which has this end in view, and will bear being tested by experience and principles of human nature, will have our heartiest support. But no legislator or agitator, nor any of his aiders or abettors, will get any expression of sympathy from us in the promotion of schemes which fly in the face of both one and the other. Those who applaud these "social equality bills," at the South, are the negro's worst enemies, and are practising on his ignorance or his vanity; because, if these bills could be executed, they would only increase the white execration of him, without making him either happier or wiser, and, if they cannot be executed, will simply irritate his neighbors.

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The case of Mr. Scully, a Tipperary landlord, who was, with two policemen, shot while endeavoring to serve notices of ejectment on his tenants, furnishes an excellent illustration of the workings of the Irish land-laws. The tenants were tenants-at-will, which at law amounts to a tenancy from year to year, inasmuch as the tenant, even if ejected during the year, would be entitled to the growing crops, and therefore never is ejected in practice without half a year's notice. But Mr. Scully tried to force his tenantry into executing agreements, which are of doubtful legality, to quit at twenty-one days' notice, and surrender the crops at the same time. Such leases, whether legal or not, would constitute the most outrageous tenure on which land has ever been held in a civilized country, and would, in fact, leave the tenant in a position in many respects inferior to that of a man holding his house and farm, as men did in the eighth and ninth centuries on the European continent, with the strong hand only. The tenants naturally refused to sign such leases, and, on Mr. Scully's coming to serve ejectment notices, shot him and the policemen down, apparently in a paroxysm of despair. In judging of the guilt of the crime—for in assassinations there are degrees of guilt—we must remember that ejectment from a farm in Ireland means condemnation to the life of a day-laborer—a condition only one degree removed from pauperism, and not always clearly distinguishable from it; to say nothing of the loss of all that makes life valuable—home and social position—for the Irish peasant clings tenaciously to his social position when he has any but the lowest. The infliction of such a penalty at the discretion of one man, merely as an assertion of the rights of property, has never been submitted to on a great scale in any country or age. It is not in human nature to submit to it, and, sooner or later, we feel satisfied, Mr. J. S. Mill's remedy for Irish discontent, radical as it is, will have to come. A writer in the *Pall Mall Gazette* lately deduced, from the notorious indifference of the Irish to the possession of land here, where it is plenty, the conclusion that their passion for it in Ireland is due to "pure cussedness," and that no fixity of tenure would satisfy them. But the fact is, they cling to land in Ireland as a last resource; here, where labor is plenty, and well paid, they do not cling to it, and, being gregarious, crowd into the towns. In Ireland, however, the farmer, if ejected, has neither manufactures nor a good labor market to fall back on, and, in resisting his ejectment, he fights for everything but life. His course is doubtless prejudicial to high farming; but the question for him is not one of either high or low farming.

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The more consideration on the defeat of the French Government in the Department of the Jura by the election of M. Grévy receives, the more important it appears. The newspapers of all parties acknowledge that it looks like an entrance on a new political era, and that if the example thus spread be followed elsewhere, the Imperial policy must be completely modified, and the Cæsarist system given up, and government by a responsible ministry substituted. What makes the vote all the more significant is that in the statistical maps the Jura stands white, meaning that only three per cent. of the population can neither read nor write, which shows that the primary schools are turning the peasantry against absolutism, and the primary schools cannot be shut up. The contest, too, was not a close one. All the efforts of the prefect, priests, mayors, and the other functionaries which swarm in every French department could only produce a minority of 11,000 against 22,000. Even M. de Laguerronière's paper, *La France*, the chief of the "devoted" journals—he himself having once filled the post of censor, and now filling that of minister at Brussels—says that the Government must understand "that the days of easy elections are over, and a struggle has commenced." The Government has been waiting the result of this election in order to decide whether it would at once dissolve the Chamber and have a general election, or wait a little longer. The result has determined it to postpone the dissolution, and try its luck in three other places at once, where it might have delayed the election for six months. The contest in these promises to be very fierce, as the democratic party will go to work with strong hope, which they have never yet had.

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Another sign of the times is to be found in the strong protest drawn up by the Municipal Council of Bordeaux against the gerrymandering arrangement by which the city was cut up into three electoral districts, each of them including a large tract of the surrounding country, in order to prevent the city population electing obnoxious candidates, by neutralizing its votes by those of the peasantry. The result of this arrangement is that the leading commercial city of France after Marseilles has no representative of her own in the Corps Législatif. The mayor, who is a Government nominee, struggled hard against the adoption of the protest, looking upon it as little short of sedition, but it was carried by fourteen to six votes.

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The Canadians have been making an effort to reduce the salary of the Governor-General, who gets £10,000 a year, or twice as much as the President; but the Colonial Office has vetoed the bill, on the ground that the right sort of man for the place could not be got for less money, and that any reduction of the salary would reduce Canada to the position of "a third-class colony." These are the kind of objections to change which Bentham used to enjoy worrying and gnawing and making merry over. It will not be pretended, and is not pretended, as the New York *Times* justly remarks, that a man competent to discharge the duties of the office could not be got for less money. What the Home Government means by a fit man is a man of rank, and it is for the rank he is paid rather than for the work—a rule which also regulated the salaries of officers in France before the Revolution, drawing from Clavière, the Swiss financier, when he took office, the remark, "that it was like employing a Dutch florist instead of a common gardener to raise potatoes." What the consequences would be to Canada of being reduced to "a third-class colony" is one of the awful mysteries of state which it takes an official mind to fathom.

## THE "POLITICAL SENSE" AT THE SOUTH.

THE performances of the Southern orators and editors continue to furnish striking illustrations of the extent to which their troubles are due to their bad political habits, and of the large part which time and restraint from without must play in Southern regeneration. When we have been looking, as most of us have, to some particular measure as a "sure and instant cure" for Southern ills, we have forgotten that hardly any Southerner of this generation is familiar with the practical working of a free government; that the very basis of a free government—a general faith in the power of discussion, and a general willingness to abide by the results of discussion, as expressed by the vote—has been wanting at the South for thirty years; that none of the young or middle-aged men are any more familiar with the process of forming opinion by talk, and of listening to talk that they do not like, than Frenchmen or Russians—in fact, they are not nearly so familiar with it as Frenchmen.

It is over thirty years since the place of the negro in society became the vital question of Southern politics. The question of secession was merely an accessory of that of slavery. The people have, during that interval, thought, spoken, and written of little else. All other subjects—theology, political economy, moral philosophy, the natural sciences even—have owed a large part of their interest, in Southern eyes, to their bearing on the negro's origin and destiny, and have been cultivated mainly with reference to slavery. Now, touching slavery—that is, touching the matter which most occupied men's thoughts, and about which men's passions have been most roused—the expression of opposing opinions has not been permitted in any part of the South within the experience of the present generation. No man has dared to present to the public, either in the press or on the platform, more than one side of the great question of the day, or, latterly, to introduce from abroad any expressions of dissent from the prevailing doctrine. The consequence has been that there is no native Southerner under the age of forty-five who can be said to have any political training or to possess the "political sense," as that phrase is understood at the North. He has never witnessed free debate; he has never seen political changes accomplished by debate; he has never seen a minority submit to the legislation of a majority without losing the hope of converting them or desisting from its efforts to do so. In short, he feels very much about dissenters from the prevailing political creed as a pious Catholic of the twelfth century felt about heretics, and looks on orators who declaim against his theories on the stump very much as Austrian politicians, about 1820, might be supposed to look on an Italian exile, newly arrived from London to edit a paper of extreme views at Milan.

Now, what is the "political sense?" It is not that acquaintance with history, political economy, jurisprudence, and human nature which is called political knowledge; nor is it the shrewdness, acuteness, and skill in the art of persuasion which makes the successful political "manager." There are countries in the world in which political knowledge abounds, but in which the political sense is so wanting that the establishment of a free government is almost impossible. A man might be, as the Abbé Siéyes thought he was, "perfect in the science of politics," and yet be, as the Abbé certainly was, an incorrigible political donkey. A community, too, might be composed of men as astute, dexterous, and unctuous as any "wire-puller" who has ever walked the streets of Albany, and yet go to pieces politically in the course of a very few years for want of any cohesive principle. The "political sense" is, in short, the quality, partly moral, partly mental, which enables a man to believe in the power of discussion, to work for distant results, and to be content for the present with what he can get in default of what he wants. A man who rails against "talk" in politics; who loves the "previous question;" and who, when the vote goes against him, goes home to pack up his trunk with a view to emigration, or to load his pistol, or to distribute arms amongst his friends, or form secret associations, or who talks of "pestilent doctrines," or who forces himself into company where he is not wanted, or drags his neighbors' children to school with his own against their parents' will in order to assert the doctrine of human equality, is wanting in the political sense, and if he has reached middle life is not likely ever to acquire it.

That this sense has almost totally died out at the South, and that it will need some years of order and security to restore it, the occurrences of every week show more and more clearly. The abstinence of the leading whites from all participation in politics under the new constitutions, thus permitting the government to pass into the hands of those whom they denominate as "carpet-baggers," "scallawags," and ignorant blacks, followed by incessant talk of appeals to arms, deputations to Washington to apply for military protection, the formation of secret associations, the practice of assassination as a political remedy, and the issue of irritating denunciatory manifestoes directed against the black population with whom they have to live, and on whom they are dependent for their prosperity, are all striking proofs of the political imbecility brought on the Southern mind by the long absence of an opposition. Men with the political sense in a healthy condition would have held on tenaciously to every scrap of power they could seize or retain, would, if possible, never have let the negroes get from under their influence, and, above all, would never have allowed them to realize the possibility that the State could be governed by carpet-baggers and ignoramuses. The exposures recently made by the Democratic Club at Charleston of the composition of the South Carolinian Legislature under the new régime are, even if true, simply consequences of their own folly, and, indeed, have a striking resemblance, as pieces of self-stultification, to the manifestoes and declarations which the French emigrés used to issue from the banks of the Rhine against the vulgar French republicans. A politician who sulks and sneers and refuses to act, does not simply confess that he is powerless, but that he is a fool.

The Ku-klux Klan, let us add, is nothing new. The South before the war was one vast Ku-klux Klan: every man was a member of the organization, and the State governments made no attempt to interfere with it, and its victims were rare because dissenters from the popular creed did not enter the South. What makes it seem so novel now is that the State governments are in the hands of the dissenters, and there is a large body of them in every State. But its operations are simply the application to the new state of things of the old Southern mode of repressing differences of political opinion. The great question of the day to Southerners is still the status and rights of the negro, and they bring to the consideration of it their old practices. If a man gets up on the stump and preaches negro equality, they do not get up on another stump and preach white superiority, and rely on time and their own exertions to show that his preaching was idle talk, but they go home and take a solemn oath to "keep an eye" on the orator, and if he does the like again to shoot him or carry him into the woods and whip him—in other words, about what the Montenegrins would do if a preacher made his appearance amongst them to propagate Mohammedanism and eulogize the Turks. When Forrest and others like him throw the blame of the present state of things on the Radicals, they either deceive themselves or are trying to deceive others. In the account he gave the other day of his plans and those of his associates to the correspondent of the Cincinnati *Commercial*, he simply said that they were going to adhere to the old Southern mode of extirpating holders of disagreeable opinions; and his threats seem alarming simply because the holders of disagreeable opinions now are likely to resist. Formerly, they never thought of such a thing.

There can be no doubt that it is a misfortune that some such disposition should not have been made at the close of the war of such persons as Forrest, Toombs, and Cobb as would have ensured their abstinence from politics. After the report of the Congressional Committee on the Fort Pillow massacre, the release of Forrest on parole was a great scandal; even after his parole had been accepted, it ought to have been returned to him by the Government, and the alternative—exile, or a trial before a military commission—have been offered to him. With regard to the others, however much opposed we may be to political vengeance, there is nobody who will deny that men who have made themselves conspicuous in instigating an appeal from the ballot to the sword ought to be compelled, after defeat in the field, to hold their tongues for the remainder of their days. Civil war is too dreadful a thing to be tried by agitators unless they really mean it to be the last thing they will *ever* try; but the mild view taken of their performances by the Northern

public not unnaturally causes the Southern leaders now to treat the rebellion as merely one of the legitimate means of attaining political ends, the failure of which ought to entail no more inconvenience on the vanquished than defeat at an election. These men are now trying to be as mischievous as ever, and there is only one remedy for their talk, and that is, the forcing them to listen peaceably to other people's talk. This cannot be done in a year, but a great deal may be done towards it in four years. Whenever the time comes when the spectacle so common at the West—a spectacle, let us add, which indicates, no matter how coarse the manners or low the intellectual culture of a community may be, political development of the highest order, and the possession of the political sense in the utmost activity—of the candidates of the opposing parties traversing the country together, and haranguing the same audiences on opposite sides of the same question, will be witnessed at the South, its regeneration will for all practical purposes be complete, but not till then. Until we see this, emigrants will avoid it, life and property in it will be insecure, and the minority, or the blacks, will be in constant peril. The process of education, as we have often said, has been begun. Every time a Radical gets up in any Southern State, and says "shocking" things, and is not murdered for them, the work is advanced. It ought to be the main business of the North now to see that it is not interrupted until there will be no corner of the country in which a man cannot make a fool of himself, on the stump or in a newspaper, without fear of other penalty than having his folly exposed. Southern society will then be placed under the dominion of public opinion, which, in a healthy condition of things, is the fundamental guarantee of peace and security.

## THE CHINESE TREATY.

A portion of the English press—and we are sorry to see so candid a journal as the *Spectator* among the number—began to put a bad construction on the Chinese treaty recently concluded at Washington the minute it reached them, and fancy they have detected in it proof of a design on the part of China to enter, with American aid and countenance, on a retrograde policy. The comments of the *Saturday Review* on it are in the worst style of that paper, nearly all conclusions about the treaty being really, and in fact undisguisedly, deductions from the *Saturday Review* theory of American character; and it has actually constructed a Mr. Burlingame out of the depths of its moral consciousness—for it evidently knows nothing about the man himself—to fit into its explanation of the treaty. For instance, in order to make the clause about the construction of railways bear the appearance of a cunning bid for a job on the part of American contractors and iron-dealers, it has to have a kind of flashy enterprising "bagman" of the George Francis Train style for the ambassador, and accordingly Mr. Burlingame is dressed up in that character, and a thirst for "New York applause" made the mainspring of his actions. It would seem as if a very small share of the sense of decorum would have been sufficient to prevent hostile comments on the mission or its objects before it presented itself in London, for it must be remembered that it is accredited to England as well as to the United States, and it will be time enough to accuse Mr. Burlingame of using his functions to secure a monopoly of advantages for his own country when it has been seen what kind of treaties he makes or offers to make with others. The theory of the *Spectator* that the Burlingame mission is a suddenly devised contrivance of the "Empress Mother and Prince Wen-siang, a really able politician of the high-tory sort," for cutting off the Chinese from intercourse with foreigners, has all the marks of one of those curious hallucinations about foreign politics, and especially about very distant politics, to which journalists may be said to be liable to fall in the direct ratio of their earnestness and honesty—just such an one, for instance, as the *Spectator* occasionally falls into with regard to American affairs, merely from overeagerness to see deeply into things. It is certainly not displaying undue distrust of our contemporary's accuracy to say that we fear its testimony as to the designs of the "Empress Mother" is not to be received without considerable caution. In fact, we feel perfectly satisfied there is no European or American whose opinions of the exact part played by any Chinese court lady in Chinese politics are worth repeating. Moreover, even if the Empress Mother and Prince Wen-siang be playing the part the *Spectator* assigns them, it is absurd to claim the credit of astuteness for them, as the *Spectator* does. Chinese politicans who, desiring to close their territory to foreigners, employ a foreigner to take charge of an embassy from them to all the other nations of the civilized world, and, surrounding him with native diplomatists, send him off to make a dozen treaties, every one placing China under the restraints and obligations of the body of usages known as international law—and all this with great pomp and uproar, and with the certainty of attracting more barbarian attention to China than has ever been fixed on it before, and of exciting more expectations of trade and other intercourse with it than have ever previously existed, and of contracting obligations towards nine or ten powers with which they have hitherto had nothing whatever to do—may be very deep and cunning, but they have a very odd way of showing it.

We believe, on the contrary, that the account we gave of the origin and objects of the embassy when the news of it first arrived last February was substantially correct: that it is not intended to be a means of getting back to a retrograde policy, but is in reality one more step in a really progressive policy, a measure intended not to restrict but promote intercourse with foreigners; and that, in short, it means what anybody who was not in search of hidden mysteries would take it to mean, and what nobody would have the hardihood to deny that it meant if it was sent out by any power with which we were well acquainted. Here is what we said on the 20th of February last as to the policy of the present Chinese administration, and this was not written here, but in China, by a competent and well-informed observer:

"But, on the death of the Emperor, his brother Prince Kung and Wen-siang, two men who appreciated and accepted the new situation, gained control of the regency by a brilliant *coup d'état*, and inaugurated a progressive policy. Its first-fruits were an acquiescence in the residence of foreign ministers at Pekin, and a willingness to profit by their advice so far as the distracted condition of the empire would allow. Their attention was next forcibly drawn to the foreign inspectorate of customs at the treaty ports, on which England and France had insisted as a collateral security for the indemnity due them. This institution was at first distasteful, but as each year brought into the imperial exchequer a rapidly increasing revenue from this source, the Chinese have accepted the idea in its entirety, and have developed a revenue service which for efficiency, honesty, and convenience can compare more than favorably with our own. The navigation of the Yangtse River was also conceded, and the substantial advantages to them of the fleet of steamers now trading on that great internal highway of the empire operate in favor of the still further opening of their waters to foreign commerce. In various places they have established arsenals under foreign supervision, where arms are manufactured to equip their foreign disciplined troops. They are building gunboats to police their coasts, and repress the piracy which has been their curse. They have issued wise pilot regulations, and appropriated funds for light-houses where the need is most urgent. Wheaton's 'Treatise on International Law' has been translated into Chinese, and they have adopted it as their text-book—understandingly, too, as they proved when a Prussian frigate violated the neutrality of their waters in the last Danish war. In Pekin itself a college has been established for the instruction of natives in Western knowledge by the ablest professors that could be procured, and there can be no doubt of the benefit that will almost immediately flow from this substitution of positive sciences for the dead husks of the Confucian classics."

Nothing can be more natural than that men who have done all this should seek closer, more direct, and intelligent relations with the great family of nations, whose laws and learning they are adopting, no matter how distasteful the whole barbarian polity may be. That an American should have been selected to fill the first place in the embassy, if any foreigner was to be selected, is the most reasonable thing conceivable, both from the fact that hitherto America has had but little trade or intercourse with China, and that she is hereafter likely to have a great deal. The very largeness of the English trade with China, on which the *Spectator* dwells with so much satisfaction, and the unpleasantness, to use a mild word, which has attended the growth of that trade, disqualified England for the position of medium of communication between China and the rest of the civilized world. Neither the Chinese nor the other nations could have had much confidence in an agent with so large a pecuniary interest in Chinese doings, and with such a hearty contempt for Chinese morals and understandings, as Great Britain has. When a retailer comes to town with a view of extending his relations amongst the wholesale dealers, he does not naturally put himself in the hands of one who has previously had a monopoly of his custom, and who has several times sold him out for slight shortcom-

ings. There is a good deal of human nature in Chinamen as well as in other men, and there are not many Englishmen of the school of politics to which the *Spectator* belongs who would say, if put upon their candor, that, under the circumstances, it would be fair to expect the Chinese to choose England as mediator between it and Christendom. The *convenances* alone forbid it, and England ought not to expect it. Moreover, there is no power which has so much prospective interest in China as the United States, because there is the very strongest probability that we shall, before many years, have a vast Chinese population on the Pacific coast—not naturalized citizens, but living and laboring with the *animus revertendi* strong upon them, and for whose fate and treatment the Chinese Government, if it makes any change at all in its polity, must hold the United States responsible. Besides this, if the opening up of the Pacific Railroad and the increase of population on the Pacific slope do not end before very long in making either San Francisco or New York the great *entrepôt* of Oriental products—which London now is—the laws of trade or the nature of the American man must have recently undergone some great change.

At the same time, it must be admitted that the embassy runs some risk of accomplishing less for China than it seeks to accomplish, through making stronger claims, on behalf of the empire and its civilization, on the consideration of the Western world than the facts will support. There is no doubt that it is a great thing for a nation to be old, if it has made a good use of its time, but not otherwise; and to say of a nation that it knew all it knows now, and a great part of what we know, five hundred years before the Christian era, is a doubtful compliment. Nobody can help growing old; the glory lies in improving as the years roll over us. There is, too, a natural tendency among us to a reaction against the excessive crowing over material progress with which the Western world is filled, and of this tendency the Chinese get the benefit. They go without railroads and grain-elevators, and cultivate sentiment; and those of us who begin to hate railroads and grain-elevators are easily persuaded that there is something fine in the mere absence of them. But there is not. We have much to learn from the Chinese, and there is much in them that we might imitate. People who stand long and steadfastly on the ancient ways have graces and manners of which the "live man" and the "earnest radical" know nothing; but, take it for all in all, our civilization is the best there ever has been—the best morally, mentally, and materially—and is not likely to gain much by the opening up of the Oriental world. A great gulf separates us, after all, from the best of the Greeks or Romans or Chinese—a gulf of which there may be no trace in the religious or ethical books, but which even a commonplace modern man would feel if he stood face to face with the best philosopher of antiquity.

In saying all this, we have in our mind the difficulties that must present themselves in dealing with China in all respects as a member of the family of civilized nations. The rules which regulate the intercourse of the latter are based on a common stock of religious and moral ideas, which really influence life and manners, and which the Chinese do not as yet share. This, however, is not a reason for not bringing her in, but for laboring earnestly to do it; and, instead of diminishing the credit due to Mr. Burlingame's mission, it heightens it. But it also should warn us against extravagant expectations as to the result.

## THE SITUATION IN ENGLAND.

The English newspapers, as well as the English public, are so absorbed in the discussion of the merits of the various candidates offering themselves for the next election, that the discussion of "questions" may be said to be almost dropped. What one learns of popular feeling about them, one gets almost exclusively from the addresses of the candidates, which thus possess an amount of interest they have not possessed before since 1640; for never, since that time, has Parliament appealed to the country on matters so important. This may seem an exaggerated statement; but nobody whose reading of the newspapers is supplemented by trustworthy private information can doubt that England is on the verge of the most tremendous crisis in her history, and that the Irish Church question is simply the precursor of others, which will not be settled without recasting English society and giving a new color and direction to the tide of English history.

The election addresses show that the Liberal party are firmly united in the determination to abolish the Irish Church, that there is no shrinking or hesitation amongst them, and that time and reflection and discussion have only strengthened the "week-kneed." Moreover, the attempt of the Tories to get up a "No Popery" feeling in its favor has been made, and has failed utterly. The appeals of the clergy for this purpose have met with little or no response. A "great Protestant demonstration," convened in its defence at the Crystal Palace the other day, by the high Church dignitaries, proved worthless; and a little incident, which we have mentioned in "The Week," is a good indication of the state of opinion amongst the middle classes. The Dissenters, properly so called—that is, the Nonconformists, who attend public worship, and take an interest in ecclesiastical matters—now, after fifty years of anti-State-Church agitation, find their great enemy on his knees, and will not spare him, and are not scared, as they would have been forty years ago, by the cry of "Pope!" The working-classes in the towns, disliking all clergy, dislike in an especial manner the Episcopal clergy; and as to the laboring classes in the country districts, they count for nothing in a political agitation. The defenders of the Irish Church, composed principally of the higher clergy and the aristocracy, are thus left face to face with their remorseless foes, "the philosophers" of the *Pall Mall Gazette* and the *Fortnightly Review* and the ultra Radicals—and more unpleasant foes the lover of things settled rarely has to encounter. The wits of the friends of the Church are, therefore, well-nigh failing them for fear.

Not that they have any real attachment to the Irish Church. It is a body of which its sister in England has never felt particularly proud, or from which it has ever derived any credit. Its clergy, as a general rule, have never exhibited much of either learning or devotion, and have displayed a large number of the vices of the Protestant garrison from which they were drawn—the pride, arrogance, bigotry, and nepotism. Neither Christian doctrine nor practice has ever owed much to army chaplains, taken as a body. The Irish clergy have been essentially in the position of army chaplains, with few or no duties, and no discipline. There is no way of looking at the organization, in fact, which does not make it appear the scandal, not of the Anglican Church only, but of the Church universal.

Its fall, therefore, would be viewed by the English clergy with at least an approach to equanimity, if it were not generally felt—though, as yet, there is no public talk to this effect—that its fall will be but the narrow end of the wedge, and that with its fall the Establishment in England will be doomed also. The signs that this catastrophe, too, is not far distant are numerous. Not only are the links between church and state being eaten away by the steady dropping of the acid of the utilitarian philosophy, but the unity which might have saved the Establishment is gone. There are now half-a-dozen sects within its borders, and their dislike of each other is considerably stronger than their dislike of outsiders. Only one of them wants to have John Locke's ideal realized, and all who find comfort in the Church's ministrations suffered to live peaceably under her roof, no matter what their doctrinal belief may be. The others are eager for compulsory uniformity; and while they are quarrelling the enemy is gathering at the gates. Many excellent clergymen, in full consciousness of the danger, are making desperate efforts to devise some theory of the Church's functions in the state which will satisfy the political reformers and save its endowments and its national character; but in vain. Even that very old and serviceable argument, on which even Jeremy Bentham looked with a kindly eye, that by having an established church you secure the presence and humanizing influence of educated gentlemen in districts which would otherwise be abandoned to barbarism, no longer produces any impression on the iconoclasts. They say they will find other and better means of elevating the rural population. Talk of the clergy as educators of the young only calls forth shouts of derision, in view of the mental condition of the agricultural population in this the fourth century of the Church's existence. Something has been said about drawing in the Dissenters; but when negotiations on that matter were opened with the Congregationalists a year ago, at

Manchester, the gulf was found too wide to be bridged over. Dr. Pusey has just been making proposals, with a similar view, to the Wesleyans, being moved thereto by the recollection of their Episcopal origin, but he met with a smart rebuff. In the great towns, although there is a prodigious amount of missionary and charitable work done by the clergy amongst the poor, their overtures to the working-men meet with no response. Conferences between them were held in London under the auspices of the "Broad Church" wing, last year, which resulted in nothing. The working-man was found to take no interest in religion, or, if he did, none in religion as preached by the Church. The church and the parson were, in his eyes, rich men's luxuries, and he cared nothing for them.

Moreover, the Church is losing—in fact, we might say, has lost—the universities, all but in name and in law. Rationalism has stalked into the quadrangles with a hungry face, and fascinated the young men. A High-Churchman is nowadays a personage who is regarded in Oxford common-rooms—the Oxford of Keble and Newman—with a humane but amused eye, and the organization in which he is so much interested as one of the things which has to "go down," in so far as its connection with the state is concerned. The university tests, too, are in such danger that Dr. Pusey, in the hope of at least keeping Unitarians and Positivists out of them, has proposed handing over one college to each orthodox sect; which would, of course, lead to such quarrelling as would before long divide the whole college revenues among the members of the Chancery bar.

The tottering of the Church Establishment, too, is but one of the signs of the change through which public opinion is passing on other subjects, and which the newspapers only feebly and imperfectly represent. No newspaper will yet say openly, what is nevertheless perfectly true, that the monarchy has lost its hold, both on the English reason and imagination, and that its supports at this moment are simply the inexpediency of a change just now, and a sentimental attachmen. to the Queen, which is, however, commoner amongst the women than among the men. In fact, "loyalty" is extinct, at least in the class which now moulds public opinion, and the crown stands as an institution simply, which will have to justify its existence every yeart During the Queen's lifetime, we shall of course hear nothing of change, but the first appearance before the Utilitarians of a monarch whose favorite youthful occupations were skittles and listening to comic singing, will be an awful moment in the history of the British monarchy.

The condition of the working-classes, too, does not improve. The numbers of the desperate class—that great army of unfortunates who, having once dropped off the car of British industry, and lost home and friends and place in the world's work, swarm over the land as tramps and paupers, without the hope and often without the desire of recovery—grow apace; and there is a vague expectation of great relief and great changes from the Reform Parliament diffused through the country which reminds one of the expectations which preceded the meeting of the States General in 1789—all of them signs of social as well as political revolution. We might multiply them still further, if space permitted.

## "DROPPED DEAD."

All royal strengths, in life, until the end
Will bear themselves still royally. Degrees
Of dying they know not: the muddy lees
They will not drink: no man shall see them bend
Or slacken in the storm: no man can lend
To them. Those feeble souls who crouch on knees
That fail, and cling to shadows of lost ease,
Death tortures. But, as kings to kings may send,
He challenges the strong.
Such death as this
O'ertakes great love: a lesser love will miss
Such stroke; may dwindle painfully away,
And fade, and simply cease to breathe, some day.
But great loves, to the last, have pulses red.
All great loves that have ever died, dropped dead.

H. H.

August 29, 1868.

## CAMPAIGN SONGS.

What music there is in American souls is, we imagine, mostly in the souls of naturalized Americans. Shoddy does something to keep the opera alive among us—it cannot be said to flourish—but the German element in the population has to do more, and both together can keep it going regularly only in New York. Elsewhere in this country it leads only an intermittent and precarious existence. We suppose there is hardly any purely American community where there is tolerable music, vocal or instrumental. Longfellow's village blacksmith still, as of old, rejoices on Sundays in the church to hear his daughter's voice in the choir, but probably any lover of music would have to be somehow, paternally or otherwise, in love with some particular treble or contralto in "the singing seats" in order to be reminded of Saint Cecilia. Yet our "best holt" in music, as Mr. Nasby would say, was the singing in our village churches. All the indigenous vocal and instrumental ability in the country was gathered into the choirs. We were certainly a very chosen people in old times; but still, whatever person, renate or reprobate, had vocal gifts, it was usual to press into the service of the sanctuary. With "women who were singers" the deacons were apt to be stricter, but many are the bad men we have known who were joyfully permitted to make a cheerful noise of sacred song for the believers. The man must have been very far indeed from a saving faith who, if he was a desirable bass or tenor, was not made welcome to a place among the violins and bass-viols and other modern representatives of the shawm and sackbut and timbrel. But with all our efforts after such minstrelsy, we have had to fall back on hired performers; we have had to leave our congregations mute, and, without any compensatory advantage in the way of regeneracy, to let our praisings be done by quartettes.

Just as we fail in music we fail in poetry for music. Very few, indeed, are the American songs that are of the least value. There are three or four—such as Morris's "Woodman, Spare that Tree," and Woodworth's "Old Oaken Bucket"—that have been sung by other people besides ourselves. There is one that not only has been, but long will be so sung: Payne's "Home, Sweet Home" is sure of immortality among all English-speaking people. "John Brown's Body" is a great song, although for certain reasons it is sung by nobody but Northerners. If one thinks of the hero of it, of his life and his death and of what followed his death, this lyric has a peculiar power. Or do not think of these things; think only of what is given us by the song itself, and still the chief conception,

> "John Brown's body lies mouldering in the grave,
> His soul is marching on,"

has grandeur, and must be spoken of as being among the great strokes of song literature. It is, we should say, the only good song produced by the North during the late war, and that is the same as calling it the only very good song produced in the whole country during the rebellion, productive as that was of verse. Mr. Grant White does not like it, but, if we recollect, it is the tune that he abuses rather than the poetry, as to which latter, indeed, his opinion would be less valuable. "Maryland, My Maryland," was certainly good for singing, but as poetry it has no existence. "Stonewall Jackson's Way," on the other hand, was not bad as poetry, and had for its chief fault the Southern fault of absurd and childish emphaticalness—but nobody, we suppose, ever thought of singing it. Mrs. Julia Ward Howe also wrote for the war a song or two which showed plainly how well she would have liked to write songs; but good as they were in a way—"Mine Eyes have seen the Glory of the Coming of the Lord," and 'Weave no more Silks, ye Lyons Looms," are eloquent, and rich in mouth filling, borrowed Hebrew imagery—they wanted something of being poetry and more of being songs. Everybody has heard them sung, or we should say they are unsingable. They will be unsingable, it is safe to say, and indeed we suppose they have already been sung for the last time and will not reach the next generation of singers.

We have now before us some thirty or forty of the campaign songs of this Presidential contest, which give melancholy proof of the truth of the view we have been taking of our American incapacity for song-making. It is pretty clear that we are not going to be indebted to this autumn for any valuable additions to our lyrical poetry. There is wonderful poverty of invention and lack of spirit in the collection. Miles O'Reilly, in his "Come fill your glasses, fellows!" comes nearer than any of his competitors to striking the true note; but, as in almost everything ever done by that stringer of rhymes, it is made evident that he was in great part a clever imitator of other men, and that he had not within himself anything of the reality or depth of feeling that belongs to the genuine singer. The levity and want of earnestness which enabled him to put on the likeness of this man and that man were his most useful qualities as a literary man. He was essentially one of those men of whom it is common to say that with-

out their faults they would have done something great, but of whom it is truer to say that it is to their faults that all their success is due. Still, he was a man of some ingenuity, and no one of the mere mob of versifiers would have made the good hit in this stanza, though enough of them could have rung the stock changes on bumpers and chanting choruses and the defending of the right:

"So, boys! a final bumper,
While we all in chorus chant—
'For next President we nominate
Our own Ulysses Grant.'
And if asked what State he hails from,
This our sole reply shall be:
'From near Appomattox Court-House,
With its famous apple-tree.'

"For 'twas there to our Ulysses
That Lee gave up the fight;
Now, boys! 'To Grant for President,
And God defend the right!'"

Whittier, also, who appears as the author of one song, though unequal to himself, is far enough superior to the mass of the bards; but we with some shame admit that we have certainly heard nearly enough of that familiar Crisis, with which we were for the first time put face to face many years ago, when it was indeed impressive. And, without remorse or scruple of any kind, we admit ourselves sick of the device of mentioning two distant mountains or States or rivers for the purpose of expressing the width of "Freedom's area:"

"So doth the Freedom-lover go joyful on his way,
To wed Penobscot's waters to San Francisco's bay."

The martyrs, too, have become tiresome, and so have "Ebal over against Gerizim" and the "solemn lips of question." An impression of hollowness and mock ardor is got when the reader nowadays comes on those properties. Still, this is good verse:

"By all for which the martyrs bore their agony and shame:
By all the warning words of truth with which the prophets came;
By the future which awaits us; by all the hopes which cast
Their faint and trembling beams across the blackness of the past;
In the names of those who fighting for our country's freedom died;
O ye people! O my brothers! choose ye the righteous side."

But, generally, we get this kind of thing, which, if it meets with general acceptance among any people, would seem to argue bad things for such a people's lyrical ability:

"When we granted terms of peace,
Giving life and pardon, too,
We believed the South had had enough of war;
But the traitors march again,
Just as once they used to do,
'Neath the rebel 'flag that bears a single star.'
*Chorus*—Tramp, tramp, etc.

"Let us rally from the city,
From the mountain and the plain,
And united vote for Grant and Colfax, too,
So that all the world may see
That the country 's right again,
And is strong in spite of all that traitors do.
*Chorus*—Tramp, tramp, etc.

"When the White House changes hands,
And our General takes command,
And our marching days and nights are fully o'er,
We will lay our torches by,
And, uniting hand in hand,
Swear the Union shall be stronger than before.
*Chorus*—Tramp, tramp, tramp,
The Tanner 's marching,
Cheer up, Southern loyal men,
And beneath the Tanner's torch
You shall see the loyal North
Rout the Copperheads and rebels once again."

Throughout the Republican songs we find proof of the belief expressed in the one just quoted, that the political contest involves the same questions as the late military contest. A large majority of the poets are at one with the campaign orators on this point, and the words as well as the tunes of the campaign songs are generally those with which the war made us familiar.

The Democratic songs, also, are in perfect harmony with the speeches made on the Democratic stump. If Mr. Howell Cobb has any ability as a singer, there is little doubt, judging by his prose remarks to his audiences, that he would assist with much spirit in the rendition of the stave which we copy below. The author, Mr. William Hubbard, begins by saying that the times are rough, and that he intends to use rough words and rough music:

"Iron harp to iron word,"

as John Dorgan says, seems to him what the crisis demands — fair words, such as he says he could use, are now out of order:

"Rare vintage, which flows not for scullions to waste:"

he is to deal with felons, with creatures like Forney, and General Butler, and certain others who are specified:

"Such as Bingham—whose eye-balls are seared with the sight
Of a ghost if he ventured out alone in the night!
The ghost of a woman all saintly and white!

"Poor Mary Surratt!
Purer soul never sped
To yon heaven thro' the stars
Beaming lustrous o'erhead,
Than thine, whose frail body
Moulders now with the dead!
Than thine, who wast strangled,
And lain with the dead!
Rest! Rest!
With the martyred and blest!
Murdered mother! thy guiltlessness now is confessed!

"Such as Stevens—corroded with life-long remorse!
Whose sin-cankered heart has been long turned to gall—
For he sees, 'in his mind's eye,' the club-beaten corpse
Of a girl who for him gave up Heaven and all!

"Lured out to the brook-side—the night dark and dread—
'Slain by some one unknown'—so the coroner said—
But the terrible spectre comes back from the dead!

"And the tumble-bug, filth-monger, blaspheming Wade!
Boss-in-chief, for long years, of the wench-hugger's trade!
Obscene as the Hun in his midsummer ride,
Who used beefsteak for saddle and supper beside!
A low-down low fellow—low born and low bred!
With a fish-woman's tongue in a scallawag's head!

"And these, O my countrymen! these are the knaves
Who conspire to be masters when you shall be slaves."

This very well expresses the feelings of the average Northern Copperhead; of the Dayton and La Crosse sort of Democrat; of the men who have not the degree-of-latitude excuse for their degree of brutality, but can only plead the character of their parents and grandparents in extenuation of their peculiarly Southern sentiments and opinions.

Of the regular Southern Democratic state of mind we have two Southern metrical illustrations. The one which follows fits very finely with the late innocent remarks of General Lee to General Rosecrans. As in the general's letter so in Mrs. M. J. Preston's poem, we see how unfit the negro is to exercise political power. For unaffected simplicity, we do not know where, north of Maryland, any parallel could be found for Lee's epistle and his fellow-citizen's stanzas. By both of them one is reminded of the great multitude of Southern travellers who, since the war was over, have wandered through the once prosperous South, now marked by the traces of the Vandals who liked the American Union, and have seen the unkempt, deserted lawns where once sported a band of happy, merry slaves:

"It was a glorious thing, they said,
This freedom that they talked about—
This right to come and go without
Question, or beck, or bar, instead
Of slavish cringing—as they said.

"I'm sure I have not found it so;
I 'd rather hear my master say:
'We cannot spare you, Tom, to-day;
Your work counts double, as you know,'
Ah! well—I own I liked it so!

. . . . . .

"You talk of 'suffrage.' Did the vote
I cast on Monday at the polls,
Like any white man, mend the holes
Worn in my old plantation coat?
I've got the suffering and the vote.

"My wife keeps crooning in my ear;
My ragged wild ones at my heels,
Rave of the merry cotton fields
And of the happy huskings' cheer;
And moan and murmuring fill my ear.

"Oh! for one hour of the old days!
When all the 'quarters' came at night,
To gossip in our cabin bright
And dance around the pine knots' blaze,
We 'll never, never know such days!

"Then all the cost and all the care
We left within our master's hand,
Without a wish to understand—
Believing the division fair—
Th' exemption ours, and his—the care."

. . . . . .

As for the South, it is enough, we suppose, to say that the South has never had any literature worthy of mention—unless one is comparing the compositions of one young ladies' seminary with those of another similar seminary—and that therefore, of course, it can have no song literature. To account for the Northern dearth of tolerable songs would be harder. The North has within living memory produced a great romancer—the writer of the "Marble Faun"—and an admirable satirist and creator of characters—as witness the "Biglow Papers;" and a writer who can think in prose about the conduct of this life and in verse of the life which is unlimited as not many men have done; and two or three historians who belong in the second rank of contemporary historians; and some orators who only need to work two or three times as hard when off the platform as they work when on it, to win the highest rank; a few excellent preachers and a good reviewer, and one or two statesmen of ability and two or three soldiers of the highest ability, and perhaps a hundred or two of the very cleverest men of business in the world. But in song-writing the North certainly does not shine; the South is nearly or quite equal to it.

We do not know that we should call it a thing to be regretted, so far, at any rate, as concerns political questions. "Tippecanoe and Tyler, too" was not a bad song as songs go, but it is as well, we dare say, to fill Maine full of speakers in 1868, to let Fessenden instruct her voters in finance, to carry the State for Governor Chamberlain after discussion and "a square fight," as it is to resolve a party into glee-clubs and to beguile the electors with song until the State should go as the song says in 1840, when

> "She went, hell-bent,
> For Governor Kent,
> For Tippecanoe and Tyler, too,
> For Tippecanoe and Tyler, too," etc., etc.

It is, we imagine, because we have grown to be a less childish people than our fathers that we do not now depend to any very great extent on the charms of music in the business of electing a candidate. All the world generally in this century, and we Americans in particular, are a little ashamed to be caught singing, and for our part we suppose the shame is a wise one. Songs are, in a certain way, better than political speeches; but, after all, for assignable reasons, it is more cheering to see a people at work on political speeches than to see them at work on songs. A people that elects a man like Grant to the place of its leader, and does it not because he bore the sword but because he bore it in a certain way, may be allowed by the friend of humanity to grate pretty lean and harsh songs on pretty scrannel pipes.

# Correspondence.

## MORE ABOUT BONDS, GREENBACKS, AND GOLD.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: In your issue of the 20th inst. I notice an article—"The Probable Solution of the Greenback Question"—in which it is assumed that the payment of the 5-20 bonds, in legal tenders, must necessarily be repudiation. In this view I do not entirely concur, and will state my reason for this opinion in brief. The readers of the *Nation* form a very intelligent portion of the community; so that it is unnecessary for me to enforce my argument at great length. *Les gens habiles s'entendent à demi-mot.*

To me, it appears that the principal difficulty in the question under discussion will be removed, if we accurately define what "payment in legal tenders" means. It may mean—

1st. Printing $1,500,000,000 of greenbacks, throwing them at the bondholders, and telling them instanter to go, that their claims are all discharged. In this sense of the word I readily admit that payment in legal tenders *would be the worst kind of repudiation*, and ought to be discountenanced by every honest man.

2d. There is another payment in paper, which is very different from this. *If the volume of the legal tenders be not increased*, and a balance remains in the Treasury after meeting the current expenses of the Government, *this surplus represents a value*, and, both legally and morally, is a proper payment for the 5-20 bonds. And if we collect fifty millions a year of revenue beyond what is actually required for the army, navy, and civil service, why not call in that amount of bonds, and pay them off? This, to me, is the whole gist of the matter. The bondholders certainly ought not to complain, because the value they would then receive would be greater than the value paid generally for 5-20s during the war. With specie at present prices they would receive a value equal to about $70 in gold for each $100 bond. During the war, less than this sum was usually paid for them. In June, 1864, they could be purchased for $40 in gold. In this particular case, is there any necessity for the people at large to pay fifteen per cent. interest on this gold for five years, and then return the principal, and $60 in addition? In my humble opinion there is not. If a return to gold payments be suddenly made, in the way contemplated in your article, a sudden change in values, as you admit, will certainly take place—*a change which, of all things, ought to be deprecated.*

I myself am a bondholder to a small amount, and present the foregoing in the interests of equity and justice. I have made this letter purposely short, and, as embodying the view of one individual, should like to see it printed in your journal, with any comments you see proper to make in the premises.

Yours respectfully,

Frederick Robinson, Br.-Captain U. S. A.

Barrancas Barracks, Pensacola Harbor, Fla., August 28, 1868.

[The first duty of the Government is, it seems to us, both as a matter of abstract morals and of economical expediency, to pay its overdue notes—viz., the greenbacks—or, which is the same thing, inspire the public with faith that it will pay them on demand. These notes are now, and have been for some time past, at a discount. Any surplus money the Government may have ought, therefore, to be devoted to taking them up. In other words, its duty is similar to that of a private debtor under similar circumstances. The bonds, on the other hand, are not due, and nobody is suffering wrongfully and undeservedly by their non-payment.

Secondly, the course our correspondent recommends would be tainted with fraud, inasmuch as, in following it, the Government would be forcing its creditors to accept as payment an amount in coin less than *it agreed to give when it borrowed the money*—supposing our view of the spirit of the contract to be correct. The plan of using surplus greenbacks to buy bonds in open market from *persons willing to sell them* is not open to this objection, but it is open to the former one—viz., that it would be a diversion of the surplus funds from their legitimate use; and to still another one, of less economical but fully as great moral weight—that it would be substantially the use by a debtor of his own damaged credit to effect an easy settlement of his obligations. A private individual who purposely refrained from paying his debts in order that his low commercial reputation might enable him to buy up his notes cheap would be looked on as a bad fellow. The moral complexion of such conduct is not changed by 20,000,000 joining in it.—Ed. Nation.]

To the Editor of the Nation:

It is generally useless to attempt to reply to a newspaper in its own columns, and the attempt to do so is the highest compliment in my power to pay to the candor and fairness with which your journal is conducted.

You refer to a decision of the Supreme Court against the constitutionality of greenbacks as a probable solution of the controversy, and of the question of the payment of the public debt. But what would be the effect upon our existing currency? If such a decision has any practical force, I suppose it is equivalent to a repeal of the Legal Tender Act, which measure has, indeed, been often urged as a means of resuming specie payments. That it would in one sense be effectual, there is no doubt; but the question is, would "the game be worth the candle?" Our currency, though depreciated, is available for business, because every man will take it, knowing that his neighbor must take it of him at par; and it is by this feature alone that it circulates. Now, there is not actual gold enough in the country to perform even a very small fraction of its business. Our total of currency is about $1,200,000,000, and the transactions at the New York Clearing-House last year were $28,000,000,000. If, then, the Legal Tender Act were repealed, paper must be used at its current value in gold. But who is to determine this? The national banks have $655,000,000 of loans, and owe about $600,000,000 of deposits. How would it be possible to decide at what rates these should be adjusted? Were it necessary at every step to discuss the price of money as well as of merchandise, the whole business of the country would be brought to a standstill, with an inestimable amount of distress and suffering.

If, on the other hand, the Legal Tender Act is maintained, it is useless to try to supersede our present currency. It is well established that the poorest and cheapest currency, if made legal tender, will always drive out every other.

The legalizing of gold contracts, from which so much is expected, would be of no avail for the resumption of specie payments. It would only be one of the many artificial expedients for postponing payment, and therefore accumulating debt in gold, and thus enhance the currency value of it in the future. In the present state of the world and commerce, it is impossible to dispense with a paper currency. The point to be ascertained is, what quantity can be kept afloat, consistent with its convertibility into specie? In the solution of this question lies our only hope of a return to specie payments.

G. B.

Boston, August 24, 1868.

[The publication of this letter has been unavoidably delayed.—Ed. Nation.]

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: In your paper of August 27 you say that in the fourth case put (the case of a debt contracted since the Legal Tender Act not specifying the kind of currency in which payment is to be made) the Supreme Court will probably decide that payment may be made in greenbacks, on

the ground of the "intention of parties"—that being the notorious currency. Yet you say that such a decision will require the payment of the public debt in gold.

Is not there a mistake here? Was not the greater part of the debt contracted since the passage of the Legal Tender Act; and under the fourth point to be decided (if decided as you suppose), will it not be payable in the "notorious" currency? Of course, I merely mean so far as this decision is concerned, leaving the question as before. B.

LENOX, MASS., August 31, 1868.

[A decision of the Supreme Court would only determine the course of the Government, in the payment of its debts, as a matter of comity. The Government could cheat its creditors, if it pleased, in defiance of such a decision, but decency would require it to respect it. Our theory is, it always has been, that *the intention of the parties* to the contract under which the bonds were issued was that the bonds should be paid in gold, and therefore we do not well see what the difficulty is which puzzles our correspondent. The question is not one of time, but of animus.—ED. NATION.]

## RECONSTRUCTION AT YALE COLLEGE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

"A careful reader" of the letter signed "Academia" might discover not only that the writer loves his Alma Mater, as "E. L. H." kindly supposes, but also that he honors President Woolsey sincerely, notwithstanding the pleasantry concerning Baron Haussmann. The design of the letter was first, to point out that, under the present system of college government, the credit of improvements and the responsibility for mistakes must belong chiefly to the President; and secondly, to summon the promoters of questionable projects before the bar of public opinion. The letter of "E. L. H.," as far as pertinent, serves the latter purpose.

Academia did not discuss the motive of President Woolsey in desiring to cut loose from the State, but only the probable result. It is difficult to see how a corporation, consisting of eleven churchmen and eight statesmen, would be secured from clerical preponderance by throwing open six of the political places to general election, or how the graduates at large would gain sufficient influence in college affairs to arouse a genuine interest.

Nor did Academia suggest that money given to the college for certain buildings should be diverted to other purposes. He simply regretted that they should be so placed as to destroy the College Green, dear to many generations, and involve the demolition of the ancient row. "E. L. H." produces no estimate of the general expense of entire reconstruction over and above special endowments. Here it is the last step that costs, and it is a fair question how to direct future expenditure into the wisest channels.

The encomium of "E. L. H." on the present instructors (and he might have added the present library) is doubtless well deserved. As to the architecture of Alumni Hall, it is pleasant to learn that the romantic school disowns it. The classic school is above suspicion. Let us hope that the bantling is not the origin of a new species. ACADEMIA.

# Notes.

## LITERARY.

THE publishers announce nothing this week, and we have no additions to make to our previous lists. It is proper to mention here the formation of a new publishing house, which will have the firm-name of Allen Brothers. Mr. Henry S. Allen is known to the trade as having recently been a partner of Mr. G. W. Carleton. Mr. John K. Allen was formerly of Leavitt & Allen's house. The new firm will make the publication and sale of "juveniles" a specialty, and announce that they have in preparation new sets of such works by popular authors. They intend to keep in stock "a full line" of literature of this kind, both foreign and domestic.

—Among recent French publications worth owning are a reprint and a translation; the former the select works of Massillon, of which the first volume appeared in the first half of this year. It contains the "Advent," preached in the Royal Chapel at Versailles, 1699, and the "Grand Carême," 1701–4. They are models not only of pulpit eloquence, but of ministerial independence and fidelity. They fairly stunned the courtiers of the "grand monarch," whose decline had then begun, and even roused him for a moment to a sense of responsibility to his Creator, and, as he confessed, of his own unworthiness. The translation is of Pasquale Fiore's "New Public International Law according to the Needs of Modern Civilization (*Nouveau Droit international public suivant les besoins de la civilisation moderne*). The author is professor of international law at the University of Pisa, and the honor of being rendered into French is all the greater because it seldom befalls the Italian. Monsieur P. Pradier Todéré, an advocate and professor of public law at the Arminian College of Paris, who has already translated Grotius and Vattel, with annotations, performs the same service for Fiore, prefixing to the work an historical introduction, and following it with an analytical and alphabetical index (8vo. Paris: Auguste Durant et Pedone Lauriel). The translator says of the book that "it is not a didactic work, in which the rules and principles of the science of international law are dogmatically and methodically formulated, but it is a tableau of all the questions of the law of nations, considered from the point of view of modern progress, and judged by the author with rare independence." We learn also that M. Maurice Sand's ridiculous "Miss Mary" is to delude French young men yet unborn. It has been put into book form by Michel Lévy Frères. The same firm publish a translation of a work of Dickens's that we do not remember to have heard of—"L'Abime," a five-act drama. A work for Professor Child to watch for is this one, published by E. Maillet, "Le livre des cent ballades, contenant des conseils à un chevalier pour aimer loyalement et les réponses aux ballades, publié d'après trois manuscrits de la Bibliothèque impériale, et de la Bibliothèque de Bourgogne de Bruxelles, avec une introduction, des notes historiques et un glossaire; par le Marquis de Quaux de Saint-Hilaire."

—We find in an English paper some interesting extracts from Lord Canning's report on the post-office in 1855, contrasted with this year's report of the Postmaster-General, the Duke of Montrose. To the former we owe a number of facts relating to the history of the post. Charles I. was the virtual founder of the present system, and looked upon it, as he was wont, as a profitable monopoly for himself; and in his reign it was profitable, although the Parliamentary privilege of franking was then created, to be abolished only in this generation. The Postmaster-General dates from 1710. In 1683, Robert Murray, a London upholsterer, devised a city penny-post. Ralph Allen (1720) invented "cross-posts," and farmed them at a profit of £12,000 a year. Post-horses were superseded by mail-coaches only after a disheartening struggle on the part of Mr. John Palmer, a theatre-manager at Bath, who eventually obtained a Parliamentary grant of £50,000. At the time he proposed this change, in 1779, the post-boy was robbed by footpads of the whole northwestern mail—for Birmingham, Shrewsbury, Chester, etc.—which was packed up in a small leathern valise. The same mail now weighs about three tons. According to Macaulay, the entire revenue of the kingdom, on the accession of William III., fell short of the sum collected in pennies by the General Post-Office a few years after the death of William IV. Rowland Hill's innovation of penny-postage produced at first, as he anticipated, a falling off in the postal revenue; and, in fact, to restore the balance, fifteen years were required. Since 1855, the net profits have steadily risen, and last year amounted to £1,421,364. All branches of the department exhibit a corresponding gain. The Duke of Montrose reports an improvement also on the part of the public as to dropping unaddressed letters into the mail. Last year only 9,200 letters were so posted; in 1866, 10,400. Nothing is said of ill-directed letters, like that one (some years ago) which might as well have gone without an address, but nevertheless reached its destination—"Sromfridevi," Sir Humphrey Davy!

—The late Mr. Matthew James Higgins is the subject of an article—written with feeling, if not in other respects quite equal to the occasion—which appeared in a recent *Pall Mall Gazette*, the journal for which Mr. Higgins's latest things have been done. Little as he was known to Americans, Mr. Higgins was as well known to the London journalistic and club-room world as any of the Englishmen whose names are household words all over the earth. He was hardly by profession a writer for the press; he was a man of fortune, who in early life had held a commission in the army, but resigned it, and afterwards was to be described rather as a "gentleman," in the English sense of the word, and a man of society, than by any occupation that he had. But he was constantly writing, and at the time of his death there was probably nobody in England who could be considered his master, and not many who could be considered his equal, as regards making its proper use of the periodical press—that is to say, in so writing in papers and magazines as to make his fellow-men who read them think as he thought and share his feelings. So far as the newspaper is a substitute for the rostrum, and the journalist of modern times takes the place of the ancient orator and rhetor, there have been very few men who could have surpassed, and very few indeed who have surpassed, "Jacob Omnium" and "Civilian" and "Pater Familias" and "West Londoner" and "Belgravian

Mother" and "Mother of Six" and "John Barleycorn" and "Providus." It was under these and other names that Mr. Higgins wrote to the *Times* his incisive letters on various subjects in the interests of the colonies. He had estates in Demerara; and he had some decided opinions in regard to the Colonial Office; on the proper management of the army—he had been an officer and knew the Horse Guards thoroughly well; on educational and other questions pertaining to social reform. He was a liberal-minded man, with a perfect hatred of tyranny, and an almost equal hatred of humbug in any form. To these he added other qualifications for his work. He was a master of "the art of putting things," and put them in the finished English of a very well educated man. He was a humorist, his school being the Thackerayan—which may be called the school that conceals sentiment under satire. Being a man of a practical turn—a man of affairs rather than one upon whom abstractions of any kind had a predominant influence, indifferentism, which is the easily besetting sin of satirical humorists, did not unfavorably affect his writing, and always he could be "earnest," so far as concerned the particular matter that he had it in hand to do or undo. He had, in a high degree, a form of the power which Carlyle has so much to say about—that of giving nicknames, which is a modification of the power to give names, which, again, if Emerson is to be believed, is the chief power of the poet. He could see, and describe in forcible, recollectable words, the essential characteristics of things. It is not hard to see how such a man, living in the thick of London life, might have made himself a great name as a writer on the London press. Making a name, however, was not one of Higgins's cares. He seems generally to have written much in the same way as his great countryman, Swift—for Mr. Higgins was an Irishman—who, as has been remarked, apparently used his pen not as an instrument for the carving of beautiful works, carved for the sake of their ideal beauty, or works carved that they might be monumental, but as a weapon when enemies were to be defeated and friends supported. That he was capable of using his pen as something more than a mere weapon, no one will doubt who has read what he wrote. To those who have not had that experience, it is enough—at least it is much—to say that Thackeray was a great admirer of his Both, says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, were contributors to the same magazine, writing tales and sketches and humorous pieces; and, one day, each applied, almost simultaneously, to the proprietor or editor to make him acquainted with the other—each being charmed with an anonymous article which the other had written. We ourselves are waiting till some one publishes, as some one should, a selection from Mr. Higgins's writings, before saying just how well he deserved the praise and admiration which Thackeray really gave him. But we find it said that "Jacob Omnium's" "London Horse-Dealer" is, in its way, no less perfect than Michael Angelo Titmarsh's "Pleaceman X." To show what power Mr. Higgins had, and how he used it, we may mention the famous Crawley case. Crawley was the colonel of the Sixth Dragoon Guards, a regiment which, in 1863 or thereabouts, was stationed in India. He was ill-tempered and tyrannical, and much of what comfort he got out of life consisted in quarrelling with every officer under him and in oppressing his men. A certain sergeant, Lilley by name, and a very obese man, incurred his displeasure, and Crawley, by way of punishment, had him shut up tight in a place in which, by reason of the great heat and want of fresh air, the sergeant very speedily died. There was a court-martial convened, and nothing was done to Crawley. Higgins was in a blaze of indignation. He began at once to give Crawley the full benefit of all his powers of invective, and it was not long before all England was demanding that Crawley—who, as Higgins put it, had baked an English soldier—should be brought home to be tried, instead of being left in India, where military trials do not often secure justice on colonels, and are apt simply to make a certain number of people accessories after the fact to any crime of authority committed by one of their own set. Crawley was, in consequence, ordered to England, and was tried at Aldershot. He was acquitted. The *Times*, in which Mr. Higgins had made his attacks, pursued, on this occasion, its usual policy. It demanded that the slanderers of Colonel Crawley—itself having been the chief slanderer—should stand forth and defend themselves. So much may be pardoned to the necessities of journalism. But the *Times* indulged itself in more than necessary meanness when Higgins, as one of the slanderers in question, stood forth and defended himself in a letter to the editor. His letter was reluctantly admitted, and was followed by a reply full of personal abuse. After this Mr. Higgins would never write for the *Times*, and, as we have said, the *Pall Mall Gazette*—a most able journal, and as pleasing, in general, as able—had the benefit of his talents for the last few years. At the time of his death he was about fifty-eight years old, and the father of a son and several daughters, by his wife, formerly a Mrs. Bennett, and the wife of Sir Henry Tichborne. By the way, the romantic case of the Sir Roger Tichborne, or pretended Sir Roger Tichborne, who not long since returned to England after he, or the man he simulates, had been supposed dead for several years, called out Mr. Higgins in full force, and some of his best writing, so far as we have seen it, was in denunciation of the young man who is still, we believe, endeavoring to make his claim good. Mr. Higgins's personal appearance was not less remarkable than his intellectual gifts and moral character. He was six feet and eight inches in height, and well made. They tell an amusing story of Thackeray and him. The two went to see a giant—the giant of a show. Thackeray, as they entered, pointed to his companion and whispered to the doorkeeper, "We are in the profession. But," as he used to add, with a laugh, when he had finished the story—and it is a characteristic addition—"we were not mean, and paid our shillings as we came out." Mr. Higgins's appearance, his stature and face and mental traits being considered, was tolerably well described, the *Gazette* thinks, by the name under which he passed, years ago, among the English at Rome—The Gentle Giant. He was far from being the cynic which he was thought to be by a host of people who knew him only by his lash—which it is probable was all about him that they had any right to know.

—The *Spectator*, in speaking of Mr. Higgins, remarks of him that he was an excellent specimen of the guerilla fighters of the press. That is, he never was editor or owner of a paper, and never had a regular engagement as a member of any paper's staff; but he did occasional work as seemed to him good; he was not a regular, and decidedly was not a non-combatant. It would be a subject worth enquiring into why we, here in America, have so few of these guerillas of the press. We do not know that we have more than one or two. We believe Mr. "Carl Benson" is almost sole. There are, to be sure, two or three people in every town who do regularly at irregular intervals send letters to editors of papers. But often—we may say usually—such people lack education, except of the rudimentary sort. They are not irregular troops; they are momentarily enraged peasants, undisciplined, who rise up, not against the enemy—that can hardly be said of them, if we know anything about them—but against whichever of the two armies has most recently caused them personally any inconvenience. Of these there is little to be said; they are of no service to any cause, and do not merit the respect of its antagonists. "Carl Benson," however, is a true guerilla, if to that term we give the meaning intended by the *Spectator*. He has a curious lack of humor; that, we believe, is the chief fault we find in him. Or, it would be better to say that some one or two of the principal faults we find in him—and a large number of his yearly letters in the papers—are, we should say, to be attributed to a deficient sense of humor. But he makes our very best newspaper guerilla, in the *Spectator's* sense. He is intelligent; he is well read; he is remarkably well educated, for this country; he is practised in writing; he is very well acquainted with what the public wants—that is, with what certain parts of it want—the Bloomingdale Road part of it, for instance, and the Fifth Avenue part of it. With the desires of the literary public and the social, whether in or out of New York City, he is particularly well acquainted. Then he is courageous, he is fond of writing, and he is skilful as a writer. This skilfulness is, to be sure, almost wholly thrown away. In our American journalism we do more bludgeon-work than rapier-work. When Mr. Greeley "sloshes round loose," as the boys used to say, and disposes of his enemies by beating in their heads with a heavy club, there is not much opportunity for a master of neater weapons. He wastes his skill upon the desert air; and this being so, of course he is not numerous, if we may be permitted to venture on the bull. "Carl Benson," with his foreign training and his natural disposition and natural abilities, prefers the small-sword to the cudgel or to the terrific basket-hilted broadsword which—on the stage—is appropriated to the noisy friend of virtue. Except him, we do not remember any American guerilla of the least pretensions to ability. The "Veteran Observer" of the *Times*, of whom some people may be thinking, constitutes no exception to this remark. Carl Benson does, to be sure, want a sense of humor, but to be scantily supplied with the logical faculty is a dreadful thing. It is certain, however, that in the "Veteran Observer's" case this fatal omission was made.

—English journalism has just sustained another great loss in the death of Mr. Douglas Cook, who has been the editor of the *Saturday Review* from its first establishment, and to whom that journal owes much of its success. It has been above all things independent, and it is said that when it was projected, and choice was to be made of an editor, Mr. Cook declined to undertake the editorship until it was agreed that he should be completely free as regarded its literary and political management. It is understood that

in the interest of religious, or perhaps it would be better to say ecclesiastical, matters some reservations were made. From the beginning the paper has seemed to be entirely untrammelled, hampered by no limitations which its own nature did not impose, except when the Church was concerned. It seemed, for instance, that, in politics, the *Saturday Review*, when speaking of Mr. Bright, was entirely uninfluenced by the fact that Mr. Bright is spokesman for classes of English people that the *Review* would hate if it did not rather despise them; it seemed to be ignorant of the fact that Mr. Beresford Hope had been complimented by Mr. Disraeli for possessing "Batavian grace"—Mr. Hope being the owner of the *Review*, and being of Dutch descent, and not more graceful than the Hollanders proverbially are. It is hardly to be said that the *Saturday Review* is in love with justice, but in both these specified cases, and others like them, it was truer to justice than to its class or to its owner. As in politics, so in literature. In its treatment of literary topics it has been completely, or almost completely, regardless of the magnitude of the literary reputations with which it has had to deal; and has always been fearlessly and sometimes, to all appearance, wantonly destructive. It has shown as little mercy to weakness as to positive badness, and stupidity has always been sure of getting from it justice tempered with severity and contempt. Mr. Matthew Arnold, it will be remembered, takes occasion to express his gratitude for its warfare upon the British Philistine, and, as is not unusual with him, the point which it seemed good to him to remark upon was the essential point. We do not speak of the literary method of the paper, of its learning, and so on—these are well-known; but rather of its disposition, so to speak, and character. The traits of which we have spoken—an independence of parties, and cliques, and men—which often would have all the effect of an impartial and painstaking consideration of things as they essentially are—courage, a capacity for being disgusted by vulgarity in all its forms of conceit, and cant, and humbug—were in great part traits of the journal, because they belonged to the character of its editor. At any rate, they received fuller expression in the journal for the reason that they formed a part of the editor's character; the paper would, in any case, have been much the same in spirit as it has been in Mr. Cook's hands. The class in English society of which it has been the mouthpiece is high-spirited, indifferent, inclined to contempt of weakness and stupidity, and easily bored. The "social articles" for which the *Review* was famous, and in which this tone of mind found its best expression, seem to have been, in their present form, an invention of Mr. Cook's. This name was given to the essays on topics which contemporary social life furnished. They were, at first, better than now, when they often seem very perfunctory, and when, as of late, they have been worse than that. The articles on the woman question, for instance, that have been making so much sensation, have been of a cheap enough sort, and it is probably true, as is said, that Mr. Cook's long illness has had something to do with their appearance. He, to be sure, made his paper the organ of the men of the world, the men of society, the men of "university tone," and of not much else; but it was not, in his hands, merely that. This famous series of articles on woman have smartness, and insolence, and untruthful cynicism enough for the Guy Livingstone class of subscribers to what Thackeray used to call the *Superfine Review;* but its other and better readers must have thought that the worst qualities of the paper had got an unwonted ascendency.

Mr. Cook's relations with the literary world were not of an especially happy kind. He of course made a good many enemies, and we do not hear of his having many or very warm friends. He was, however, said to have been uncommonly kind to young writers. He knew very well the difficulty of making and keeping a staff of good writers, and wisely kept a sharp look-out for lieutenants. Of his own writing we hear nothing. He was certainly an extraordinarily good editor, so laborious that hard work killed him, never able to forget his paper, with a perfect understanding of his audience, of what they required; but although so enthusiastic and able a journalist, he seems to have never practised authorship himself. It is a curious thing about him that nobody appears to know anything of his "antecedents." For anything that is said on the subject, he might have been as destitute as Melchisedec of parentage, or college, or any early connections.

—In a late number of a Russian religious journal, the *Orthodox Interlocutor*, we find some interesting statements with regard to the circulation of Mohammedan books in Russia. At the end of the last century the Russian Government printed 3,000 copies of the *Koran* in Arabic, and distributed them among the Mohammedans. In 1800, a Tartar printing-office was opened in Kazan, connected with the gymnasium there, under the charge of a certain Burashef. In the first three years, 31,200 copies of Mohammedan religious books were printed. But Burashef published one book in which, in spite of the command of the mufti, he introduced some pages in favor of the Shiite sect—all the Mohammedans of Russia are Sunites. The book was burned in presence of the mullahs and officials, Burashef was dismissed, as also the censor. In 1828, the printing-press of the University of Kazan obtained Asiatic scrip type, so that there was a still greater issue of Mohammedan books. Between 1842 and 1852, this press issued 23,600 copies of the *Koran*, and 44,300 copies of the Seventh part, the *Haftiak*, besides many other books. Between 1855 and 1864, the same press has published 1,084,320 copies of various Mohammedan religious books. Other private printing-offices were also opened at Kazan by Tartars, and from 1853-59 they printed 82,500 copies of the *Koran* alone. They are still in activity, but statistics are wanting. These books are sold at the fairs, and also in the Crimea, the Caucasus, and throughout Central Asia. It is needless to say that the *Orthodox Interlocutor* bitterly deplores this state of things, and that religious freedom should exist so actively in Russia.

## GERMAN AND OTHER UNIVERSITIES.*

On the 22d of last March the learned and loyal university of Bonn celebrated the birthday anniversary of the Prussian monarch, King William I. A prominent feature of the festivities on that occasion was an oration by Professor Heinrich von Sybel, in which he drew a comparison between "German and Foreign Universities," meaning by the latter the universities of France and England. Although the term university is applied in Germany, France, and England to designate the highest institutions of learning, it has in reality a widely different signification in each country. In France there are schools of law and schools of medicine; there are faculties of theology and faculties of *belles-lettres;* but there are no institutions which, like the German universities, include within their ample and elastic circle all departments of learning. The nearest approximation to a German university is found in the Sorbonne and the Collége de France, where different *disciplines* are united in the halls of the same institute. But even here the resemblance is purely exterior; a closer study reveals a marked difference with respect to the internal machinery as well as to "the living spirit in the wheels." In the first place, the Parisian professor throws his lecture-room open gratuitously to the public. He seldom knows anything of the intellectual character of his audience, what proportion are studious learners, critical scholars, or simply pleasure-seeking idlers, who are driven thither by stress of *ennui* rather than by love of knowledge, and are in pursuit of a new sensation instead of new information. It is also impossible for him to foretell what a day may bring forth; to-morrow may fill his benches with a fresh set of hearers wholly unprepared to appreciate a lecture which presupposes the least acquaintance with the discourse of the previous day. The consequence is that each lecture must be complete in itself, with exordium and peroration and the rhetorical piquancy necessary to attract and please an audience accustomed to highly-spiced literary condiments. Of course, when this elegantly-wrought superstructure rests upon a basis of thorough scholarship, independent research, and scientific method, the result is in every respect a masterpiece seldom or never met with in the university halls of England or Germany. But the danger is that the professor will be tempted to devote too much time and strength to the form, and not enough to the substance, of his discourse, and sacrifice strict truth and exact science to striking antitheses and brilliant but unwarranted generalizations. At best, he offers to his auditors only the *conclusions* of science, and does not show them the *processes* of scientific investigation. The student is never admitted to the intellectual laboratory where these results are wrought out; he carries away with him the finished product and the ultimate analysis, but does not learn the art of producing and analyzing. Thus the university ceases to be a school of science, and becomes an association of popular lecturers; the professorial chair is transformed into a rostrum. It is this tendency which M. Renan speaks of when he says that France is in peril of degenerating into a nation of orators and editors.

In England we find a system of academical instruction directly the reverse of that which exists in France. There the complaint is not that Oxford and Cambridge are too little, but rather that they are too exclusively *schools*. The colleges have overgrown the university, and the pedagogue has supplanted the professor, who now rarely delivers more than a dozen lectures a year. The instruction proper is given by tutors in the colleges, and differs very little in aim and method from that which is imparted to the *Primaner* of a German gymnasium. In both cases the

* "Die deutschen und die auswärtigen Universitäten. Von Heinrich v. Sybel." Bonn: Cohen und Sohn. 1868. Pp. 35.

leading purpose is not to train the student for a practical calling in life or to make him thoroughly proficient in any special branch of knowledge, but to form and discipline his general powers, and to give him accuracy and ease of thought and expression; in fact, as we have said, the same end is sought to be attained by the collegiate stage of English and the gymnastic stage of German education, the former being, perhaps, more broadly conceived and more richly developed, in proportion to the maturer age and culture of the Oxford or Cambridge student. In both cases the pupils live together as members of the institution under a more or less rigid *surveillance*, and shape their studies in accordance with a prescribed programme, which in England is limited usually to the ancient languages, mathematics, a little history (principally of antiquity), certain general reflections called philosophy, and for future clergymen a slight tinge of theology; in Germany the gymnastic curriculum is more exclusively philological, and includes French and English, and sometimes a very elementary knowledge of Hebrew. In both cases, too, the instruction, instead of seeking the broader channel of the lecture, is almost wholly colloquial, and has for its object to drill and train the mind by holding it firmly in a given course with the reins of authority instead of inciting it to independent excursions. According to Professor Sybel, the great superiority of the German university consists in the harmonious union of instruction and investigation which it offers. It is not, like the Sorbonne and the Collége de France, a mere vehicle of learned communication with the cultivated classes of society, a means of making known to the public the latest bulletins from the world of science, literature, and art; nor does it, like Oxford and Cambridge, aim chiefly to impart instruction for the sake of mental discipline. The German university is, in the highest sense, an intellectual laboratory, a place where the young man, whose faculties have been already developed by a preparatory course of gymnastic training, can learn how to work scientifically by the concentration of his powers upon some special task. Hence the division of the university into departments—law, theology, philology, philosophy, medicine, history, art, literature, social and political economy, the natural sciences, etc. One of these departments (it matters not which) the student must choose, and under the liberal guidance and inspiration of teachers who are themselves "the organs of an autonomic scientific spirit," seek to become absolute master in it. Those who were once his law-givers are now only his peers in academic culture. There is at least one realm of thought where he feels firm ground under his feet, and yields supremacy to no man. This consciousness of intellectual independence is a possession of inestimable worth. He who has attained it has won the highest prize in the gift of a university. He may not, in the course of six or eight semesters, have become a walking encyclopædia of erudition; such a result would not be desirable even if it were possible. But he knows what "knowing" means, and is competent to grapple intelligently with whatever problems may be presented to him. The general character of his previous gymnastic training prevents the student from becoming narrow and one-sided by this concentration of his mind upon a special task. On the contrary, the complete mastery of the chosen science necessarily involves a knowledge of the relations which it bears to all other sciences. The several departments of a university are like those gigantic groups of trees that are sometimes seen in our forests. The tops are distinct and isolated, and stretch in opposite directions with apparently no connection. But if we follow any one trunk to its origin we come in contact with all the others, and find that they spring from a common root. The thorough solution of a problem of jurisprudence inevitably touches questions of history, psychology, politics, and even theology and medicine; and the same holds true of every other branch of science.

Professor Sybel gives utterance to the same complaint that is so often heard falling from the lips of educators in America, namely, that the number of subjects to be taught has grown out of all proportion to the time allotted to teaching them. The minimum period of study in a North German university is a *triennium*, or, in a few departments (as medicine, for example), a *quadrennium*. This regulation was made more than a hundred years ago, and amply met the educational demands of that day. But the rapid growth of modern science has long since rendered the term of six or eight semesters wholly inadequate. Intellectual strength, and that gift of sedentary endurance which our Teutonic friends quaintly call *Sitzfleisch*, are not greater in a young man of the nineteenth than they were in his progenitor of the eighteenth century; but the task assigned him is indefinitely greater. The curricula of the university, instead of being enlarged to suit the development of new sciences, have been simply distended with them. The result is a deterioration of scholarship either into superficiality on the one hand or narrowness on the other. Of these two evils the latter is the more frequent. The student is obliged to devote more and more of the triennium to *Brodstudien*, as well as to lighten his labors by the pernicious arts of cribbing and cramming. This tendency exists the world over. It is the same fatal goal of sciolism, whether it be reached on an American "pony," in an English "coach," or with a heavy pair of Teutonic "oxen." As a remedy for this evil Professor Sybel proposes to extend the time of study to five years. Such a reform, however, would almost double the cost of an education, and would inevitably exclude a very large and intelligent portion of the population from an academic career. To obviate this difficulty our author thinks it the duty of the state to furnish the necessary funds by a liberal system of stipends and prizes to be awarded to those who give promise of deriving most profit from a prolongation of study. Such an arrangement is admirable in theory; but we fear that unless managed with unprecedented circumspection and wisdom it would practically degenerate into an unmitigated evil. In the United States scholarships, stipends, and competitive prizes are falling more and more into disrepute; and "we speak that we do know, and testify of that which we have seen," in affirming that at least sixty per cent. of the money contributed by the various educational societies for the support of their beneficiaries is worse than wasted. To take the hoe or the chisel from the hands of a dull youth and replace them by the fine-edged implements of the scholar, which can be of no value to him, is the cruellest kindness to the individual and an irreparable wrong to society.

The second remedy proposed by Professor Sybel is the re-establishment of the mediæval *bursæ* or commons, in such a manner as to provide for the support of the students *en pension*, and yet not sacrifice the principle of academic freedom. This change was suggested some years ago by the distinguished Professor Döllinger, and was to some extent carried into operation at Munich by the late king, Maximilian II. We do not believe, however, that the project has met with such brilliant success as to encourage other universities to follow the example. There is also latent in a scheme of this kind the danger of the German universities thereby losing the integrity of their organization, and gradually dissolving into colleges (*bursæ*), as did the French and English universities during the thirteenth century. There is a third remedy, or at least alleviation of the evil, which we are surprised that Professor Sybel should have entirely overlooked. We refer to the vast amount of time squandered by the German student in the servile habit of *Nachschreiben*, or taking notes and afterwards painfully studying from his manuscript what could be much more easily learned from a book. It is not uncommon for a professor to rehearse in his lecture-room semester after semester what he has already published, without offering to his eager hearers a thought or even a word beyond the contents of the printed volume. And yet the learners are expected to be as industrious with their pens as were the mediæval monks before the age of Guttenberg. In fact the art of printing seems to be utterly ignored. Goethe saw this evil and satirized it in the ironical advice which Mephistopheles gives to the *Schüler*:

"Fünf Stunden habt ihr jeden Tag;
Seyd drinnen mit dem Glockenschlag!
Habt euch vorher wohl präparirt,
Paragraphos wohl einstudirt,
Damit ihr nachher besser seht,
Dass er nichts sagt, als was im Buche steht;
Doch euch des Schreibens ja befleisst
Als dictirt' euch der heil'ge Geist!"

The complete suppression of this abuse (by university statute, if necessary) would in itself be equivalent to a year's prolongation of the period of study. We agree, however, with Professor Sybel as to the necessity of a still further extension of time. The chief difficulty is the want of money. "A small German university," says M. Renan, "with its unwieldy professors and hungry tutors does more for science than all the pompous wealth of Oxford." But German institutions of learning would be still more efficient if they had at least a small percentage of those enormous endowments. It is estimated that the superfluity of income which Oxford receives, and is exceedingly embarrassed to know what to do with, would support six German universities; and the sums which the English university appropriates every year to stipends, prizes, etc., exceed the whole annual income of Bonn. German universities are almost exclusively creations of the state, and exist only as pensioners of the government. Bonn has recently received a small donation from a private citizen; but instances of this kind are of extremely rare occurrence. Under petty bureaucratic governments, whose chief anxiety was to keep their subjects well in leading-strings, the growth of that vigorous public spirit which gave rise to the magnificent foundations and endowments of the English colleges was not to be expected. But since Germany has joined the family of great nations, we trust a new impulse will be given to the public mind in this direction, and that private liberality will supplement governmental patronage in fostering her universities.

## EFFECTS OF SOLDIERING ON CHARACTER AND PHYSIQUE.*

THE important work whose title we give below is divided into three sections. The third treats exclusively of the Federal prisoners in Southern prisons, and is, in fact, the official report of a Confederate surgeon. The second is devoted to special pathology. The first consists of contributions to general pathology, and will prove most interesting to the unprofessional reader. It is also, on this account, the section which may most properly be noticed in this journal, and we shall, accordingly, with one or two exceptions, confine ourselves to it.

In the opening chapter, Dr. Robert Bartholow discusses the military capacity of the various races that composed the Federal armies. These were: the American, Celtic, Teutonic, Negro, and Spanish-American, classified in the order of their value as soldiers. Physically, the first two were about on a par, the American being distinguished for the toughness of his muscular fibre, but being also liable to defective digestion. Morally, he excelled the Irish in tenacity of purpose, in what the writer calls "mental hardihood," in zeal, energy, power of endurance, and in subordination. The latter always shirked fatigue duties when they could, preferring the perils of battle, and their malingering—that is to say, their feigning sickness—generally took the shape of "sun-stroke" and "pain in the back," with a view to avoiding those duties. The American malingerer, on the other hand, who was generally a married man separated from his family for the first time, and who wanted to escape the service, pretended to have either some affection of the respiratory organs, or else diarrhœa, dyspepsia, heart-disease, etc. The German was structurally deficient, with an excess of the lymphatic temperament, weakness of the abdomen, flatness of the feet, and "a tendency to a varicose condition of the inferior extremities." He could ill abide scant rations, hardships, or exposure. "Chronic rheumatism" was his pretence when he sought admittance to the hospital or a final discharge, and he was oftener found malingering than either the Americans or the Irish. The negro, to many admirable qualifications for the service, united ill-developed calves and bad feet, and an undeniable proneness to pulmonary complaints. While the general proportion of deaths by disease to deaths by wounds was, in the white ranks, as two to one—the smallest ratio probably ever exhibited in a prolonged war—among the colored troops it was as eight to one. Nevertheless, as contrasted with the poor white refugees who were affected at the same time with diseases of the lungs, they exhibited a smaller mortality and a greater recuperative power. It has been commonly reported, and we suppose correctly, that the blacks, when attacked by any malady, seemed to have none of the elasticity of mind which is so potent in effecting a recovery, but passively submitted to their fate and threw all the burden of their cure upon the physician. From this fact—which may, nevertheless, have been exaggerated—doubtless arose the opinion among surgeons, alluded to by Dr. Ira Russell, p. 332, "that it is no use to 'doctor' a sick negro; that he will die, do what you may." Against this, Dr. Russell enters a decided protest, and states in a foot-note:

"I had the care of 700 wounded negro soldiers after the battle of Nashville, and I never saw wounds do better—there was much less gangrene and pyæmia than among the wounded white soldiers. It is true, however, that the colored wounded were treated and retained near the battle-field, while the whites were transported, first to Nashville, and then to Louisville and further north."

Even healthy lungs in the negro, according to the same authority, weighed, on an average, four ounces less than in the white man, and part of the former's inability to endure forced marches with equal facility with the latter is attributed to this circumstance. That it was not wholly due to the bad feet instanced by Dr. Bartholow would appear from the record (furnished by Surgeon Hunt, pp. 106, 107) of a march under the most favorable conditions for soundness of lungs and invigorating respiration. This was from Fort Gibson, in the Cherokee nation, to Prior's Creek, a distance of forty-two miles. It was performed without straggling by 1,200 black soldiers (1st Kansas C. I.)—of whom a large proportion had reached the fort with blistered feet and worn-out shoes from rocky, mountain travelling—in seventeen hours, making part of a march of seventy-eight miles in less than forty-eight hours. Next morning there were but four men sick.

The previous condition of servitude must be allowed to account for a good deal of the sickness to which the black soldiers succumbed, and for their malingering, in which they are said to have surpassed the whites. Always the ignorant and degraded are unaccustomed to sanitary precautions, and any one who has had to do with black regiments, even when wholly or in part recruited from the North, can testify that their imprudence in regard to diet especially was very great. The same class, whether black or white, are naturally malingerers, amongst whom, says Dr. Bartholow, "it was not common to see a well-educated man," though one of the most expert that came under his observation was a Michigan school-teacher. "As a general rule, it may be affirmed that men will feign disease in the army who are guilty of similar deceptions in civil pursuits." And they were commonly men of bilious or nervous temperaments, rarely sanguine.

"The physical qualities which fit the American for military service consist not so much in . . . . height," says Dr. Bartholow, p. 4. On page 47 Dr. Phelps tells of the 10th Wisconsin Regiment, "full to the maximum, with generally very tall and athletic men," which held its own very well while it stayed in camp; "but the march [upon Nashville] that proved a stimulant to the health of my own regiment had the opposite effect upon it. Its largest men fell out of ranks by platoons, and I believe that it never did recover its proportionate strength, as compared with other regiments, where the size of the men was not above medium." Wisconsin is one of the States which had the highest battle mortality, and a nearly correspondingly high death-rate from disease. Thus, New England's battle ratio is 44·76; while Iowa shows 45·44; Michigan, 44·82; and Wisconsin, 42·01; with a ratio for death from disease of 70·45, 114·02, 97·01, and 76·86 respectively. Not much can be predicated as to bravery from the first-mentioned figures, though it was true in the Army of the Potomac, and we dare say elsewhere, certainly at times, that regiments which had again and again been decimated, were still assigned the post of honor. We have in mind a certain Massachusetts regiment, which in this way suffered frightful losses among its officers after their command had been so reduced that their own number and rank became almost ridiculous. But Dr. Dunster's explanation is not without weight, that this northern tier of States, both Eastern and Western, being secure from invasion, its troops could be spared for the most advanced service, and were not required for garrison duty. Then, too, considering that New Orleans must be taken by sea, and that General Butler was placed at the head of the expedition, it is easy to account for the transfer of New England troops to the Gulf, and once there, the difference in climate could not fail to promote losses by disease in a high degree. The middle States, whose volunteers were chiefly confined to the Army of the Potomac, exhibit the lowest rates of both species. "Virginia was not only a healthier field of service than the South and Southwest, but it is very generally admitted that the Army of the Potomac was the best provided for of all our large armies." Its mortality, and that of the other troops on the Atlantic coast, was 33·40 per 1,000 of mean strength; of the armies operating in the interior, on the Mississippi and its tributaries, 82·19 per 1,000—a difference largely due to climate, but also to the difficulty of forwarding supplies, to the lime-water which prevailed, and to the malarial districts which the Western armies were forced to occupy. Kansas alone has a record for battle losses which, perhaps, must be referred not to superior bravery, but to the martial disposition of her people, which, in turn, is to be referred to her previous history as a territory. Nowhere in this volume do we find an attempt to compare the soldiers of the East and West point by point, nor further than we have just done. Surgeon Hunt alludes (p. 104) to "the superior marching qualities of the Western soldiers as compared with the untrained Eastern soldiers," and attributes them to "the greater recklessness, or, to use a more descriptive phrase, Bohemianism," of the former. "Accustomed to roughing it, to indulging in the sports of the chase, and to vicissitudes of life which are rarely encountered in the thickly settled and orderly East," they were "more available for immediate action," but in the end not more pertinacious.

The two sections cannot, therefore, it would appear, be considered as standing in the same relation to each other as that in which the country stands to the city—a relation which is one of the most interesting and surprising developments, we will not say of this book, but of the war. Dr. Bartholow, speaking, we are afraid, *à priori* and with too much generalization in this instance, says (p. 6):

"The influence of occupation upon the physical health is obvious enough. Those who pursue sedentary trades, who live much in-doors, or who are exposed in the course of their business and pursuits to crowd-poisoning, or to vitiated air from any cause, are by no means so well fitted for military service as those whose employments require them to spend much time in the open air, especially in the open air of the country. Hence, farmers, lumbermen, and railroad men are better prepared to endure the hardships of a soldier's life than clerks, weavers, shoemakers, etc."

In support of such a statement, or rather theory, there might well have been tables showing the previous occupation of every man who entered the hospitals, or at least who died there from disease or was discharged for inability contracted in the service. But no such statistics are given, and we presume none were collected. In the absence of them there will be many

* "Contributions relating to the Causation and Prevention of Disease, and to Camp Diseases; together with a Report of the Diseases, etc., among the Prisoners at Andersonville, Ga. Edited by Austin Flint, M.D." New York: Published for the U. S. Sanitary Commission, by Hurd & Houghton. 1867. Pp. xviii., 667.

whose observations of country and city populations will not accord with Dr. Bartholow's "obvious" deductions. In the first place, the healthfulness of most cities is now conceded to be quite equal to that of the rural districts; drainage and the removal of offal are better provided for, more attention is given to personal cleanliness, and medical service is both better in quality and more accessible in the former than in the latter. The aversion of country people to walking even short distances is well known, while, with never so great a desire, out-of-door walking would be impracticable during from three to six months of the year, according to latitude. To spend the winter and spring in the country, is, perhaps, the greatest hardship which a townsman can undergo. It is the season of terrific overheating and underheating of the ordinary farm-house, with the most trying extremes of temperature and an utter want, or else a great irregularity, of ventilation; in either case sufficient to derange a constitution not already inured to it, and certainly not beneficial to any constitution. The sleeping-chambers are generally small and immediately under the roof, deficient in air, and with windows of which the upper half is often fixed, while the lower has to be kept open by a stick, or other clumsy contrivance. The table—which in all poetical descriptions of the country is made, after "pure air," the most wholesome feature of farm life, being often typified by "glorious bread and milk"—is precisely the weak point of country living. With the exception of milk, there is perhaps no single article of the farmer's diet which cannot be procured of as good quality in the city, and is not far more certain of being cooked as it ought to be Bread is a striking instance of this assertion, though the ingredients may be purest in the country. Then, too, the necessity which is felt of cooking only on certain days, induces the preparation of such sorts of food as will "keep" longest—such as pies and pickles and cakes of various kinds—while fresh meat being not easy to obtain, salt meat, especially salt pork, takes its place. One result, and a natural one, is great sameness of diet. The farmer's "three square meals" daily will almost surely consist of fried pork swimming in fat, sauce and preserves, bad bread, bad coffee, cold pie, pickles, and ginger-bread—for breakfast, dinner, and supper, of course—with a sprinkling of vegetables in their season. That dyspepsia is more common in the country than in the city we would not affirm; it is a disease which is not, so far as we have noticed, compatible with constant exercise in the open air, even when part of the day is spent in a vitiated atmosphere, as is the case with the day-laborers in cities. (It was a very rare disease in the army.) But this may hold true of the women, and we are inclined to believe that the digestion of the men "laisse à désirer." At least, dyspepsia ought to result from a gross, profuse diet, and a farmer's appetite—that is to say, the appetite of fatigue. What we know is, that to cure this and other ailments, the country people resort to drugs to a fearful extent, and it may almost be said that patent medicines are the only things worth advertising in country newspapers.

One of the very first experiences of the war was, in a case of which we had cognizance, that the clerks, students, and other young fellows of good families, who composed a pet Boston regiment and were sent, along with some country recruits, to garrison one of the harbor forts, adapted themselves to the situation much more readily and philosophically than their comrades, who certainly had not enjoyed a tenth part as much ease and luxury at home as had they. Half a dozen surgeons, including one Confederate, testify in this volume to the same effect (pp. 100–103). "Farmers or countrymen," says Surgeon Bailhache, "are particularly liable to break down." "Men raised in towns and cities," says Surgeon Stevenson, "are more cosmopolitan in habit, thought, and feeling, and they were much less subject to home-sickness." "Even those of sedentary occupations from the cities," says Surgeon Heise, "were better able to bear these vicissitudes [of camp life] than laboring men of rude health from agricultural districts." And Surgeon Clark even goes so far as to say that "young men of previous irregular habits coming from cities or towns endured the hardships of service better than farmers who apparently had a better physical organization." Finally, on the Confederate side, "the volunteers from cities and towns, the mechanics, clerks, storekeepers, professional men, etc., bore exposure in the field better than farmers, day-laborers, or even woodsmen;" and one of the reasons assigned is worth quoting: the former "have generally passed through the usual infantile diseases which are so prevalent in camp." The spread and fatality of the measles, as recorded in these pages, give great weight to this suggestion.

The topic is one on which we might enlarge indefinitely, so many sides has it; but we must forbear. Let it be remarked, in conclusion, that in these revelations we find compensation for the indisputable evils of that concentrated life in cities to which we, in common with the rest of the civilized world, are tending steadily and rapidly. Most consoling of all is the proof that culture, instead of weakening, fortifies the physical man—a lesson which the lives and adventures of many savans have taught us, but which needs repeating so long as culture is a monopoly, or is decried as effeminate.

# Fine Arts.

## THE FINE ARTS OF JAPAN.

V.

From demigods and fiends to imaginary monsters of no superhuman character the transition is easy. From priests and their teachings to jugglers and their tricks is not a step of magnitude at all startling to the student of Japanese art. His difficulty will be to decide at what point the step is taken. Ghosts and apparitions are of greater dignity than the grotesque monsters we are going on to describe, but it is hard to judge, in all cases, which of these the Japanese believe in, as matters of course and as parts of their scheme of religion, and which of them are only the dreams and whims of over-fertile and unchecked design. What, for instance, are we to make of this incident? A stern-looking man is leaning out of a huge black cloud, and, with a long cord and a vessel like a canteen, is dipping up water from the ocean below him, all with just the action of the sailors who draw buckets of salt water over the ship's side of a morning to wash down the decks. This occurs in a book by the artist Boun Tujo, of whom we have spoken before. The book is a mere collection of patterns intended for reproduction as ornament upon porcelain and lacquer-ware pipes, etc., and contains familiar subjects for the most part. But among them we find the cloud-borne dragon of the higher mythology, magnificently fierce, rendered in a style worthy of Oksai himself; the god of agriculture several times in different attitudes, and several curious feathered and winged genii of a kind we have not before alluded to, though they are common in the works of Oksai and elsewhere. All this, one might say, is unquestionably mythological. As Napoleon said that a throne cannot exist without nobility, so it is safe to say that the *dii majores* need, to support their authority, whole hierarchies of demigods, nymphs and heroes, Nereids and Fauns, or their equivalents in Japanese. But we have to consider next some winged beings, like men except for their wings, and what seem to be jackets of feathers, who have noses of portentous length. One of them, with his nose pointed straight upward, has a top spinning upon the end of it, a foot above his head. He and they all are merely grotesque, and rather contemptible creatures, but they are wonderfully like the savage-looking winged Afrites whom we have just pronounced superhuman, and akin to the celestials. So there are creatures having the likeness of beasts and birds which seem to partake of the dignity of the immortals, even as did Pegasus and Sphinx, and, in a certain sense, the Griffins. The main idea in those Greek forms is the union of two natures in one creature; not the patching of a part of one creature upon another, as in the mermaid, which remains a sly woman with nothing fishy about her except her exterior; not as in the centaur, where the poorly conceived body with its double set of organs is matched by the incongruity of giving to it a fully human and even (as in the case of Chiron) a superior human mind. The griffin is eagle and lion, or less often eagle and horse, in one, with the noble and characteristic qualities of each, and the dignity of both. The sphinx, the cat or lion with woman's breasts and head, is a weighty and significant allegory, as the harpy is in all probability, though it is doubtful if modern enquirers have quite understood the harpy. Now, the Japanese offer us no equivalent of these two human-headed creatures, but we find a superb griffin. The word is a misnomer in this instance, for there is no eagle or vulture or other hook-beaked bird nature (γρυψ) about him; he is a winged horse, with a well imagined reptile head, as if studied from a crocodile, but not quite a crocodile's head either. He has split hoofs, which is curious, and perhaps intended to take him out of the equine family more decidedly; the ridgy and flexile backbone, lying close under the skin, with the vertebræ within count, seems intended to carry with it the reptile life of the head; except that it sounds like an impossible result, we should say that the creature was truly bi-formed of horse and serpent. We have this beast in the pictures, and freely and well modelled in high relief upon a splendid bronze; and in the round, a full statue—also in bronze, and most delicately finished with the tool—with open jaws, through which incense smoke pours out. Another creature we know only as a callow nestling, who, at maturity, must be a griffin in the true sense of the word. We have him carved in ivory, just emerging from the broken egg-shell. His head is not bird-like, except for the immense hooked beak; the body is covered with short feathers, and the wings are strong and large; the claws are not unlike those of a crab. We hope to meet with this spirited beast in his full devel-

opment, if indeed he is a tradition, and not a temporary fancy of the forgotten carver long ago.

We can only touch upon a few of the many points of interest in this wide subject, and we pass now to the consideration of jugglery, some of which would be very respectable magic. Here again it is hard to draw the line. Can it be believed that the Japanese are so generally informed in the physical sciences that all these marvels pass for mere dexterity and skilful application of natural causes? The Japanese jugglers in Europe and here have shown us no wizardry beyond a very few simple sleight-of-hand tricks; nine-tenths of their practice was tumbling and posturing and feats of manual dexterity, and what real jugglery there was made us all laugh, it was so slight and transparent. But here, in one of the Oksai books, and alternating with pictures which are of unmistakably mythological subjects, we have the Japanese thaumaturgist, in picture after picture, performing unexampled feats. In one he sits quietly holding a wand, or perhaps only his closed fan, and with no visible apparatus or accessories; but he is suddenly multiplied by five, the simulacrum of his head and shoulders, four times repeated, comes into sight from empty space, and the five figures are undistinguishable. Another performance may partly explain the above; in this second one a chafing-dish is set upon a stand, and from it arises a transparent vapor; the juggler inclines his head to one side so that it shall be seen through the vapor, and it is seen magnified about five diameters. Is there a smoke known to science which has this magnifying power? Is there any similar way in which a vibratory effect can be produced, giving the deceptive appearance of four or five objects where only one exists? At all events these feats are different from ordinary Oriental jugglery, and argue considerable scientific knowledge, while they are among a host of more common performances, and seem not to be associated with religious mysteries.

Among other tricks we find the venerable East Indian quick-growing plant, which in a few minutes grows from the seed to perfect development. A dozen sheets of paper thrown up into the air are shown turning to birds and flying away. A wizard fishes with rod and line in a small cup set upon an open stand, and catches therefrom a fish many times larger than the cup. Another clenches his hands together, and, shaking them, great volumes of water are showered in spray from between his fingers. Another magician verifies the Afrite of the Arabian Nights, and comes rushing out of a little flask or bottle, taking solid form as he ascends. And the supernatural power of the monkey fiend who breathes out hosts of pigmies, is rivalled by a magician who spurts out of his mouth a vapor which takes the form of a horse and gallops furiously off.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

| *Authors.* | *Publishers.—Prices.* | |
|---|---|---|
| Angell (J. K.) and Durfee (T.), Treatise on the Law of Highways | (Little, Brown & Co.) | $6 00 |
| Borel (E.), Grammaire Française | (Leypoldt & Holt) | 1 75 |
| Bulwer Lytton (Sir E.), The Disowned | (J. B. Lippincott & Co.) | 1 50 |
| Cavé (Mme. M. E.), Drawing without a Master | (G. P. Putnam & Son) | 1 00 |
| Cox (Rev. G. W.), Manual of Mythology | (Leypoldt & Holt) | 1 00 |
| Kail (C. F.) and Delitzsch (F.), The Twelve Minor Prophets, 2 vols. | (Chas. Scribner & Co.) | |
| Müller (Dr. J.), The Christian Doctrine of Sin, 2 vols | (Chas. Scribner & Co.) | |
| Smeaton (Rev. G.), Doctrine of the Atonement | (Chas. Scribner & Co.) | |
| Storer (Dr. H. R.) and Heard (F. F.), Criminal Abortion | (Little, Brown & Co.) | 2 25 |
| The Sabbath, swd | (M. Thalmessinger) | |


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## The Week.

Two months ago the Democrats were going to carry Maine. One month ago they were going to reduce last year's Republican majority of eleven or twelve thousand. But this week, the expression of public opinion at the polls being the very fullest ever had in the State, the Republicans carry it by a majority almost equal to the heaviest majorities that were given when we were all full of the excitement of the war. Probably there never was anywhere in the country so hot a political canvass. How high the feeling ran may be seen in the fact that political rioting—a very rare thing in New England—was not uncommon in the last days before election, and on election day, when, to be sure, the Democrats had some excuse in their disappointment. Probably there are not five hundred able-bodied men in Maine who have not attended several political meetings since the middle of August; speeches have been made wherever a hundred men could be got together, and some of it has been extraordinarily good speaking; there was no end to the processionizing, button-holing, and "work" generally. As the Boston *Post* remarked, the men of Maine "have lately heard the great political and financial issues of the day discussed by able men of both parties." Fessenden, Wilson, and Pendleton put the financial issues as plainly before the people as it is possible to put them, and the political issue—that stated by Blair—was the theme of dozens of orators in every town. The result shows, to borrow from the *Post* again, that the people of Maine "are not blinded by prejudice or enslaved by party ties," and have had no difficulty in "deciding what is their present duty to themselves and the country at large." It was a model American political contest—plenty of frank discussion and intelligent comprehension of the questions involved, at least a sufficiency of enthusiasm, and, at the end, a peaceable submission to the result. The effect of this election will be great. We suppose it makes Pennsylvania safe for the Republicans in October; and though the loss of that State then would not injure Grant, the carrying it would make the November election a mere formality.

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"All along the line," as the party press says, "the boys are hard at it." Whatever may have been the case in the early parts of the campaign, there is no apathy now among the Republicans. Even in this city the leaders have met and consulted, and there is peace between "The Twenty-third Street Gang" and the extreme Radicals, so that the Republican vote will be cast solid for every candidate from Grant down to assemblyman. Democrats no longer talk of carrying the State by fifty or seventy thousand majority; indeed, New York may fairly be looked on as at least doubtful. We believe it most probable that Grant will carry it against Seymour, and Hoffman against Griswold, though some enthusiastic Republicans deny that Griswold is to be beaten—which is what they would not have dared to do three weeks ago. Mr. Hoffman has thought it advisable to go stumping, and makes the regular Democratic speech—"the annual expenses of the Freedmen's Bureau are $11,000,000," etc., etc.—but probably his tour affects his chances favorably. In Pennsylvania, the Republicans are in good heart, and refuse to-day to make the admissions which they were ready to make a short time since. Mr. Forney estimates the Republican majority at 30,000, but it is never easy to rest in perfect confidence on his figures. However, the nominations have been more carefully attended to this year than they were last, when a commendable disgust kept some Philadelphia Republicans from the polls; when Judge Sharswood, more respected than his antagonist, was a very strong candidate for the Democracy; and when, after all, the Democratic majority was less than a thousand. There is a summons out, we see, for "a grand mass convention of soldiers and sailors," to be held in Philadelphia a week or ten days before that city is called on to vote—a device of some value. Pennsylvania must yet be set down as a doubtful State, but as being, on the whole, a good deal more likely to go Republican in October than to go Democratic, but it will be as well to wait till November for a majority of the size of thirty thousand. Ohio, a week ago, looked so un-Democratic that Mr. Pendleton would not "stump" in Illinois, and the wise General McClernand has let out the reason—a performance which probably will prevent his being Chairman of the Democratic Central Committee of that State another year. There is really no doubt about Ohio, and Indiana also is sure for the Republicans both in October and November, in spite of its neighborhood to Kentucky, superfluously abounding in Democrats, and in spite of its absurd law to allow votes to residents of only twenty days' standing. In the East, we have seen how the canvass was conducted in Maine. Massachusetts has been holding a large convention, which was very enthusiastic, but in Massachusetts hard work is never necessary—for the present generation of Republicans at least. The State was made Republican some hundreds of years ago. In the only New England State where there is any need of work—now that Maine has voted—it is hardly worth while to do anything yet; Connecticut will probably vote as Pennsylvania does. On the whole, the prospect is excellent for the Republicans.

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The Massachusetts Convention did not exactly allow General Butler to capture it, as his friends would like to have believed, but it made a good deal too much of him and suffered him to make a good deal too much of himself, and he must have gone back to Gloucester a happier man than he has been since the beginning of the impeachment trial. Despite the disgust of certain of the delegates, General Butler's audacity—and, we suppose, that tendency in men to do, as a crowd, things that they would be ashamed to do singly—secured for him, after all that he has said and done, the endorsement, not formal, but too efficacious, we fear, of some twelve hundred of the leading citizens of the State of Massachusetts. The Massachusetts Republicans are a little merciless on their brethren in other States, where it is necessary to be more careful as to the weight of odium which can be borne without diminishing the chance of winning. A "repudiation of the repudiator," to use Mr. Fessenden's words, by the party in Massachusetts would have been worth many votes to it in Pennsylvania, where it needs all the votes it can get. That is, perhaps, looking at the matter from a point of view somewhat dangerously near the one Mr. Butler would take in a similar case; yet not so very near either, if we consider what reasons might be alleged for not supporting a party in which Mr. Butler has been a leader, and is by some people still thought

to be one. However, the mischief is done, we suppose. There is a disposition to think that enough has been done when he has been made to hold his tongue about the bonds. As if we were to be much obliged to General Butler for leave to be decently honest! Probably there is little hope that he will not be nominated and returned to Congress, though it seems as if there ought to be some men in the Fifth Massachusetts district of influence enough and courage enough to prevent the disgrace of his continuing to represent a Massachusetts district. A courageous and unsparing attack on him might be effective. Governor Andrew was certainly a great loss to the State. Since his Worcester experiences, General Butler has been making a speech at Lowell, a ready-witted harangue, full of vigor, of wit, of effrontery, of balancings between truth and falsehood, and as clever as his speeches usually are. In his Worcester speech, as well as in the Lowell one, he shunned talk about repudiation; but that may have been because he would not commit himself, and not out of fear. There are going to be national temptations to dishonesty after next November, and after the November after that, and it is possible that the voice of the charmer will again be heard and will be listened to more willingly.

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The speech which contrasted most forcibly we will not say with General Butler's speech, but with his appearance at the Convention, was that of Mr. Edward Atkinson, who put in a very clear and serviceable shape the facts furnished him by Commissioner Wells in regard to the financial conduct of the Government since the war. Our readers can scarcely have failed to read Mr. Atkinson's statement, so widely has it been circulated already, being the best of campaign documents, and proving that Mr. Seymour was never more mistaken than when he assumed that the Republican party wanted to shirk the financial issue. Mr. Butler may conceal his sentiments on this point when he finds it prudent to do so, but he is alone in so doing. Mr. Atkinson boldly took the bull by the horns; showed the public debt to have been larger at the close of the war than it had been represented by the Treasury, which made no account of outstanding liabilities; analyzed these liabilities, and proved that they were legitimate and unavoidable expenses, outlasting the war; and then confronted the real debt of April 1, 1865, with the present debt, or $3,287,733,329 with $2,485,000,000. In three years, therefore—"three years of quasi peace," as Mr. Atkinson truly observed—more than 800 millions of the debt have been discharged, in spite of the grave defects in our first attempt at direct taxation. Then follows an estimate of the ordinary expenditures, over and above the war expenditures, of the Government during three years and three months, but including the expenses of an Indian war, and also $10,000,000 for internal improvements. These amounted to $92,000,000 a year, while the last fiscal year under Buchanan's administration, and prior to the war, cost the nation $107,577,400. Such were the principal statistics exhibited by Mr. Atkinson, together with some apt remarks on the mode and prospect of cancelling the debt and returning to specie payments. The case seems to us now wholly closed against the Democrats. Mr. Seymour had his usual luck as an adviser when he urged his editorial friends to keep up a constant attack on the Republican party on the score of its financial management. As for the Democrats, they are able to make nothing of the speech. Their ablest journal has talked of it in an almost laughably futile way. Certainly as a party they have never attacked or defended themselves with less spirit and precision—point for point—than now. The omen is unmistakable.

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As the secret history of the late Democratic Convention is more fully made known, that body more and more puts on the likeness of a creature of the older and worse days of our politics, the days when we used to call men statesmen because they quoted the Declaration of Independence in the balcony and went back into the committee-room and gerrymandered a State. Very much of the business of the Convention was done, it appears, by Mr. Montgomery Blair, who is in all essential respects an excellent specimen of the sort of statesmen we have mentioned. He is the representative and the ablest member of a family which has always, on pretence of serving the public, devoted itself to practical politics—practical politics as distinguished from the service of the public. He really is behind his brother, whom it is certain he would manage if the Vice-Presidency or the Presidency should come into the family, just as he has managed him in the matter of the Brodhead letter, which, no doubt, was intended to fire the Southern heart. Unfortunately for the Blairs—who are usually sharp enough to cut their own fingers, and who, since Jackson's time, have been good intriguers with bad luck as to their intrigues—the Brodhead letter has fired the Northern heart as well. However, it helped to get General Blair the nomination for the Vice-Presidency. But, as now appears, it was not considered safe to trust to that alone; the record of other prominent candidates was examined into and was laid before the delegates from the South. General Hancock, Mr. Montgomery Blair took pains to inform them, once issued an order urging the negroes of Maryland to aid the pursuers of Booth, who had murdered Lincoln, the general said, because of his friendship for the negroes. General Robert Ewing also was made the subject of a communication from Mr. Blair to the Southern delegates. They were reminded that in Missouri, in 1863, he ordered out of his lines all disloyal people resident within them. This, of course, "killed" him.

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A letter is published that was written by Grant to his father in April, 1863, during the campaign against Vicksburg. It is longer than any speech the General ever made, and, without disparagement to the speeches, is likely to be more effective than any of them. The letter is full of the man, and shows, as plainly as anything of his that we have ever seen, how far removed his quietness is from that afflicting stolidity charged upon him by the tremulously sensitive Democrats:

> "It is painful to me, as a matter of course," the General says, "to see the course pursued by some of the papers. But there is no one less disturbed by them than myself. I have never sought a large command, and have no ambitious ends to accomplish. Were it not for the very natural desire of proving myself equal to anything expected of me, and the evidence my removal would afford that I was not thought equal to it, I would gladly accept a less responsible position. I have no desire to be an object of envy or jealousy, nor to have this war continue. I want, and will do my part toward it, to put down the rebellion in the shortest possible time, without expecting or desiring any other recognition than a quiet approval of my course."

Evidently the criticisms had touched him, and evidently they had not turned him. Justice has hardly ever been done at all—it certainly is not popularly done—to this very remarkable part of Grant's life. We must remember he was then a comparatively obscure man; he was fighting in an unknown and most difficult country; his most trusted military friend and coadjutor, Sherman, had very strongly expostulated with him as to the plan of campaign which he had resolved upon, and, when the expostulation did not shake Grant's purpose, had written out and tendered his resignation; Mr. Lincoln had written to him to tell him he was mistaken in his strategy—and that meant that all Mr. Lincoln's military advisers thought him mistaken, and that the commander-in-chief gave him a chance to withdraw his army before it should become necessary to remove him from command; the press was raving about his manifest incompetency. But he made no reply to the letter, for writing which Mr. Lincoln afterwards apologized; he put Sherman's resignation in his pocket, without forwarding it, and afterwards, when Vicksburg was taken, gave it back to him—it is Sherman who tells the story—he made no public justification of himself till he telegraphed that Pemberton had surrendered; and but for this letter to his father—which, by the way, he requested his father to burn—we should hardly know of his magnificent exercise of moral courage and how much it cost him. We are curious to see the men who, as members of Grant's cabinet, are going to make him a mere tool and puppet.

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From the South there is nothing new. The Georgia Legislature has finished its high-handed proceedings in reference to the colored members by expelling the two negro Senators. A resolution has been introduced, and may be passed, declaring negroes ineligible to all offices. This would remove the question from the narrow ground on which it might now be safely placed—the right of a legislature to prescribe the qualifications of its own members—and would open its way,

by bare possibility, to such a collision as might justify the interposition of the Federal forces. But, as the case stands, where is there any remedy? The supineness and coldness of some among the Republican members were what enabled the attack on the negroes to be successful. Some of the so-called carpet-baggers voted as they did in order to ingratiate themselves with the whites; of the so-called scallawags, some voted as they did from the same reason, and some doubtless from conviction. The State is now Democratic. There is this consolation, however: she has vividly illustrated Blair's Brodhead letter; and we fear the colored Democrats of the South must have felt a weakening of the knees when they tried to reconcile the news from Georgia with their recollections of the last barbecue at which they assisted. Louisiana has had her great Republican torchlight procession, and it passed off without the bloody riot that was anticipated. By order the Democrats stayed away from the club-rooms and remained at their homes. The streets were left to the police, the soldiers, and the procession, and the maligned New Orleans Democracy can proudly point to its good behavior, and call on the country to applaud its perfect justice to the blacks. The Texas Convention has adjourned without doing anything of importance, and will not be again heard of until winter. The Carolinas, Virginia, Florida, and Mississippi are quiet, and so is Alabama. In Tennessee General Thomas is to have more troops—as many more as he may deem necessary—and the peace is to be preserved. It is one of the not very numerous acts of Mr. Johnson's administration for which he may be unreservedly praised, so far as is apparent on the surface. To keep the peace by means of Federal troops is infinitely better than calling out the militia, which would have been much the same thing as calling out also the 40,000 rebels that Forrest talks of. As we suppose, Mr. Johnson has saved Tennessee from civil war.

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If we did not know of its success elsewhere, co-operation would seem to be peculiarly adapted to the needs of the English people. The Rochdale Pioneers, besides setting an original example which is being more or less widely copied in other countries, are still undoubtedly the most signal instance of what can be accomplished by the co-operative system. With the exception of 1862, when distress prevailed in the cotton districts because of our war, every year since 1844 has witnessed an increase in membership, funds, business, and profits, until the accumulated power of the society is marvellous to behold. The material object in founding the Pioneers was to supply food and clothing to the members, and the extension given to their operations has been chiefly in that direction; but there is a cotton manufacturing society with fair prospects, and some recent experiments in building cottages have proved that an excellent profit can be derived from this source also. In short, with the exception of banking, there is perhaps no business which the Pioneers and, by inference, other co-operators, do not seem competent to undertake. One very natural outgrowth of the various societies in England has proved of enormous value to them. This is the Co-operatives' Wholesale Society, of Manchester, whose shares are held by the societies themselves, and which furnish them groceries and provisions at wholesale. Last year it sold goods to the value of over a million of dollars, with a profit of upwards of ten thousand dollars. At Leipzig, on the 24th of August, was held the tenth annual convention of the German co-operative societies. The veteran Schultze-Delitzsch, for whom the convention testified its respect by rising to pass a vote of thanks, read a report on the progress of co-operation in Germany in 1867. The number of societies has now reached 1,707, or, if all could be accurately counted, probably 2,000. People's banks and provident societies flourish best; but thus far the productive associations, owing to the prejudices of certain classes of operatives, have not been successful. The abolition of imprisonment for debt will do much hereafter for the co-operative movement. Italy, which is far behind France and Germany in this respect, is nevertheless beginning to sympathize with its neighbors. Before 1860, with the exception of Piedmont, there were no provident or co-operative institutions in Italy; but now, under the lead of Prof. Luzzati, and, in Venetia, of Alberto Errera, an interest is awakening which we may hope will do much to elevate the people of the peninsula.

The official report on the result of the French loan, which has been made by M. Magne, proves it to have been a great success. The sum subscribed for is more than three thousand million dollars, while only about one hundred millions were required. The result proves two things: one, that whatever want of confidence there may be in the duration of the dynasty, there is none whatever in the continued ability and willingness of the French Government to pay its debts; the other is the enormous quantity of small savings in France, and the eagerness of the owners for a safe investment, at a low rate of interest, in preference to any commercial venture. In fact, in spite of the great material prosperity of France, and the really rapid growth of large manufacturing interests, it is believed by the best observers of French society that the mercantile timidity of Frenchmen increases, and that, in fact, the spirit of adventure, whether as manifested in emigration or trade, is declining more and more—a result which is ascribed with a good show of reason no less to the system of education pursued in the "Lycées," than to the intense centralization of the Government. France, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, bid fair to be the great colonial power of the world, and had rovers in every sea and on every shore; but now she is represented abroad in the field of commercial adventure by hucksters and cooks, and in the field of military adventure by nobody. The desperadoes and filibusters and buccaneers of our day are all English and Americans. The young Frenchman who thirsts for "moving incidents" seeks them in the army or navy, under the articles of war.

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The Italian Senate having, with great unanimity, confirmed the action of the Deputies in regard to the tobacco monopoly, the Opposition have been forced to console themselves, during the recess, with rumors of a change of cabinet and of a dissolution of Parliament. Nothing, however, is less likely, after the excellent success of the Menabrea-Digny ministry in procuring a working majority for the Government, and in at last diverting the members from dreams and vagaries to the solid business of the country. The long years and stormy discipline needed to obtain this result are a guaranty that the Government will not rashly, by ordering fresh elections, revive the spouting and enthusiasm to which Italy was so lately, as it seemed, hopelessly wedded. In fact, the sure support which the King and his ministry have acquired in the Parliament, coupled with the successful treaty with the Pope in regard to the Pontifical debt, is one of the strongest arguments in favor of the withdrawal of the French troops from Rome. The press, following the official lead of the Government, are calling for the evacuation of Rome, as the anniversary of the last occupation approaches. Their tone, though moderate and reasonable, suggests a feeling of the precarious situation in which France now stands, and the need she will have of all her forces in the event of a war with Germany. Italy has no intention of then serving as a back-door for a French army of invasion. Since our correspondent's letter, which appears in another part of our paper, was written, word comes that the Senate adjourned without discussing the law for the abolition of feudal tenure, so the contending parties have time to adjust their differences.

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The other topic of the Italian papers is the everlasting Lamarmora controversy, which has emerged from the stage of anonymous warfare into open conflict with pamphlets between Lamarmora and Cialdini. The ripples of this local disturbance, as we have before noted, extended to Berlin, extorting an official disclaimer of Count Usedom's now celebrated letter of instructions—a disclaimer afterwards qualified, and all the more rendered suspicious and untrustworthy. This procedure, which, of course, was in the nature of a sop to Austria, is said to have given great offence to Bismark, and to have caused a coolness between him and the King, to the advantage of the Tory party, as shown by the retirement of the popular General Falkenstein, and the putting of General Manteuffel in his place. Bismark's recent fall from his horse has again been the means of proving how anxiously the people regard him as the mainstay of German affairs, and the leader into the still waters of perfect unity.

## SOME INDIRECT ISSUES OF THE CAMPAIGN.

It is perfectly natural and perfectly proper that the sentimental aspect of the Presidential campaign—that is, the repulsiveness and indecency of the reappearance in the field, as political leaders and moulders of public opinion, of the most prominent secessionist chiefs—should exercise a large influence in the canvass. It is due to the memory of the men who fell in the war, and is required by the arguments on which the North defended its course in carrying on the war, that Forrest and Wade Hampton and Cobb, and their like, should have no further say in the national politics. We do not know what mental and moral culture may yet accomplish, but it is quite certain that the mass of men are as yet incapable of hating evil as something distinct from the person who commits evil. There are, we admit, some rare natures which are capable of separating the sinner from his sin, and loving the one while hating the other; but if you mean to keep the moral perceptions of the great majority at all sharp, you have not only to teach them to detest murder but look with dislike on the murderer. If the day should ever come when criminals, after a proper course of medico-moral treatment in jail, are taken out and received back into the community as if they had done nothing, however harmless the treatment may be as regards the criminals, society will most assuredly come to look more lightly on the crime. There is, and always has been, something preposterous in talking as much as we have all done, and still do, about "the guilt of the rebellion," while acting towards the men who got it up and carried it on as if they were simply persons who had been foolish enough to differ from us in opinion. Arguments against Seymour and Blair, therefore, drawn from the character and antecedents of their leading Southern supporters, are perfectly legitimate, and very strong ones. The North ought to vote against anybody who brings these Southern gentlemen into the field again.

But then, we regret to say, the number of people who are influenced by considerations of this sort is comparatively small. The habit of letting criminals off easy, and of "not feeling hardly" towards anybody, no matter what he has done, has made good progress within a few years. It is becoming increasingly difficult to get criminals prosecuted, unless it clearly appears that it will "pay," in a material sense, to do so. After a thief has given up his plunder, or told where he has put it, or has spent it beyond the possibility of recovery, there is an increasing indisposition to prosecute him, or, if convicted, to keep him in jail. In other words, the idea that there is a moral order in the world, against which a cheat or humbug or murderer offends, and for offending against which he ought to be punished, even if he has done no damage to anybody, or the damage he has done be irreparable, has grown faint, and is getting fainter. Of the force of this tendency we have had a striking illustration within the last week in the case of General Rosecrans, who, during the rebellion, wrote letters in which he painted the moral character of its leaders in the darkest colors, but who, within the last few days, has addressed a cluster of these leaders in terms which are usually reserved for philanthropists or statesmen, when, weary of well-doing, they have retired from busy life with the applause of mankind.

On a very large class of persons, both Republicans and Democrats, therefore, the consideration of what will happen in case a Democratic administration should come into power is more likely to prove effective than the consideration of the repulsiveness of the Democratic leaders and the bad record of the party. To be sure, this is constantly urged, but mostly in general terms. We know it will endanger the public credit, for instance; but then, Congress may, if it will, save the public credit from both Seymour and Blair; and we know it will encourage the Southerners to protract their resistance to the Reconstruction Acts, and thus delay indefinitely the return of perfect peace. But the delaying of reconstruction is to a great many people a very vague term. The immense and overwhelming importance of getting Southern members back into Congress, and the wild pæans of delight which some Republican papers raised as the members from each State made their appearance there, have begotten an impression that, when once the formal relations of the States with the Union are restored, the work of reconstruction is complete. But it is not. Why it is not, the events of every day in the reconstructed States show clearly.

The failure, therefore, of the States to qualify under the Reconstruction Acts for formal, technical readmission to the Union, though no doubt it would be most unfortunate if it were to occur, would not be nearly so unfortunate as something which may still occur, and which the election of Seymour will assuredly bring about—and that is the prolongation, for an indefinite period, of the state of things at the South which everybody is now deploring: not the crimes and outrages, but the depraved public opinion which looks on the crimes and outrages lightly, or as legitimate modes of expressing political discontent, and which leads a whole community of civilized and nominally Christian men to throw obstacles, in the manner described by General Meade in his report on the Ashburn affair, in the way of bringing midnight assassins of a helpless, unarmed man to justice. The Ashburn murderers, it must be remembered, were not drawn from the dregs of the population, and they have been and are screened by a large body of "the best people at the South," morally and religiously as well as socially. We have grown so accustomed to the perpetration of crimes of this character at the South by respectable men, in the old slavery days, on the plea of public safety, that nine-tenths of us have ceased to feel the depth of the degradation which such occurrences as General Meade describes indicate. But it is none the less true that a society which has reached the point of recognizing assassination as a legitimate weapon of political warfare—and not assassination of a "tyrant" either, but of any man who stands in the way of what the majority considers its rights—is rotting fast, and can only be saved by heroic treatment. Barbarians may assassinate, and, nevertheless, may be improving rapidly; because men's moral condition must, after all, be judged rather by the extent to which they fall short of their own standard of perfection than of ours. But when a church-going community, in the United States, looks on the murder of an obnoxious politician in bed as a pardonable mode of getting rid of him, it has fallen below the Malays. Now the triumph of Seymour would be a deliberate affirmation, by a majority of the Northern people, that this state of public feeling is, on the whole, not very alarming, not very reprehensible, and that a whole cityful of Baptists, Episcopalians, Presbyterians, and Congregationalists, with Sunday-schools, Bible societies, missionary societies in full blast, may aid, abet, and shield against justice a band of midnight cut-throats, and yet not be such very bad fellows after all.

Look at the condition of Southern feeling also in the matter of education. Whatever the opinions of a civilized man may be as to the propriety of investing the blacks with the franchise, there cannot be two opinions amongst civilized men—not two avowable opinions, at all events—as to the propriety of educating them into a clear comprehension of their social and moral obligations. No Southerner ventures to deny that the negro, now that he is free, is entitled to as much knowledge as may make him an intelligent and useful member of the community. And yet we have to hear of the slightest movement on the part of any considerable number—in fact, any number—of Southern whites towards providing him with the means of education, or of the advocacy or suggestion of any such movement on the part of any respectable Southern periodical. Nor is this all. Not only do Southerners do nothing for the education of the freedmen themselves, but they throw every obstacle in the way of philanthropists, whether home-bred or foreign-bred, who engage in the work. We believe we may call it a notorious fact, that no Northern man or woman, or man or woman from any country, can go down there at this moment—no matter how pure, how high-minded, how elevated, how far raised above suspicion of self-seeking, how far removed from all participation in, or even interest in, politics, and open a school for the education of the class whose ignorance and degradation Southern writers and orators are never tired of painting in the darkest colors, without becoming an object of odium and persecution—without being treated as an outcast—and without being carefully avoided by all the educated and well-to-do portion of the community, as persons with whom intercourse would bring contamination. We say nothing of the risk of personal violence to which we believe such persons are exposed, and of the school-burning in which the prevailing hostility to their work occasionally finds expression, because acts of violence may be

the work of solitary and ignorant criminals, and may meet with no sympathy from the rest of the community, and we will make this concession in spite of the fact that we have yet to hear of one perpetrator of such acts being brought to justice.

Now we care not what the antecedent circumstances may be, a professedly civilized and Christian community which regards the work of education amongst such a population as the colored population at the South as odious, and those who engage in it as infamous, and withholds from all such, without reference to their character or history, all sympathy and encouragement, is a community which is drifting into brutal barbarism, compared to which, in moral abomination, the barbarism and the corruption of declining Rome and the savagery of mediæval Europe were respectable and hopeful. Nevertheless, as political parties now stand, to vote for Seymour and Blair is to say that this state of feeling, if not all that could be desired, is not very condemnable.

Take again the condition on which, both in preaching and in practice, the South invites immigrants. That condition is simply absolute conformity with the prevailing opinion on some half-dozen of the weightiest moral, social, and political problems of the day—problems to the right solution of which the absolute freedom of thought and speech is essential; on penalty of what? Denunciation in the newspapers? Exclusion from political offices? Exclusion from society? Not at all. The penalty is simply death by cord or bullet, or else whipping on the bare back, or the destruction of house and property, and expulsion from the State; and this inflicted not calmly, decorously, by a court of law and under the protection of legal forms, but by that most awful and barbarous instrument of torture—a midnight mob. Does anybody flatter himself seriously that civilization, not to talk of material progress, can hold its own in a community in which this mode of keeping society together is practised; that barbarism and poverty are not as sure to follow it as corruption to follow on death? Yet the Democratic party does, by implication, say that these things are excusable, and says this when slavery, the great cause and excuse of such outrages ten years ago, has ceased to exist. In short, it is not simply the pride of the North or the constitutional theories of the two rival parties which are involved in the struggle now pending. It is whether half this continent, and the most fertile half, is to be given up by the deliberate act of Northern people to the operation of the most degrading agencies by which any society was ever afflicted, which are just as hostile to the growth of wealth as to the growth of morality and of a healthy public spirit, and which, if allowed to work much longer unchecked either by direct legislation and good police or by the loudly expressed reprobation of the North, will render free government impossible, and not at the South only, but here.

## RECONSTRUCTION AS IT STANDS.

It is three years and more since the close of the war, and to-day we have Tennessee demanding the aid of the United States army to keep in existence the State government which represents, not perfectly perhaps, but still tolerably well, the principles in behalf of which the war was waged by the North; that is to say, the present State government of Tennessee is in the hands of men who are and have been better lovers of the Union than of secession, and, under its rule, the colored citizens of the United States there resident are not oppressed, but each counts for as much politically as a white Tennessean of equal intelligence; yet the legislature has just been obliged to send a committee of its members to Washington to ask for the support of the Federal Government, and the request seems so reasonable that even Mr. Johnson feels bound to grant it. Certainly this is a fact that challenges careful consideration; and it will not seem less important if we extend our view so as to include the rest of the South, for the case of Tennessee cannot, we think, be held to be in any essential respect exceptional. The legislature of that State has, to be sure, been sterner in disfranchising formerly disloyal citizens than some, and perhaps most, of the other Southern governments. And not unnaturally was this so. In Tennessee the Rebel and the Unionist were for years face to face in a hand-to-hand fight "for wife and life." Many of the Tennessean law-makers of to-day have, within the past six years, been hunted like beasts, and have set out by night for the Federal lines with their homes burning behind them to light them on the way. When a man has been compelled to live in the woods for days together, feeding his children on parched corn, or not feeding them at all, and has worn a cow-bell round his neck in order to get safely past rebel pickets, where he would have been murdered without mercy; when he has watched from his hiding-place while his father or brother was first whipped and then was shot, in cold blood, by a man who, perhaps, called him by his Christian name just as the bullet was sent through his head or his heart, it is not surprising if he is slow of belief that persons formerly in rebellion ought to be allowed to rule the State in which he lives. Whether it was bad or good policy, it certainly was not at all unaccountable that Mr. Brownlow's government should have been so harsh in its treatment of disunionists as to deny them the right to govern or participate in governing their fellow-citizens.

But outside of Tennessee this proscriptive spirit—mild as it is at its worst—has not been very actively at work. In Georgia, for instance, nobody is disfranchised by the act of the local authorities; the Congress of the United States has done all the disfranchising that has been done in Georgia. But what is it that we see there, and what is it that we may very reasonably expect to see? The whites are in a majority in Georgia; there is as much likelihood that white Georgians will be oppressed by black ones as there is that the earth will soon begin to revolve round the moon. Nobody in the State or out of it ever said that the twenty or thirty colored members of the Legislature have ever shown a tyrannical or cruel disposition, or that there would be any reason to fear them if they had, or that the best interests of the State could not be promoted by the legislature as it was when elected. Doubtless there were colored men in the legislature who were not over-wise. Perhaps the legislature has not yet been seen in this or any other country which has not contained a certain number of men whose opinions on almost any subject whatever would be of small value. But regardless of good policy, of the local law, and, as we think, of statesmanship—regardless of everything but the traditionary prejudice against negroes—the majority in the Georgia Legislature have just driven out of the House and Senate every one of the few men of color who had dared to be elected to seats in it. And this is only the prelude to other things that none of us will like so well. It is not intended by the Democratic majority that a Georgia negro should cast a vote any more than it is intended that he should be voted for. It is intended, in the case of each negro in that State, that the man who formerly bought and sold him shall regulate his whole existence, social as well as political; and nothing, we take it, is much surer than that before this time next year we shall see in operation a Georgia Black Code not so very different from the slave-laws of 1858, much as has happened within the decade.

There are hardly two other Southern States in which it is impossible—indeed, in which it is not probable—that there will be the same defeat of almost all the results of the war. In Mississippi it has already taken place. In that State—the most degraded and ignorant, perhaps, of all the States of the Union—it is now, on the whole, almost as well, from the Southern point of view, to be the employer of a negro as it was formerly to be the owner of him. He is not salable now; but he can be kept in one's hands almost as closely as before, and one is almost as little responsible for the just or decent treatment of him. So also of Texas, as well as of Mississippi and Georgia; so of Arkansas; so, to a great extent, of Alabama. Louisiana is at peace because of the presence of Union soldiers and for no other reason; and we ourselves think that if we except North Carolina and Florida—which latter is so small as hardly to be counted—nothing better could be said of the South generally than that it seems sure that the negroes will soon be reduced to a condition not very far removed from their old condition, and that in most towns south of Tennessee no white man who is not a believer in "a white man's government" is going to be allowed to live in comfort or safety.

If nothing worse were to happen than the social ostracism of the Northern men who have gone to the South, the matter would still be lamentable enough. On account of the discouragement of immigration, an immense tract of the national territory would be condemned, for a

generation or two longer, to lie half-inhabited and half-cultivated by a comparatively uncivilized people—more or less barbarous masters and serfs. But if we may judge by the course taken by Georgia, and the threatenings made in every other Southern State, the ostracism of Northerners at the South is not to be all that we have gained by the war. We are, as we have said, to have, besides that, the virtual enslavement of the negro population. We have not yet heard any suggestion of a way to prevent Georgia's proceeding as far as she likes—and we know how far that is—in the way upon which she has entered. She has declared negroes ineligible to office, and so they may be under her constitution; but whether they are or not, who is to say no to her legislature? Nothing hinders her declaring negroes incapable of voting. Nothing, we imagine, short of a United States army, or, possibly, the fear of one, can hinder her from taking her own course in all respects. We have made the mistake of letting the South slip from the grasp of military power before we could be said to have honestly completed the work of reconstruction. It may have been necessary to take that erroneous course. Perhaps if we had not done ill, we should have seen the Democrats in power doing worse. We can congratulate ourselves on having at least attempted to do our duty by the people whom we freed from their masters and the people whom we freed from their slaves—on having done something towards bringing the South into conformity with the customs and laws which regulate society among the more civilized nations. But it is not to be denied that, as regards this work, we seem to have attempted rather than to have succeeded. The state of affairs in Georgia and Tennessee is such as may well make us doubt whether, between the two stools Restoration and Reconstruction, we have not fallen to the ground—have not had all the trouble and anxiety of trying to make a new South, and have not, after all, unconditionally, or all but unconditionally, readmitted the old South—the South in which Andersonville was possible, the South of slave-laws, of dense ignorance, of social and political tyranny, whose very virtues are the virtues of a time that is gone by, and in this age are for the most part vices that help to keep a people out of the current of progress.

If this be so—and we do not know on what theory Georgia (except so far as we can keep a Federal police there, and strengthen it to any desirable extent) is less her own mistress than Tennessee is, or New York, or Massachusetts—then a heavy responsibility is laid on the Republican party. To do anything towards preventing the full consummation of the plans of the present generation of Southern politicians and statesmen, it will be necessary that the Republican party should keep in power. A present success of the Democratic party means, of course, a restoration of the Union as it was. Four years more of Republican administration, and a Democratic success will mean something better than that, but not what will even then be needed—a supervision by the enlightened and unprejudiced part of the country over the rest of it—a surety on the part of all men in the South, loyal or disloyal, that behind the governments now established there is the irresistible force of the nation at large. Republican success is for the present certain, we suppose; but it has been endangered and easily may be endangered again. We hope for much from the next four years, but we must watch warily, or lose all that has been gained.

## OUR DANGER FROM THE GOOD CROPS.

No science teaches so many seeming paradoxes as the science of political economy, and no science, consequently, is held in as light esteem by the many thoughtless people who persist in applying their own simple "rule of three" logic to the complicated problems of production and distribution that occupy the profoundest thought of the ablest scientists of our day. In the presence of the numerous believers in the teachings of common-sense as opposed to the teachings of science, it requires a certain amount of courage, and no little confidence in the power of science itself, to state seriously some of the conclusions at which political economy has arrived, especially such as are in unpleasant contradiction to popular belief and popular wishes. Just now a chorus of gladness and rejoicing sounds through the land at the bounty of nature in yielding such abundant harvests of all the products of the soil. Nor, as far as we can learn, is the gladness without good cause. For seldom have so many crops of so many different articles, requiring so many different contingencies of time, soil, and weather, been equally successful at one and the same time. Not only of hay and roots, but of wheat, barley, and corn; not only of beef and pork and lard, but of cotton and wool and tobacco, our crops this year are, or promise to be, exceedingly abundant and of superior quality. Well may the people rejoice, for of all our needs the most important are food and clothing, and when we have these in sufficient quantity we can spare many others. The abundance of our leading crops appears to be pretty well established, and may be accepted as a fact both by common-sense and by science. But the conclusions drawn from the fact differ as widely as possible. Common-sense believes and asserts that good crops make general prosperity and active business. Science asserts and proves that in our present state of civilization the first and most immediate effect of abundant crops is a general diminution of prosperity. The proof, without reference to scientific formulas or scientific terms, is as follows:

Good business, or general prosperity, means simply that state of our national activity in which the great majority of the people are profitably engaged—engaged each one in adding to his individual store of wealth. Do abundant crops produce that state of affairs in which each one adds to his individual wealth? There are three classes of persons directly concerned in every crop: the producers, the dealers, and the consumers. Let us examine the effect on each of these classes of an abundant crop of any one of our leading staples. Take last Saturday's reports of the cotton and dry-goods markets, as given in the *Commercial and Financial Chronicle* of this city:

"The cotton market has been excited and unsettled all the week, and prices at the close are three cents lower than last week, owing to better reports of the crop, liberal receipts, large offerings, and considerable sales for future delivery below previous rates. . . . . Planters send peremptory orders to sell, while spinners are looking for lower prices, and have made only limited purchases. . . . . The fall in cotton has had the effect of unsettling prices of cotton goods, and the more willing the jobbers showed themselves to meet the views of their customers, the more cautious buyers became. . . . The discounting of the cotton crop may lead to continued inactivity, and standard goods have been reduced one cent without leading to an increase of transactions; but the stocks must be cleared out, and the customary measures will be taken to attract trade."

It is evident from this statement from an entirely unprejudiced source that every owner of a bale of cotton, whether planter, factor, dealer, or New England manufacturer, was poorer at the end of the week than he was at the beginning by the total amount of the decline in the price, and that as long as the expected decline continues, business will be reduced to the lowest possible limits, and almost every transaction will be attended with loss. It is precisely the same with the manufactured article. Every manufacturer, manufacturer's agent, jobber, and wholesale dealer, down to the smallest retailer, will do his business with a diminished profit, or entirely without profit. The more the price declines, the more cautious buyers become. Every prudent housewife puts off until the last moment the purchase of her usual winter supply of sheeting; but stocks must be cleared out; the customary measures are taken to attract trade; prices are marked down everywhere. Even the decline leads to no increase in transactions, retailers buy less and less, jobbers order less from the manufacturers, and the manufacturers manufacture less, and all parties connected with the cotton trade do less business, and what they do is done at less profit. All these persons are less prosperous—add less to their individual wealth—in consequence of the abundant cotton crop, *and hence become reduced consumers of the products of all other classes of the community.* Let us go a step further. The spinners of cotton are looking for lower prices, and have made only limited purchases. They are reducing the production of their manufactories to the lowest point, they are employing no new hands, they are even dismissing some of the old ones, they try to diminish their loss on the raw material bought and the manufactured article on hand, by reducing the cost of their present production. Some hands are being dismissed, others have to submit to a reduction of their wages. Under such circumstances, no new factories are likely to be built, no additions or improvements made to the old ones, no new machinery is likely to be put in; on the contrary, everywhere the

greatest possible economy is certain to prevail. In this way many persons are thrown out of employment, and others have their wages reduced, not only in the cotton mills themselves, but in a great many other branches of trade more or less directly dependent on them. We have seen before how the decline in cotton injures the dealers; we have now seen how the same decline affects the manufacturers, the mill-hands, and many connected branches of trade. The cotton merchant, the dry-goods dealer, the manufacturer, the mill-hand, and all others dependent upon these, are less prosperous, in consequence of the decline in cotton—*are less able to buy the goods produced by others, in consequence of the abundant cotton crop.* How is the planter affected by the crop? About three-fourths of the cotton that we raise is exported. English statisticians assert that England, the principal buyer of our cotton, has to pay, and can afford to pay, very nearly the same sum in money every year for the cotton that she buys, no more and no less; for a large crop, she pays in proportion less per pound; for a small crop, proportionately more. If the assertion is correct, then it is certain that, for three-fourths of the crop, the planter will not get more when the crop is large than when it is small. Of the other fourth, the same may be said with much certainty, although there is more difficulty in obtaining authorities to support the assertion. It is very evident that the mere probability of an increased supply lowers the price very materially; for although the most sanguine estimates do not make the whole crop larger than last year's by more than twenty-five per cent., yet the decline in price, *during one single week*, is equal to twelve per cent. Of course, the expense of harvesting, storing, and marketing is greater for a large crop than for a small one, so that if the large crop does not realize actually more at the lower prices than the small crop at the higher prices, which it scarcely ever does, then the large crop is less profitable to the producer than the small crop. It is notorious that, in 1861, even without the war, the South would have been ruined with the largest cotton crop ever raised; and that, but for the war, the cotton industry and trade of England would, for the same reason, have been bankrupt and broken beyond hope of remedy or relief. Such is the effect wrought upon the producer, dealer, and manufacturer by abundant crops of cotton. The same effect precisely is produced upon other classes by abundant crops of other articles. Abundant crops make lower prices to the producers for the article harvested, and a depressed and unprofitable trade to all connected with the article, whether as dealers, manufacturers, or in any other capacity. The more articles there are of which the crops are abundant at the same time, the more branches of trade there will be that suffer from depression and unprofitableness; and every individual whose profits are diminished, loses to that extent the ability to consume the products of all other branches of trade, and causes thus a similar depression in all other branches of trade, whether the latter be otherwise affected by the condition of the crops or not. Scarcely ever have so many different crops been produced in great abundance as have been this year; scarcely ever has so great a depression in trade been witnessed as this year will witness.

There is an instinct among the people that foretells an approaching change more surely than all the conclusions of science. During the last few weeks we have received several communications from correspondents asking our views on what one of them terms the approaching crisis, and we notice that among the prescient financial men of the city an uneasy feeling appears to be gaining ground that some sudden revulsion is in prospect. *We expect no violent change.* We think the commercial community in general, and especially those who are compelled to keep on hand large stocks of merchandise, will lose money on their goods, many will find that even prosperous years can scarcely support the extravagance of rent, outfit, and personal expenditure that has of late become the rule, and will have to change their course or succumb. The amount of credits granted of late years, though rapidly increasing, is not yet sufficient to cause alarm, and we do not look for large or startling failures. But there is enough evidence to warrant us in anticipating serious losses in all the leading branches of trade, especially those more directly connected with our staple products, and all those that have been fostered by the protective tariffs of the last years. Our greatest troubles are not, however, likely to arise from our commerce, but will rather be connected with our finances. In the first place, the enormous business growing out of the original subscriptions to our great national loans, the frequent subsequent changes in the form of the different classes of securities, and the large transactions resulting from the foreign investment demand, have furnished a profitable field of activity for many old and new private banking firms, national banks, and other financial institutions, which will now find their occupation gone, since the national debt has been almost entirely funded, and no great changes are likely to arise either in the domestic or foreign investments. Business in this line is not likely to be active or profitable for some time to come. In the next place, considerable uncertainty prevails as to the real value and productive capacity of our daily increasing railroad property. The enormous additions made to the securities of these roads within the last few years, and the many disreputable practices that have been indulged in with regard to them for the purposes of Wall Street speculation, have made the public generally averse to purchasing them for investment, and it is believed that the larger portion of them are nominally owned by speculative combinations, but are in reality held by the banks of the city. The latter have loaned money on these securities at their present market value. If the present market price adequately represents their real value, the banks are perfectly safe from loss; but if, as many shrewd men assert, the majority of our roads are scarcely worth the money for which they are mortgaged, so that the stocks are almost valueless, we may very likely see, as a consequence of a general depression in trade, a decline in the value of our best railroad securities equal to that witnessed in England two years ago, involving serious losses to our banks and other financial institutions. We have on a former occasion pointed out the many elements of unsoundness that we discern in the management of our fire and life insurance companies, and we should not be surprised if a season of commercial depression might, sooner than expected, put our strictures to the test of experience. The Presidential election adds another element of uncertainty to all calculations of the immediate future, and cannot fail to add to the general depression which we anticipate. An increasing dulness in trade, a steady decline in the prices of merchandise, a general unprofitableness in business, great inactivity in the money market, diminishing investment demand for railroad securities and decline in their value, serious losses to merchants, banks, and other financial institutions—such is our forecast of the immediate future of business, based upon the reported abundance of our principal crops.

## THE ABOLITION OF FEUDAL TENURE IN VENETIA.

WHEN among the number of secondary laws which always mark the close of a parliamentary session—laws which have interest only for the localities to which they are applicable—the law abolishing feudal tenure in Venice was discussed and passed, it excited little or no comment in the capital of Italy, as in Tuscany feudal tenure is unknown. Since the passage of the *macinato* tax, no question of any importance occurred, save the all-important one of the cession of the Government tobacco monopoly to a private and anonymous company, hence, once certain that the tobacco fight would not come off until a certain day, "own correspondents" did not hesitate to quit their dreary perches, and snatch a sniff of the briny air of Spezzia or Leghorn, or a breeze equally invigorating among the mountains of Pistoja or Serravalle. The tobacco fight ended, the session's work was done; turn and twist it as you choose, the ministry could vaunt justly, "Victory along all the line"—victory over the coalesced opposition, whose vote of want of confidence had compelled them to tender their resignations on the 22d September—victory in the question of the meal tax—victory in the additions proposed by them to the civil list—and victory, greatest of all and last, the victory over many of their own friends, who had joined with their adversaries to combat the alienation of such an important branch of public property as the cultivation and manufacture of tobacco. The Government remained masters of the field; the vanquished are summoned by their leaders to a council of war in Naples; and throughout Italy, one province excepted, but two parties exist—those bent on defeating the application of the obnoxious taxes and on overthrowing their authors, and those determined that the law shall be carried out to the uttermost, and that the "restorers of the country's credit," as the party of order style the present Government, shall reign prosperously and long. But cross the Po—tra-

verse the provinces of Mantua, Rovigo, Venetia, and Friuli—and you hear little or nothing of the *macinato* or of the *regia cointeressata*. Feudal tenure, and its abolition, and the method thereof, are just now the burden of Venetian song. Will the Senate sanction the law? is the question asked by some with hope, by some with fear, by all with an eagerness that in America can be scarcely understood. Indeed, if we merely calculate the actual number of the proprietors of fiefs and their legitimate successors, the question would still seem one of mere class interests; but it is the incalculable number of collateral claims, and of disputed and pretended rights, that brings the question down from the owner of thousands of acres to the humble possessor of a small farm or even of a single corn-field.

The history of feudal property in these provinces is quickly told. When foreigners took possession of the soil, it was to their interest to purchase the alliance of the clergy; this they did by gifts of land to the patriarchs, bishops, abbots, and abbesses, who thus became, for the time being, lords of the soil; and being present on the spot, while the nominal prince was generally absent, they exercised, in all but the name, the rights of sovereignty. This state of things existed in full force in the province of Friuli, just as the Venetian Republic became strong enough to set the foreigners at naught. Unable to manage their immense possessions, the clergy created an entire regiment of sub-fiefs and fief-holders; and whereas, at first, the grants were but temporary, they soon, by force or favor, were transformed into feudal investitures or perpetual benefices. In their turn, these new owners of the soil, compelled to seek for laborers below their own class, contracted with the *ignudi*—naked—peasants for so much work, to be paid in so much land, *maso* or possession. From the institution of these *masi*, or immense tracts of land, divided into arable lands, woods, fields, swamp-lands, etc., dates the cultivation of the Friuli, and, as a natural consequence, the increase of population; the *ignudi* and their posterity being one and all serfs of the *signori*, who, in their turn, were vassals of the Church, the sovereignty of emperors or princes dwindling down to a mere name. Later, the *signori*, for want of money or for other reasons, sold their rights to the *ignudi* or serfs, setting them free and making the lands their own. For a time, neither the Emperor nor the Church took notice of these illegal sales, until they found that the emancipated serfs, far from siding with the government, became utterly independent and insubordinate; on which the patriarchs of Aquileia published edicts recalling in vigor the ancient laws, which strictly prohibit the sale or alienation of fiefs. But the traffic continued, the *signori* contenting themselves with inserting in the contract—*jure feudi et Aquileiensis ecclesiæ semper salvo*.

In 1420, the Province of Friuli was annexed, as the modern phrase runs, to the Venetian Republic; thus the temporal was separated from the spiritual power; the Church naturally sought the aid of the foreigners against the *Serenissima*, and when Austria received from Napoleon the prostrate provinces of the Republic, her first care was to revive all the ancient feudal rights of the state—and here we come to the question which so violently agitates the provinces at this eleventh hour of fiefs and feuds, What is, and what is not, feudal property? For instance, some member of the family A, looking over family documents, finds that, in the days gone by, his ancestors possessed such and such an estate in virtue of feudal tenure, which is now in possession of family B. He brings a lawsuit against B for possessing property illegally sold as illegally bought. B avers that, however the estate was bought, it was paid for; that his ancestors have spent money and labor on the same, and that it is his by every law of equity and justice; the pair go before the feudal court in Venice, which bears a strong resemblance to the English Chancery court, seeing that of the thousands of cases brought before it, scarcely a score are decided; but the evil consequences are none the less, as B, uncertain whether he and his heirs will retain the estate, ceases to invest capital in the soil—impoverishes it, on the contrary, by forcing it to produce the utmost every year.

With insignificant variations, this state of things existed in the southern provinces of Italy, in Lombardy, and in Venetia. The *revolutionary* annexation of Naples left its traces in the immediate legislation that followed. The first Italian Parliament abolished feudal tenure out-and-out, *i. e.*, feudal property, which under feudal laws must pass to all the male posterity, became, in the hands of the actual proprietor, free estate, which he could sell or will away at pleasure; nor could so-called feudal lords bring any further actions against supposed holders of feudal property illegally purchased. When Lombardy was annexed, a less revolutionary law was passed. True, the state resumed all right to fiefs granted by governments in times past, but only two-thirds of every feudal estate was transformed into free estate for the actual owner; whereas the remaining third was reserved to the last male heir born or conceived at the time of the promulgation of the law, and the right of so-called feudal lords to bring actions against supposed purchasers of fiefs illegally sold was maintained for thirty years. So that in Lombardy only in the year 1891 will it be decided what is and what is not feudal property.

Stimulated by the force of events, by the repeated petitions of provinces, communes, and individuals, Austria, in 1862, passed a law on the abolition of feudal tenure. But like all Austrian laws on Italian soil, it was partial and unsatisfactory, and remained almost a dead letter.

1st. For the abolition of every separate fief, a disallodializing sentence was necessary; hence, owing to the various formalities required, or to the reluctance or indifference of the feudal lords, *only five tenures were abolished from the promulgation of the law until the cession of the Venetian provinces in* 1866. In this the Italian law of 1861, which abolished feudal tenure there and then, was superior.

2d. The fief, by the Austrian law, only became extinct in the person of the last male heir born or conceived in 1862—whereas the Italian law of 1861 gives two-thirds to the actual possessor.

3d. The Austrian law ordained that the Royal Procurator of Finance should intervene in the trials between the supposed feudal lords and the supposed illegal purchasers of fiefs—whereas in the Italian law of 1861, the state declined all intervention by means of the Fisco, and left plaintiff and defendant to fight out their battles before the ordinary tribunals. The only instance in which the Austrian is superior to the Italian law is inasmuch as it limits the time in which actions may be brought against the supposed illegal purchasers of fiefs to three years, so that on and after the 1st January, 1866, no petition could be presented.

On the annexation of the Venetian provinces, one of the first questions was, of course, the abolition of fiefs. The minister presented a project of law, the commission studied it; it stands thus, in brief, as passed by the Lower House: Feudal tenure is abolished—the actual holder of a fief becomes free possessor of two-thirds of the estate—the remaining third is reserved to the last male heir born or conceived at the time of the promulgation of this present law. After this promulgation, no action can be brought by supposed proprietors of fiefs against supposed illegal purchasers of the same, nor can any actions now in course be continued. On the two latter clauses all the excitement turns. Whereas, by the Austrian law, the last male heir born or conceived in 1862 concentrated in himself *all* the property of his ancestors, and the youngest member in each family had been designated and accepted as the said heir-apparent, the Italian law brings the question down to the moment when its own law shall pass; and it is not difficult to imagine the heart-burnings and disappointments of the presumptive heirs of 1862, the hopes and calculations of the presumptive heirs, or rather of their parents, of 1868. How many hasty marriages! What earnest prayers for a male heir ascend from the Venetian plains at the present moment! There is time yet, say the younger branches, to marry and hope, before the Senate passes and the King approves the law. I happen to be writing in the very midst of a family in which, in 1862, a tiny one-year-old mite was regarded as the heir to nine estates belonging to father, uncles, and great-uncle. Nine feudal estates to be concentrated in the hands of one small personage, even if any of the uncles should marry and have heirs—naturally, Master Checco has been nurtured and tended as a prince of royal blood. Alack-a-day! As soon as it became evident that the minister and commission were agreed on extending the rights of possession to the male heirs of 1868, two uncles married, and are now anxiously counting the months to know whether their brides will present them with a boy or a girl. If the former, Master Checco's prospects are annihilated. It is difficult to say whether the law is wise or unwise in this particular. As the Austrian law was to be abolished, it seemed contradictory to close the period of the feudal system at the precise date of that law; at the same time, it tells hard on hundreds of young men who, in the certainty of eventually inheriting immense estates, have abandoned trades and professions and entered into compacts with the present possessors of the soil, as the Austrian law permits, for a portion of the income of the same, or even for the sale. But the chief perturbation produced by the law arises from the summary abolition at a certain date of all fiefs, and the rendering null and void all actions brought against third parties *after* the promulgation of the present law. As we have shown, Austria limited the presentation of petitions to three years, but the actions commenced might continue; the sudden closing of all these has brought the question to a crisis. There is time, but a short time, say the plaintiffs; the Senate has to discuss—the King to sanction—then a certain time will elapse before the law takes effect. Let us make haste while the sun shines—get our cause through court before the feudal tribunal of Venice be abolished. But they have small hopes of success in any case. The court of Venice will

knows that justice and equity lie with the present holders of the soil, nor will the judges render themselves unpopular by satisfying the desires of the *signori*.

A last hope remains to the malcontents; they have presented a petition to the Senate, setting forth the reasons why fiefs should not be abolished, or, at any rate, should not be abolished in the way proposed. As there are but few Venetian senators, and as that august body only puts its veto on the deliberations of the Lower House in cases where its own interests are concerned, it is probable that the law will pass without opposition.

VENICE, Aug. 26, 1868.

# Notes.

## LITERARY.

MESSRS. OAKLEY & MASON announce a new edition of Mr. James E. Munson's "Complete Phonographer." So far as we know, this is the first time that any school-book publisher has thought of putting on the market as a text-book a work on phonography. But we suppose it is not a bad venture. We are afraid to say how many thousands of newspapers we have in America, and how many more thousands we shall have by the time the present generation of school children is grown up; and under such stimulus of the press, short-hand writing may well enough become a study in American schools.—Messrs. T. B. Peterson & Brothers announce a new book, "Mabel's Mistake," by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens; "The Red Court Farm," by Mrs. Henry Wood; and "The Lives of Horatio Seymour and F. P. Blair." We have mentioned before, in speaking of Messrs. Peterson's announcements, but not by its name, a book of travels by Dr. C. H. Haeseler. "Across the Atlantic" it is called, and it is a book of European travel.

—"Competent critics say that in its adaptation to the wants and tastes of cultivated Southern families, the *Home Monthly* (Nashville) is the best to be had." So the *Home Monthly* itself says. Some of it is almost too good. *Exempli gratia*, as the more eminent Southern scholars say, "Iophon's able review of Buckle in this issue" informs us that Iophon has "heard of two reviews of it"—of the "Introduction to the History of Civilization"—"one in the *North British*, and the other in the *Presbyterian Review*." He has "not been able to get hold of either one. . . . . But since it is a book that has already called forth two reviews, and that will call forth more even yet," he has decided to go on without regretting that his own notes are not more copious. All regret and sorrow are unprofitable, they say. We wish we had room to quote a good deal from Iophon. "But what is Art?" he asks. "Art is the unnatural combination of natural laws." Bismark, he says, "is but a shorter and more popular name for German ideas, whose united forces centre in him, pointing him from the exalted point of view in which he stands, to the dykes of the Zuyder Zee, reddening in the rays of the Occident, and to the majestic Danube, rolling proudly on by the fields and cities of busy millions, whose Germanic sympathies find in this vast artery of commerce the aorta of life to the race." "An eminent scholar" has, it appears, written an essay on "Woman," which will be printed soon, but which failed to reach the editor in time for publication in the September number. Mrs. S. E. Peck, however, takes his place with an article on the same subject. In her opinion, she declares, "it is rebellion against God for her ('woman') to contend for rights that he, in his wisdom, has denied her," the right of suffrage being one such if Mrs. Peck is to be trusted. Then follow dicta in regard to the wife, the mother, the true woman, the household angel, and so forth, by Mrs. Sarah Josepha Hale, by the Rev. H. H. Kavanaugh in his sermon on "The Love of God," by Gardiner Spring, by George D. Prentice—(the heart of woman, Mr. Prentice says, draws to itself the loves of others as the diamond drinks up the sun's rays)—by Mrs. Sigourney, by Miss A. J. Evans, by J. F. Corkran, and several others. "Mercedes Wylie's Narrative of Dixie Life" is another article that may be read with pleasure. One of Miss Wylie's personages, discussing with great power the relative merits of two English authors, gives this charmingly Southern reason for the judgment she passes: "And again, we of the South should prefer Thackeray to Dickens; the latter judged us wrongfully and shamefully without coming among us, and the former, welcomed among us, was our friend, and writes cordially of 'those Southern men.'" We have no room to speak of Erle Bertie's poetry, or of Iophon's "Midnight Musings," or of Adrienne's "Twilight among the Poets," or of "Southland Writers," by Ida Raymond. The whole magazine will be found delicious. It is really true, too, that it is "the best" in the Southern country. What hope there is of the success of reconstruction among a people which in literature is nearly abreast of the Canadians it is impossible to say. The contempt of the readers of the *Home Monthly* for the ignorant, uncultivated carpet-bagger must be very galling to the latter.

—The eminent botanist, Dr. Hooker, has been called to preside over the British Association for the Advancement of Science, in session at Norwich. In his opening address he exhibited in a remarkable degree the interest which most naturalists have taken in the questions relating to prehistoric man and prehistoric antiquities. Dr. Hooker presented this subject before coming to his own special science, and in a very fascinating manner. Two of his illustrations were quite new and surprising. After showing that many a living people is prehistoric in the sense that there is a period in its annals at which the records of it begin, while its origin is lost in obscurity, he instanced the Hindoos, who pretend to a vast antiquity, yet have no tradition or memorial of the invasion of Alexander. Now it is known that the Hindoos themselves were invaders of the country which they now occupy; but that remnants of the older races which they dislodged still exist among them, and form the really prehistoric people of India, some eight or nine millions strong, is by no means notorious. Yet such is the fact, and the Indian government is collecting photographs and histories of these indigenous tribes, with great success so far as regards the former. Still another tribe is found, within 300 miles of Calcutta, consisting of semi-savages, who by a single practice carry us back to prehistoric days. These people, as Dr. Hooker could testify from experience, "habitually erect dolmens, menares, cysts, and cromlechs, almost as gigantic in their proportions, and very similar in appearance and construction, to the so-called Druidical remains of Western Europe," Stonehenge, and the like. The details and motive of their erection were all given by the speaker, who had seen those which had been erected not six months before. What is additionally curious is, that in their language the name for a stone is the same as that in the Celtic idioms of Wales and Brittany; but of other resemblances nothing or little more is known. The field for investigation thus opened is remarkably attractive and promising.

—The study of prehistoric archæology, in its relations to physical science, is producing quite as wonderful results, and effecting quite as important revolutions in opinions heretofore entertained, as in the department of ethnology, for which Dr. Hooker points out its value. In the September number of the *American Naturalist*, Dr. A. Leith Adams describes a prodigious phenomenon observed in the Bay of Fundy, consequent upon a violent though not extraordinary gale, which covered a lagoon, usually shut out from the sea, with a multitude of dead herring. Within two weeks of the date of this occurrence, the remains had begun to be covered by the mud of the morass, forming a deposit, mixed with fresh-water remains, which might some day puzzle the geologist, but the knowledge of which enables us to judge how like are nature's workings in all ages, and how simple are the agencies by which the grandest phenomena are brought about. In the same number of the *Naturalist* are very agreeable papers on the Orchids, and a tropical air-plant called the Copey, by C. M. Tracy and Charles Wright respectively. A made-up paper, by A. Hyatt, on the Chasms of the Colorado, is also readable, and is illustrated by plates. The zoölogical papers are on the birds of Palestine compared with those of Panama and the United States, on the Ruffed Grouse, and on the Mottled Owl. The natural history miscellany is full of excellent matter, including the proceedings of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, and of other scientific bodies.

—After settling in their minds where all the pins go to, and next what becomes of all the old pianos, humane persons may sometimes speculate on the fate of old horses. To a resident on the Brighton road, near Boston, who was forced to see the latter end of these poor beasts, many of them fallen from a high estate, oftener than his merciful heart could well endure, we owe a valuable paper read before the Suffolk District Medical Society, by Dr. Henry I. Bowditch, and printed in the New York *Medical Gazette* for last month. "Hippophagy" is the title, and the article may be and ought to be read by unprofessional men, and by every member and officer of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. The author traces the practice of all nations, ancient and modern, in regard to the eating of horse-flesh, and proves that the non-eaters are perhaps even now in a minority, and introduces some curious evidence as to the connection between hippophagy and paganism, and how the Church, which always meddled with the people's diet, let loose its bulls upon horse-meat, and drove it from market and from board. Then follows proof of the wholesomeness of this sort of food, its cheapness, as not requiring fattening, its excellent flavor and peculiar nourishment—at least, one instance of this last quality is given, etc. Dr. Bowditch then examines and refutes objections,

which are generally little more than prejudices, and closes with the bibliography of the subject. Some statistics on delirium tremens in Russia, from the enormous and growing consumption of brandy, are also to be found in this August number, and are worth reading. The *Medical Journal* has now become the property of D. Appleton & Co., and may be expected to appear more regularly than of late, while it will of course lose nothing of its handsome typography. We should mention that at the same time with the August number is also published that for September, which is introduced by a very interesting article on Jamaica, with special regard to certain remarkable hot springs of high medicinal value, but also telling, in a most agreeable way, of the chief hospitals of the island, and incidentally of the physical features of Jamaica, and of the social and sanitary condition of its population.

—Was Gibbon an enemy of Christianity, and is his history of the rise of the Church only in an ironical sense a defence of the faith held by Christendom, and really a sneering attack on it? What reply it has been usual to make to this question we all know. Able historians have written works of their own, or have voluminously annotated Gibbon's work, for the avowed purpose of correcting the infidel tendency of his writings, and he has been one of the set of men of his day—including Voltaire and Paine and the French Cyclopædists—whom the pulpits have delighted to dishonor. But now, after so many years, the great historian finds a defender, and we do not know when—even in this age of the rehabilitation of dilapidated reputations—the work of rehabilitation has been better done. Dr. James M. Macdonald wrote for the last number of the *Bibliotheca Sacra* an article entitled "Irony in History," which had for its object the discrediting of the common belief in Gibbon's infidelity, and to us it seems that he is very successful. The essay has been republished as a pamphlet, and can be had, we suppose, on application to the publishers of the magazine. We can recommend it to our readers as being very well worth attention. It begins by stating fully the charges brought against the accused author. It ends by showing good reasons why these charges should have obtained currency among the historian's contemporaries. For instance, he held, and necessarily expressed, views on several questions, just then the subject of bitter controversy, which were at variance with those of a large class, though not the ablest class, of religious disputants. He denied the authenticity of post-apostolic miracles for one thing. Of course, the party that had been maintaining their authenticity were ready and eager to see in his hostility to their views, as regards that matter, a disbelief in miracles in general; and, in an age when very great stress was laid on the "proof from miracles," it was natural that disbelief in Christianity should be alleged against an author convicted of unsoundness in this particular. Then, Gibbon's age was the age of "apologies"—both in the old and in the common sense of that word—for Christianity; infidelity was rife; "French principles" were rampant; the Church was terrified beyond what was reasonable; and it was very easy to arouse suspicion against writers who, for any cause, were not decided partisans. One side gladly claimed them, the other readily denounced them. Dr. Macdonald shows clearly that Gibbon's ablest ecclesiastial contemporaries did not regard him as an enemy. Even Bishop Watson, who wrote against him, may be said to have recanted on after-consideration; Robertson and Campbell, defenders of the faith, found no fault in him; nor did Hurd or Horne or Porteus or Horsely deem it necessary to enter the lists against him. His statement of the influence of secondary causes on the growth of Christianity, accompanied as it was by free admissions of the divine origin of that system of religion, did not, then, we may argue, seem to them misleading. It was with these secondary causes Gibbon thought that he, as historian, had to deal; the other was properly to be left to theologians. So much and much more on this interesting topic Dr. Macdonald says, saying it elegantly enough perhaps, and certainly putting his case with force, candor, ingenuity, and carefulness. In summing up, he says: "Can a man who, after fifty years of age, writes memoirs of himself, in which he puts on record that from an early period of his life he had acquiesced in the tenets of the Christian faith, and in whose voluminous writings cannot be found any counter statement, nor anything clearly irreconcilable with this avowed belief, be regarded as an infidel on the ground merely of an interpretation which involves the supposition of an utter disregard by him of the laws of good writing?"—the supposition, namely, that he used irony so badly as to leave it very doubtful if he did not mean to be taken seriously. The doctor gives a clue to the feelings that moved him to undertake his essay in the sentence that follows those we have just quoted: "Shall we needlessly, or by a process of laborious argument, find an enemy in one who holds so eminent a place in the world of letters?" but, as we have said, he is candid, and he gives chapter and verse.

—Every one has seen cameos of which the relief is of one color, and the plane of another, though cut from the same piece of agate. That the two layers are not found thus distinguished in nature, but are colored artificially, is perhaps not generally known. The process, among other incidents of the agate manufacture, is described by Günther Lange, in his work, "Die Halbedelsteine aus der Familie der Quarze, und die Geschichte der Achatindustrie" (The Semi-precious Stones of the Quartz Family, and History of the Agate Industry), Kreuznach, R. Voigtländer, 1868—of which we can say that if it is nearly as interesting as a review of it in the *Weser Zeitung*, it must be a very agreeable book. It introduces us to the little village of Oberstein, on the river Nahe, in the principality of Birkenfeld, which is now the chief seat of the agate industry in Europe, having become so through the possession of quarries which were worked, probably, long before the fifteenth century, but which practically were exhausted about twenty years ago. The main business of Oberstein survived all perils, the French Revolution included, till overtaken by this one, of a dearth of material, and the accident or providence by which this danger was removed is an encouraging lesson in what we may call international economy. After Europe and the East had been ransacked, it happened in 1834 to certain grinders of Idar, in the neighborhood of Oberstein, who had emigrated to the German colony of San Leopoldo, in Brazil, to be called to furnish music at a Brazilian *fazenda*, the courtyard of which they found paved with the stones for which their brethren at home were sighing. A neighboring stream, the Taquarie, yielded, when searched, forty-pound boulders, and at once a trade arose between Fatherland and the colony, and a still further emigration from Idar and Oberstein. When the bed of the stream and the adjoining valley were thoroughly harvested, first the surface of the earth was explored, and finally deep quarries were opened, and to-day the stone trade from Brazil and Uruguay is a regular and valuable link between the two worlds—invaluable, we may say, considering how, without such links, the problem of social order and civilization in South America would seem one of the most hopeless. The agate business, which includes all the modes of cutting, carving, coloring, setting, and adorning the stone, amounts, in good years, to 1,500,000 thalers, and employs upwards of 3,000 people, many of whom work at their homes and acquire the means to set up for themselves. No part of it seems to be injurious to health.

—A correspondent of the London *Times* tells a singular story of the means by which certain tract institutions of Great Britain have endeavored to preserve the monopoly of their business. If it be true, the Jesuits whose behavior we quoted the other day from Pascal were scarcely in advance of their Protestant imitators. In one case, the religious society reduced its prices and undersold an enterprising printer at Bristol, who had ventured to put out tracts and small religious works at a price originally below the society's. In another, a clergyman had conceived the idea of carrying out "a systematic course of tract distribution throughout the army, navy, and mercantile marine," meaning, when strong enough financially, "to produce and circulate his publications at the usual publishing prices, without deducting one farthing for administration, "the cost of which, with societies, renders large profits necessary and monopoly desirable." The first step of the tract institutions was to dislodge him by artifice from his establishment, which they succeeded in doing, with heavy loss to him and his supporters. Not to be defeated, however, he withdrew to London for his headquarters, and, during nine months in the year, visited the different towns with so much success, that he despatched his tracts to all parts of the kingdom and the colonies. His opponents accordingly formed a new combination. To quote the most extraordinary part of the sequel:

"A person was despatched throughout the northern counties to wait on the contributors to his institution, and to represent to them that his wife had left him, and that he was living in open adultery. While this emissary (who afterwards made his escape) was busy in the north, a reverend secretary of one of the tract societies in London called at the clergyman's house, where he gave a false name, and feigned himself a layman desiring to purchase tracts. This person (who was identified) subsequently made sundry objections to the clergyman's report, which led the clergyman to place the whole of his books, papers, and vouchers in the hands of Messrs. Quilter, Ball & Co., the eminent accountants, with a request that they would examine them. This was forthwith done, the accountants confirming the accuracy of the reverend gentleman's statement. A new method of annoyance was resorted to. The clergyman had unadvisedly been led to mix with certain persons in the interests of the enemy, who presented a fallacious account of what occurred, which they printed and circulated. This statement was answered. So heavier artillery was brought up. The Scripture-readers and missionaries in the employment of the societies were, under the threat of dismissal, prohibited from circulating any of the clergyman's publications, and a person was despatched throughout the United Kingdom to warn the clergyman's contributors to discontinue their subscriptions!"

—The Italian correspondent of the *Daily News* says that a new theatre now building in Florence is to be made the scene of a politico-literary experiment that possibly will do something toward raising the character of

the Italian drama. It is proposed to call into existence a purely Tuscan company, who shall speak in a strictly Tuscan idiom, and shall represent Tuscan manners. The manager of this company is already designated; Tuscany already boasts a great actor—Landini. The proprietors of the theatre have put forth a manifesto signed by nine of the most respected of Italian men of letters; among others by Fambri, Member of Parliament for Venice, and writer of plays; Fusinato, a poet of repute; D'Arcias, a dramatic critic; Fanfani, lexicographer, and author of a collection of Tuscan idioms. "Next to the unity of government," the manifesto says, "and the unity of arms and of laws, unity of language is that which serves to render close felt and profitable the unity of a nation." The new theatre, then, is to be an academy for the dissemination of Tuscan as the only Italian of the future. Whatever it may do as regards effecting that object, it would not be surprising if some good plays were to be written for it.

## THE LIFE OF BUNSEN.*

In 1817, Bunsen, then a young scholar twenty-six years of age, without means, but guided and patronized by the historian Niebuhr, was introduced in Rome to the house of Mr. Waddington, an English gentleman who resided there with his wife and three daughters. Mutual esteem and affection soon brought about his marriage with Miss Frances Waddington, and this union, hallowed by wonderful harmony of sentiment, conviction, and temper, proved a source of unbroken felicity to the warm-hearted Bunsen throughout his long and smoothly flowing life. It lasted forty-three years, terminating with his death, at Bonn, in 1860. Five sons and five daughters, all born in the Palazzo Caffarelli, the seat of the Prussian legation, on the Capitoline, all well-educated, and most of them highly accomplished, survived their father. Shortly before his death, he said to his wife: "Write yourself the history of our common life. You can do it: you have it in your power;—only be not mistrustful of yourself." The book which we have before us proves that he was not mistaken. Few lives have so fully and so well been presented to the public by a writer of either sex.

It is true, the work consists mainly of letters by Bunsen himself, chronologically arranged and mostly translated from the German; but the numerous contemporary notices and letters by the authoress with which they are interspersed, and, still more, the introductory or explanatory sketches and remarks which serve to connect and elucidate them, or to complete their contents, evince an ability, knowledge, and force of thought more than amply sufficient for the task. Some of the sketches actually rise to the dignity of contemporaneous history. There is many a page—of the twelve hundred constituting the "Memoir"—which, we believe, owes its insertion to the conjugal piety of the collector rather than to its intrinsic merit or biographical interest, but there is not a single line written by the authoress which we should prefer not to have. "Fragments from the Diary of a Daughter" add to the charm of the whole. It must, however, be stated that this is only a "Memoir" of the life of the man Bunsen in his various spheres—domestic, social, literary, and political—and not a work on the writer and statesman as such.

Strictly taken, Bunsen hardly deserves the name of statesman. Whether employed as secretary of legation under Niebuhr, as chargé d'affaires, or as minister resident at Rome (1818–1839), as minister to the Swiss Republic (1840–41), or in the same capacity at the Court of St. James (1841–1854), he was but a scholar chosen on account of his literary eminence and reputation to represent with due dignity—but passively, if we may say so—the Prussian monarchy abroad; and what little influence he exercised upon public affairs under Frederic William III. and Frederic William IV. was due to moral and theological suasion, to friendly personal relations, but not at all to his public position. In whatever he attempted by way of ambassadorial representation or mediation, he almost uniformly failed, and his subsequent career as peer of Prussia under William I. as Regent, was too short to have any significance. Though his political activity is far from being devoid of interest to the student of the history of our times, his achievements all belong to the literary sphere alone. His "Description of the City of Rome" and "Basilicas of Christian Rome;" his ecclesiastico-critical writings on Ignatius of Antioch, on Hippolytus, and their times; his "Christianity and Mankind" and "God in History;" his unfinished "Bible," his "Egypt's Place in Universal History," and a number of other works—all products of vast knowledge and unremitting research, though, perhaps, not of equally remarkable critical or philosophical acumen—will long commemorate his name in the literature of two nations, the German and the English.

The "common life" of Mr. and Mrs. Bunsen—the baronial title was bestowed on the eminent plebeian as late as October, 1858, in obedience to a resolution uttered by Frederic William IV. on the last day of his consciousness—though marked throughout by an even tenor, and altogether undisturbed by striking changes, was a life of uncommon richness. In the first twenty-two years we see them established on the Capitoline, near the Tarpeian Rock, their *palazzo* overlooking the Eternal City, which they quit only to spend the summer months in a villa at Frascati, among the hills of ancient Tusculum, or on excursions to Tivoli, Naples, and Tuscany, Bunsen alone extending his journeys as far as Berlin and London. Literature in its widest sense, music and painting in their highest development, the grandest monuments of classical or Christian antiquity, the latest discoveries of archæological research, the political and religious topics of the day—all these engaged the hours unclaimed by special studies or by official and domestic duties. Among their friends or guests at Rome, we find the painters, Cornelius, Overbeck, and Schnorr; the musicians, Neukomm, Baini, and Kocher; the sculptors, Thorwaldsen and Schadow; the diplomatists, La Ferronays, Laval-Montmorency, Saint-Aulaire, the witty Gagarin, and Italinsky, whom Bunsen regarded as his greatest instructor in diplomatic affairs; the Egyptologists, Champollion and Lepsius, the former Bunsen's master, and the latter his disciple, in that field; the Orientalist, Prokesch-Osten; Thirlwall, Ticknor, Nott, Hare, and Pusey; Chateaubriand, Platen, Walter Scott—shortly before his death—Zhukovski, and the noble-hearted but unfortunate Leopardi, to whose memory, in spite of his unbelief, the pious authoress devotes pages of admiring recollections; Alexander von Humboldt, Radowitz, and Stein, whom Bunsen "felt to be his king," revering him above every contemporary German but Niebuhr, his benefactor, "lord and master," "equally sole of his kind with Rome;" the Russian exile, Turgeneff, an admirable man, "whom it would take pages to describe, . . . a Tartar prince, and looking like one, yet of the most polished manners, and consummate talent for conversation;" Ampère, to whom Bunsen appeared not only the representative of Prussia to the Papal See, but of German learning to Roman antiquity; Mme. Récamier and the Grand-Duchess Stéphanie, of Baden; the Crown-Prince (afterwards King) Louis of Bavaria, and Frederic William III., Frederic William IV., and William I., of Prussia, the latter two as princes. Pope Gregory XVI. himself once visited the Protestant minister at Frascati. Surrounded by associations like these, addicted to archæological and ecclesiastical research, and in friendly intercourse with the Papal dignitaries, it cannot be surprising that Bunsen, speaking of Rome in a letter to his pious Protestant sister, Christiana, exclaims: "All other towns are as villages and *parvenus* in comparison with this queen of the earth."

But all this admiration for Rome was powerless to affect in the least Bunsen's ardent enthusiasm for Protestant Christianity. This enthusiasm he had imbibed in his native town, Arolsen, from the teachings of his parents and of Christiana, his elder by eighteen years. It had been strengthened, during his university years at Marburg and Göttingen, by intercourse with friends like Brandis, Lachmann, Lücke, and Abeken. It had been fanned into a flame by the spirit of religious and political revival which pervaded Germany in the years preceding and following the down fall of Napoleon—years which Bunsen, who was no fighting man, spent in making literary journeys through Germany—partly as companion to Mr. William B. Astor, of this city—to Holland, Copenhagen, and Paris, and finally to Italy, and in studying Icelandic, Danish, Hebrew, Arabic, and Persian, preparatory to a comprehensive study of the history of religious ideas among the ancients, and chiefly in the East. In Rome, while studying Plato, Ferdusi, and the Koran, Roman, Etruscan, and Egyptian antiquities, he still more zealously pursued ecclesiastical and hymnological researches, with the object of elaborating a liturgy for the use of the united Lutheran and Calvinist congregations, as the crowning work of the Evangelical Union, then being carried out by Frederic William III. in Prussia. His leading ideas in church matters were: Unity without uniformity; catholicity coupled with nationality; a fixed liturgy, with a certain latitude; representation of the congregation. The American Episcopal development of the English ecclesiastical institutions he regarded as "the greatest event in the modern history of church constitution," though he regretted that the Episcopal Church in the United States was "not learned and enlightened enough to be able to throw off some rotten supports of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries." These liturgical endeavors, from which sprang a "Hymn and Prayer-Book," "essentially" his "work of life and love," brought Bunsen in close personal contact with Frederic William III. and his sons, and when called to Berlin, in

* "A Memoir of Baron Bunsen, late Minister Plenipotentiary and Envoy Extraordinary of His Majesty Frederic William IV. at the Court of St. James. Drawn chiefly from family papers by his widow, Frances, Baroness Bunsen. In two volumes." London: Longmans, Green & Co. 1868. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. New York: James Miller.

1827, to be consulted about the king's own "Agenda," royal favors were so profusely showered upon him that envy soon commenced following his footsteps. The open-hearted and easily captivated religious philosopher, who divided his time between the court and the society of men like Schleiermacher, Savigny, Wilhelm von Humboldt, Gneisenau, Rauch, and Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, the father of Felix, was as yet unable to perceive how slippery a ground he was treading in the vicinity of the throne. Only much later, during the Cologne and other Prusso-Papal imbroglios, his interference in which cost him the King's as well as the Pope's favor, he learned to feel "the stifling midnight air" of that locality and "those times, teeming with suspicion, redolent of hypocrisy, saturated with death." The Crown-Prince's favor, however—or, as Bunsen flattered himself, his love—still remained to him, and the days of Frederic William's "patriarchal" reign in state and church were numbered. With conflicting sentiments in his heart, he went to see England, "that precious jewel of Europe," the "Ithaca" of his dreams, the model state of his immortal Niebuhr—free, Christian, Protestant, anti-revolutionary, constitutional, conservative England—which received its fiery admirer, "the dweller on the Capitol," with open arms. Nobles, statesmen, scholars, and theologians vied with each other in doing him honor. He was then, as Zhukovski remarked and the biographer confirms, "un enfant de cinquante ans." His trustfulness and hopefulness were boundless, as was his faith in God, Christ, and Luther, in Germany and England, and in his own power to achieve enduring good.

The second half of the "common life"—we repeat this expression on account of its appropriateness—is still more interesting, and decidedly more historical, than the first. The scene, the associations, become more and more varied, the aims higher, the results of experience more mature. England, which unfolded before the Bunsens all its natural, social, and artistic treasures; Wales, on the confines of which was the delightful home of Mrs. Waddington, a lady who, according to Lepsius, united "the majesty of Queen Elizabeth with the grace of Mary, Queen of Scots;" Scotland, whither Bunsen makes excursions; Switzerland, where, near Bern, they found a "home . . . . commanding such splendor of nature as not to admit of a craving for change," and where Bunsen spent a year "of vigorous purpose, of energetic occupation, of activity not debased by struggle, . . . . of 'rejoicing as a giant to run his course,' of overlooking the regions to be traversed, the intellectual provinces to be won, the mental victories to be achieved;" the Prussian Court, whither Bunsen was often called; the lovely valley of the Neckar, whither he retired when his official career was terminated by his sudden recall from England, and he could exclaim, "The cord is broken and the bird is free, the Lord be praised;" the southern coast of France, where he vainly tried, in the last winters of his life, to find a cure for a tormenting disease; the Rhineland, his last abode—all these are presented to the reader in letters, notices, and remarks the more truly instructive the less they were originally meant to be descriptive or to become public. Royal palaces are opened to us. We are now and then allowed to look behind diplomatic *coulisses*. We become acquainted with a large number of the leading scholars, statesmen, nobles, and princes of Europe, such as Dr. Arnold, in whom Bunsen revered a British Niebuhr; Macaulay, Whewell, Muir, Max Müller, Renan, Pertz, De Wette, Tocqueville, Palmerston, who was as skilful in rowing a boat through an "unusually rough sea" as "in steering the vessel of the state," while Bunsen had often to acknowledge his general unfitness for the helm; Peel, Russell, and Gladstone, who esteemed him as he esteemed them; Aberdeen, who "believed in God and the Emperor Nicholas;" Buol-Schauenstein, who, speaking with full approbation of the inauguration of the second French empire, Dantonically said: "Enfin, c'est qu'on ne vient à bout de dominer cette canaille qu'en leur inspirant de la peur: c'est là aussi notre politique—à nous, en Autriche;" Guizot, who designated the same Napoleonic performance as "une honteuse comédie;" Gagern, Kamphausen, and Vincke, together with whom Bunsen, in 1849, zealously worked for the consolidation of Germany as an empire under the house of Hohenzollern; Gervinus, with whom, ten years later, he shared social ostracism for not participating in the South-German ravings against Napoleon and Italy; Lords Ashley, Derby, and Anglesea; the Dukes of Wellington, Argyll, and Cambridge; Prince Albert and Queen Victoria, "a good woman"—to speak with the Welsh nurse of Prince Arthur—"quite fit to have been a poor man's wife, as well as a queen;" and Czar Nicholas, a ruler without "ideas or imagination," but not without "inward dignity," who first appeared to Bunsen as "a grand presence," but to whose baleful influence over the mind of Frederic William he in his latter years mainly attributed the degradation of his favorite monarch's policy, and the decline of Germany's hopes for unity and freedom.

It is Bunsen's connection with the last-named monarch which forms the principal part in his external life. High-spirited and generous-minded—at least in his prime—learned and fond of ancient and mediæval art, ambitious of originality, full of romantic ideas and shadowy conceptions, prone to mysticism and pietism, and desirous to immortalize his reign by new and lasting creations in the fields of politics, religion, art, and science—though decidedly devoid of genius, great powers, and sagacity—Frederic William IV. for a time found a tolerably congenial mind, a supporter and adviser, in the Christian archæologist of the Casa Tarpea, whose ambition and predilections resembled, and whose learning and ability surpassed, his own; who was a stranger to trade, industry, and other common pursuits of mankind, and had entirely turned his back upon physical sciences; whose faith and piety extended to the very verge of superstition and bigotry, overshadowing his religious philosophy, which seemed to range undecided between Lessing, Kant, Schleiermacher, Schelling, and Hegel; and whose conservatism, charitable mildness, and devotion to benefactors, made him an easy counsellor to an affable and insinuating prince. But this connection, so flattering and promising to Bunsen, who had "passed alone Jordan with his staff," was doomed to be utterly barren of results. Whether superior or inferior to their age, the king and his plebeian friend were both far behind it, and—what is worse—in relation to its leading ideas and tendencies, the mental development of the former was steadily retrogressive, and that of the latter just as steadily, though slowly, progressive. Long before 1848, Bunsen found out that everything was going wrong in Prussia, and that there were few things he could enjoy at his master's court besides Tieck's "Puss in Boots," Mendelssohn's music to the great Trilogy of Æschylus, the Antigone of Sophocles, Beethoven's overture to Coriolanus, and similar performances, and he appeared to himself "like the insect which, though singed, flies ever and again to the flame." But only after 1848 could he exclaim: "I have become of full age. The last scales have fallen from my eyes." Despondingly he added: "The last tears will soon dry away in them." His public life, like that of his king, had proved a failure. His liturgical reform schemes, his pleadings for Prussian constitutionalism on the English pattern, his endeavors in the cause of German unity, his exertions in behalf of Schleswig-Holstein—had all been for naught. Bigoted pietists, selfish nobles, the Czar, now ruled exclusively the king's dimmed conscience and understanding. Every great cause had been betrayed or abandoned. And yet worse was still to come. In 1852, Bunsen himself had to sign the London protocol, which sacrificed the German Elbe duchies to Denmark. Bunsen was so enraged that he was afraid of turning Jacobin in his old age. His political liberalism had long been steadily growing.

Bunsen's early correspondence, full of his inner life and religious sentiments, hardly betrays any sympathy with movements for political freedom, except the struggles of Germany against Napoleon. He warmly sympathizes with Greece, but in her struggle he saw chiefly the contest of Christianity with Islam. The South-American wars of independence and the Spanish revolution of 1820 are nowhere mentioned. The Neapolitan revolutionists of the same year he calls "a wretched set of people, Atheists and Jacobins." He is delighted that the Carbonari, in 1821, "ran away like hares." The French 1688, as he called the revolution of July, 1830, though predicted by him, appears to him more terrible than he has expected. Not a line is devoted to Poland's heroic grapple with Russia in 1831. In 1833, he addresses Dr. Arnold as "the antagonist of that dissolving atheism, political and religious, of 1789 . . . . who will never bend the knee before the Trinity of the Utilitarians—the idol of shallowness—in which Washington is the Father, Franklin the Son, and Steam the Πνεῦμα," etc. Before he goes to England, he is a Tory in her politics. But scarcely does he begin to be politically active when his views commence changing. He becomes a moderate Whig in English affairs, finds England with her church more rotten than he ever dreamt before, is more and more proud of Germany and her spirit of free enquiry, turns constitutional reformer in Prussia, execrates the extinction of the Republic of Cracow, bows to the *fiat* of the revolution of 1848, glorifies the Frankfort Germanic constitution as heaven-born ("descendit cœlo!") works for the independence of Schleswig-Holstein, advocates Germanic confederation on a free basis, rejoices over the world exhibition as a gathering of the people, abhors the new imperial French régime as worse than Nero's, deplores the destruction of Poland, exults in the fall of Sebastopol, calls the bigoted and retrograde Stahl party in Prussia a "nefarious party," couples, in his politico-religious meditations, 1789 with 1517, predicts vengeance ("exsurget ultor!") on the betrayers of "the German Prince called the People," turns his eyes more and more with love towards America, is heart and soul with the enemies of the "abomination," Slavery, and its twin, Repudiation, declares the Slave States doomed, is in

raptures over the deliverance of Italy, speaks with youthful enthusiasm of Garibaldi, and almost with his dying breath he says: "All power founded on supposed privileges must perish; it is all of evil. The United States of America have much yet to do—much for their future—to purify themselves—to make themselves free." These words were spoken a few days before the election of Mr. Lincoln.

His last religious utterances were full of glowing fervor and child-like faith—though his religious convictions, too, had undergone modifications, and he had long left behind many a biblico- or ecclesiastico-critical co-worker and fellow-antagonist of rationalism.

The touching account of his last days and of his death forms one of the most charming parts of this, in many respects, incomparable "Memoir." Baroness Bunsen will hold a place in literature not to be dissociated from that of her lamented husband.

## MacCARTHY'S TRANSLATIONS OF CALDERON.*

Mr. MacCarthy has been unfortunate in the title of his book, which does not convey an adequate idea of its contents. It is a translation into imitative English verse of two of Calderon's *autos sacramentales*, or one-act dramas, written in praise of the Eucharist, and acted during the festival of Corpus Christi.

These religious dramas were of early origin, and, in the beginning, under the direct supervision of the Church, whose clerks were the actors. In after times they became so profane and filled with scurrilous jests that they were forbidden to be acted by ecclesiastics or in the churches, and so took place in the open air during daylight. Most of the early Spanish dramatists wrote *autos sacramentales* with more or less success, Lope de Vega, with his astoundingly prolific genius, completing some four hundred. But it was reserved for Calderon to take these rude beginnings and, as he did with the secular drama, raise them to the highest point of their development, and impart to them the wonderful brilliance and variety his mind could give even to the abstract ideas of theological dogmas. These dramas were written for a specific purpose—to glorify the Eucharist; in some this occupies a prominent position, in others there is but a slight allusion at the end. The characters in these plays are as varied and singular as can be imagined: the Virtues and Vices, Faith, Grace, Sin, Nature, Judaism, Heathenism, Idolatry, Vanity, The World, Wealth, Poverty, The Human Soul, Death, the various plants and trees, and a host of others. The plots are equally singular, comprising Bible stories, legends of the Church, mythological fables, and passing events of the day; these are all the medium for conveying religious instruction, often in the shape of the most subtle scholastic theology. Such are a few of the characteristics of the dramas Mr. MacCarthy has introduced to the English reader. The difficulties he has overcome are great, and relate principally to the metre, which is so essential that any translation which does not follow it closely must be a failure, and any that does is far from necessarily being a success.

The usual Spanish dramatic metre is the trochaic of seven or eight syllables, with that characteristic rhyme (or the "ghost of it," as Dean Trench terms it), the *asonante*, which is a *vowel* rhyme, or similarity of the two final vowels (sometimes of but one) of the alternate lines, the same vowels often running through whole scenes of many hundred lines. The Spanish language is so rich in vowel sounds that the difficulty a Spanish poet finds in writing this verse is in keeping the intermediate lines from being *asonante* also. With the English it is different, and the corresponding verse is not only difficult to be obtained, but is unsatisfactory, and at best only an apology for full consonant rhyme. This poverty of the English in *asonantes* forces Mr. MacCarthy to a process of substitution (as u-e for the Spanish u-a, and e-e for e-o), which, however, is a fault of our language and not of Mr. MacCarthy, who has done his work wonderfully well—far better than seemed possible.

This is not his first attempt,† and it is pleasant to be able to state that he has surpassed his previous translations in the present volume. In the former there was a certain stiffness and obscurity in his verse, which here is smooth and clear, often rising into poetry of a very high order. He has caught the spirit of Calderon, and gives us all his fire and brilliance. But while conceding that Mr. MacCarthy has done exceedingly well, he undoubtedly has not naturalized the *asonante;* he has rather furnished a proof that it will never be used except for translations from the Spanish.

He has translated an elaborate essay by Dr. Lorinser, and one by Señor Pedroso, which he has prefixed to his translations; the latter, from its mysticism and obscurity, might profitably have been omitted. Of infinitely more value than these is the running commentary of foot-notes which Mr. MacCarthy has added to his translations. They are admirable, and invaluable to a reader unacquainted with the doctrines of the Catholic Church.

The first *auto* translated is "Belshazzar's Feast," a fortunate selection, for it is probably unsurpassed in dramatic effect and poetic description, and withal is much less encumbered with theology than most others. The persons are: King Belshazzar, Daniel, Idolatry, Vanity, The Thought, Death, and an Equestrian Statue. The Thought, like many of Calderon's characters, is a very elastic conception, representing the court-fool of the king, and so dressed; then the thought or mind of the king, and again Human Thought. In the first scene Thought, in an interview with Daniel, informs him that Belshazzar that day celebrates his nuptials with Idolatry, although already wedded to Vanity. Daniel breaks out into lamentations, and retires as the king enters with Vanity and Idolatry. After a flattering address from the latter, the king follows with a long and characteristic description of the events which have happened in that region since the creation, including a fine poetic account of the flood and the building of the tower of Babel. A portion of the former we here present as a good specimen of Mr. MacCarthy's versification and imitation of the *asonante*:*

"First began a dew as soft
As those tears the golden sunrise
Kisseth from Aurora's lids;
Then a gentle rain, as dulcet
As those showers the green earth drinks
In the early days of summer;
From the clouds then water-lances,
Darting at the mountains struck them,
In the clouds their sharp points shimmer'd—
On the mountains rang their butt-ends:
Then the rivulets were loosened,
Roused to madness, ran their currents—
Rose to rushing rivers—then
Swelled to seas of seas."

. . . . "The strong bridle of the sand,
Which the furious onset curbeth
Of the white horse of the sea
With its foam-face silver fronted,
Loosened every curbing rein,
So that the great steed, exulting,
Rushed upon the prostrate shore,
With loud-neighing, to o'errun it."

. . . . "Till the moment came, the sea,
To its God-given laws made subject,
Wondering, saw once more, once more
The pale earth, now moist and musty,
With its tangled, matted hair,
Full of wrinkles, cracked and crumpled,
Lifting up its mournful face,
Touched, but warmed not, by the sunbeams,
Lifting its sad countenance,
Draped with sea-weeds, dank and muddy,
And in silent eloquence,
With a grateful heart saluting,
O'er the Ark, the bow of peace,
Shining golden, green, and ruddy."

Belshazzar expresses his intent to rebuild the tower of Babel, and is told by Daniel that the hand of God will overthrow his proud designs. Death enters and declares to Daniel his mission as the dread avenger of Jehovah's wrath, but Daniel will not permit him to kill the king until he has given him warning. This he does first in an interview with Thought (as the thought of Belshazzar), and then with the king himself, who confesses that he has received a life he is bound to pay to Death when he is pleased to claim it "on shore or sea." The king is roused from the melancholy into which this interview has plunged him by his wives, and especially by Vanity. Death, when he sees his first warning disregarded, throws the king and Thought into a sleep, and then follows an exquisite monologue filled with deep, beautiful poetry. In this sleep Death is about to kill the king, but again Daniel interferes, and Belshazzar dreams a fevered vision of power and success, which, at its close, changes into the last warning given by Grace, the Image seen by Nabuchodonosor solemnly rebukes the idolatry of his descendant. Again Idolatry soothes the terrified monarch, and diverts his mind by telling him of a great feast she has prepared for him, and begging him to order for it the sacred vessels brought from Jerusalem. He consents; the table is spread; Death enters as an attendant and serves the king, who drinks a toast to Moloch, the God of the Assyrians. A clap of thunder echoes through the banquet-hall, deep gloom settles over the scene, and on the ceiling a hand writes, "Mene, Tekel, Peres." Daniel interprets this to the king, who, on hearing his sentence, calls on his wives and Thought to help him, but they are humbled and powerless, and Death draws his sword and stabs him, telling him the cup he gave him was the death of the soul, but this is the death of the body. The *auto* then closes with the usual final allusion to the Eucharist, here suggested by the desecration of the sacred vessels, typifying unworthy communion.

* "Mysteries of Corpus Christi. From the Spanish. By Denis Florence MacCarthy, M.R.I.A." Dublin and London: James Duffy. 1867.

† "Circe; or, Love the Greatest Enchantment, etc. From the Spanish. By D. F. MacCarthy." London: Longman & Co. 1861.

* The *asonante* in the original is u-a, as *dura*, *justa*, for which Mr. MacCarthy substitutes u-e, as *dulcet*, *summer*.

A fragment of another *auto*, The Poison and the Antidote, is translated in the appendix, and is so beautifully done as to make us regret it was not completed. We have criticised this work from a purely literary point of view, but there is another point of view, and it is from that, evidently, that Mr. MacCarthy wishes his book to be regarded, that is, from the religious or Roman Catholic one. It is natural that he, an ardent Catholic, should see many beauties in Calderon, and particularly in his *autos*, which are invisible to us, and with which literature has nothing whatever to do.

As Dr. Lorinser (in the introductory essay) says, a knowledge of Catholic faith and of Catholic theology is absolutely necessary in order thoroughly to understand Calderon, and we might add, that thoroughly to enjoy him, that not to be often offended by him, one needs not merely a knowledge of the dogmas of the Roman Church, but also a genuine belief in them—a belief of the kind that is called "faith"—and particularly in that one so difficult of apprehension by the mind of the natural man, Transubstantiation.

## JEAN MACE'S BOOKS FOR CHILDREN.*

JEAN MACÉ, since 1861, when his first juvenile, the "History of a Mouthful of Bread," was published, has enjoyed an enviable popularity in France as a writer for children. Two years ago his first book had passed through seventeen editions, had been adopted by the University Commission at Paris among their prize books, and, through Mrs. Gatty's translation, had become favorably known in England. In this country he is still but little known. He has, however, achieved so marked and singular a success in a difficult branch of literature that it seems proper to preface any statement of the kind of service he has performed for children and their instructors by some account of him personally.

He was born in Paris, on the 22d of April, 1815. He was educated at the College Stanislas, where he afterwards held the position of professor of history. Subsequently he served for three years in the army, afterwards becoming secretary to his former professor of history, Theodore Burette, with whom he remained till the death of Burette, in 1847. During his secretaryship he had become much interested in politics, and in 1848 assumed the editorial management of a political journal called *La République*, which he retained until compelled by the *coup d'état* of 1851 to relinquish politics. He then left Paris, and sought shelter with a friend, Mademoiselle Verenet, who presided over a school for girls at Beblenheim, a village near Colmar, in the northeastern part of France. With this lady he became acquainted in 1850, having been charged by the parents of one of her pupils with a message for her, which, as he was then travelling in her neighborhood, he found it practicable to deliver in person. He was delighted with the little school, and carried away with him, on leaving, recollections so pleasant that, when forced to quit Paris, this school at once presented itself to him as a most desirable place of refuge.

"When," he says, "the gust of December, 1851, came, I was among the leaves that it swept away; but, happier than many others, I flew to the little paradise the image of which had remained present to my mind. I was invited to fill the post of professor of the natural sciences; but, ere long, attracting to myself all branches of instruction, from book-keeping to geology, together with history and literature, I abandoned myself with daily increasing delight to the happiness of intellectual and moral paternity, the chief of the social functions when the soul is raised to a level with its vocation. I was at last in my true calling. After capriciously trying a little of everything, it was found that I was born for a professor in a young ladies' school."

Since making this fortunate discovery of his true vocation M. Macé has steadily devoted himself to educational pursuits. He has been for several years associate editor of a fortnightly journal called the *Magazine of Education and Recreation*, and is also engaged in establishing public libraries, and in efforts to promote popular education throughout France. He is best known, however, by the series of children's books which he began in 1861, and which justify, in a very thorough manner, his claim to the "intellectual and moral paternity" of youthful minds. The ordinary end of educational books, the presentation of facts in an orderly and intelligible manner, is very admirably attained by them, but it does not constitute half their value. Another merit which they pre-eminently possess, that of adapting knowledge to the capacities of children, and offering it in an attractive form, is also a subordinate one. The main charm of the books is that their best service is given to the education of the thinking faculty. This "History of a Mouthful of Bread," for instance—which, it may be as well to say, since its title scarcely explains its character, is a series of letters to a child on the nature and functions of the digestive apparatus, is not only thoroughly well adapted to the comprehension of any ordinarily intelligent child of ten or twelve years old,—the facts are not merely so aptly illustrated, so delightfully told that they cannot fail to be interesting—but they are still vital with a life derived from that of M. Macé's theories, which they almost necessarily impart to the minds of his pupils. The child who has studied it understandingly will not only have been taught the components of his blood, the action of his heart and lungs, and the functions of his digestive tube, but will also have learned to look at nature with the eyes of a naturalist—to find brothers in all animate things, to speculate curiously on the degrees of affinity between himself and an earth-worm, between himself and a vegetable. Adult readers, to whom we heartily recommend both this book and its companion, the "Servants of the Stomach," will gain from them something more, which the children will fail to appropriate. M. Macé talks very pleasantly to his little people, and not the less so because he amuses himself with occasional by-play which is beyond them. He has a tendency to make rapid and somewhat fanciful generalizations, and his military experiences, his political theories, serve frequently to furnish him with illustrations and significant analogies which we find amusingly suggestive. His humorous touches, too, are sometimes over the heads of his immediate audience, and one can imagine M. Macé seated with grave face before his classes—the books, by the way, have an admirably preserved colloquial tone which constantly suggests the attentive, interested faces of childish listeners—and smiling covertly as he administers the "little digs" of which no one but himself is aware. This, for instance, which occurs in a lesson on the order of rodents. He has been explaining that rats and mice must gnaw constantly, even at boards when nothing more appetizing offers itself, because their teeth, growing in the same manner as the human finger-nails, need to be incessantly filed down to prevent their attaining a fatal length. They have also prodigiously long digestive tubes, enormous hearts, and consequently voracious appetites.

"Perhaps you do not catch at once the connection which exists between the size of the heart and of the appetite; yet it is very simple. Large barrels are requisite for those who brew a great deal of beer, and large hearts for those who make a great deal of blood. Now, it is the blood, as you know, which carries heat—in other words, life, throughout the body; when it pours in in torrents the fire goes twice as fast, and consequently the feeding must be kept up. A medical friend of mine told me that he once had some rats sent to him—a boxful, in fact—for one of those scientific experiments which one would venture to condemn more earnestly if their results were not sometimes beneficial. Next morning there were only two or three animals to be found, and these had eaten up the others. See the consequence of having too much heart!"

His generalizing tendencies are more clearly seen in the "Servants of the Stomach," which, for this and other reasons, is hardly so well adapted to the use of young children. It is a history of what M. Macé calls the "walking machine;" that is, the bones, muscles, nerves, and brain. This he gives without calling in the aid of any other illustrations than can be afforded by words; but the subject is too complicated to admit of being treated successfully in this way before an uninstructed audience. To the adult reader who can fall back on his knowledge of the skeleton, and recall the manner in which the muscles are braided upon it, M. Macé's presentation of his facts must seem marvellously pertinent and clear, and the book can hardly be too highly spoken of as a manual for teachers. Its value as a text-book for children would, however, be greatly enhanced by the introduction of suitable wood-cuts.

From his study of the human body M. Macé constantly reverts to his studies of the body politic, and institutes between them an analogy from which he draws most of his illustrations. Thus, the digestive organs, acting independently of the will, form an internal republic, communicating with the brain by means of the great sympathetic nerve, but quite incapable of being impressed by it; that is, of having any of its functions interfered with by the will, *unless some parts of its own organization are defective*. The whole system of the voluntary organs constitute, on the other hand, a kingdom in which the brain is absolute monarch. The human body he takes to be the model on which all civilized societies necessarily tend to form themselves, and, as in the body these two forms of government are found harmoniously united, he concludes that in its formation we have "an explanation of that double instinct which leads nations to seek strength in centralization and freedom in decentralization.

"The domain of the brain: I know perfectly well where to look for it in

* "The History of a Mouthful of Bread, and its Effects on the Organization of Men and Animals. Translated from the eighth French edition, by Mrs. Alfred Gatty." New York: Harper & Brothers. 1868.
"The Servants of the Stomach. Reprinted from the London translation, revised and corrected." New York: Harper & Brothers. 1868.
"Grandpapa's Arithmetic: A Story of Two Little Apple Merchants. By Jean Macé." New York: P. S. Wynkoop & Son. 1868.
"Home Fairy Tales. (*Contes du Petit-Château.*) Translated by Mary L. Booth. With engravings." New York: Harper & Brothers. 1867.

governmental regions. The apparatus of relation is our Minister for Foreign Affairs, and the department of the muscles bears so strong an analogy to that of war, that military comparisons have continually presented themselves to my mind whilst we have been engaged in this study. It is evident that a guiding will is necessary. Nations could not do better than imitate Nature, who has placed all the powers of the body under one guidance, whose action is felt in every part when a struggle has to be maintained against the stranger. . . . But other laws govern the interior life. The nutritive apparatus of a country, its commerce, its industry, the incessant labor of its citizens, by which public wealth is kept up, and, let us also add, the throbs of a national heart; all this the ganglionic system full plainly shows us requires to be left to itself. It would be a fine affair if the brain had to watch over the service of the stomach, or if, at its convenience, it regulated the movements of the Master who disposes of its life. Besides, how could it accomplish all this, and what would become of the poor body if the least drowsiness attacked the universal centre? Happy is it for us—and do not let us be slow to own it—that Nature has armed herself against these encroachments of power, and only made them possible by some false step on her part. I have already told you that when government interferes with what does not concern it, it is the fault of the ganglia. Remember the history of the 'cardiac plexus.'"

We have given so much space to these physiologies that we have left ourselves but little in which to speak of M. Macé's fairy tales, a translation of which, by Miss Booth, was issued last year; or of his "Grandpapa's Arithmetic," which we have also before us. We do not think well of the latter as a text-book, though it may give some useful hints to teachers. The idea of the book is to obviate the difficulty which little children find in understanding the elementary processes of arithmetic, by explaining to them, by means of a story, the theory of these operations. We find the machinery employed by M. Macé for this purpose to be very cumbrous, and think, also, that the idea is an erroneous one. Practice must come before theory; and to "assist in the invention of arithmetic," after M. Macé's fashion, would not only be apt still to leave a child unable to numerate, add, subtract, multiply, and divide, but also as incompetent to reason further from its premises as "Pinchinette's" explanations in this story of the apple merchants confessedly left her little brothers. In the education of the mind, as much must at first be done by sheer memorizing as in the education of the muscles by repeated movements.

The "Home Fairy Tales," as Miss Booth rechristens the "Tales of the Little Castle"—a name derived from that given to Mademoiselle Verenet's school, will be found amusing by children; but, though they are all intended to display and correct childish faults, yet, even if children nowadays, unlike those of a generation back, were disposed to give heed to the morals of the tales they read, they could hardly be profitable. M. Macé commits the error of describing children precisely like those to whom he tells the story—with faults, manners, and surroundings exactly like theirs, and to them introducing purely imaginary beings, charged with what any child feels to be impossible errands. There is no room left for the play of the imagination; it is held stationary by the flat realism of one side of the story, and the utterly incongruous supernaturalism of the other. There are some pleasant little bits of nature in the stories, and many amusing fancies; but M. Macé has too practical a mind, and too little poetical imagination, to be a teller of fairy tales.

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*The Moonstone:* A Novel. By Wilkie Collins, author of "Armadale," etc. With many Illustrations. (New York: Harper & Brothers. 1868.)—Mr. Wilkie Collins's new book is very suggestive of a game called "button," which children used to play, and probably play now. A number of little folks being seated in a circle, each with hands placed palm to palm in front of him, one of the party, who holds a button, comes in turn to each of the others, and ostensibly drops it into his closed hands. Of course, but one of the party can receive it, but in each case the same motions are gone through with; and having made his rounds, the principal performer enquires, "Who's got the button?" Each one, including him who has it, but who intentionally misleads the rest, guesses at the puzzle, and he who guesses right carries the button at the next trial. The "Moonstone" riddle is so like in its essential features to this child's-play, that it might very well have been suggested by it. Mr. Collins's art consists, in this particular case, in converting the button into a yellow diamond, worth thirty thousand pounds; in calling the players Hindoos, detective policemen, reformed thieves, noble ladies, and so on, and in thus more effectually distracting his reader's attention from the puzzle itself, which turns out at last, like most of Mr. Collins's mysteries, to have no vital connection with his characters, considered as human beings, but to be merely an extraneous matter thrown violently into the current of his story. It would perhaps be more correct to say that there is no story at all, and that the characters are mere puppets, grouped with more or less art around the thing the conjurer wishes to conceal until the time comes for displaying it. These books of his are, in their way, curiosities of literature. The word "novel," as applied to them, is an absurd misnomer, however that word is understood. There is nothing new in Mr. Collins's stories, if the reader has ever read a book of puzzles, and they serve none of the recognized purposes of the novel. They reflect neither nature nor human life; the actors whom they introduce are nothing but more or less ingenious pieces of mechanism, and they are all alike—like each other and like nothing else. They teach no moral lessons; they are unsuggestive of thought, and they appeal to no sentiment profounder than the idlest curiosity. They are simply conundrums. It is for this reason that Mr. Collins, wise in his generation, deprecates any attempts on the part of his critics to tell the plot of his stories. One commits, however, no breach of trust in speaking of the theatrical properties which supply, in our author's case, the place of dramatic ability. He cannot create a character, unless the solitary instance of Count Fosco be an exception; he can only dress a lay-figure with more or less of skill. Take his "Moonstone," for instance—which, as far as the real business of the plot is concerned, might as well have been a black bean or a horn button—call it a yellow diamond, stolen, centuries ago, from the forehead of an Indian idol, and make its recovery a part of the religion of three mysterious, lithe, swarthy East Indians in flowing white robes, and there is a chance of awakening, in the most hardened of novel-readers, a curiosity which would assuredly have slept over the possible whereabouts of a button.

But it is hardly worth while to go on. One might say of the book, that it is like a pantomime—the characters appear to speak, but really say nothing, and are merely conventional figures, and not characters at all. Mr. Collins ventriloquizes behind each of his puppets, in order to give a sufficient number of misleading sounds. But his art is bad, and he has not art enough—his voice always betrays him, and the reader is never deceived into thinking that it is anybody but Mr. Collins that is talking. We do not know of any books of which it is truer than of Mr. Collins's to make the damaging remark, that nobody reads them twice, and that when the end of the first perusal is reached, everybody thinks his time has been wasted.

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*The Works of William Shakespeare.* Edited by Charles Knight. (London: George Routledge & Sons. 1868.)

*"Chandos Classics."—The Works of William Shakespeare.* Life, Glossary, etc. Reprinted from the original edition, and compared with all recent commentators. (London: Fredrick Warne & Co. New York: Scribner, Welford & Co. 1868.)—Both of these books give all Shakespeare for half a dollar, and are to be regarded as marvels of cheapness, especially if the elegance of their typography is considered. Their first appearance was accompanied by a publisher's quarrel, as to which we knew nothing at first hand; but so far as we do know, we should say that Messrs. Warne & Co. are certainly blameless, and Messrs. Routledge & Sons perhaps blameless. However, the books being once in the market, we fear the public would be only very slightly influenced by moral considerations in making choice of which of the two to buy. As it happens, a decision based on other considerations can easily be reached. The Warne Shakespeare is decidedly superior to its rival, and is to be chosen for these reasons: The type used—of the same size in both editions—is, of course, very small; the Routledge Shakespeare is printed on tinted paper, and the other on white, so that the page is less clear-faced, and—to our eyes at least—less legible in the Routledge than in the Warne. The second objection to the Routledge edition can be made clear by a quotation: That edition, in the "Second Part of King Henry Fourth," in the fourth act and the first scene, thus prints three speeches, made by Lord Hastings, the Archbishop of York and Lord Mowbray respectively:

> "*Hast.* Besides, the king hath wasted all his rods
> On late offenders, that he now doth lack
> The very instruments of chastisement;
> So that his power, like to a fangless lion,
> May offer, but not hold. *Arch.* 'Tis very true—
> And therefore be assured, my good lord marshal
> If we do now make our atonement well
> Our peace will, like a broken limb united,
> Grow stronger for the breaking. *Mowb.* Be it so.
> Here is returned my lord of Westmoreland."

In the Warne edition the different speeches, no matter how short, are in no case run together into one paragraph, but the first word of each begins a new line, whether the space of the line immediately preceding is left unfilled or not. In the third place, in the Warne edition the leaves—quite as wide in the margin as the leaves in the Routledge edition—are cut, and the book thus made all ready for immediate use. Then again, the Warne Shakespeare is the first of a series of cheap publications to be issued by the same firm, which is to have the general title of "The Chandos Classics," and is to include the best uncopyrighted works in the English language. It is better, then, to buy the "Shakespeare" whose appearance will match

that of the "Milton," "De Foe," "Boswell," and "Arabian Nights" that will probably follow. Finally, the Warne edition contains a brief, well-written life of the poet, which the other edition wants.

As concerning the enterprise in general, apart from the rival claims of this or that edition or house, nobody—not the most bigoted devotee of large-paper copies or fine editions—can have anything to say but words of praise. It is one of the most gratifying signs of the times that there is an eager demand for the best literature in forms so cheap that the very poor can afford to become readers of it, and that there is a willing supply of it, as well as an eager demand. That there should be fifty-cent editions of Shakespeare, and that there should be hundreds of thousands of purchasers of them, are facts that must bother a Carlylist a good deal, and from the contemplation of which men entirely sane will derive a reasonable pleasure.

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*Our Branch and its Tributaries.* Being a history of the work of the Northwestern Sanitary Commission and its auxiliaries during the war of the rebellion. By Mrs. Sarah Edwards Henshaw. (Chicago: Alfred L. Sewell. 1868.)—We rise from reading this book with a high respect for the author, and with a better appreciation of the spirit and performances of the Sanitary Commission than we have derived from any other source. The great task of constructing from the voluminous records of a society which had four years of uninterrupted activity, and was in constant correspondence with three thousand subsidiary organizations, a narrative that should be at once complete, comprehensive, and entertaining, has been achieved by Mrs. Henshaw with remarkable success. The honor of being selected for so grave and delicate a work is in itself a compliment to which, in the case of a woman, our praises could add nothing. The four extraordinary women who carried, so to say, the Northwest Branch on their shoulders, displaying business and executive capacity, initiative force, and endurance to a degree not commonly associated with their sex, may, together with their present chronicler, safely challenge comparison in their respective departments. What next has appeared to us most striking is the variety of services which this Branch rendered, originating many—as, for instance, the Hospital Directory at Louisville and the Eye Infirmary at Chicago. And after this the faith and enthusiasm and liberality of the West, feebly attested by figures too large for comprehension, seem, and always will seem, wonderful. But of all this we can give no hint here. Mrs. Henshaw has traced the origin of the Branch, and depicted its laborious but triumphant career, in a manner to leave nothing to be desired. Along with it she gives a very accurate sketch of the different stages of the war, particularly in the Southwest. Everywhere her narrative is enlivened with well-chosen anecdotes, of which Mrs. Bickerdyke furnishes a large and humorous portion, while occasionally—as in the passage which describes the terrible prescience of impending conflicts, or that which represents the field of Shiloh after the battle—there is an affecting pathos. "The rest [of the patients at Mound City]," writes Dr. Tiffany, March 27, 1862, "have been sent to Cincinnati and St. Louis, to make room for the men who *are to be wounded* next Saturday at Corinth."

The literary style of this history is, generally, irreproachable. The same may be said of the publisher's workmanship, which, we are told, is as nearly all Western, from press to paper, as it could well be. We have certainly never seen a better-made book bearing a Western imprint, wherever manufactured.

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BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

| *Authors.* | *Publishers.—Prices.* | |
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| Allen (Prof. W. F. and J. H.), Manual Latin Grammar | (Edwin Ginn) | |
| Bulwer Lytton (Sir E.), Miscellaneous Prose Works, 2 vols | (Harper & Bros.) | |
| Cooper (Miss S. F.), Rural Hours | (G. P. Putnam & Son) | $2 50 |
| Draper (Prof. J. W.), History of the American Civil War, Vol. II. | (Harper & Bros.) | |
| Felter's First Lessons in Numbers | (Chas. Scribner & Co.) | |
| Gladden (W.), Plain Thoughts on the Art of Living | (Ticknor & Fields) | 1 50 |
| Guyot's Elementary Geography | (Chas. Scribner & Co.) | 1 25 |
| Hannaford (E.), Story of a Regiment | (E. Hannaford) | 3 50 |
| Irving (J.), The Conquest of Florida by Hernando de Soto | (G. P. Putnam & Son) | 2 50 |
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## The Week.

CONGRESS met on Monday, and immediately adjourned after having provided by resolution for possible meetings on the 16th of October and the 10th of November. There was pretty sharp practice shown in getting the resolution through the House. The Republican members knew that a quorum would not be present, and were in their seats at twelve o'clock precisely. The Chaplain made his prayer, and was so long about it that the Republicans began to get uneasy, as the presence of a single Democrat to make an objection would prevent the transaction of any business without a quorum. But every one of the five or six Democrats stayed out of the Chamber till after prayer-time, and, as a just punishment for this neglect of their devotions, the resolution was passed within five minutes after Mr. Boynton had made an end of speaking. The Democrats made some attempts in both House and Senate to recover the ground which they had lost, but without effect. It is all fair, we suppose. The Republican members seemed to be in very good spirits, and confident of the success of Grant and Colfax, the latter of whom was heartily congratulated by his friends. The exigencies of the campaign are, of course, what prevented the assembling of a quorum. Except Mr. Trumbull, whose recent domestic affliction keeps him silent, there is hardly a Congressman who has not been doing hard work; and there is more before all of them.

---

A miscreant named Pierce, who is running for Congress in Georgia, having resolved to make an incendiary speech at Camilla, armed and equipped a force of two hundred and fifty negroes, provisioned them for three weeks' service, and set out for the county town. A deputation of the prominent citizens met the mob at China Church, five miles from Camilla, and entreated them not to go into the town for the purpose of overawing the white citizens. They were begged at least to enter without arms. They would grant neither request, and marched in with banners flying and drums beating. Suddenly they halted and "clamored for a man named Johns. Johns, in company with Doctor Twitty, presented himself, when a hundred guns were levelled at them. The former, being intoxicated, fired." The mob, which had now somehow increased to four hundred and fifty, "was vigorously attacked and driven back and, panic-stricken, took to flight." The people felt compelled to chase it four miles, killing as they went. So the Associated Press reporter says. His report is obviously and childishly false. For a man who has had his amount of practice in misrepresentation he is a bad bungler. The truth of the matter is that the high-handed injustice of the Georgia Legislature is having its natural effect; it has put fresh heart into every young ruffian in the State, and now there is no place there where the shooting of a negro by a drunken white man may not very probably lead to unprovoked murder by wholesale. Evidently Pierce had a political procession in charge; probably not one in ten of the negroes had arms with him; "a hundred guns were levelled at Johns," yet Johns kills a negro without molestation, and the citizens, who were in terror of being overawed, killed negroes indiscriminately for a couple of hours or more. Reasonable accounts say that the sheriff of the county went out to meet Colonel Pierce, and told him the citizens had decided "to let no Radical speak in Camilla." This is the function of a Southern sheriff just now. There is nothing like having officers of the law in a community. Pierce having forgotten that the Georgia of to-day is not the Georgia of a month ago, but more like her natural self, went forward, and was shot for his pains. Governor Bullock's message to the Legislature, urging that the President be asked to supply troops, has been given to a committee who will probably shelve it. The Legislature has passed the law excluding negroes from the jury-box, and if this Legislature does not the next one will disfranchise them. The negroes on their part are to hold a convention which will probably result in an address to Congress and the Northern people, but what Congress can do for them it is not easy to see.

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What the Northern Democratic leaders can be thinking of in not stopping these disturbances at the South is inexplicable. Unless, indeed, we explain it on General Butler's theory, that the New York managers do not want Seymour elected, but care only to get this State into their hands, which they hope to do by help of his name. But even if that is all their desire, we wish them joy of their task in gratifying it. Negroes killed as those were at Camilla make votes for Grant in New York as well as elsewhere. Of course, if "the people" have resolved that they will not be overawed, and that "no Radical shall speak in Camilla," Mr. Tilden's labors are made more arduous; in fact, it is not easy to see what he is going to do about it, but certainly he would do well to do something quickly, or the "serene confidence" with which he looks forward to November, whether he looks beyond the State line or not, will get him laughed at.

---

If Alabama is to be carried for Grant and Colfax, as the Secretary of the Union Republican Committee promises, it will not be without exertion, as witness these following remarks make by the Montgomery *Mail*, a paper the conductors of which—we presume it is they—ask us to call attention to their articles. "Make them Show their Colors" is the heading of one of them. It sets out by declaring that the Republican party "is hated at the South with a hatred which is deep and restless as the ocean and boundless as eternity," and "which stops just short of the knife." Which does n't stop short of the knife, would be a correcter way of putting it. "The merchants of Mobile and New Orleans," it goes on, "give employment to no porters, draymen, or hack-drivers who do not carry a Seymour and Blair flag at their horses' heads. We appeal to the merchants of Montgomery to do likewise"—an appeal not made in vain we dare say, and which possibly may "bring these miserable, incendiary, insidious men to reason." If not, they may as well understand that "we are tired of it, and that they and their carpet-bag leaders must sleep in the gutter together." Alabama is a doubtful State, but there is an undiminished likelihood that the Republicans will carry Florida, Louisiana, and North Carolina. As for the Northern States, Pennsylvania has become safer than she was a week ago, and is probably Republican, in October, by from five to ten thousand majority; Ohio is perfectly sure; Indiana, Senator Morton says, will give ten thousand majority next month. It would be a bold Democrat who should bet that Seymour will carry even New York after these States have gone against him.

We do not wish to be too critical with so honest and well-meaning a man as we believe Governor Baker, of Indiana, to be, but every Republican who opens his lips in public at present about the national finances ought to know exactly where he stands and what he means. We doubt if Governor Baker knew either one or the other when he gave utterance to the following words in his speech at Portland (Ind.) the other day:

"For my own part I believe the five-twenties are payable in greenbacks; not in greenbacks to be ground out to redeem them, but in the greenback that existed when the debt was made, and which were limited to $440,000,000 when the debt was made, in 1864. If you ask me what I would do, I would put a new loan on the market at a lower rate of interest—say one thousand million of dollars at four per cent.; and what would be the consequence of the adoption of that policy? Here is a man has some bonds of the present issue. He walks up to the counter with a thousand dollar bond and gets a thousand dollars in greenbacks for it. What does he do then? He takes his thousand dollars in greenbacks, and buys with it one of the new four per cent. bonds of a similar value. Thus a debt bearing six per cent. interest is changed into one bearing only four. And so the process would go on, until, by turning your three hundred and fifty millions of greenbacks over and over again, you have changed the entire debt into four per cent. bonds, with a saving of from $40,000,000 to $50,000,000 per annum."

Now, no man "walks up to a counter with a thousand dollar bond" without a motive, and Governor Baker must supply his man with a sufficient motive for the extraordinary course which he here marks out for him, before he will get us to believe that he will follow it. The man in question will, in our opinion, not act in the manner described by Mr. Baker, because he can at present, by selling his thousand dollar bond in open market, obtain for it not one thousand, but eleven hundred dollars, or thereabouts. Secondly, suppose he took one thousand dollars in greenbacks for it over the counter, he would have the right, under the existing law, to convert the thousand dollars at once into a bond bearing not four per cent., but six per cent. interest, and he would, assuredly, prefer six to four per cent. Under these circumstances, for "the process to go on," as Mr. Baker would wish it to do, human nature must undergo a radical change. On the other hand, if Mr. Baker attempts to *force* his man to convert, he at once damns the new loan by bringing the Government into financial disrepute, and if, when the Government tries to issue a new loan, difficulty is found in disposing of it, it will be owing to speeches like these, in which the nation is gravely advised by leading politicians to put on its contracts a construction which is contrary to the understanding on which its creditors lent it money, and contrary to the express, long continued, and never repudiated representations of its authorized agents.

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General Butler has been visited in this city by a *Herald* reporter, for the purpose of getting his "views" on various subjects. The reporter extracted from him, amongst other things, an explanation of the extraordinary course of the *Nation* and Boston *Advertiser*, in opposing his re-election to Congress. The secret cause of the hostility of the *Nation* to him is, it appears, his having opposed the contribution of certain surplus funds of the Recruiting Committee of Boston towards the establishment of the paper, in 1865, which has, as might have been expected, earned for him the undying hostility of its conductors. Considering that they were, until the morning of the 21st of September, 1868, entirely ignorant of the opposition aforesaid, we leave him to imagine with what malignity they would have followed him up had they known of it. The reason of the Boston *Advertiser's* enmity to him is, we regret to say, much less creditable than that of the *Nation*." It was, he says, "one of the first papers to publish to the world his views on financial questions; but subsequently he was employed professionally to commence a libel suit against the publishers of the *Advertiser*, for an obscene slander, which they had uttered against a talented and estimable young lady, and compelled them, under a threat of prosecution, to make a full and ample apology." Thereupon, the despicable sheet turned against the great statesman, and, to use his own words, "has never since been able to discover any good qualities in him." So it is with all the general's enemies. We have no doubt, if he had time to give us a full account of them, we should find that, although they may be numbered by the hundred thousand, there is not one whose hostility is not due to the general's having frustrated some piece of villany or performed some noble or virtuous action.

We were, however, very much gratified to see attributed to him, the other day, some remarks on the public debt, at Salisbury Beach, in which he spoke of it "as something to be proud of; because it showed that the resources, credit, and strength of the American people surpass those of any other country on earth." He seems hitherto only to have looked at the debt as furnishing the raw materials for a swindle, or, at all events, the means of playing a good trick on a parcel of unscrupulous usurers. So this new view of it shows that he is making progress. It, nevertheless, affects us, and we fear will affect the general public, very much like the reflections of a "cracksman"—we intend the comparison to apply to the general's mental processes, and not to himself—over a basket of plate, previous to carrying it off and melting it down. "What wonderful proof," the burglar might remark, "does this accumulation of the precious metals, in the possession of one family, afford of the enormous resources and the rapid material progress of our country, and of the certainty with which industry and frugality and careful investment are rewarded under our admirable form of government. And, then, we have only to examine the moulding and chasing of these spoons, forks, vegetable-dishes, and cake-baskets to feel proud both of the mechanical skill and artistic culture of our incomparable artisans, and to curse the hard fate which compels one to cast such tasteful objects into the pot, and dispose of the bullion to one's "fence."

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The general's nomination is still doubtful, but the chances are in favor of his getting it, as he is likely to take more trouble to secure it than anybody else to prevent him. There has been some talk of running Richard H. Dana against him, but, we fear, not talk enough. There is no doubt, however, a strong opposition to him in the district, and at least one of the local papers, the *Salem Gazette*, speaks out freely against him, and until the 28th, when the Convention meets, there will be room for hope. There is, perhaps, nothing more remarkable in his tactics than his careful avoidance, all through the canvass, of all allusion to his financial schemes, which, while in Congress, he held of sufficient importance to make them the ground of an attack on the public credit. It must be remembered, too, that he is not simply a greenback man of the Pendleton school, but is in favor of directly depriving the public creditor of a portion of the interest promised him, without any cover or subterfuge. It remains to be seen whether any New England constituency is simple enough to allow a candidate for re-election to put out of sight, as of no consequence, the most prominent portion of his Congressional career.

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The performances which a number of religious people are carrying on in the den, in this city, occupied by John Allen, "the Wickedest Man," etc., have reached a point at which the interference of those who have any reverence for sacred things becomes absolutely necessary, and we are glad to see that the New York correspondent of the *Advance* has uttered a strong protest against them. The final touch of horror and repulsiveness has been given to the whole affair by the appearance of the poor wretch Allen himself—who passes most of his time in a state of drunkenness—in the country districts, as a preacher of righteousness, with a small charge for admission. He is said to have presented himself to the very small audience which his agents were able to collect at Stamford in a state of stupid intoxication. We do not deny that men like Allen may be suddenly reformed—Gardner's case proves it—but we can hardly think of a graver outrage, both on religion and morality, than the sanction, by clergymen or members of churches, of the theory that a life-long ruffian, reeking from a stew kept by himself, can be qualified by a week's repentance—even supposing it to have been sincere—to go out and preach, to anybody, the way of salvation.

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There is no doubt that the belief in the speedy outbreak of a war on the European continent is general and grows stronger, and that it is in France only that people look for the signs of the conflict. The Emperor's late pacific speeches have produced no effect, and are supposed either to have no meaning or to have a double meaning. Every

time he opens his lips a covert declaration of war is looked for, and the Bourse is tremulous with excitement, the late political defeat of the Government being considered likely to increase the chance of hostilities. A large army has been collected at the camp at Châlons, and has been going through its manœuvres in the highest state of efficiency, and the opposition grows bolder than ever, and is making its arrangements to contest every vacant seat in the Corps Législatif with a resolution which it has not exhibited for eighteen years. A history of the *coup d'état* by M. Ténot, which gives an account of the shooting in cold blood of peasantry and artisans of the provinces during the week following the *coup d'état*, under the superintendence of the Napoleonic préfets, is having an enormous sale, and seems to be taking the place of the *Lanterne*, which is temporarily eclipsed, owing to the difficulty of finding a printer. The last number was entirely made up of extracts from the works of the Emperor, but they looked so atrocious that nobody in Paris could be found audacious enough to set them up, and M. Rochefort began to find difficulty in getting a place to edit his paper—a prosecution having been already commenced against him in Brabant for outraging a friendly sovereign.

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There seems to be no general agreement as to the side from which the trouble will come. Prussia, of course, will be the antagonist, but whether the quarrel will begin on the side of the Rhine or on the side of Italy is the question. Lamarmora has been made so unpopular by the late revelation, that he has run some risk of being mobbed, and there have been rumors—which, however, the *Moniteur* has contradicted—that Italy, instigated by Prussia, is pressing for a withdrawal of the French troops from Rome. Things at Rome are in a bad way, carnally speaking; that is, the Pope is in excellent health, and the Zouaves are deserting by the hundred, through *ennui*, non-payment of wages, and indifferent food. Attempts have been made for some time to distract them by rumors of the coming of the Garibaldians, but these have lost their power, and the corps is dissolving slowly but surely, the deserters going over the Italian border to live among the heathen.

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Some interesting details of the working of the Italian revenue laws have been published, from which it appears that, while the custom receipts fall slightly below the estimates, the stamp and registration duties are yielding a considerable surplus; but the public lottery, sad to say, seems to be the steadiest source of revenue after all, yielding in the last six months $6,000,000—a striking indication of Italian love of gambling, when we consider that the lottery only yielded $2,000,000 in France in 1836, the last year of its existence.

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The quarrel between Count Usedom and General Lamarmora, arising out of Lamarmora's publication of the count's note, written in 1866, laying out a plan of campaign for the Italian army, assumes every day a worse complexion for Lamarmora. It will be remembered that it had its origin in some slighting reference to the Italian operations in the Quadrilateral made in a history of the war recently published by the Prussian staff under General Von Moltke's superintendence. This irritated Lamarmora, and led him to publish the note addressed to him by Count Usedom, containing, as Lamarmora believed, and as he thinks the world will believe, a wild plan of campaign, by which the Italian army was to turn the Quadrilateral, and march straight on Vienna, and probably to its own destruction; but this despatch, it now turns out, he had never communicated to his Government, but quietly pocketed, and fought on a plan of his own. To this the Prussian Government replies officially that, for the slight put upon Italy in Von Moltke's history of the war, it is not responsible, and then unofficially, through an "inspired" correspondent of the *Cologne Gazette*, tells a very damaging story about Lamarmora, and its reason for addressing him the despatch which he suppressed. The story is in substance this. Napoleon knew and approved of the treaty between Italy and Prussia, and was anxious for the war, believing that if Prussia were defeated she would call for his assistance and give in return the left bank of the Rhine, and Austria was in that case to cede Venice to Italy in return for Silesia. But Lamarmora, on his part, being a creature of Napoleon's and taking no step without the approval of the Emperor, also engaged to localize the war—that is, not to carry it out of Italy, so as not to interfere too seriously with the Austro-French plans; and knowing Italy would have Venice in any case, he took the field without any serious intention of fighting. Prussia, knowing he was in close communication with the French Government, had avoided thus far communicating with him in writing; but, its suspicions about him increasing, Count Usedom wrote him the despatch which has raised the discussion, addressing it to him as Minister of Foreign Affairs, so as to ensure its being laid before the King and cabinet, and asking formally from the Italian army a kind of co-operation which would frustrate the French schemes and prevent Austria being able, by a sudden surrender of Venice, to precipitate her whole force on Prussia. Lamarmora, however, got out of this difficulty by pocketing the despatch which has now, for the first time, seen the light, and engaged the Austrians in such a way as to ensure them an easy victory, the battle of Custozza being, to the general-in-chief, one of the most disgraceful in history. The French plans were, however, completely broken up by the tremendous victory of Sadowa; and France and Austria, instead of dividing Prussia between them, found themselves both at its mercy.

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There has been a good deal of indignation excited on both sides of the water by Mr. Roebuck's insulting language with reference to this country at the Cutlers' Banquet at Sheffield, at which Mr. Reverdy Johnson was present. Mr. Roebuck's offence consisted in giving a very disagreeable account of the composition of this people, and applying sundry opprobrious epithets to the Irish, French, Spaniards, and Italians whom he supposes to pour in here year by year in what he calls a "feculent tide," and to whose influence he attributes the monopoly of the Government by "the buccaneering element" in the population and the exclusion of educated men from public life. Mr. Johnson did exactly what he ought to have done—sat still and said nothing, and the next day, in reply to an address, corrected the Roebuck absurdities in perfectly calm and temperate language. We observe that some of our contemporaries think he ought to have left the room. But then there is such a thing as giving importance to people and things which would otherwise possess none, and this is precisely what an ambassador would be guilty of who left a dinner-table because Mr. Roebuck was being silly and impudent. Mr. Roebuck has for a long time had absolutely nothing but what he is pleased to call his "imprudence" of speech to rely on for the preservation of his political position, and to drive Mr. Johnson away from a dinner-table by the display of it would be for him an immense success. The English papers have been very sharp with him, however, and he has attempted a lame defence in a letter to the *Times*, in which he says that in drawing a horrible picture of the governing classes in America, he was simply furnishing an *à fortiori* argument for the success of popular government in England. To do him justice, he said nothing nearly as bad as he said during the war, or as some of those who are now rebuking him said also. His presence at the banquet was no doubt a misfortune, but then he is member for the borough, and there was no getting rid of him. We observe that in his letter to the *Times* he puts forward a plea for immunity from the attacks of the press which is not uncommon here—that he was "a veteran politician."

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There are telegraphic accounts of a revolution of the first magnitude in Spain, including a revolt of the fleet—an incident, as far as we know, unprecedented in the history of civil dissensions, and of a greater or less portion of the army. That this storm was coming has been evident ever since the exile of the Duke and Duchess of Montpensier, whose expulsion gave the malcontents a rallying-point and their cause a look of respectability. Minor indications came two or three weeks later, in the resignation of several of the leading generals, and as long ago as the 1st of September it was generally believed in Paris, by those most familiar with Spanish affairs, that Gonzales Bravo's tenure of office was a question of days. Of the movement now pending we get only very confused details, although it seems likely to end in the overthrow of the Queen's Government. A revolution begun and carried out by the army and navy does not seem likely to be succeeded by anything very stable and promising.

## VERMONT AND MAINE.

The importance of foreseeing the result of a Presidential campaign is so great, not only to politicians, but also to business men, that we are not afraid of wearying our readers by renewing our speculations upon the vote of November, and explaining every circumstance which lends confirmation to our predictions. There is so much at stake in the approaching election—so many great financial interests depend upon its result—that it is eminently desirable to ascertain with accuracy and certainty the drift of the popular current; and for this purpose the issue of every political contest since the nominations were made deserves careful examination.

First, in apparent weight, came the Kentucky election, with a Democratic majority of 88,000 in place of 70,000 last year. This was a fact of some value, as indicating a concentration of the white vote in the Southern States, and an increased degree of bitterness on the part of the Democrats; but it proved nothing more. The total vote of the State was not as large as in 1866, by at least 14,000; and this indicated the lack of great enthusiasm in a State indisputably Democratic. Moreover, the main contest is to be decided in the North, and not in the South; and an election in a Southern State where no colored man could vote, was no sign of the general result. The Territorial elections, in Idaho and Colorado, have no value except as remote indications of the prospect in Nevada and Nebraska. The Republican party has fully held its own in these Territories; but from these returns alone, we should be slow to form any general conclusion. The Oregon election, as we said when the first reports from there were received, gave reason to expect that the Democrats would carry both Oregon and California next November; but the vote of the Eastern States may yet influence California in a different direction, and private accounts lead us to expect that it will.

The elections just held in Vermont and Maine are of a kind totally unlike any of which we have yet spoken, and they are worthy of a more careful analysis. They have been only superficially noticed by the press in general, and their peculiarities are too complex to be seen or comprehended at a glance. The first indication afforded by these elections is that the aggregate vote in the Northern States will be not only much larger than any ever before cast, but larger in proportion to the number of electors than on any previous occasion. An ordinary election does not draw out 60 per cent. of the qualified electors. An active election draws out perhaps 66 per cent. A very excited election brings out 75 per cent.; but society must be stirred to its depths if a proportion materially larger than this appears at the polls.

Now, in both Vermont and Maine the electors have voted in greater numbers, whether absolutely or relatively considered, than have ever before been known. The census returns show that the population of Vermont has remained stationary for many years, while the ratio of increase in Maine has been small, and steadily declining. The vote of Vermont at a State election has usually been about 45,000, even in Presidential years. It has never reached 56,000 on any previous occasion, and never exceeded 50,000 since 1844, except in the years 1849, 1856, and 1864. It has now reached the really astonishing figure of 58,000—a figure which we should have thought utterly incredible before the returns came in. And this, let it be noted, is at a mere local election, the result of which was never for a moment in doubt, and which therefore presented no inducement whatever for the use of special exertions to draw out a full vote. It was an almost spontaneous demonstration of popular interest, attended with results such as are usually obtained only by means of the strenuous and interested exertions of politicians. The election in Maine was much more seriously contested; and the increase of vote in that State is not, therefore, so extraordinary a phenomenon as in Vermont. But it is nevertheless remarkable. The total vote of Maine has never much exceeded 120,000, and has never reached that point since 1860. The increase of population has probably been less than five per cent. But the increase of vote is ten per cent., the aggregate now being considerably over 130,000. From these facts it may safely be inferred that the seeming apathy of the people is simply the result of their having made up their minds, and become indifferent to the clamors by which it is usually sought to change the current of a political canvass.

The next indication of these elections is that the Republican party holds its ranks unbroken, and commands the same proportion of the Northern vote as in 1864 and 1866, with the single exception of the temporary aid which it received from the Fenians in 1866. That aid it has lost, and it is of some importance to ascertain how much it amounted to. The Fenians were greatly disgusted with Mr. Johnson in September, 1866; and some four or five thousand of them in Maine either voted the Republican ticket, or abstained from voting at all. This raised the Republican majority that year to 27,000, when without this it would not have exceeded 18,000. Still, even with this aid, the Republican vote in 1866 only reached 69,000. It is now over 75,000. So in Vermont, the Republican vote is the largest ever cast, and is immensely greater than was ever before polled for a candidate at a mere State election.

An attempt has been made to belittle the result of these two elections by comparing the majorities with those which were given on former occasions under exceptional circumstances. Vermont has given a little larger majority on two occasions only—the Presidential elections of 1856 and 1864, when Frémont had 28,400 majority, and Lincoln 29,100. It now gives 27,500; but this is simply because the Democrats did not on those occasions feel any encouragement to poll their whole strength, whereas on this occasion they did. Moreover, the majority of this year has never been even approached at any previous *State* election. The majority at the State election of 1864 was less than 19,000, and at that of 1856 23,000. So the 21,000 majority now given by Maine is compared with the 27,000 given in 1866, and the majorities given at the Presidential elections of 1860 and 1856, when the Democrats had lost all hope and made no effort to poll their real vote. But these comparisons are fallacious. At no previous election in Maine, where a full vote was cast, and a real contest made, has the Republican majority reached 18,000, while it has usually been much less. It is now, on a straight party struggle, at least 3,000 in advance of this figure, and this represents the actual gain of the party in the State.

There is no reason why the same influences which have controlled Maine and Vermont should not also operate in other States. The Fenian vote did not help the Republicans to any appreciable extent outside of the northern districts of New England, New York, and Illinois. Its loss would have reduced the majority of 1866 in New York 7,000, and that in Illinois 10,000. But this is a matter of small moment. If Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Indiana give handsome Republican majorities in October, New York may be saved, and Illinois will certainly be largely Republican. It is said that the vote of Maine in September, 1856, did not save Frémont in Pennsylvania, nor foreshadow the general result of the campaign. But the vote of Maine then corresponded with the vote of all that portion of country which was not on the border of the slave States, or bound to them by commercial interests. That distinction no longer exists. Philadelphia and "Egypt" have both been converted, and are to be relied upon for Grant. The North is more homogeneous now than it was in 1856; and the vote of Maine is now, as it has been ever since 1860, indicative of the current throughout the North. Moreover, the Northern States even in 1856 were largely Republican, and would have elected Frémont but for the Southern vote being cast solidly against him. The Southern vote is now divided, the Northern electoral vote largely increased. If Grant should only run as well as Frémont did in 1856, he could not fail to be elected.

View it in what light we may, it seems impossible to arrive at any other rational conclusion than that the September elections have decided the contest in favor of Grant. It remains for October to determine whether his majority shall be overwhelming, and whether the next House of Representatives shall be as strongly Republican as the present; but the main question of the canvass is settled to the satisfaction of every impartial mind.

## THE WORKING-MEN'S CONGRESS.

The International Labor Congress has just been holding its second meeting at Brussels, and although we have, as yet, no report of the discussions, the general report of the working of the organization since 1866, which has been received, and is the composition of one of

their leading men, Mr. Shaw, of London, gives one a fair idea of the amount of progress they have made in certain directions within the last two years. The proceedings at the first meeting of the Congress, in 1866, were made the subject of an elaborate and interesting article by M. Louis Reybaud, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, but the conclusions he drew from them as to the mental condition of the working-men were anything but flattering, and he made no secret of the fact that he would consider the assumption by them of the power of legislation, in the present state of their training as full of danger to the highest interests of society. The present report does not contain any direct expressions of opinion on economical questions. It is simply a history of the various attempts made to spread the organization in the different civilized countries of the world, but the tone of it makes one fear that the members have not improved much in the art of stating their own case. It would, if it were a well-arranged statement of facts, be very valuable, but it is slangy and abusive, and full of exaggeration, so that it is really impossible to learn from it exactly what has been done or what we may expect to be done. Moreover, one cannot learn from it, with any approach to accuracy, what difficulties the organization has had to contend with in the different countries, as all its opponents are denounced with about the same degree of violence. There seems, indeed, to be no difference in the guilt and depravity of its enemies. They are all in the same stage, and that the lowest.

At the closing of the last mail only one subject had been discussed—that of war; and of this discussion we have only a very brief sketch. Moreover, it is not a subject possessing much interest for the working-men in this country, inasmuch as the wars against which European workmen declaim are wars which—though they themselves are the principal sufferers from them—they do nothing to begin and can do nothing to bring to an end, and which are mostly carried on for dynastic considerations, although the immediate and palpable object may be an accession of territory, and a consequent addition to the national strength. On most other points, however, there seems to be very little difference of opinion between the European and American workmen. Their economical theories appear to be very similar, and they both appear to concur most cordially in the determination to use any political power they may possess now or attain hereafter to embody these theories in legislation; and the general belief and expectation that in every civilized country they are very near the possession of this power, secures for their talk an amount of attention to which, on its own merits, it is not by any means entitled. The ideas of men who are likely before many years to rule the world are always interesting, and those of the working-men in Europe on various social topics show that they dream of a future for society in many respects very different from that which the philosophers and "men of education" have worked out. For instance, most intelligent friends of the race are looking forward to the complete attainment of individual independence, and regard individual freedom of action as one of the blessings of the coming democratic age. The working-men seem to desire nothing of the kind. In fact, they detest individual freedom, look on it as the cause of most of their woes, and take the most elaborate pains to repress and root it out. Freedom of contract and of trade is also commonly supposed to be one of the most valuable features of the democratic régime. The working-men hold both in abhorrence. They would allow no laborer to sell his labor, or contract to sell it, on his own terms. In other words, they appear to be in nearly every country eager to go back to the state of things which Turgot abolished in France, in which the laborer was the slave of a corporation composed of men of his class. Like those corporations, too, the modern trade organizations are the deadly foe of strangers and persons unable to pay their "footing," and put the principle of monopolies in force with regard to the only article over which they have any control with a remorselessness and rigor which have never been surpassed by the pre-revolutionary monarchies in the palmiest days of jobbery. At the end of the last century the throwing open of all occupations to all men—or, in other words, the concession to every human being of the right of using his faculties in any way he saw fit, was hailed as one of the greatest gains to humanity achieved by the French Revolution; but if we are to believe the trades-unions, it was no gain at all, but a loss. One great aim of the trades organizations of our day is, in fact, to keep down the number of persons engaged in each calling, by limiting the number of apprentices. Now, suppose every trade well organized, as the working-men seek to make them, and the population to go on increasing, there would, though the number of trades increased also, be every year an increasing number of young men thrown out amongst the unskilled class, forming a mass somewhat corresponding in social position to the Hindoo Sudras. We do not mean to say this social ideal will ever be realized; the forces of the age all work against its realization. We are now simply talking of what the working-men in Europe seem to have in their minds as a desirable possibility, if we may judge from their talk and organized action.

The position of the European working-men regarding female labor appeared at the last congress to be exceedingly discreditable, contrasting most unfavorably with the ground taken on this subject by the labor conventions here. The Europeans make a prodigious fuss about prostitution, and in some mysterious manner fasten the blame of it on the Government and on that villanous entity, "society;" but when it comes to the point of supplying a practical remedy by advocating the admission of women to a fair competition in the labor market, they hesitate and shirk the question. The utterances of the convention now meeting in this city on this subject are all that could be desired; but we do not see how, on the trades-union theory of the rights of those who are already engaged in the exercise of the various trades, women can be admitted indiscriminately to the labor market any more than young males. If the fact that the multiplication of laborers has a tendency to diminish wages furnishes a justification for restricting the admission of male apprentices to the various trades, women ought not to have any chance; for their numbers are enormous, and their field of activity limited greatly by nature. The bricklayers, masons, and carpenters are, perhaps, safe from their intrusion under any rule; but how about the compositors, painters, carvers, gilders, shoemakers, and so on?

The denunciations of capital, with which the speeches and reports of all labor congresses abound, and their general acceptance of the theory that capital is necessarily the enemy of labor, are not as unnatural as they seem, though they are not based on a strictly accurate view of the case. What is commonly called the conflict between labor and capital, and what the laborers believe to be such, is in reality a strife between the laborer and the capitalist as to who shall have the larger share of the profits; and in this strife the capitalist is undoubtedly the laborer's enemy, inasmuch as, let his profits be ever so large, he gives the laborer as small a share of them as possible. And owing to the laborer's poverty or ignorance, the capitalist is frequently able to put him off with a much smaller share than the laws of trade or the state of the market entitle him to. This has been strikingly illustrated by the revelations recently made by Canon Girdwood regarding the condition of the agricultural laborers in England, from which it appears that for fully fifteen years the laborers in his parish have been receiving about half the market rate—that is, about half what they might have obtained by going to a town about two hours' distant by rail. Behind all this, of course, there lies the broad fact that the more capital there is for investment, the better it is on the whole for the laborer. But it is not wonderful that the laborer cannot as yet see it distinctly, in spite of the preaching of the political economists.

A great deal of what seems most preposterous in the sociology of working-men is due to a belief, by which all enthusiastic philanthropists are in a greater or less degree possessed, and that is a belief not simply that the human race *tends* to perfection, but that it is likely to reach it before long. Very few, doubtless, would accept this doctrine in the bald form in which we here produce it. Most reformers, if asked to state their opinion on this point, would talk of the kingdom of heaven as of indefinite remoteness; but there are very few schemes of radical social reform which are not based on a secret, though it may be vague, expectation that it is really at hand, and that with a little help from legislation and from education our eyes may behold it. The difficulties opposed by the constitution of human nature to the working of the very

best laid political and social plans, which weigh too heavily on the souls of "practical statesmen," hardly weigh at all on the souls of working-men; and the prodigious progress of the world within the past fifty years, the wonderful capacity for self-improvement which human nature has shown since the American and French Revolutions gave it a chance to work out its own salvation, naturally nourish the sweet delusion that all things are possible to it. We do not think it at all likely that sound and just views on this subject will be reached till democracy has had half a century or so of trial over the whole civilized world.

## THE MASSACHUSETTS CONVENTION.

We have received letters from several delegates complaining of the reports of the Massachusetts Convention which appeared in the papers in this city, and on which the brief comments we made on the proceedings in our last issue were based, and giving us a version of the story which is materially different from that circulated by the reporters. The subject is worth a second notice, because it furnishes an interesting illustration of the way in which the "Wickedest Politician in the United States" may, under the existing caucus system, make one of the most moral, and upright, and intelligent States in the Union appear to approve of him and support him, and of the way in which the party press can be depended on to aid in his attempts at imposition. We spoke some weeks ago of the arrangement made between General Butler and his only formidable rival in the Fifth District, by which Dr. Loring was to have the general's support in seeking the nomination for the Governorship, while the general was to have the doctor's in securing a renomination to Congress. Dr. Loring is an old Democrat—and, as we remarked three weeks ago, a miniature copy of the old politicians of national reputation who made politics a trade, and a mean one, for the thirty years before the war—who joined the Republican party in 1864, and who does not possess a single claim of any kind to its respect or confidence. About General Butler we have already spoken our minds freely. The two worthies had no sooner completed their compact than they began to set the press *claque* to work to give it an air of popularity, and prepare the way for it before the Convention; and nobody who does not read the newspapers diligently and regularly, as editors for their sins are compelled to do, can have any idea of how much may be done in this way to prepare a simulacrum of popular favor. It is not necessary for this purpose to obtain access to the editorial columns of any of the leading journals. They all either have regular correspondents at points of interest, or are glad to receive letters from volunteers, and the first intimation one often gets that "something is in the wind" is the appearance of letters and paragraphs calling attention to the praiseworthy performances of A., and the fever of devotion he is exciting among the "young men"—this class being selected as a good index of the drift of popular sentiment. Accordingly, about the time that General Butler had his arrangements completed, the ultra-Radical journals—whose swallowing of him is, perhaps, as curious a case of morbid psychology as is to be found—began without apparent cause to praise him highly, ascribe the prevalent abuse of him to Copperhead hatred of patriots, and to publish letters from correspondents showing how he was loved in his District. Then they took to praising Dr. Loring, in whose service, according to the correspondents, "the young and active Republicans" were eagerly laboring, and the process was kept up, with decent intervals, till the Convention met at Worcester.

If anybody will take the trouble to examine the reports of the proceedings of the Convention, published in the same papers, he will see how perfect the recording arrangements of the Butler-Loring firm were. It must be remembered that General Butler appeared before it as a man who had virtually repudiated the party platform on a point of vital interest, and had joined with the Democrats in an assault on the public credit in Congress—who, for personal reasons, is disliked and distrusted by nine out of ten intelligent and respectable Massachusetts Republicans, and the defeat of whose schemes was undoubtedly the object which brought together such an unprecedentedly large number of delegates. Yet his speech is the only one reported at any length, though Richard H. Dana spoke weightily and ably. We are told that Butler received a "warm and exceedingly gratifying reception from all present," and that "at an enthusiastic caucus, held the evening before the Convention, he appeared and made an eloquent speech." At this caucus Mr. Dana was speaking when Butler entered, and the supporters of the latter having applauded him, as in duty bound, he marched straight up to the platform, turned round, took no notice of Mr. Dana, and commenced a speech of his own for Loring—the whole performance being, says a prominent delegate, in writing to us, "the greatest and most indecent piece of rudeness I ever heard of." It was so plain, however, that there was no chance for Dr. Loring, that General Butler withdrew his name, and the next day William Claflin was nominated by acclamation. But whom does the reader suppose the *Tribune* reporter produces, as taking the leading part in nominating him? Why, General Butler, to be sure. Loud calls "were heard that he should take the platform. He complied with this demand amidst wild and enthusiastic cheers." So that the country is given to understand that Butler was the foremost man of the Convention, its greatest favorite, and the most influential supporter of the Republican candidate. The facts are, we are assured, that he was utterly beaten in everything; that his supporters were few but noisy; that all that management could do was done for him; and that he was compelled to keep his principal stock in trade since the death of impeachment—his financial theories—stored away in his pack; "that he avoided the whole question of finance," and had to submit to the adoption of a platform in which his darling idea is scouted.

Now this is all very well as far as it goes. But the story has a painful side, and it is this: that so much exertion should be necessary in a State like Massachusetts, and in a body like the Republican Convention, to defeat and put down a man of General Butler's character and antecedents; that "moral reformers," who profess to live by the rule of pure truth and pure justice, should hug his knees, bespatter him with praise—which we do not like to call lying, but which they know very well can only be manufactured by perversion, suppression, and false suggestions, and by the use of a standard, both of moral and political excellence, such as no public man has ever yet been judged by amongst any Christian people; and that it should be possible for such a man so to manipulate the leading newspapers that men like Richard H. Dana should, in the report of the procedings of a body like the Massachusetts Convention, be put completely out of sight, their sayings ignored, and General Butler put in the foreground as the model for youth. The incident is now old, but we recur to it for two reasons. One is, that General Butler has still his renomination to get for the Fifth District; and the other is, that, as we have said, the affair affords a good illustration of the way in which the caucus system, working in combination with a press which party spirit has made forgetful of its highest duty, can be made to raise a barrier between practical politics and the best moral and mental perceptions of the community.

## CAMPAIGN ENTHUSIASM.

Three months ago, many good Republicans were troubled by what they considered a want of enthusiasm for Grant—meaning, of course, an absence of nervous excitement about his name or his person, and an indisposition to give violent and uproarious expression to the feeling of admiration created by the contemplation of his career. This defect was supposed to be particularly remarkable in the West, which has usually been considered, owing to the greater freshness of its population, the home of enthusiasm; and we remember meeting with more than one shrewd observer who came back from that region troubled by the calm with which the mention of the Republican candidate was received. There did not seem, they said, to be any "magnetism" about him—magnetism, in political parlance, meaning that personal quality which in Europe causes the populace to take the horses from a man's carriage and draw it themselves, and which here excites intense eagerness to shake hands with him, and get his autograph, or a lock of his hair, or, in the case of woman, to kiss him. "Magnetism" does not seem to be necessarily connected with any particular kind of intellectual constitution. Webster had it, and so had, in a far greater degree, Clay. Jackson had it, but Calhoun had not, and the want of it is constantly mentioned still as a reason why some of the ablest men in the country need not look for a high place in the management of public affairs.

Now there is no denying that Grant does not possess "magnetism," in the sense in which the word is ordinarily used. His general bearing is not

that of a sympathetic man, of a man on whose breast one is tempted to lay one's head and weep. His look does not invite kisses, and his hair does not lend itself—to use a Gallicism—to being cut off in locks. He makes a poor figure at receptions when a few of his fellow-citizens "desire to take him by the hand." He shakes hands, even on the greatest occasions, with a cold, stern, impassive air, which naturally begets the impression that he does not enjoy shaking hands with some hundreds of people whom he never saw before, and this chills the more gushing of his admirers. We have on more than one occasion been present when the sight of his unmoved, and apparently immovable, features has reduced a smiling, glowing hand-shaker, who had just danced up to him with extended arm and an inane but carefully prepared compliment on his lips, in the twinkling of an eye to a limp, broken-down bore, for whom life had lost its charms and from whom earth had withdrawn its welcome. In fact, as a show candidate Grant is probably the worst that ever took the field, and to the class of politicians who attend to the spectacular part of a campaign, get up the serenades, the processions, the great effects and striking situations, he must be a source of continual trial and disappointment. For the use of these gentlemen Seymour is worth ten Grants, putting aside altogether Seymour's immense rhetorical superiority. Seymour really has "magnetism." He has the power of putting on his face a show of interest in the small affairs of other people, and of putting on an air of dignity which, strange as it may seem, is worth more to a public man in America than in any other country in the world; and he has what is perhaps more valuable than all, tears within easy reach. "As a weeper," to use Colonel Brown's language, "he surpasses Job Trotter;" and though tears shed publicly have in all ages been regarded by the more reflective of the race with extreme suspicion, they are still, and will probably always remain, very powerful with the multitude, if used sparingly and with tact.

It is undoubtedly this want of availability for spectacular purposes on Grant's part which created the doubts about his popularity which existed three months ago, and which have even made their way to Europe, and have been made the subject of wondering comment in a recent number of the London *Spectator*. There has never been a Presidential candidate with which those whose business it is to shift the scenes and arrange the lights and roll the thunder-barrels of the canvass have found it harder to deal. Compared, for instance, from their point of view, with Frémont, he seems a heavy burden for manufacturers of enthusiasm to carry. Frémont's way of wearing his hair was of itself sufficient to exert a powerful influence on the popular mind, while Grant's straight, and not particularly well-kempt locks, parted low down at the side, are singularly wanting in picturesqueness. Then, Frémont's face is one of those which, particularly to women, suggest vast possibilities, and it really did suggest vast possibilities during his canvass, as was shown by the expectations entertained of him when he went West to take the command at the beginning of the war. He was confidently expected by the sentimental portion of the Republican party, although he had never set a squadron in the field, to sweep through the Confederacy like a whirlwind, and the tenacity with which the same set of enthusiasts clung to his "Body-Guard," as one of the wonders of the contest, long after the general's own military pretensions had been reduced to ashes, was a striking illustration of the kind of stuff of which political enthusiasm is made.

Moreover, Frémont had the immense advantage—we are still looking at the matter from the theatrical point of view—of resting his claims to confidence on an exploit of which few people had heard till his nomination, and the nature of which was only imperfectly understood at any time. He was sung all over the land as "The Pathfinder of the Rocky Mountains." What this was exactly not many knew, but it had an awful sound, and closed the mouths of doubters as effectually as M. Jourdain's was closed by being raised to the dignity of "Mammamouchi." Grant's exploits, on the other hand, were so well known, so long dwelt on, so familiar in our mouths, before he was presented to us as a Presidential candidate at all, that none of us is much moved or excited when he is asked to vote for the hero of Vicksburg and Chattanooga—that is, for the man who has performed two of the greatest military exploits of a century which is crowded with the greatest wars of history. It would be hard to cite a more remarkable proof of the injurious effect on reputations which the exceeding publicity of our day causes. The newspapers literally take all the polish off great names, and wear out the fame of the most famous men in half a dozen years, owing to the jaded condition to which their iteration reduces the popular faculties of wonder and admiration. There is hardly a great military name in history which would retain much of its lustre if it had been exposed to the action of the periodical press, because there has to be in all really shining and enduring fame—all fame by which the imagination is really roused—a touch of mystery. Gustavus Adolphus, Wallenstein, the First Napoleon, Nelson, and even Wellington were happy in having lived and fought before the age of newspapers, and thus leaving memories dimly seen through the fog of oral tradition, of brief despatches, of ill-compiled chronicles, and of popular songs.

In our day the whole world stands by the hero on the quarter-deck or at his headquarters, pores over the map with him, reads his reports over his shoulder, watches him changing his shirt and eating his breakfast, holds his bottles up against the light to see what liquor he drinks, debates the probable effects of alcohol on the coats of his stomach and his nervous fibre, and in two or three years has heard the story of his battles so often that nine men out of ten begin to feel as if they could have won them themselves. Tests of this kind, of course, nothing but the first order of genius can endure. The minor heroes of even the greatest contests succumb under them. We know of few things in the annals of war more pathetic than the fate of Corse, of Allatoona. He is now, we believe, a revenue assessor or collector somewhere in the West, an obscure and almost forgotten man, and yet had he done in any of the great European campaigns what he did in Sherman's he would have been raised to lasting eminence. He held through a long day, with a handful of men, a position, on the retention of which Sherman's fortunes depended, against the assaults of a whole army, and this not as a solitary and unlooked-for display of resolution, but as the legitimate result of a faithful and dauntless character, for Sherman, when he saw from the heights of Kenesaw the smoke of battle round Allatoona, said he felt no anxiety, for he knew that Corse was there.

We are, and always have been, however, of the number of those who have not been troubled about the absence of enthusiasm about Grant personally, and for two reasons. One is, that we look on the qualities which do most to arouse enthusiasm, in the politician's sense of the word, as defects in a Presidential candidate; and the other is, that the rapid growth of the community in intelligence, experience, and self possession has made enthusiasm unnecessary for the winning of political victories. It is one of the unpleasant but suggestive truths of history, that the very worst enemies of the human race have been those who commanded most popular enthusiasm, and that it has, on the whole, done rather more for bad than for good causes. The exploits of "popular idols" have not always resulted in much good for humanity. The history of progress is, in fact, the history of the growing supremacy of reason over the affairs of men, of the relegation of feeling to the background, of the appearance of judgment as sovereign in fields once wholly given up to passion. Perhaps the most striking and significant feature of the American Revolution was the conduct of it by a silent, methodical, repelling-mannered man, who carried on war as a disagreeable business, and eagerly abandoned affairs of state for the raising of tobacco. It is difficult to avoid seeing in the selection of another man of a similar character for the place once held by Washington, at this second great crisis in the national affairs, an indication that his type of character is, after all, that which occupies the highest and most permanent place in the popular mind, and that after sixty years of gushing, noisy, "magnetic" politicians, with tears in their eyes for every woe, a long yarn for every passenger, and an empty harangue for every stump, the kind of public man whom, after all, most Americans would like to see their sons imitate, is a man like Washington or Grant, who has done much and said little, and to whom the effects of his acts on his "prospects" are amongst the last and least of considerations.

One other thing tells powerfully in Grant's favor, and that is the rapid growth not of this community only, but of all civilized communities, in those qualities which come with age in the individual man, that is, in distrust of mere sentiment in the management of affairs, and in the habit of weighing consequences and balancing pros and cons. The saying of Fletcher of Saltoun, which magazine writers have so long delighted to quote, "Let me make a people's songs, and I care not who makes their laws," has become, in fact, utterly worthless, considered as an epigrammatic statement of the proposition that the world is governed rather by sentiment than by reason. Nations cannot now be governed by songs. He who seeks to rule men in our day must convince them, not simply move them. Poetry itself, in becoming more metaphysical, shows the depth of the change which has come over the modern world. The same remark may be made of the popular novel, which perhaps more than any other species of literature influences popular thought. Even popular amusements grow more and more intellectual. Those which appealed wholly to the feelings have almost died out. Convivial songs, as we remarked the other day, which played so prominent a part in society in the last century, are no longer heard, or, if heard, the singing of them is looked on as a species of buffoonery. In fact, human character in the civilized world takes everywhere a

graver cast, and the effect of the change is naturally seen more distinctly in politics than in any other field of human activity. The chanting, weeping voter, carrying "the great statesman" on his shoulders, or following him blindly to the polls and hanging on his lips round the stump, is a spectacle which grows daily less and less familiar even to the mind's eye. In a few years more he will take his place in his historical niche, in the same row with the lord and serf, a creature of this world no longer. Even in the campaign now pending one sees in the speeches of the orators abundant signs that they are conscious of his vanishing. The vast majority of the addresses are argumentative to a degree never known before; personalities and clap-trap have never in any other campaign played so small a part; calm, unimpassioned appeals to the reason have never played so great a one; and this novel character of the oratory is made all the more striking by the fact that the contest follows close on a bloody war, and that the leaders on both sides are largely men who were conspicuous on opposing sides on the battle-field.

# Correspondence.

## MR. WHITTIER ON "CAMPAIGN SONGS."

To the Editor of the Nation:

No one feels more deeply than myself the importance of securing a Republican victory at the coming election. What little I can do to effect it shall be done. But I have written no song for the campaign, and shall write none. In the first place, I believe other and more practical appliances are needed. Nothing short of the harp of Orpheus, which "drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek," could exorcise or charm to sleep the evil spirits of Democracy. In the second place, I could not write a song if I tried.

The lines quoted in the *Nation* of the 10th inst. are simply garbled extracts from a poem, not a song, written at the close of the Mexican war, and the "crisis" to which they refer was the then pending question whether slavery should be held to its original limits or extended over a continent. Judging from the passages quoted, somebody has been very freely manipulating the text, interpolating and altering it without scruple, until, like the Palmer in "Marmion,"

> "The very mother that him bare
> Would not have known her child."

If the editor of the *Nation* will take the trouble to look at the poem itself, herewith enclosed, he will, I think, unhesitatingly acquit me of any intention of song-writing, and perhaps conclude that his critical shrewdness was a little at fault in not giving me the benefit of a doubt.

Amesbury, 11th, Ninth Month, 1868. John G. Whittier.

[We make whatever apology is proper for not recognizing our old acquaintance, "The Crisis," when it turned up as a campaign song. There certainly was a familiar look about it—indeed, that was commented on by the critic—but the mutilation of the fragment which alone was given prevented perfect recognition. This happened all the more easily that it was found, in the shape in which we published it, in a collection purporting to contain only the poetry of this campaign—a collection first printed some three or four weeks ago in the *Herald*. As for Mr. Whittier's incapacity for song-writing, we do not quite assent to his opinion. True songs he would not attempt, probably, but much of his poetry is fit for chanting, so to speak; indeed, "chants itself," and was perfectly well adapted for use in past campaigns.—Ed. Nation.]

## GENERAL BUTLER AT THE WORCESTER CONVENTION.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Will you permit me to say that I think you have attached altogether too much importance to General Butler's course at the Massachusetts Convention, and, indeed, have taken a wrong view of it? As the public eye is no little on General Butler, his position ought not to be mistaken.

At the Worcester Convention, General Butler had two objects to effect. In both these he not only failed, but signally, conspicuously, and confessedly failed. His first point was to prevent the Convention from taking any action upon the subject of the payment of the bonds. To this end, he made three speeches, one the night before and two at the Convention. In neither of them did he venture to defend or even to state his position. In all three of them he urged that no action be had on the subject. To this he bent all his force. He was personally well enough received by an audience of two thousand persons, delegates and lookers-on; but what was the result? The result was that the Committee on Resolutions introduced the strongest resolution in favor of the payment of the bonds that any Convention has passed yet. It calls for payment "in gold and silver," and denounces the payment in greenbacks as "a fraud on those who trusted the country." A chairman was appointed to introduce the resolutions, who, it was known, was prepared to defend this resolution if attacked by General Butler. When read, this resolution drew out special applause. General Butler made no attempt to object to it on any ground, and it passed with no opposing voice. General Butler may have found consolation in the newspaper reporter's "tremendous applause" at his hard hits on the Democrats, but he totally failed in all he cared about, and knew it, and the whole Convention knew it.

His other object was to secure the nomination of his co-laborer, Dr. Loring, for Governor. In this, too, he met with a decided and rather a mortifying defeat. To secure this nomination he made a speech the night before at the meeting so much looked to to influence the action of the next day. This speech was a failure. He made a mistake of judgment, which was taken full advantage of by the gentlemen who followed him, and it was felt that General Butler lost prestige. The next day, one of his two speeches was to withdraw his candidate. This is not all. He was obliged to admit in terms that he withdrew him absolutely, with no compromise, and because he could not be chosen. If he had done less, a ballot would have been demanded.

Now this was the position of General Butler. He lost prestige. He was a humbler man when he left the Convention than when he came to it. He saw that he had no support of any consequence, either in character or numbers, for his position on finance, or for his candidate. He made his third speech to recover credit, in the State and abroad. In that he talked only on matters as to which Republicans had no difference, and talked well enough, and gave no opportunity for reply. And the truth is, the majority felt that it was a kindness to give him applause on those points, as he was down on the others.

Any fair-minded person present will corroborate my statement. I do not wish to see *éclat* given to General Butler by the *Nation* to which he is not entitled, and his failure turned into a triumph, merely because he spoke loud and often. Massachusetts.

Boston, September 19, 1868.

## ABSTRACT RIGHT OF COPYRIGHT.

To the Editor of the Nation:

I have read diligently such arguments as have fallen in my way in favor of international copyright, including your own, and regret to find myself unsatisfied. I say regret, because in a modest way my own affinities are with the literary guild, and it is more comfortable to find one's self agreeing with one's class; and besides, I own to being a little staggered by the weight of respectable opinion that seems to set that way. Still, without being satisfied, I do not dogmatize on the other side, but should like a better statement of the whole ground, such as no doubt you may be able to present.

In the first place, I demur to the assumption of the abstract justice of the case by which you appear to me desirous to foreclose all argument. If a point of abstract right is to be assumed on either side, I hold it should be the abstract right of mankind, or of the community, to the best service that any man can give—especially the best intellectual service that any man can give. To take an extreme case, an English physician states that at any given time there are from twenty-five to thirty thousand cancer patients in Great Britain. If any man, at any outlay of genius or skill, should discover a remedy for that disorder, it would be a crime against humanity to monopolize the discovery for his private gain. And this view of the case is enforced not by statute, perhaps, but at any rate by the professional code, which denounces a secret remedy as empiricism or imposture. Now, when we are dealing with the abstract right of the case, this point of professional honor or morals gives, I think, the true ground of judgment which should apply, if it were possible, in every line of genius, science, or educated skill. I entirely accept, as to this, the doctrine of Comte, that the man is to be regarded only as the limb, or servant of humanity, and under an absolute obligation to do it the best service he can. And in this view—as long as we stand on the ground of abstract right—absolute free-trade in thought, and in all the highest productions of thought, is the real ground for us to occupy. At least, I still wait to be convinced of the contrary.

And so it is not till we come from the ground of abstract right to the service to the need of the service itself, that the argument for copyright fairly comes in. That is, it is purely a matter of expediency or public interest. Comte himself denied both the right and the expediency, appealing to his own example in giving his own immense labors as a free gift to the public. In this particular instance it was only the gift of a moderate

debt to his publisher; and so it may not be thought to add much to the force of his argument. But—till further advised—this seems to me the only safe and right ground for a copyright-law at all: to give every author, or thinker, or inventor a sufficient inducement to do his very best work for the public, and a reasonable security against pecuniary loss. When the law has done this, it has done, I consider, all that the law can be justly called on to do. And it is quite indifferent whether it does this by copyright, patent-right, pension, bounty, or special commission—as to an artist, or to a corps of scientific explorers. The business of the legislator, as representing the interest of the public, is to secure the very best result from the intellectual force and training actually extant in the community. Doubtless he secures this most conveniently and cheaply on the whole, and with least odium or scandal, by the temporary monopoly of a copyright. And this I hold to be the only tenable ground on which any copyright-law at all can be defended.

Again, the efficiency of a law to secure its object is the only test, I admit, of its sufficiency. Whether an international copyright is desirable or not, justifiable or not, depends purely, I think, on whether the monopoly under a single government is a sufficient protection or encouragement to develop the best mental activity of the people under it. In Belgium, for instance, a kingdom only as large as Vermont, it clearly was not enough. So Belgium developed little or no native genius, and was a sharp thorn besides to the French publishing interest; and an international copyright treaty was fairly justified by the peculiar case. England and America offer a very different state of things. Either of them, singly, offers the largest reading public in the world, with the possible exception of Germany; and the statistics of authorship seem to show that the existing laws offer all the encouragement that can be decently or righteously claimed. That there are irregularities in the book-trade which need the attention of our law-makers, I am not in the least disposed to deny: I take Mr. Parton's word for it. That some form of international copyright may not even yet prove the only way to deal with them, I am not qualified to dispute. But I have yet to see any statement of the case which should satisfy me of the expediency or the essential justice of subjecting the commerce of thought between the two countries to the conditions which either might impose, or of sacrificing the public advantage and convenience to abstract and imaginary claims.

One other consideration was suggested by the last article I saw in the *Nation* upon this subject. It was, if I remember correctly, recommended to authors to take very high ground of personal rights in urging the matter upon legislators—to complain, in short, of having been systematically defrauded of a just claim in all past legislation. The virtual claim for damages thus presented seems to me to offer a very fair illustration of the bog we shall run into if we persist in arguing this question on abstract grounds. I do not know how it would be legally; but, in justice, surely the claims of longest standing are the ones that should be settled first; and a claim of so lofty a nature as this is asserted to be, I suppose, could never be outlawed. To say nothing of the suits for damages that might be brought from the heirs of Shakespeare, or Milton, or of the translators of the Bible (if any are now alive), it is a little hazardous—is n't it?—to admit in advance our liability for the enormous bill for arrears sure to be presented by the family of Thackeray, and the living Dickens and Reade.

Ann Arbor, Michigan, September 9, 1868. A.

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["A." can hardly have read *attentively* what has appeared in the *Nation* on this subject. We have not argued it anywhere from the point of view of "abstract right." What we have said is, that a man's property in his writings rests on the same basis as his property in his house, and is entitled to the same protection from society. What that basis is we have not discussed, though we have not the slightest objection to state what we think about it at the proper time. We have said, moreover, that in our opinion the reason why people fancy that property in books is peculiar, is that the means required for its protection are peculiar—it being the only kind of property which cannot be protected without giving the owner a monopoly. We, too, accept Comte's doctrine, that "the man is the limb, or servant of humanity, and is under an obligation to do it the best service he can," but we deny emphatically that legislators are bound to enforce this obligation by penal legislation, or by the refusal of protection for the fruits of a man's labor. I am bound to use my fortune as well as my ideas for the benefit of my fellow-men; but it would be in the highest degree inexpedient and tyrannical for the magistrate to step in and regulate my expenditure to that end; and yet this is substantially what society does to the author when it refuses him a copyright, or at the end of a certain period delivers his books to be scrambled for by the reading public. It would undoubtedly be a very fine thing if every man were to use all the money he accumulates, over and above what is necessary to furnish a comfortable maintenance for himself and his family, in works of public utility; but it only needs a very little study of history and of human nature to teach us that if men were compelled by law to do this, it would simply result in fatal injury to civilization and the drying up of the fountains of charity. The business of the legislator is no doubt "to secure the very best results from the intellectual force and training extant in the community," but the experience of mankind and the principles of human nature both teach us that he is doing this most effectually when he is providing ample *security* for *all* species of property. In fact, the provision of security is the great end of civil society. Attempts to justify the practice of stealing authors' writings, selling them, and pocketing the money, on high humanitarian grounds, strike us as closely resembling the old Southern mode of justifying the slave-trade, by alleging the desirableness of bringing "the benighted African under the benign influence," etc.

The last article in the *Nation* on this subject did advise authors "to take very high ground of personal right in urging the matter on legislators;" but that an inconvenient claim for mesne profits might be based on this ground is an objection which we confess did not occur to us, and does not now strike us as very forcible. The answer is, when the heirs of Milton and Shakespeare and of the translators of the Bible, and the families of Dickens and Thackeray, bring in their bill, we shall not pay it, and shall leave them to their legal remedy, which we suspect they will not easily find. Moreover, the argument, that if we acknowledge the existence of an abuse, those who have suffered from it will start up and claim damages, is one which might be used against all reform. If you cheapen and quicken justice, for instance, you are bound, it might be said, to compensate those who have suffered from the law's costliness and delays.—Ed. Nation.]

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## MARINI'S PROCESS.

To the Editor of the Nation:

In No. 158 of the *Nation*, current series, a very interesting letter from Florence, descriptive of Prof. Marini's wonderful discoveries in the mummification and petrifaction of animal tissues, was published. Since that time, in No. 26 of Vol. XV. of the *Friend*, a publication of the Society of Friends, I have stumbled upon a description of a similar process of petrifaction, which I thought might interest some of your readers. The paper from which I copy the article was published in Philadelphia, in February, 1842. I do not know, but suppose that Dr. Valentine Mott was the author of the "Travels" from which it was quoted. As an instance of the periodicity of invention it is certainly curious.

"CHEMICAL PROCESS OF PETRIFYING HUMAN FLESH.

"The most novel and piquant treat of all others to me, in the beautiful capital of Florence, was my several visits to Signor Sigate, a scientific gentleman possessed of a wonderful art, unique and unknown to all the world beside.

"Incredible, if not marvellous, as it may seem, he had discovered a chemical process by which he could actually *petrify* in a very short time every animal substance, preserving permanently and with minute accuracy its form and internal texture, and in such a state of *stony hardness* that it could be *sawed* into slabs and elegantly polished!

"He had in this way formed a museum of various animals, such as frogs, fishes, toads, snakes, and a great variety of parts of the human body in a natural and diseased state. In my presence he threw the human liver, lungs, heart, and other parts thus petrified about the floor with perfect impunity and without the least injury being done to them.

"Still more curious, he had, with Italian taste, cut them into small polished squares and arranged them into complete tables of mosaic work, so that it gave him as much delight as it did me astonishment to find that I could with my finger designate to him on this precious centre-table for a surgeon's drawing-room the appropriate name and character of each individual object thus spread out before me in a pathological chart of real specimens.

"Thus a pulmonary tubercle or ulcer here, a hydatid of the liver there, a cicatrix in the brain in another compartment, and a calculus in the kidney or ossification of the heart's auricles and valves in a fourth.

"It struck me that for all anatomical and surgical purposes and all objects of natural history this was an art of inappreciable value, and the most desirable ever discovered; and with that view I conversed with him relative to a visit to our country, believing it would be of national importance if we could have the benefit of his services. I even entered into some preliminaries of a negotiation, with the design of obtaining him for my own

purposes, but I found him sadly involved in debt, and that his demands were too exorbitant to be complied with.

"I, however, made him liberal offers, and did not entirely despair that he would have acceded to them, when, to my regret, about three weeks after we left Florence, I was informed by letter that he was suddenly attacked with a violent inflammation of the lungs which proved fatal, and, what is as much to be deplored, that his unprecedented discovery died with him. He never would divulge the least part of his marvellous process, but when pressed by me on the subject, hinted that he had acquired it in his various journeys in remote Eastern countries; and it is to be fondly hoped that some one may ere long appear who, in pursuing this enquiry, will be enabled to recover the art among those people from whom he intimated he had obtained it.

"It is worthy of observation how, in this extraordinary process, art accomplishes in so short a time what nature requires so long a period to effect, and then never with anything comparable to the perfection, we may say almost identity, with which the mode preserves an exact *fac-simile* of the original—in fact, the *original itself*. In this surprising and almost magic art not only, as we have said, the precise exterior outline is faithfully and exactly represented, but also the most minute and delicate interior arrangement of structure admirably perpetuated; as, for example, the entire viscera of the chest and abdomen, with all their varied and beautiful convolutions, were clearly exhibited, retaining even the colors of the blood-vessels in preparations of frogs, birds, and other animals, besides the human body.— *Dr. Mott's Travels.*"

S. Smith Griffith.

Richmond, Indiana, Sept. 16, 1868.

[Reference was made to the Sigate process in the letter of our Italian correspondent, and to the fact that it had perished with the discoverer.—Ed. Nation.]

# Notes.

## LITERARY.

During this month Ticknor & Fields will publish these works: "What Answer? A Story of To-day," by Miss Anna E. Dickinson; "Smoking and Drinking," by James Parton; "Yes and Perhaps," a new volume of stories by Edward Everett Hale; "Plain Thoughts on the Art of Living," by Washington Gladden, who is, we believe, a clergyman, and an essayist in the *Springfield Republican*. In October, the same house will issue several poetical works, but it announces one book, "Halpine's Poems," which, according to the *Citizen*, is to be published by Harper & Brothers, and by "no New England house." To the "diamond" editions of favorite authors a "Scott" is to be added. "Locksley Hall" is to appear in a small quarto with nineteen illustrations, by Mr. W. J. Hennessy, and we are to have a new book of poetry by Longfellow—"The New England Tragedies," of which none has yet appeared in print. "The Atlantic Almanac for 1869" will also appear in October, and in the same month we are to have the long-promised "Passages from the American Note Books of Nathaniel Hawthorne." In the month of November another often announced book will appear—Browning's new narrative poem, and a new volume of poems by Lowell. "Saul," a Dramatic Poem, by Charles Heavysege, is, we presume, the Canadian poem with that title which Doctor Holmes in the *Atlantic* some years ago praised highly, being therein very kind. The author of that "Saul" has since been writing other scriptural poetry for the *New Dominion Monthly;* we remember a poem founded on the story of Jezebel, which, if it did not quite exhaust the capabilities of that great subject, was yet not without an occasional strong passage. "Dramatic" poems, however, we are not likely to get from Mr. Heavysege. Lucy Larcom, too, is to be published in November, appearing as a poet; "The Diary and Correspondence of Henry Crabbe Robinson" is to be published from advance sheets; there is to be a "Red Line Whittier," complete, with illustrations; there is to be a new book—"The Gates Ajar"—by Miss E. Stuart Phelps; a new book by Mrs. Stowe, which is to be called "Old Town Folks;" and a new Longfellow's "Hyperion," which, with twenty-four photographs of the Rhine, Switzerland, and the Tyrol, cannot help but be a very charming book for all young gentlemen and ladies, to say nothing of all people who remember having been such.——"On the Wing" is an illustrated book for youthful sportsmen. "The Flower and the Star" is a juvenile book written and illustrated by Mr. W. J. Linton. "The King's Lily and Rosebud" is by Mrs. Diaz, and "Cast Away in the Cold" is a story of adventures in the ice by Dr. Hayes. This is certainly a promising list of books.——Messrs. Porter & Coates, of Philadelphia, announce new editions, illustrated by Mr. F. O. C. Darley, of "The Scottish Chiefs" and "The Children of the Abbey."——Messrs. Harper & Brothers announce "Theatrical Management in the South and West for Thirty Years," by Mr. Sol Smith, a retired actor.——Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co. announce the speedy appearance in book form of Mrs. Davis's "Dallas Galbraith."——Messrs. Hurd & Houghton announce "Poems," by Mr. John James Piatt, and a series of plays with the general title, "The Standard Drama, as Performed by Edwin Booth." Each play will be published separately. The same firm have just achieved an enviable stroke in engaging Hans Christian Andersen as a regular contributor to their *Riverside Magazine*, which now will have to be read by the elders of the household as well as by the children, who long have had excellent reason to delight in it. Mr. Andersen's stories begin with the November number. The announcements of "juveniles" begin to be very numerous, but it is hardly necessary for us to mention such as we do not review. As a rule, neither the names of the books nor of the authors convey any intelligence to the reader.

—We have received the "Prospectus of the Philadelphia School of Design for Women," for the school year commencing September 14, 1868, from which we gather that the school has been in operation for twenty-five years; and inasmuch as we find among its recent benefactors some of the most philanthropic and liberal citizens of Philadelphia, we conclude that it has served and is serving a useful purpose, and is worthy to be sustained. "The courses of instruction pursued in the school," we are told on page 10, "have for their object the systematic training of young women in the practice of art, and in the knowledge of its scientific principles, with the view of qualifying them to impart to others a careful art-education, and to develop its application to the common uses of life, and its relation to the requirements of trade and manufactures." And at the termination of the elementary studies, it appears from page 15, "the student will be conducted through whatever special branch of practical art she may possess the aptitude for. These branches consist of pattern designing, lithography, landscape, and figure painting in oil, etc.," instruction not differing much, we apprehend, from that given at the Cooper Union in this city. So much depends on the teachers that we are not disposed to criticise the course laid down in this programme, nor do we mean to say that it is faulty. We hope, however, we shall not be accused of unfriendliness if we say that we have been somewhat amused by the catalogue of the "art studies" of the school, at least by the description of the casts, and the typographical and historical errors contained in them. The Apollo Belvedere, for instance, is said to have been found at Rettuno, near Rome, where Porto d'Anzo should be read; and a knowledge of some recent important discoveries concerning this statue might have prevented the quoting of high-flown laudation, such as Winckelmann set the example of. One has only to know that the Belvedere is a feeble copy of a Greek original, the head of which has probably been found, and, although mutilated, far surpasses the head of the complete statue, to place a proper value on Sir R. Westmacott's dictum, p. 22: "The head of the Apollo conveys more instruction than any other in existence; and he who is fully acquainted with and capable of producing an exact imitation of the head (and the same may be said of the feet), may say he is thoroughly grounded in the grammar of his art." And in the next catalogue we hope it will be pointed out that the left fore-arm is a wholly mistaken restoration, and that instead of walking in one direction, looking in another, and shooting in a third, the god is holding a Medusa-head (ægis) above the hosts whom he is called to smite, as on the plains on Troy, or at Delphi, when the Gauls under Brennus were routed with great portents of thunder and lightning and the falling of rocks.

—We would contribute something towards furnishing Archbishop Purcell, of Cincinnati, with a copy of Professor Domenico Berti's "Vita di Giordano Bruno da Nola," an historical character whose acquaintance the archbishop first made when driven to the encyclopædia by Rev. Mr. Vickers in their late controversy. We owe this valuable work to Professor Berti's sagacious inference from a letter discovered by Ranke, that unknown documents probably existed in the dei Frari archives at Venice. Thither accordingly he went in 1858, and in January, 1862, succeeded in obtaining a copy of the entire proceedings against Bruno, valuable not so much for the light thrown on the inquisitorial trial as for contemporary testimony concerning the previous life of the accused, and his own narrative or autobiography. The author has thus been enabled to correct many dates and fill many gaps in Bruno's history as hitherto written, particularly supplying the date of his birth (1548), which was before obscure, and an account never before given of the thirteen years between 1563 and 1576, embracing his novitiate and entrance into the priesthood, in both of which stages it now appears that his heretical tendencies subjected him to investigations; and the second was so serious that it occasioned his flight from Naples to Rome, the beginning of those restless wanderings which were to end in the latter city at the stake. It was there also that he resumed his baptismal name of Filippo. At Geneva he corrected proof for a

living. At Toulouse he obtained the doctorate which entitled him to teach in all the universities of Europe, according to the custom of that time—another fact of which his biographers have been ignorant. Professor Berti also reveals the cause of Bruno's quitting Würtemberg, which was the death of the Elector Augustus and the predominance of the Calvinists in that city. Finally, how Bruno was induced to leave Frankfort for Venice is clearly explained, and the infamy of his betrayal fixed upon Giovanni Mocenigo, who had invited him to become his teacher, then accused him before the Inquisition, and even arrested him in advance of orders in his own house. All his books and writings on hand were seized, including two works, one on the "Predicaments of God," the other on the "Seven Liberal Arts," which Berti suspects to be in the archives of Rome. Sentence of extradition was pronounced upon him January 7, 1593. His execution was delayed for seven years (February 17, 1600). Professor Berti purposes treating in a separate work of the philosophy of Bruno.

—The life of another great Italian, Giovanni Battista Vico, has been rewritten, and better than by any previous biographer, by Professor Carlo Cantoni (Turin, 1867). Vico may be justly regarded as the father of modern philology, since he first pointed out the service which the study of language would afford to the understanding of history, and made practical application of his theory. He anticipated Wolf, Niebuhr, and Mommsen (in Roman history, particularly as to the struggles between patricians and plebeians), and Müller in mythology, and his rank as an original thinker is constantly rising the more his works are read. The poverty under which he labored, and the sacrifices which he made in getting his writings published, render his life a sadly interesting one.

—An Austrian statistician, with an Italian-looking name, Brachelli, has written a work on the various peoples of Austria, and in it he gives the proportion which the races bear to each other. The table, for which, of course, we cannot vouch, illustrates the heterogeneous composition of the empire very well. In every thousand, then, 254 are Germans, 186 Cechs and Slovacks, 154 (perhaps too little?) Magyars, 85 Ruthenians, 83 Croats and Serbs, 82 Wallachs, 68 Poles, 34 Slovens, 32 Israelites, 16 Italians, and 6 not classified.

—About's theory in regard to desiccation, as laid down in his curious and amusing story, "The Man with the Broken Ear," is now being illustrated by the experiments of a Mr. Bert, of whom we know only the name, and that he made the following experiment: He dried a rat's tail under the bell of an air-pump, and in immediate proximity to concentrated sulphuric acid, so as to deprive it gradually of all moisture. Then, for what reason is not stated, he put it into a hermetically-sealed glass tube, in which it remained four or five days. Next, he put it into a stove, where he subjected it for some hours to a temperature of 98° centigrade, and subsequently sealed it up a second time in the tube. "Four days more having elapsed," says the *Medical and Surgical Reporter*, "he united this tail by its cut extremity to the freshly cut stump of a living healthy rat and quietly awaited the result." The tail soon—we are not told how soon—began to expand and perform all "the natural duties of a tail"—and one other, we may add; namely, that of supporting the doctrine that what we call life is function. Three months afterwards the unfortunate rat was compelled to assist at a second amputation, and Mr. Bert proved conclusively that the once desiccated tail was furnished with all proper vessels, and was a living part of the second rat.

## MR. T. H. KEY'S PHILOLOGICAL ESSAYS.*

ENGLISH philologists have in time past been very ready to acknowledge their inferiority to the Germans in the details of erudition, being content to claim for themselves—and with good right—that their own scholarship was at any rate more elegant, and exempt from pedantic trifling. So each school possessed its own points of superiority. Of late, however, each has been encroaching somewhat on the other's domains. The Germans, under the lead of Boeckh and Ottfried Müller, have learned to impart a genuine vitality to their ponderous and precise erudition, and the best of them fall noways behind the English in practical and appreciative treatment of scholastic subjects. The English, too, have entered the field of minute investigation—in which, indeed, the memory of the great Bentley would forbid them to feel themselves intruders—and men like Donaldson and Key are rapidly giving their countrymen a wider reputation for exact scholarship.

It must be confessed that the task of the Germans is easier than that of the English. The patient fidelity in the smallest details which is characteristic of the German school, is the only possible preparation for a broad and generous comprehension of great truths. But the mind which has become habituated to general principles alone, and the elegancies rather than the accuracies of scholarship, is impatient of the dry and tedious labor its new undertaking demands of it, and is prone to hasty generalizations and inconclusive reasonings. Again, the English scholars lack the peculiar advantage of the division of labor which the Germans enjoy. The work of philological inquiry is, on the Continent, so thoroughly systematized, every step taken is so exactly appreciated and noted, and the whole army of inquirers is so thoroughly imbued with one spirit, and so used to a practical co-operation with one another at every step, that there is in the long run no labor wasted, because every one knows just what has been already done and especially what needs to be done next. The English scholar, on the other hand, is half the time working in the dark, doing over again what has already been done before, and often announces at last, as the results of his own investigation, points that were long ago admitted—or, it may be, rejected—on the Continent, or even in England. Thus Mr. Key, in the present volume, p. 151, gravely announces, as the fruit of his own reasoning and reading, that *atque* properly means "and what is more"—a definition which he might have found in nearly the same words in the very first lesson of so common a school text-book as Arnold's "Latin Prose Composition."

There is much, therefore, in these essays which is neither new nor important, especially many of Mr. Key's ingenious derivations seem as farfetched as any of those he criticises in Bopp and his followers. As most of these are points of the most recondite nature, we will pass over all the preliminary essays to the closing one: "*Quæritur*. The Sanskrit Language as the Basis of Linguistic Science; and the Labors of the German School in that Field—are they not overvalued?" Here is a fundamental and vital discussion touching the whole science of linguistics. Unfortunately Mr. Key, although Professor of Comparative Grammar, confesses himself wholly ignorant of Sanskrit; so that, however well argued his case may be, it is impossible it should receive full credit—even perhaps all that belongs to it.

In the first part of this article are contained doubts in regard to the etymologies derived from primitive roots by the critical method of philological analysis. The writer objects to the "excessive generality" with which words are derived by Bopp from roots of various forms, but with the one meaning "to go." And in the postscript, after reading an article in the *North American Review* (October, 1867), which he ascribes "to a distinguished professor of Yale College," he says, p. 310, "I rise with the satisfactory feeling that my inquiry into the doings of German Sanskritists has not been in vain." This feeling would perhaps have somewhat abated if Mr. Key had read the following passage from Professor Whitney's eleventh lecture on linguistic science, p. 398, in which the principle of Bopp's derivations is stated in the most decided terms:

> "We have seen that the final perfection of the noblest languages has been the result of a slow and gradual development, under the impulse of tendencies, and through the instrumentality of processes, which are even yet active in every living tongue; that all this wealth has grown by long accumulation out of an original poverty; and that the actual germs of language were a scanty list of formless roots, representing a few of the most obvious sensible acts and phenomena appearing in ourselves, our fellow-creatures, and the nature by which we are surrounded."

In Part II. Mr. Key denounces the title "Schrift- und Laut-System" of the opening chapter in Bopp's "Vergleichende Grammatik," as unphilosophical, viz., "the precedence given to writing over sound." Mr. Key seems to forget that Bopp had to deal with languages which, by the means of "writing" only, have come down to our time, and that the writing, the "Schrift" in which the "sound" is embodied, must be precedent to the sound. The written symbols must be the starting point of the linguist. And we believe that Prof. Czermak's apparatus, to show the action of the *chordæ vocales*, sustain Bopp's theory of the original vowels (*Urvocale*, a, i, u), and no etymologist will differ from Bopp's proposition.

Mr. Key says, p. 277, that Bopp's "definition of the Semitic family as one having dissyllabic roots is at variance with the doctrine, now maintained by many of the first Hebrew scholars, that these apparent roots are, in truth, secondary forms." This assertion shows that the author of "Quæritur" is not acquainted with the state of the question concerning the triliteral (dissyllabic) Hebrew roots. No Hebrew scholar can deny that there actually exist triliteral Hebrew roots, and Ewald rightly observed that etymologies, to reduce the triliteral roots to biliteral, must go back beyond the historical age of Semitic forms (see "Whitney's Lectures," p. 301). During the seventeenth century the reduction of the triliteral Hebrew roots to biliteral ones was proposed for the first time, and afterwards the

* "Philological Essays. By T. Hewitt Key, M.A., F.R.S., formerly Professor of Mathematics in the University of Virginia, U. S.; then of Latin in University College, London; now of Comparative Grammar in the same, and Head Master of the School." London: Bell & Daldy, York Street, Covent Garden. 1868. 8vo. Pp. 336.

heads of the critical Hebrew school, Gesenius and Ewald, hinted that by succeeding in this reduction we could, perhaps, find some radical affinity between Hebrew and Sanskrit. Klaproth made the attempt, but did not succeed (1828). Nor did E. Meyer, in his "Hebräisches Wurzel-Wörterbuch" (1845), succeed in solving that great problem of reducing the triliteral Hebrew roots to biliteral. In 1838 and 1840 two masters of the Hebrew tongue, Fürst, of Leipzig (himself a Jew), and Delitzsch, of Halle, endeavored to break down the wall of partition between the Japhetic and Semitic languages. But overlooking the facts of Egyptian philology, revealed by Champollion's grammar and Dr. Lepsius's Coptic researches, they did not come to any convincing result. The link between the Japhetic and Semitic languages has been found in the Egyptian (Coptic) language. Though comparative philology leads irresistibly to the assumption that the Semitic languages started from biliteral roots, and the Egyptian monuments prove that the triliteral form is only the consequence of a comparatively late and peculiar organic development, there exist triliteral forms which cannot be reduced to a biliteral root. It may be here mentioned that on the Behistun inscription there have been found over twenty triliteral roots of the ancient Chaldee. According to such a state of the question, Bopp's definition of the Semitic family as one having dissyllabic roots is perfectly right. Compare Bunsen's "Philosophy of Universal History, Applied to Language and Religion," vol. i., p. 172, *et seq.*

In the distribution of languages into classes, Bopp called the Chinese language monosyllabic. Mr. Key, pp. 276 and 277, says: "The author appears to have been led astray by the consideration of written language. No doubt the Chinese is to the eye monosyllabic. To the ear not so; for it is well known to those who have learnt to speak the language in China itself, that it abounds in dissyllabic and polysyllabic words, whose unity, as with us, is denoted by the possession of a single accent. Thus Bopp is simply wrong in his statement of facts about the Chinese language." Here we must simply say of Mr. Key, "si tacuisset, philosophus mansisset." For by monosyllabic Bopp did not understand a language in which the speaker feels every syllable as a distinct sound, expressive of a distinct meaning, but only a language which by a very easy analysis can be reduced to monosyllabic elements. Compare W. D. Whitney's "Lectures on Language," Lect. VII., p. 257, where he says: "One tongue, the Chinese—as we shall see more particularly further on (in the ninth lecture)—has never advanced out of its primitive monosyllabic stage; its words remain even to the present day simple radical syllables, closely resembling the Indo-European roots, formless, not in themselves parts of speech, but made such only by their combination into sentences, where the connection and the evident requirements of the sense show in what signification and relation each is used."

There are some other points in which Mr. Key has exhibited a rash judgment, but it will be unnecessary to dwell upon them in order to show that he will be alone in his conviction, that his readers will not so readily give their assent to such propositions as the following: "Prof. Max Müller tells us (lectures, p. 147), that 'his (Bopp's) work will form for ever the safe and solid foundation of comparative philology.'" We would only add that it will be of little consequence whether or not Mr. Key and his readers acknowledge Max Müller's proposition, and that during reading the article "*Quæritur*" we were all the while reminded of Schiller's verse:

"Wenn die Könige bau'n, haben die Kärrner zu thun."

## THE MAGAZINES FOR OCTOBER.

*Putnam's* for this month opens with two good articles; indeed, the scrap of poetry that comes between "Up and Down Mont Blanc, by a New York Merchant," and "Sainte-Beuve, the Critic," is not so bad that we might not say that the magazine begins with three good articles. The New York merchant, whoever he is, has reason to be proud of his literary success. So far as we know, nothing in the way of describing the ascent of Mont Blanc has ever been done nearly so well as his description. Aside from the pleasure that one gets from the vividness of the description, there is pleasure in noting how much of a New Yorker and a merchant the writer was even among the Alps, impressive as the Alps were to him. By a dozen touches he makes us know that while he was there Wall Street, or "the corner of Church and Leonard," was in Switzerland. "Sainte-Beuve as a Critic" is a careful article, which will be read with pleasure and profit. Sainte-Beuve, as a man, is not dealt with. Considering him in the only aspect in which it is worth while to regard him, the essay before us is not too eulogistic. For other articles *Putnam's* has a clever and readable discourse upon "Mine Oyster," of which the Crustaceous Tourist of *Blackwood's* of old need not have been ashamed; a pleasant piece of verse entitled "The Maple Tree;" an intelligent article on Puseyism and Ritualism —"The Protestant Protest against Protestantism;" a sensible talk about "University Life in Germany;" another, and we hope a final, instalment of "Too True: a Story of To-day;" half-a-dozen other pieces of more or less degrees of readability; two good book notices, and some very good "Table-Talk." Altogether, we have not heretofore seen a *Putnam's* that one might so well buy and read.

In *Lippincott's*, as usual, the best thing is the "Monthly Gossip," which always contains literary intelligence of interest. This month it is more varied and valuable than common. Thackeray is popularly believed to have been only second to Macaulay in knowledge of the Augustan—Anne-Augustan—age of English literature, and, according to Sidney Smith, Macaulay would find his proper hell after death in being compelled to sit silent while other condemned people loudly gave false dates for occurrences of the time of Queen Anne. But *Lippincott's* Monthly Gossipper says that a friend of his dining with Thackeray just after the "English Humorists" had appeared, asked him how in the world he could have written his dissertation on flogging without mention of Steele's paper in the *Tatler* on the same subject. Steele, like Thackeray, was a Charter-House boy. "By Jove," Thackeray said, "you don't mean to say that Steele has written on the subject? I would have given fifty pounds to have known it at the time." So Thackeray wrote about Sir Richard without making a careful study of his works—a circumstance of which Mr. Adams Hill, as next friend of Sterne, will, perhaps, not be sorry to hear. The Gossipper has a word to say, too, about the *Lanterne*. He was lucky enough to receive a copy of the first number that was issued after M. Rochefort's imprisonment. The sort of war that is waged by that young gentleman may be learned from this so-called epigram, which has nothing to recommend it but its possible truth and its extreme impudence. His Majesty and the Modern Diogenes are talking together:

"Emperor. Find you, O *Lanterne* bearer! let me ask
No one of my adherents honest—no man?
Rochefort. Alas! dread Dutchman, 'tis my harder task
In your mamma to find an honest woman!"

The coming General Council, the Gossipper learns "from a Catholic source, which he has generally found trustworthy," is going to occupy itself with four matters: first, with the reunion of the Eastern churches with the Holy See; secondly, with the improvement of the education of the clergy; thirdly, with the modernization of the religious orders, several of which will be merged into one body; fourthly, with the unsettled relations between the Church and civil governments, and with deciding what ecclesiastical claims are to be yielded and what insisted upon. All friends of Mr. Hanson and Eleazar Williams will be interested in reading a letter to the Gossipper from Dr. Samuel Jackson, who deposes and says that the late Jacob Snider—who was the executor of Mr. John Vaughan, whose brother Benjamin was a member of the English Parliament—did in 1855 show to him—Dr. Jackson—a letter written by Benjamin Vaughan at Basle, in Switzerland, in which it was said, "The little Capet is to be exchanged here in about ten days or a fortnight." It is apparent how easy it would have been to ship "the little Capet" down the river to Rotterdam, and from Rotterdam to America. It is not so apparent, however, how all this concerns the Rev. Mr. Williams.

"Dallas Galbraith" is concluded in this month's *Lippincott's*. We were going to say that it is, to our mind, Mrs. Davis's worst story yet. But, after all, good as they are in their way, they are all bad with the same badness, and one is not worse or better than another. "Tom, the Tinker" is a historical sketch of the "Whiskey Rebellion," which is better known by its name than its nature. The article is clumsy in style, but will be read with pleasure. Mr. Bristed writes the second and last of his papers on "The Dispute about Liberal Education," and makes remarks which, if not particularly new, are worth attention from their soundness. "Vox Populi" is of some value for its statistics of elections; and "January Searle" makes a readable article on "Woodcocks and the Killing of Them;" but, on the whole, *Lippincott's* for October we find neither so valuable nor so interesting as it ought to be.

In *Harper's* we always turn first to the "Easy Chair," having a reasonable ground of hope that the occupant of that piece of furniture will please us and instruct us. This month he talks about the unsafety—if there is such a word—of most of our theatres and public halls; about the folly of American and British Tories who are terrified at Democracy; and, finally, about the maxim that we are to say nothing of the dead unless what we are able to say is in their praise. It is a maxim, he would say, which was made in the interest of the newly dead, and which even in their case is to be obeyed only when we are in the presence of their friends. For the rest, if a man's life has been public property, so is his death also. The body of the magazine is made up of matter which, as usual, is very remarkably

well adapted to the taste of the readers for whom it is designed. It is one of the wonders of journalism—the editorial management of *Harper's*. The number before us contains one hundred and forty-two pages. Of these about a third are taken up by four illustrated articles, the first being "Explorations in Lower California;" the second, "The Chinese Embassy to the Foreign Powers;" the third, an account—drawn from Mr. Smiles—of the labors of George and Robert Stephenson; and the fourth, several chapters of a love-story by Mrs. Craik. To give these titles is to show the skill with which the average American family's semi-literary appetite is catered for in this October number, and this number is a fair specimen of all. Following the illustrated papers there is an article on "Maximilian of Mexico;" an essay, worthy of Mr. John Burroughs, on "Our Neighbors the Birds;" an instalment of "The New Timothy," which is a novel decidedly worth reading; "The Day of My Death," which is an amusing spiritualistic sketch; "The Moonstone Mass," a well-told and better written story of the sort in which the narrator is an unconscious lunatic; a chapter out of Professor Draper's "History of the Civil War;" an account of a descent into a Pittsburg coal mine, and half a dozen other articles—altogether, a magazine that the average American family need not be ashamed to acknowledge as its own.

Mr. James Greenwood begins *Hours at Home* with a paper entitled "Enlisting for the British Army," in which he gives a lively sketch of Charles Street, where are the headquarters of the recruiting sergeants in London. Another lively article is concerning the katydid, an insect which seems to have very much disgusted General John A. Bolles. So also of the article on "Gift Enterprises," and that on M. Vattemare—they will be found pleasant reading; and Miss M. E. Atkinson makes some pretty verses. But we do not know that it was worth while to take "Current Poetical Coin" out of manuscript; and we are sure it would have been better to leave unprinted the laudatory notice of Randall's "Principles of Popular Education," and, indeed, all the other notices of books.

The anonymous author of "Cipher," a novel just begun in the *Galaxy*, is a better writer than most of our story-tellers who sign their names, but he bore on quite hard enough in marking out the figure of Mr. Gillies. The novel promises, however, to be a very good magazine novel, perhaps something more than that. "Beechdale," which is nothing more than that and is not a "healthy" story, is continued, and perhaps concluded, in this number. "John Lester Wallack" is a good eulogy of the favorite actor, but it is not to be called a discriminating criticism. Its biographical details, however, will make it welcome to theatre-goers, and most theatre-goers will not find fault with it in any respect. In fact, it is easy to pardon a little too much kindness when the criticism is of a man to whom more than to any other man of this generation, in this country at least, we owe it that such a person as the intelligent and cultivated theatre-goer is not an extinct being. Mr. Grant White is perfectly sound, let us trust, as a philologist; his "Words and Their Uses" lays down the law in a sufficiently peremptory manner. But certainly he is doing much good work. "Vittoria Colonna" is considerably better than the ordinary encyclopædia biographies of its heroine; it contains some tolerable translations of her poetry and of Michael Angelo's. The third of Dr. Hammond's series of papers on the nerves has some of the interest which a physician's talk is apt to have, but it seems to have been put together rather hastily. The *Atlantic* some time ago made the Convulsionists of Saint Medard familiar to all hack writers and readers of magazines; of Dr. Hammond, the greatest authority in this country, we suppose, something more might have been fairly expected than a mere statement of some of the phenomena of the case. The gentleman who writes in the *Galaxy* under the signature of three daggers, who wrote about Methodism, if we recollect, and afterwards about revivals, does not strike us as being a very valuable laborer in the literary field. "Is Labor a Curse?" is his theme of discourse this time. Mr. Philip Quilibet, in the "Driftwood," is entertaining and sensible, as he usually is; there is a good account of the late Mr. Elliott, the painter, and a good review of Mr. Bartlett's "Familiar Quotations" in the department of "Literature and Art," and the "Galaxy Miscellany" has three good brief articles out of four. We must not forget to mention with praise the musical little song by Mr. Weeks, which, however, seems a trifle over-subtle for singing. And there is a pestilent sadness in Mr. Weeks's poetry which we fain would see reformed—not altogether, but somewhat. On the whole, the *Galaxy* is light and agreeable.

The *Catholic World* is sometimes agreeable and sometimes light—in places—but generally it is neither, and it is never both at the same time. We think it has little or nothing in it this month that any of our readers need care to read. Yet there is a learned and not unjust review of White's "Massacre of Saint Bartholomew," and if any one wants to be disgusted with modern saints we can recommend "Maria von Mörl."

The *Overland Monthly* for October we have not received. The August number is the last that has come to hand, and is of a kind that will make us very willing to read its successors. Mr. F. B. Harte, apparently, is doing a good deal of the work upon the *Overland*, and what he does is pretty sure to be done well. To most of our readers he is probably known; to such as do not know him, we may say, that if they like Mr. Howells they will like Mr. Harte, who not at all infrequently will remind them of that charming writer. It is pleasant to see, too, that in all probability they will like him better and better the longer they know him, for he is improving. That is not a fate that usually overtakes writers who have figured in Mr. Carleton's comic library—which, perhaps, is because they are not industrious. The *Overland* is pervaded by a Far Western flavor which we, for our part, find very much to our taste. The most callous and *blasé* magazine reader will be very much pleased with "The Luck of Roaring Camp," which is one of the best magazine articles that we have read in many months, and the pathos and humor of which take it out of mere magazine writing and give it a place in literature. "In Nan-Kin" is an account, by a man who knew him, of the singular personage who was the soul of the Tai-ping rebellion, and who so nearly overthrew the Tartar supremacy in China; "The Story of an Unfortunate City" is a leaf of the strange history of our Pacific coast; "A Ride on the Texan Frontier" possesses the same kind of interest, and closes with a story fit to terrify and delight all the British tourists ever born. Imagine the "fearful joy" with which the intending book-maker, who had his fellow-islanders to astonish and his own skin to keep uninjured, would go through this experience. It should first be said that the travelling party, after shouting themselves hoarse in vain calls for the ferryman, had been obliged to ferry themselves across the Brazos River, and had barely escaped death from a capsizing of the boat:

"Whilst we were consulting what was to be done next, I chanced to look across the river, where I descried a man sitting upon the bank—I might almost say an apparition. It was certainly the most uncouth looking object I had ever laid eyes upon—a long, gaunt, sallow man, with long yellow hair, a red shirt, big boots with his breeches thrust in them, a long corn-cob pipe in his mouth, and a long rifle in his hand. His long face was so dreadfully cadaverous, and his form so long and lean, that he might well be the embodiment of the fevers and agues that are said to lurk in these river-bottoms. Seeing that we kept looking at him, he ceased puffing his pipe for a moment, and observed in a nasal tone, 'Gentlemen, I'll trouble you for your fare—just lay it thar on the bank; four bits for the wagon and two bits apiece for the men!'

"A modest request to make, when we were nearly drowned through his negligence.

"'Say, Guv'ner!' cried Col. Wash in a voice of suppressed passion, 'be you the ferry-man?'

"'I be!' replied the man giving another puff at his pipe.

"'And you want a dollar and a half for putting us over?' shouted Col. Wash.

"'I do!'

"'Well, then, just draw a check for it on your own bank!' roared Col. Wash in a perfect fury, 'and if it ain't paid by the time I get back I'll settle with you then."

"The gaunt ferry-man laid down his corn-cob pipe, opened himself up like a tall penknife, raised his rifle, examined the priming, set the hair-trigger, and then quietly observed:

"'Gentlemen, the first man that ondertakes to leave them premises without a payin' of his fare, *I'll drap him sure!*'

"There was no mistaking the sincerity of this threat. The tall ferryman was evidently not the kind of a person to be trifled with. There was a fixed look about him, and a deliberate coolness in his manner, that sufficiently indicated his determined character. Now, it was evident that our fire-arms were of no present value, being thoroughly saturated with water—a fact that probably was known to our friend across the river, for he gave himself no apparent concern about the matter. To say that Col. Wash raved would but faintly express his condition of mind in this mortifying emergency. I had not seen him in such a fine vein of profanity from the very beginning of our journey. All this time the ferry-man stood quietly watching us from the other side, manifesting neither impatience nor resentment at the duration or violence of the invectives bestowed upon him. For my part, I was quite willing to pay him. I felt convinced that he would kill me if I failed to do so, and considered my life worth more than two bits to the public, if not to myself; so I held up the money that he might see it and then deposited it on a chip, which I laid upon the bank.

"'That's all right, stranger,' said the gaunt ferry-man, '*you 're out!* Jist step o' one side.'

"The Yankee trader had evidently indulged in the hope of escaping this tax, but seeing no alternative now, he deposited his money on the chip, and stood off according to order. Next followed the old doctor, who took it like a philosopher. Johnson seemed composed and powerless from the beginning. A hopeless melancholy was upon him. With a profound sigh he placed his two bits on the chip, remarking in a dejected tone, 'My God! if I only had my rifle!' and then passed over. Col. Wash was the last. He was perfectly convulsed with rage, and declared with many extraordinary oaths that he would have satisfaction for this outrage. But what was the

use of talking? We were all shivering with cold, and the money must be paid. Col. Wash, with all his bloodthirsty propensities, was evidently no fool. That clause in the ferryman's address—'*I'll drap him sure!*' was wonderfully impressive. So Col. Wash put his money upon the chip, promising to settle matters on his return.

"'That 's all right, stranger,' said the gaunt ferryman. '*Gin'rally speakin', I'm on hand here.*' With that he sat down and resumed his corncob pipe, apparently quite indifferent to our future movements, or to any projects of vengeance that might enter our heads."

"A Court Ball at the Palace of Mexico" is a description, by an eye-witness, of a festival evening of the unfortunate Maxmilian's prosperous days; "A Day with the Cow Column" is a vivid picture of the journey across the Plains, which the Pacific Railroad has already made obsolete; "Chinese in California" relates to the signboard literature of that very flowery nation; "Scalping as a Fine Art" is a humorist's comments on various forms of cheating which obtain in some parts of the earth; "A Californian Abroad" is a real Californian in Paris. These articles and half a dozen others—all the prose ones good, and the poetical ones far from bad—make a magazine that we are glad to have read.

In the *Atlantic*, Mr. Parton's "Inebriate Asylums, and a Visit to One" was certainly written by himself. It is in his best manner, and he appears in it to more advantage than has been common with him of late. He evidently did some hard work in collecting his materials; he is entirely equal to his subject; his earnestness, or rather his emphaticalness, seems justifiable; and there is little opportunity for him to go wrong in opinion. "Petroleum in Burmah" is agreeably written, and so of course is "The Man and Brother," by Mr. De Forest. Nobody else writes so well about the negroes. "Saint Michael's Night," which grows upon us as we read it, has turned out a story to be heartily praised; it is not saying too much to call it beautiful. "Edmund Brook" is a negro servant's account of the fortunes of his master's family during the war, and is either written by the "boy" himself or it is a miracle of character-painting. "Bacon" is begun upon by Mr. Whipple. "The Two Rabbis" is a fine tale finely told by Mr. Whittier; of the rest of the poetry it may be as well to say nothing, though "Love's Queen" is pretty, too, after a fashion.

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*Memoir and Letters of Jenny C. White del Bal.* By her mother, Rhoda E. White. (Boston: Patrick Donahoe. 1868.)—The first few pages of this volume are occupied by a number of letters addressed by various persons to Mrs. White, requesting her to publish a memoir of her daughter, and giving reasons why they think the work should be undertaken. Father O'Reilley desires it "for the instruction of every succeeding generation of American youth," and for the further purpose of "leaving to every family in America a memorial of true womanly worth, and a model of all natural and supernatural grace and goodness." Another friend thinks that "so pure and lovely a life ought to be chronicled for the benefit of the thousands of women who only wait for pioneers to march before them in a path of duty." The Vicomte de Chabrol considers that the publication of Mrs. del Bal's letters must be beneficial to "the cause of our holy faith, which needs to be illustrated by such noble examples." It appears to him, also, that to translate the book into the French language would be to do a good service to French Catholics of the better classes, who, since they daily see their faith attacked on all sides, are losing confidence in themselves. "It is," he says, "a point of great usefulness to make known to us here in France the admirable virtues and characteristic features of our Catholic brethren in America." Unassisted by these letters, our own judgment would have been that the book was one which, if printed at all, should have been printed for private circulation only; and that, notwithstanding the undeniable excellence of Mrs. del Bal's life and character, neither the memoir written by her mother nor her own letters were likely to be valuable aids in the instruction of future generations.

Mrs. del Bal was, as many of our readers are aware, a daughter of the late Judge White, of this city. Her parents being Catholics, she was brought up in the usual observances of that faith, and being of a naturally religious disposition, and of a strongly emotional nature, grew into the kind of woman which the Church is apt to produce out of such material. Her life, both before and after her marriage, seems to us precisely like that of other pious Catholic girls whose minds and bodies are in too natural and healthy a condition to permit them to indulge in the morbid self-analysis and the outward mortifications which characterize the genuine saint.

In 1862, she married Don Bernardino del Bal, and the next year accompanied him to Santiago de Veraguez, in New Granada. At this time, in consequence of the rebellion which resulted in the dictatorship of Mosquera, society in Santiago was in a very disorganized state. The churches had been closed by Mosquera's orders, and the priests prohibited from performing any of their usual duties. As the Catholic priests in Santiago, and other towns on the Isthmus, were a notoriously dissolute and worthless set of men, it seems to the uncatholic mind as though their congregations did not lose much in being deprived of their ministrations. Mrs. del Bal, however, thought differently; and when we consider that, as Mrs. White *naïvely* remarks, "in the Catholic Church it is a consoling truth that the fountain's flow of grace cannot be impeded by the shortcomings of the priest by whom the sacraments are administered," it is not difficult to see why Mrs. del Bal should have devoted herself to the work of reopening the churches, recalling the priests, and in other ways promoting the interests of the faith. She tried various means to accomplish this end. For instance, she established an Altar Society, called the "Sisters of Mary," with the object of refurnishing the churches which had been robbed. She started also a Sacred Heart Society and a Sunday-school, in which the children were taught their catechism and their prayers, and rewarded for good behavior with "miraculous medals and pictures."

Her labors were not altogether of this character. She gave both time and money to the poor; she established a hospital, and her labors in it during the insurrections of 1865 were unremitting. She seems, however, to have attached as much importance to making artificial flowers to adorn an altar, or to suspending an "angel" by a wire over a statue of the Saviour, as to any other of her good works. An article printed in the *Evening Post* of this city, just after the news of her death had been received here, spoke of her as having "established schools" in Santiago. We find no trace of anything of the kind except the Sunday-school we have mentioned. Like most good Catholics, she probably recognized fully only two duties to her fellow-beings, and when she had alleviated their physical sufferings, and satisfied their hunger, and exhorted them to make confession and perform their other religious duties, rested content. One thing is certain, that she gained the love and admiration of all who knew her in her new home, as she had done in her old one, and when she died, last year, the whole town of Santiago went into mourning. She was, indeed, a very admirable woman—loving, self-sacrificing, and earnest in the performance of her duties.

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*John Ward's Governess:* A Novel. By Annie L. Macgregor. (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1868.)—John Ward, a young New Yorker of good birth, and of great wealth and culture, fell in love with an Italian actress, who, besides having another lover, Giovanni, whose passion she returned, was at least five years older than John. Being a mercenary young person, she hid her attachment to Giovanni and married John, very much against the wishes of John's sister, a maiden lady of thirty-five years, but apparently without causing Giovanni much uneasiness. John took her to Italy, where, in the course of the next few years, she bore him a daughter and a son, and then eloped with Giovanni. Upon this John returned, a soured and disappointed man, to his ancestral home on the banks of the Hudson, wildly abandoned himself to cattle-raising and cultivating prize vegetables for the county fairs, and found his children greatly in his way, as also in that of their aunt. He tried governesses, but found them bad failures—mostly ill-mannered and inconveniently disposed to fall in love with him. At last, under pressure from his sister, he went down to New York, answered in person an advertisement he found in the *Herald*, and hired a young creature of great beauty, and what he considered fine manners, to go back with him to his model farm. Apparently, Mr. Ward had acquired, during his residence in Italy, some peculiar notions of what constitutes good manners, for when Miss Lyle interrupts him in the middle of a remark, he decides, with inward exultation, that at last he has secured "a lady."

Miss Lyle's conduct presents some variations from the usual course pursued by governesses who are also heroines and installed in the families of rich widowers. Her manners subdue the servants and Miss Ward, as they have previously subdued John. The children become at once her willing slaves, models of good conduct and prodigies of intelligence. She also becomes intimate with the nearest neighbors—Livingstons of the purest Knickerbocker blood, of the finest New York manners, and of the most unlimited wealth, and drives John half-mad with jealousy by her undisguised flirtation with Ralph Livingston, his closest friend. John becomes more and more fascinated by her, and when, on the occasion of a small evening party, she appears in a pink silk gown, with diamonds of fabulous size and lustre, he yields, helplessly but gracefully, to the wondrous spell of her presence. She owns she loves him, but she "has a mystery," which she will unfold to no one but her husband. John holds back for awhile, having been once deceived by a woman, but finally succumbs to Miss Lyle's beauty and "style," marries her without enquiring her secret, and is rewarded by finding her to be Mrs. Livingston's niece and a great heiress.

We have not met Miss Macgregor's name before, and take her to be new to literature. We doubt, however, if her faults are such as will mend with time. Perhaps we ought to say that she dedicates her book to Dr. Holmes, with "admiration for his genius and many thanks for his kindness."

*Medusa, and Other Tales.* By Mrs. Adelaide (Kemble) Sartoris, author of "A Week in a French Country House." (Boston: Loring. 1868.)—This volume of sketches is to be praised, like its predecessor, "A Week in a French Country House," as giving in its fulness the pleasure which one gets from a perfectly easy, graceful, unaffected, and yet thoroughly artistic style. We do not know of more delightful light reading, and have found our enjoyment of them quite unimpaired by several re-perusals. The theme of nearly every one of these sketches is music—the well-known love of their author for that art, and her successes in it, furnishing her with material which is wonderfully well adapted to her peculiar literary talent. The little romance which gives its name to the volume, and which most nearly resembles an ordinary story—having in it a curious love episode, and two shadowy appearances which bear an odd resemblance to a hero and heroine—is quite the least successful of them all. Like the rest, it is of course full of charming writing; but the pleasure one gets from that is quite dissociated from any interest in the story itself. Mrs. Sartoris is neither a romancer nor a novelist; but we know of no one who excels her in the artistic use of language—in the faculty of so sketching persons and places that her presentation leaves in the reader's mind a clear and definite impression which he feels to be precisely that which he was intended to receive. There is, we think, not one page of either of her books from which we might not quote passages which would amply prove our case. We content ourselves, however, with advising every one who can take delight in the manner, without making too serious demands upon the matter, of books which he reads simply for amusement, to read them at once.

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## The Week.

There is a report, which we give for what it is worth, that Mr. Seymour believes that he has been "sold out" in this State, and that the chief object of the party—that for which he is to be sacrificed—is, first, the senatorship; next, control of some of the great metropolitan district and New York city "institutions." Democratic Presidential votes are to be traded off for Republican votes for assemblymen. The Senate, which holds over, is Republican, to be sure, but by only two majority; and the Democratic majority on joint ballot is now 22. At all events, it is certain that among all Republicans, whether betting men or not, confidence increases from week to week. Vermont, Maine, and Camilla, Ga., have one after the other given an impulse to the Republican cause. Since the Maine election the whole or nearly the whole Republican strength for canvassing has been laid out in Pennsylvania, according to an arrangement made long previously. We look to see nearly or quite 10,000 Republican majority in October and 20,000 in November. In Indiana the stumping goes on. The Democrats have had their monster mass-meeting at Indianapolis, and have had less success in calling out a monstrous crowd than the Republicans had when they made their great display. Ohio there is no doubt about. The canvass in North Carolina is as well conducted as anywhere, and put on its liveliest form at a time much earlier than was the case in any other of the States which do not vote before November. The list of white North Carolinians who are actually engaged in working for Grant and Colfax has a look that is decidedly cheering to any one who hopes for a restored South. The fact is, however, as we imagine, that a good deal of the white Republicanism of North Carolina is due to the hearty hatred which the old Whigs still bear to the old Democrats. There are still Whigs in North Carolina, strange as it may seem, and Mr. John Pool and Mr. Alfred Dockery found it tolerably easy to welcome the aid even of Yankees and negroes against their triumphant and detested enemies.

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In the case of native-born citizens of the South, the state of things is as bad as need be, and disgraceful to the Southern people and the nineteenth century; but in the case of Northerners who have gone there, it is worse. Texas is in almost complete anarchy, and we have doubts if, outside of the German district, and perhaps in one or two of the large cities, there is the least safety for "carpet-baggers." Even United States garrisons are besieged. In Alabama this seems pretty well to illustrate the state of public opinion in regard to the obnoxious class: "Carpet-bagger Yordy, who has lately held the different offices of Registrar, Bureau Agent, and Senator from Sumter, sought lodging at Friend Palmer's hotel, in Eutaw, last week. Palmer kicked the scoundrel out of doors." The same paper from which we have just quoted adorns its columns with a cut of a tree on which are hanging a "carpet-bagger" and a "scallawag," and says: "We candidly believe that the picture given to our readers, as above, correctly represents the attitude and altitude of all foreign and domestic foes of our land who shall have the folly to remain 'down South' after the ides of March." And again, the same paper says: "Five notoriously bad negroes were found swinging by the neck to limbs in the woods of Colbert County, a few days since. They had been guilty of making threats against the whites." It is no wonder that Governor Smith and a delegation from the Legislature are in Washington, demanding that more Federal troops shall be sent into the State. The news from Georgia shows, as we expected, that the Camilla affair was a shocking massacre. The murders continued to be committed through the afternoon and night, the woods being scoured by hunters with dogs, and negroes shot without mercy. Their offence was Radicalism. Major Howard, of the Bureau, says: "I cannot restrain the people. . . . . I must protect my family, and let the contending parties fight it out. It is coming." The Legislature and the governor are quarrelling; and the former, which soon adjourns, has refused to ask for troops, and has decided that the militia shall not be organized. The Democrats need no organization; every white man has his gun, and the sheriffs make good commanding officers. In Arkansas assassination is rife. In Louisiana the governor has issued his proclamation urging citizens to stay at home and political clubs to make no public demonstrations. There is great anger against him for a very sensible veto of the Equality Bill, the most foolish act of the most foolish of the Southern legislatures. The message does Governor Warmoth credit. The *Southern Opinion* remarks: "But if Grant be chosen, and we do not misjudge him and his policy, then the disciplined cohorts of the South must be marshalled once more." Grant is sure to be chosen; and if we do not misjudge him and his policy, then the disciplined cohorts of the South will not be marshalled so much as they are now, and massacres by day and assassinations by night will be considerably less frequent.

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Governor Orr, who has been for years in public life in South Carolina, holding office in her Legislature, representing his district in Congress, and since the war serving the State as governor and as judge, has recently announced his intention of taking refuge in Missouri. Governor Orr is a man of Irish descent, though his family has long been resident in South Carolina, of which State he is himself a native. But he is far from being what is called a South Carolina gentleman. He represents well the opinions and feelings of that class of his fellow-citizens who inhabit the northern part of the State, and between whom and the cotton and rice-planters of the coast there was never any love lost. Mr. Orr is a man of ability and energy, naturally kind-hearted and sensible, and perhaps with a little of the self-seeking ambition of the politician, and the willingness to make compromises which comes of a life-long habit of seeking offices and manipulating elections. But whatever his motives may have been, he was, on the whole, an able, sensible, moderate politician and public servant. He made the mistake of supposing that the South would continue for the future to show the spirit which she was showing when, in 1865, he was elected governor. But the school of politicians opposed to his ideas, and inclined to despise him and the "up-country people"—the B. F. Perry school, which is composed of the most insolent and most impracticable men in the whole world—have been too strong for him. He is not to be forgiven for being less rebellious than the Charleston *Mercury*, and, in sheer despair, has resolved to betake himself to a civilized, active, and growing community, where there will be comfort for himself and a career for his children. It is thus that anything that looks like new blood is driven out of the South.

Secretary Stanton has appeared in the political field, for the first time after a long silence, and made an excellent campaign speech at Steubenville, Ohio. The most interesting part of it is that relating to the bonds, in which he lays it down in plain terms that the representations of the Government agents, authorized to sell the bonds, that they would be paid in gold, were binding on the Government, both in law and morals. The great legal principle which governs the case, and which is found in the Roman law even more prominently than in ours, was plainly stated by the *World*, several months ago, when this question was first raised by Pendleton. In fact, the doubts which have been thrown on the matter will, ten years hence, be referred to as among the most singular incidents in American history.

Unfortunate Senator Ross has at last been called up for judgment by "Kansas," and received a crushing rebuke from the Republican Convention for his abominable behavior in voting for the President's acquittal. "D. T. Anthony, and others," of whom "Kansas" consists, gave him, as our readers may remember, a slight inkling of what was in store for him, immediately after the verdict, by transmitting to him an official telegram informing him that "his motives were greenbacks and Indian contracts," and that "Kansas" repudiated him, under a general rule excluding all "perjurers and skunks" from the favor of that body. He is, however, working hard for the Republican party, and, as he is a young man, may outlive the shame and disgrace of that awful day. He may take courage from the career of Messrs. Trumbull, Fessenden, and Henderson, who have paid no attention to the noisy pack who barked after them as they left Washington, and are doing their duty just as quietly and faithfully as if no Radical bonnet had ever contained a bee.

General Butler has got his nomination, as we always feared he would. Anybody who expects reforms to begin in caucuses is simpler than we are willing to confess ourselves to be. There remains still, however, to the electors the inalienable right of "scratching" or of running another candidate. We hold it to be better for the country, and vastly better for the fair fame of Massachusetts, that the Fifth District should return a Democrat than a Republican whose antecedents are as bad, and whose powers of mischief are twice as great, as those of any Democrat. He has delivered two speeches during the past week which it ought to be impossible for any Massachusetts Christian or honorable pagan to forgive or get over. In the first, he disposed of the representations of members of Congress, Secretaries of the Treasury, Government agents and editors of loyal newspapers, repeated incessantly during four long years, and never repudiated—that the bonds would be paid in gold—by saying: "To sell these bonds, Jay Cooke said they would be paid in gold." Of course, the impression which this is intended to produce on the public mind is, that nobody but Jay Cooke said so, and that *he* said it merely by way of pushing his private business as a broker.

In his second speech before the Convention, after receiving his nomination, General Butler gave the following account of his financial performances in Congress:

> "I stand on this matter with Senators Sherman and Morton, and on the only test question. When the matter came directly in issue, I voted with sixty-one Republican members of the House of Representatives, an absolute majority, that the taxes on the income of the bonds should be honestly collected, so that the bad men should not escape the taxation which good men pay willingly. Which of these men will go before the people and oppose my election as the advocate of the rascals escaping taxation and defrauding the revenue?"

This is even more characteristic, and has even more of the Old Bailey flavor about it, than the reference to Jay Cooke. Nobody has found much fault with him for advocating the deduction of the income-tax from the payments made on the coupons. The arrangement would certainly wear a doubtful complexion as regards foreign bondholders, but we are willing to let this pass. The head and front of his offending was, that on this same occasion he instigated and supported, and gleefully rubbed his hands and chuckled over, the introduction of a resolution instructing the Committee of Ways and Means to report instanter a bill clapping a tax of ten per cent. on the Government bonds; or, in other words, arbitrarily, fraudulently, without notice, in contravention of the plighted faith of the nation, and in defiance of the Chicago platform, reducing the interest from six per cent. to five dollars and forty cents. The Committee of Ways and Means expressed in their report their opinion of that transaction, and we advise those who propose to vote for the general to look at it, and then ask themselves, What is the duty of an honest citizen towards a candidate who, having borne the leading part in that transaction, gets up three months later and coolly gives out that all *he* did was to "vote that the income on the bonds should be honestly taxed?"

We propose next week to go over once more the leading points in this remarkable case, because we regard it as an almost crucial test of the amount of reliance which can be placed on the religion and morality of the community as a barrier against the growing ascendency of unscrupulous politicians. If pure-blooded New Englanders, from the district which produced such men as Endicott and Higginson, are satisfied, in the year of grace 1868, with being represented by General Butler, there ought to be an end to all whimpering about the malign influence of foreign immigration on American politics. To give the reader an idea of the depths of moral perversity to which the Butler school of politicians are trying to drag the community, we may mention that one of their small organs, which still sings his praises, gravely, last week, pooh-poohed the movement against him for his financial heresies, on the ground that it is a "mere question of money," and therefore unworthy the attention of spiritual philanthropists and humanitarians. This is, of course, the reply which any fraudulent debtor or trustee or forger or embezzler might make to his accuser. Nearly every contract in civilized society is, after all, from one side, "a question of money;" but it is also—from the other side—a question of principle, which you cannot stir without stirring the moral order of the universe to its remotest bounds.

The English Government has extradition treaties with three powers, France, Denmark, and the United States. Owing to the great morality or want of enterprise of the Danes England has not been much troubled by Danish criminals, and Denmark is not, for various reasons both social and topographical, a favorite resort of English criminals, so that there has been very little trouble with Denmark. The number of demands which have to be made on the United States for the surrender of offenders is naturally very great; but here, owing to the similarity of the jurisprudence and procedure of the two countries, the treaty has worked tolerably well. But with France there has been endless trouble. French criminals love British soil and British law. The sensation of being treated as innocent, even while in custody, to which they are entitled under the common law, they revel in. But the French police are utterly disgusted with the preliminaries of a criminal prosecution as conducted in England—the tenderness for the criminal, the particularity about the proofs, and the extreme readiness to let him go which are displayed at every stage; so the history of the treaty, as far as France is concerned, has been one long grumble. A select parliamentary committee appointed to enquire and report on the matter of extradition, last session, have just brought in their report, in which they recommend that the list of crimes for which prisoners may be surrendered should be greatly extended, and that power be conferred on the Queen in council to make an arrangement with any country to surrender criminals accused of any of the specified offences, on the production of such proof as would justify their committal for trial in England, but giving them fifteen days in which to sue out a *habeas corpus*, in order to avoid such scandal and outrage as occurred in Canada in the Lamirande case. Political offences are, of course, excluded. The relations of all civilized states on this subject need revision. It is discreditable to civilization that a criminal should, in any country in this age of the world, be able, by crossing an imaginary line, to bid defiance to justice in default of express stipulation rendering him liable to extradition.

The signs of war in Europe continue to increase in number and magnitude. The impression that there is some secret arrangement between France and Russia continues to gain ground. The Prussians are

constructing tremendous iron-clad forts or gun-boats for the protection of the Rhine. Marshal Niel is said to have always been in favor of a winter campaign, and this story seems to derive some confirmation from the fact that, around all the French fortresses on the German frontier, everything which could interfere with the range of the guns, except dwelling-houses, is being swept away—hedges, walls, summer-houses, and all other light and not absolutely necessary structures. The Prussians talk pacifically still, and have postponed their last levy of 120,000 men for three months.

The state of things between France and Prussia does not improve; but in the treatment of the question of peace or war the Prussian press is showing calm moderation and great good sense, which is more than can be said of the French press. The Berlin *National Zeitung*, in a recent article, says, and with some show of truth, that, if one might judge by the French newspapers, France has been "converted into a wilderness inhabited by bloodthirsty animals." It seems as if the possession of the left bank of the Rhine was the one thing necessary to French peace, happiness, and prosperity, and this, when between the first of last June and the 31st of August there were forty-one convictions in France for offences against the press laws, against fifty-eight persons, with sentences of fine and imprisonment, and when one department of the Government is largely occupied with the silly business of seeing that certain newspapers are not sold on the news-stands in the streets. The opinion is gaining ground on the Continent that it is Russia, after all, which will decide whether Europe is or is not to be plunged into hostilities, by her leaning to Prussia or to Austria, and that she will be guided in her policy by purely selfish considerations. At present, she seems to incline against Prussia, which is receiving a fair share of abuse from the Russian press.

Rumors of the approaching evacuation of the Papal States by the French are still afloat, but the Government papers contradict them, and the new French ambassador, who succeeds Count Sartiges, is a notorious and zealous Ultramontanist. The desertions from the Pontifical Zouaves continue to be very numerous. The Italian troops have been tolerably successful against the brigands, but the moral condition of Southern Italy, to which after all it is that brigandage is due, does not seem to improve. Assassination is fearfully common, though not half so common as in our Southern States; but it is committed more frequently for other than political causes. The "caucus" is about to be introduced into Italy by the assembling of the radical members of the Parliament at Naples to discuss various legislative measures, pending and prospective, and resolve on a definite line of action about them.

The mission of Minister Bancroft in Germany promises to be more fruitful of beneficial results than that of any of his predecessors. One after another of the traditional grievances from which our fellow-citizens of German birth have had to suffer so long without any hope of relief is being removed through his intelligent and energetic efforts. The ink of the treaties involving the recognition of the right of self-expatriation by the North German Confederacy and the independent States of Southern Germany was no sooner dry than he exerted himself, as we learn from recent German papers, to bring about the abrogation of the little better than barbarous laws still existing in several of the minor states, according to which no marriage contracted abroad by any of their subjects is valid without the previous authorization of the respective sovereigns. There are innumerable cases in which naturalized citizens of the United States have suffered great annoyance and injustice from the operation of these laws. In the first place, distance and the complicated formalities to be previously observed render it exceedingly difficult to obtain the prescribed authorization. Again, if a subject of Bavaria or Würtemberg has emigrated to this country without the permission of his former rulers he cannot obtain it at all. But, if he marries without it, his marriage is null and void under the laws in question. In the eyes of the home authorities, he lives simply in a state of concubinage. Neither his wife nor his children are treated as legitimate. They cannot inherit any property that may be left to him by his parents or other relations. These laws are a logical sequence of the old monarchical dogma "once a subject always a subject." But the latter having been virtually abandoned by the great and small rulers of Germany in the treaties concluded by Mr. Bancroft, the former should likewise fall to the ground. Mr. Bancroft demands the abrogation of the objectionable statutes in view of their inconsistency with the right of self-expatriation, now recognized in the states referred to. The liberal German papers do not hesitate to point out the humiliation implied in the fact that in this, as in other matters, the pressure of foreign influence is necessary to induce their own governments to act in accordance with the spirit of the age.

Our respect for our readers prevents our attempting to put any construction on the Cable telegrams from Spain. The only thing which one can infer from them with any approach to certainty is, that the insurrection is gaining ground; but it is safe to say that nearly all the stories sent over by telegraph, in so far as they pretend to be accounts of actual occurrences, are utterly worthless. Speaking of the Atlantic Cable, we cannot help asking the Associated Press for whose benefit it is that the long and elaborate account of the English horse-races, to which it so frequently treats us, are transmitted? What large class of the community is it—for it must surely be a large class—which is waiting so eagerly to know the "event" at Epsom, Ascot, Newmarket, Doncaster, and Liverpool that it becomes worth the while of the press to get the news at full length—horses, names, odds, results, and all—by the Cable? Where are these people found? Who knows ten men in any part of the country who bet regularly on the English races? If any of the daily papers will throw light on this question, we are sure they will relieve a good many puzzled readers.

Of perhaps more importance than the political news from abroad is the news from Scotland in regard to the new "road-steamers." A Mr. Thomson, a civil engineer of Edinburgh, was applied to by friends of his, who cultivate plantations in Java, to supply them with a road-engine for the purpose of conveying sugar from the country to the seaport of Tourabaga. There are several such engines in existence, but Mr. Thomson could find none which had not one of the two faults that hitherto have made them all of little or no service—in fact, failures. If the engine were light, the jolting and straining were so great that the machinery was constantly undergoing repairs, at a cost that made it useless. If, in order to obviate this difficulty, the engine had been made of great weight, it smashed the road so that travel became impossible. Mr. Thomson conceived the idea of fitting stout india-rubber tires to the wheels of the locomotive, as he had previously done in the case of the platform-trucks at railway-stations, and the result was a perfect solution of the problem. The steamer practically runs along on a self-laid tramway of india-rubber; neither the engine nor the road receive the slightest injury. The Java engine, of three-horse power, was made to cross a field of soft grass, to run through a field covered to a depth of two feet with loose earth, to travel over beds of broken flint, to drag a weight of thirteen tons up a steep incline—so excellent is the bite of the wheels. It is astonishing to hear that the beds of loose flints were undisturbed, that a potato and carrot placed in the path of the engine were passed over and left uncrushed, and that, no matter what the surface of the road, the tires received no permanent dent nor any incision. They seem to be nearly indestructible. Several other steamers have been built since the satisfactory performances of the Javanese one, and they prove equally satisfactory. One of them, built to draw fifteen tons—its own weight is eight tons, its horse-power ten tons, its tires fifteen inches broad and five inches thick—has drawn a train of colliery cars, whose total weight was forty tons, along a common road having inclines of one in sixteen. The train was ninety feet long, and looked like a freight-train escaped from a station. It went up and down hills, turned sharp corners, threaded its way between the cabs and carts and omnibuses with complete ease, certainty, and safety. This certainly looks as if we might have a revolution in our ordinary customs of locomotion. Why should not men keep their own locomotive and engineer, as men now keep horses and coachmen? We may soon be able to laugh at the railroad corporations and the expected velocipedestrians, especially if Ericsson succeeds in his scheme for turning the sun into fuel for steam-engines, and we are made independent of coal.

## WHAT IS TO BE DECIDED AT THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION?

If we accepted the theory of the constitution of the human mind on which the New York *Tribune* seems to be conducted, we should, without hesitation, pronounce "A Yankee," the New York correspondent of the London *Spectator*, a "liar and a villain," because he has repeatedly taken views of men and events in which neither the *Tribune* nor the *Nation* concurs, and he has uttered several prophecies which we have exercised our "natural right" of disbelieving. It is impossible to deny, however, that his opinions exert considerable influence in England, and that he represents a large body of very intelligent and respectable men here; and although his dissent from the *Tribune* and from us may indicate that moral vileness which such dissent has only too truly revealed in so many other people, we propose, for the purposes of this discussion, while reserving all our rights, to treat him as an honest and cultivated man, and argue with him.

He has said in his correspondence with the *Spectator*: "What, then, is to be decided at the next general election? Simply this: the Republican party, as represented by the men who now control it, claims that while all State rights, including that of regulating the suffrage, must be preserved inviolate in those States the majority of whose people did not take part in the rebellion, in the others the control of suffrage and citizenship may and should be assumed by Congress, and that these States should be reconstructed for the purpose of giving the suffrage to negroes." This position, the writer says, is distinctly taken in the second article of the Republican platform. He says, further, "The Republicans also rest on the position that the negro must be a chattel or a citizen."

Now, it cannot be said with any truth that States "have been reconstructed for the purpose of giving the suffrage to negroes." Suffrage has been given to negroes that certain States might be reconstructed. There is no party which holds that it may be given to white or black by Congress, in the States wherein there is no place for reconstruction; though there may be many persons who think the action of Congress in this instance justified by their own private theories of "natural rights," which they would like to see applied in all the States. But the Republican party has not proclaimed any abstract theory about the right to vote. The majority of those who support the reconstruction measures approve of the extension of the franchise to the negroes on the ground of political expediency, in the conviction that the whites adhere still to the principle of secession, and that unless the freedmen form a large portion of the voters in the restored States, their liberty cannot be maintained under future State legislation. In reference to this conviction only has it been said that the negro, in those States, must be either "chattel or citizen." Certainly, the war "was *not* fought for universal negro suffrage" nor for any negro suffrage less than universal, and it *was* "fought for Union" on one side just so far as it was fought for disunion on the other. That truism, however, contains very little information material to forming an opinion on the question before the people in the election.

According to Democratic oracles, North and South, the war was not carried on to maintain any disputed dominion or sovereignty, but to coerce into union with the Northern States, according to the terms of a previous agreement, other States whose necessary existence, independent of any union, was always presupposed; and the Democratic conception of the present state of things is, apparently, that the communities which in war constituted the rebel enemy of the United States were, as soon as their armed forces were defeated, identified with those against whom they had rebelled and were constituent parts of the sovereignty which put down their rebellion. If this is the correct view, the Democratic party is fully justified in opposing not only the measures of Congress extending the elective franchise to the freedmen, but also the whole policy of reconstruction. If the war had no other object than this result, the Democratic opposition to it was true patriotism; "the people" are self-stultified in having attained "what they fought for;" every Democrat who supported the war was, above all others, either a fool or a knave; and "the people" can now do nothing better than repent of their madness and folly and humble themselves before their injured Southern brethren, which they may do by electing Seymour and Blair on the Democratic platform.

The war was not "fought for union" in the sense in which the Democracy understands those words. But it *was* fought for the Union; that is, by the United States for the United States; and, consequently, *not* to sustain and preserve, against their own frantic intention, the political authority of communities which were fighting against the United States. What the people "fought for in the war" was to sustain the dominion of those States which had not, by attempting secession, abjured that sovereignty which the States have, and ever have had, only by consenting to be *the United States*. The States which attempted secession, or refused to be *united* States, thereby renounced the only sovereignty they had had before. The other States, united, alone held the dominion of the Union. The people fought to maintain the dominion of these United States as against a belligerent *de facto* authority in places wherein no authority less universal than that of the Union had any lawful existence, after the State there existent had fully committed itself to the purpose of secession.

The people "are to vote for in this election what they fought for in the war," because they will by their vote, more or less distinctly, recognize the location of the sovereign authority which was vindicated by the suppression of the rebellion. The failure to do this hitherto has been the main source of our political embarrassments during the last three years, though this failure was in a sense unavoidable. The war had been carried on while it was still doubted by all parties whether the several States of the Southern Confederacy—that is, the people of each State in their political capacity—were to be held accountable for the acts of the rebel citizens of those States. Long after the fighting was over, we expected that those States should reappear in the body of "loyal" white citizens, who were supposed to have acted only under rebel usurped authority. If in 1865 the white citizens had appeared willing to accept the amended Constitution in good faith, and had not shown their intention to rule the freedmen as a servile class by "black codes," and to make all freedom of action dependent on local sentiment, it is probable that Congress would have acted on the idea that secession and rebellion could not interrupt the continuity of political existence in the State, or destroy its political capacity as one of the United States. The Republican party has been wanting to itself in not having accepted some definite position on this question of State existence. But, whatever phrases may have been in vogue during the last three years—whether we say the States have been "out of their practical relations to the Union," or speak of "conquered States," or insist on the "guarantee of a republican government," or accept the term "State suicide," or say that the seceded States became Territories of the United States, or imagine that a revolution has taken place or is taking place—it is clear that the action of Congress and the policy of the Republican party now practically declare the doctrine that, by the secession and civil war, the continuity of political existence was interrupted in those States; that they thereby lost their capacity to share, as members of the Union, the possession of sovereignty for all the purposes of State life—the local as well as the national sovereignty; and that to restore that capacity a new people of the State, a new body of electors, must be organized by Congress, and, as such, adopt a constitution and consent to assume the powers of a State in accordance with the existing Constitution of the United States. Congress determines the new body of voters without reference to the limitations set by the former public law of the State, which is now no longer referable to any existing political authority, and may, if thought expedient, call on those who once were slaves as well as on those who have been rebels to assume political citizenship in a State of the Union bearing an old name, but in fact as new a political organization as the last State admitted at the base of the Rocky Mountains.

The Democratic orators say that the Republican party cannot at this day take this position, because the Lincoln administration and the last two Congresses have repeatedly affirmed the continuous existence of the seceded States. This objection may be valid against the foresight of party leaders. But the question here is of the powers of the ultimate sovereign upon whose absolute will the Constitution itself is constantly depending for legal force and effect—of sovereign rights which cannot be compromised by the inconsistencies of parties. Democrats may say, further, that their theory of the nature of the

Union, as being a confederation of sovereignties, has not been confined to the ranks of their party. Some theory which equally affirms the primary sovereignty of the States and denies the nationality of the Union, except as resulting from a compact between the several States, has been commonly received by many who identify themselves with the Republican party; and it may be asked how, with such views of the Constitution, can any accept the statement here given of the object of the war and of the issue involved in the election. The war has called all parties to bring their fundamental theories to its test. There are many at the North who cannot claim, with the followers of Calhoun, the virtue of logical consistency. Politicians of all parties have, at different times, for various partisan needs, professed essentially the same theory of State rights which the South pushed to its logical consequences in secession.

Secession called forth the force which made manifest some other ultimate sovereign dominion than was dreamt of in the philosophy of State-rights. But force alone—battle, victory, and defeat—is only a physical phenomenon. War cannot determine that which is determined by being understood. The people are now called upon to ascertain and to proclaim whose is the ultimate sovereign dominion thus manifested. The action of the Democracy, the language of their platform, the antecedents of their candidates, will give to each vote cast in this election the significance of a judgment on this great question; for by them the people are invited to put in power a party whose only political principle is the denial of that authority which the people fought to maintain, which recognizes no national existence or any sovereignty above that which has been manifested in unsuccessful rebellion and civil war.

## THE IMMEDIATE EFFECT OF GOOD CROPS.

We readily acquit the New York *Times* of all intention to reflect upon the fairness and disinterestedness of the *Nation's* articles on political economy, although in its issue of Sept. 22 it applies to them this somewhat insidious remark (the italics being its own):

"Our weekly contemporary, the *Nation*, has the rare merit, in its financial articles, of discussing questions of political economy with thoughtfulness and impartiality. Its views may have been generally somewhat too *bearish* or depressed in relation to our financial future, but the warnings have often been timely and wise."

If the tone of our financial articles has been gloomy or depressed, it is because the facts upon which they are based do not honestly admit of a more cheerful interpretation. We have been sharply criticised for our recent remarks on the terrible impoverishment of the whole country; our facts have been called in question and our arguments controverted. But every day brings fresh proof of the correctness of our assertions and the soundness of our deductions. Papers of the very same date as that of the *Times* above quoted give the official returns of the total valuation for the present year of all property in the State of Illinois (one of the States selected by us as an example), and these returns show a decrease in the value of property in that State of *no less than eight per cent. as compared with the same time last year.* Such facts cannot be stated in cheerful language, nor can any very encouraging deductions in relation to our financial future be derived from them. They are in truth eminently saddening and discouraging facts, and all the more saddening and discouraging because the press of the whole country seems bent on disguising them, and seems to have agreed to impugn the motives and question the patriotism of whoever calls public attention to them. During the depression of the war or during the reaction of the first years of peace, there might have been a reasonable excuse for over-sanguine views of our condition. There can be none now. The time for smoothing over difficulties by rose-colored representation of the future is past. The people demand to know the truth in order that they may guide their actions by it. When the conclusions of scientific investigation are endorsed in so striking a manner by the official records, it is worse than folly to disguise or attempt to qualify them. As long as the people are led to believe that the whole country is rapidly increasing in prosperity, just so long will every one be encouraged to persevere in his own extravagant practices. When every one learns and understands that the whole country has been growing poorer, some may pause and, examining their own condition, find wisdom in returning to their old ways of economy.

It is precisely the same with regard to the crops. As long as it is daily dinned into everybody's ears that our magnificent crops are about to give a fresh stimulus to enterprise of every kind, to increase our national revenues, pay off our foreign indebtedness, and add to every one's prosperity, just so long will all attempts at national or individual retrenchment be deferred, and the day of reckoning put off, until it comes upon us unawares and most inopportunely. In a recent number of the *Nation* we pointed out the fallacy of the common belief that good crops are a source of *immediately* increased prosperity, and warned our readers not to expect a brilliant fall trade as the result of the prospectively brilliant crops. The New York *Times*, one of the ablest and most persistent expounders of the doctrine that our resources are inexhaustible, that our prosperity is increasing daily, and that our liberal crops cannot fail to hasten a further increase of business and general prosperity, takes us to task for these "dreadful views," and with considerable ability pretends to refute our arguments. But it is evident that the *Times* is defending its own old heresies for consistency's sake only, and that in reality it fully agrees with us, for it furnishes, in the article quoted from, a series of most striking arguments in favor of the position assumed by us. We maintained that the first effect of abundant harvests is to *reduce the price* of the article harvested, not only for the new crop, but for all that may be on hand of the old crop; not only for all the old crop in its raw state, but for all the articles manufactured from it, and not only from the time when the new crop is actually harvested and brought to market and manufactured, but from the moment that the probability of an abundant crop is well ascertained. In this way we asserted that all holders of any part of the old crop or of any stock manufactured from it *suffered a loss* by the decline in value consequent upon the abundance of the new crop, and that both dealers in and manufacturers of the raw material, and dealers in and consumers of the manufactured article, delayed or diminished their purchases and their manufacturing until the decline had in their opinion reached its limit. This delay or diminution of purchases or manufacturing *again causes a loss* to the producer, the dealer, the manufacturer, the factory hand, and all directly or indirectly dependent on these, and thus, we argued, the abundance of any given crop causes an actual and positive loss to all classes remotely or nearly connected with it, and diminishes to that extent their ability to consume the products of all other classes of the community. We had, as the *Times* correctly states,

"Taken for illustration a branch of trade and production in which the reserved stock of the community, and their consequent power of withholding purchase, is always greater than in any of the branches connected with food. *In cotton*, most families have something laid by, or can wait for lower prices before buying, if an abundant crop gives promise of a fall of price, and thus a full crop might temporarily cause a slackening of purchasing and manufacturing, and so an apparent diminution of prosperity."

It is evident that, so far as cotton is concerned, the *Times* agrees with us that an abundant crop *might* temporarily cause an apparent diminution of prosperity. That, however, this diminution of prosperity is not only possible and apparent but actual and real, is shown sooner than we could have expected by actual events. "At the present price of printing cloths," so the telegraph reports from Providence, Rhode Island, "the manufacturer loses money on every yard he manufactures. The Fall River Mills are running only four days in the week;" and the *Financial Chronicle* again reports: "Manufacturers complain that they are selling their goods at a loss, . . . and the expectation that the raw material will be still lower in price renders some anxious to realize at the best obtainable rates." The fact that any important class of the community is doing business at a loss, or that in any important branch of industry production is being, even if only temporarily, curtailed by one-third, owing to the abundant crop of any one article, is self-evident proof of the correctness of our assertion. But if at this early stage of the season such results are produced, when there is no degree of certainty about the abundance of the crop and when the raw material has not yet very materially declined, what will the result be should the crop *prove* to be an abundant one?

The *Times* admits the correctness of our argument as applied to cotton, asserting, at the same time, "With food, however, it is differ-

ent," and gives as a reason, that a decline in the price of food reduces every one's expense of living, and enables every one to spend all the more for other articles, and thereby increases business and prosperity. It then cites an example:

"A clerk in New York has barely lived on a salary of $1,200, of which some $600 was spent for the food of his family. A plentiful harvest in the West enables him this coming year to purchase his food for 33 per cent. less, or $400. His purchasing power is now increased by $200, which he either uses to buy other commodities (thus adding to business) or he lays by in the savings-bank, where it goes into the production of the country."

Yes, always supposing that the clerk retain his situation, and that his salary be not reduced. But how if he happen to be the clerk of the grain dealer, or flour merchant, or wholesale grocer, who has lost money on every bushel of wheat and every barrel of flour bought or sold during the last two months? or of the miller, who has been steadily diminishing his production because he has been working at a loss for some time? Or suppose he is the clerk of the cotton manufacturer, or dealer, or jobber, who loses money every day, or of the Fall River mill-owner, who is working on two-thirds time. Is he likely to retain his situation with $1,200 salary? And if any number of clerks in these branches are thrown out and their salaries reduced, do we not know that the salaries of all clerks and all salaried people will be reduced in proportion? Does the *Times* suppose that any decline in bread and cotton goods at retail is to-day sufficient to compensate the Fall River mill-hands for the loss of one-third of their wages? And will not all the trades-people of Fall River see their business reduced in proportion? and will not the wages and salaries of all classes in Fall River and neighborhood be affected in a similar way?

The only difficulty that the *Times* has in fully and entirely supporting our views arises from its forgetting that a decline in the price of any given article, due to whatever cause, *at once* injuriously affects all holders or owners and producers of it, and benefits the consumers only gradually and after a lapse of time. The holders and owners, and producers or manufacturers, of all the principal articles of trade, are the capitalists, the *employers*. An injury to the employer means diminished power to employ—a diminished employment for labor, or a reduction of wages, or both. Hence, a decline in price in any given article means, almost inevitably, a decline in the wages of every one employed in connection with that article; and this decline in the wages takes place long before the decline in the article itself has time to reach the consumer, who, when the decline does reach him, has no longer the same power to purchase, on account of his diminished income. By the light of this irrefutable assertion we recognize double force in the admirable illustrations given by the *Times* of the manner in which abundant food-crops lower the prices of all articles:

"The shoemakers of Lynn, Mass., having a third less expense for food, make shoes cheaper; the mill-owners of New England, who feed their hands, at once find one heavy portion of their expenses diminished by one-third, and can thus manufacture cheaper woollens or cottons, or the operatives, competing closely for labor, and discovering that they can live much cheaper, accept lower wages; the machine manufacturers in New York, where labor is in excess, *can lower wages with lower food* [the italics are ours.—Ed. Nat.], and thus produce cheaper farm-machines; or if, owing to trades-unions and combinations of laborers, this did not take place at once, it would gradually. All the exchangers, forwarders, brokers, middlemen, and merchants, finding one portion of their expenses so much lessened, are enabled to lower their rates after a time, and are compelled to do so by competition."

We cannot improve upon the *Times's* illustration of the manner in which abundant grain crops lower not only the prices of food, but the prices of shoes, of cottons or woollens, of machinery, of labor, of transportation, in fact, of every article produced by man's labor and of every service that man can render to man. But the effect is precisely what we had indicated. The manufacturers of and dealers in shoes, woollens, and machinery know perfectly well that an abundant grain crop will reduce the price of their products; they are, therefore, just as we have seen that the cotton manufacturers are, anxious to sell off their present stocks as quickly as possible, even at a loss if necessary, and to reduce their production as low as they can; but neither lower prices nor reduced supplies can stimulate trade; buyers hold off for a further decline, and business remains dull and unprofitable. The indications of an approaching business depression can be followed to their source in many ways. Although the cotton receipts of the week amount to 30,000 bales, only 4,000 bales have been exported, shippers and manufacturers alike waiting for lower prices. The receipts of breadstuffs at the lake ports are increasing somewhat, but the movement to the sea-shore is less active, and falls even behind that of former less successful years; neither exporters nor Eastern millers are willing to buy at present prices. Money continues "a drug" in Wall Street, and financiers wonder why our enormous crops do not require more money to move them. It is simply because *they are not moving*. The great Western and Eastern railroad lines are not, with rare exceptions, materially increasing their traffic receipts over those of the same period of last year, and with only light exports the supplies of breadstuffs in this market are not much enlarged. Are these circumstances accidental? They are not. They are the first faint indications of the general depression and unprofitableness of business this fall and winter, consequent upon the generally anticipated decline in prices of almost all articles, as the natural and inevitable result of unusually abundant crops of many of our leading staples.

Years of war, destruction, poor crops, high prices, active business, seeming prosperity, and reckless extravagance have impoverished the country, and concentrated the diminished wealth of the nation in fewer hands, leaving the great mass of the people far poorer than they ever were before. This is the history of the past. Peace, reconstruction, good crops, low prices, dull business, acknowledged poverty, and consequent economy, will restore the country to wealth, and redistribute among the masses the injurious accumulations of property in the hands of the few. Such is the prospect of the future. To disguise or falsify these facts is to hinder the recognition of our national needs. We have had seven years of strife and riotous living. We are about to enter upon a compulsory accounting. When we fully recognize our position we shall, by economy, industry, and peace, seek to restore our wasted substance. But let no one delude himself with the belief that our good crops will render the accounting unnecessary, or will bridge over the gulf between substantial well-being and our present deceptive, hollow show of wealth.

## MR. REVERDY JOHNSON'S INDISCRETIONS.

*Harper's Weekly* last week, in an article which Mr. Reverdy Johnson's friends would do well to send him and he to read—because we have little doubt it gives utterance to opinions widely prevalent at the North—commented upon that gentleman's conduct since his arrival in England, particularly his language at the Sheffield Cutlers' Banquet. The writer warns Mr. Johnson that his expressions of friendship for England, in so far as they are intended to represent the popular sentiment of this country, are exaggerated and extravagant; that, if accurate, the state of mind they describe would, after all that has happened, not be creditable to the country; and that, although nothing could be more calamitous than an outbreak of hostility between the two nations, no good is done by giving a false account of American feeling. The *Weekly* criticises, also, in strong terms, Mr. Johnson's mode of addressing Lord Wharncliffe, who was present at the dinner, and who during the war was one of the most active and energetic of the Confederate sympathizers; and it treats all that has occurred as a justification of the objections it made to Mr. Johnson's appointment, on the ground that his education, antecedents, and surroundings rendered him incapable of fully comprehending the nature and gravity of the change which has taken place in American polity, as the consequence of the war, and therefore made him unfit to represent the United States Government of to-day at the English court.

Now, we do not think Mr. Johnson has shown or is showing much discretion. Whatever his personal feelings may be, decency does require that he should hold aloof from the persons, small and great, who made themselves conspicuous during the last seven years in aiding and abetting in attempts to overthrow the United States Government. When he loads Lord Wharncliffe and Mr. Roebuck in public with expressions of personal esteem, he puts himself in a position more false than the French minister would put himself in if he appeared in public on terms of intimacy with Serjeant Kinglake, or than the Papal Nuncio, if he were to pass his evenings with Ernest Renan—that is to say, he offends not simply against the political feelings of

the American people, but against the European standard of diplomatic propriety. It must be remembered, however, that probably Mr. Johnson is subjected just now to peculiar temptations. The Confederate sympathizers in England, unfortunately, include the foremost men and women in London society, of both parties—not the Tories only, but the Liberals; and if the American minister were to associate with nobody, or be civil to nobody who had not shared John Stuart Mill's or John Bright's feelings about the war, he would, perhaps, cut a very fine figure as an indignant patriot, but he would cut a very sorry figure as a diplomatist, and he would diminish his usefulness by about four-fifths. Now, being in this society—being, in fact, compelled by his position to be constantly in it—it is not unnatural to suppose that Mr. Johnson—having, like most other men, a weak side—succumbs to its fascinations; and that, meeting the Wharncliffes and Houghtons at dinner-tables and breakfast-tables and in country houses, he finds it more difficult to take high moral ground against them than we find it here in New York. We, who have in our time known some very good Northerners who had never, probably, trod slave soil in their lives to be overcome by the strong aroma of the peerage, and to leave "the rights of man" in their cab at the door of fine London houses, are not disposed to condemn Mr. Johnson too strongly till we know whether there is behind his fair words toward the enemies of the country any real concession to them on the subject of its rights.

Moreover, the Tory party are lavishing their attentions on him for the express purpose of securing a speedy settlement of the American difficulty, so as to have it a sa feather in their cap at the opening of Parliament, and be able to crow over the Gladstonians and compare Liberal bungling with Tory dexterity. Lastly, the Confederate sympathizers are doubtless not sorry to have an opportunity of covering a demonstration against the North under extreme politeness to an envoy born and bred in a Southern State; and men of all ranks and classes are sincerely desirous of testifying, by their welcome to the American minister, their eagerness to have all difficulties with America put at rest. It was hardly possible for the upper classes to show their real feeling in this way to Mr. Adams. Having a fair sense of humor, and a strong sense of decency, "London society" could hardly have prostrated itself, the minute the war was over, at the feet of the man who had represented the United States in the dark days of 1862-3-4. The thing was, in a social sense, impossible. In Mr. Johnson's case there is no such difficulty. We mention these things as illustrations of the kind of embarrassment in which he has probably found himself, and as a reason why he should be judged with caution.

There is one view, however, which *Harper's Weekly* seems to take, and on which, in fact, its criticism of Mr. Johnson seems to be based, to which we feel bound to except, and that is, that an ambassador is an envoy sent by the party in power in one country to treat with the party in power in another country. This is, no doubt, true in one sense. The party in power, in a constitutional country, is the Government of it, and has to select its foreign ministers and trace out its foreign policy. But on the correct theory of an ambassador's functions, he represents the nation as a whole, and has no right to make himself the exponent, further than accomplished facts will warrant him, of the peculiar political opinions on which the majority have risen to power. Much less has he the right to mix himself up in the political contests of the country to which he is accredited, and become a partisan in politics not his own. We insist on this all the more strenuously because as long as our ministers are looked on as party agents abroad, sent forth, as stump speakers are at home, to expound the party platform to the heathen, it is useless to hope for reform in the diplomatic service. This theory is the curse of that service now, as it is, indeed, the curse of the whole civil service. Of course we do not mean to say that a minister should not have convictions—he is sure to have them in spite of us; or that, coming from a democratic state, he should not be frankly and loyally a democrat, in the best sense of the word, or should ever shrink from speaking his opinions; but he should have as few of the feelings of a party politician as possible. Unfortunately, very nearly half the American people are not Republicans. Very slight things occurring can put one party out of power and the other party in; and as long as foreign ministers are taught to believe that their chief duty is to carry high the party standard, their tenure of office will be, as now, endangered at every election, and we shall never have a respectable, respected, highly-trained, and trustworthy diplomatic corps. It is not faithful Republicans we need abroad; these we can always have. What it is we *do* want, we endeavored to point out in a recent number of the *Nation*.

## THE CRISIS IN SPAIN.

For the sixtieth time, perhaps, within the last sixty years, Spain is convulsed by insurrection. The throne of the Spanish Bourbons—the last Bourbons that have a throne to lose—is again shaken, perhaps to be overthrown for ever, perhaps soon to shine in fresh splendors of triumphantly restored absolutism. And this insurrection is not one of those ephemeral phenomena to which we have become so much accustomed in the Iberian peninsula, not one of those unexpected shocks which shake the ground for a second, but passing as rapidly as they came, leave almost all on it undisturbed; it is not an isolated pronunciamento, the result of a sudden ebullition in a town, in a province, or in the mind of an ambitious general; it is a movement of first-rate magnitude, preannounced by portentous signs, and foreseen by all who had eyes to see—a movement that will probably alter the face of the land, and cover it with ruins of fortunes and institutions; in one word, "ce n'est pas une émeute, c'est une révolution."

When the revolution shall be over, who is likely to appear on the scene and to reap its material fruits? Is it Isabella II., reinstated in all her rights, reinvested with all the power and pomp of the crown of her ancestors, surrounded by her much-tossed-about mother, her little-beloved but much-intriguing consort, her confessor, Father Claret, and her miracle-working Sister Patrocinio? Is it her son, Alfonso, a boy of eleven, who has as yet breathed no air but that of the palace, and received no instruction but from nurses, court-priests, and court-warriors? Is it Don Enrico, the brother of her consort, who now plays the liberal in exile? Is it her other brother-in-law, the Duke of Montpensier, lately banished for aspiring to found in Spain an Orleanistic *branche cadette* of the House of Bourbon, as his father, Louis Philippe, did in France, thirty-eight years ago? Is it her cousin, Don Carlos, junior, the successor to the claims of the man who for six years deluged Spain with blood while contesting her right—as female heir—to the throne of her father? Is it her liberal neighbor, Dom Luis of Portugal, who now, perhaps less sincerely than wisely, protests against any desire to reign over a united Iberia? Is it the old ex-Regent, Espartero, the "victorious" defender of her rights against the Carlists, but the constant enemy of her mother, and the time-honored chief of the Progressistas, who now rests on his many laurels in the shades of Logroño? Is it her former favorite, Marshal Serrano, who has by turns fought with and against Espartero, for and against the court, and is now arrayed in deadly warfare against the latter? Is it General Prim, the not more scrupulous, nor more constant, but more adventurous pronunciamento leader, the most reckless, if not the boldest, partisan of many parties who has figured of late? Is it Olozaga, the most devoted, the stanchest, but also the stiffest, and perhaps the least practical, of the old liberal parliamentary chiefs? Is it a democratic revolutionist of the younger generation whose history is not yet written? Can the men of the "historical" Moderado party, who have just lost their powerful leader, Narvaez, or those of the Liberal Union, who mourn their O'Donnell, still return to power, or is the contest now exclusively between the two extremes—absolutism and democracy? To answer these questions is far beyond our powers; we shall be satisfied with explaining how it comes that all these questions can be reasonably asked.

The geographical position and the history of Spain have combined to make its people the most homogeneous of nations. Located in an extreme corner of their continent, separated from their only neighbors, the French—for Portugal can be regarded as a detached part of Spain—by the mountain-wall of the Pyrenees, and from all other peoples by vast seas, the Spaniards—though descendants of Celts, Iberians, Romans, Goths, etc.—were moulded by an eight hundred years' warfare against "infidel" invaders, in which the bishop's staff and the sceptre aided each other, into a bigoted and throne-worshipping people of one creed and tongue, guided by monks, and proud of its chains. The

discovery of America, which made it master over savages and endless wilds—the treasures of which bred adventurousness, conceit, and indolence; the Inquisition, which, at the same time that it exterminated Islamism, Judaism, and heresy, crushed all free movements of the mind and excluded all light from abroad; and the despotism of the monarchs on whose empire the sun never set, completed its intellectual isolation and degradation, which were soon followed by an unparalleled moral and material decay. At the beginning of this century Spain, with its rotten court, its corrupt administration, its ignorant nobility, its ragged army, its hungry office-seekers, its profligate priests and monks, its fighting smugglers, its pious highwaymen and proud beggars, was generally looked upon as the most irretrievably degraded of all the independent countries of Europe.

But light and life re-entered Spain—not developed by the slow workings of reform, refinement, or education, of reviving industry, commerce, and intercourse with foreigners, but carried thither by the torch of the invader. The Augean deposits of centuries of national stagnation and intellectual decomposition were stirred up and partly swept away by the Herculean torrent of Napoleonic conquest. And what is more, all the latent sparks of vitality and energy which still glimmered in the abuse-eaten Spanish people were fanned into new life by its national and fanatical exertion to turn back that torrent of invasion. A fire was kindled which was not only to destroy the assailant, but also gradually to burn out the elements of political and social disease which had threatened to consume the assailed. The deadly grapple of five years was an awful but purifying crisis. Victorious Spain was decaying Spain no more. Returning reaction, under Ferdinand "the Ungrateful," tried in vain to restore the past in all its hideousness. The Liberal movement which triumphed in 1812, and succumbed in 1814, was resumed in 1820, and, though again checked in 1823 by Bourbonic intervention from France, became victorious on the death of Ferdinand, in 1833, when his widow, the Regent Maria Christina, was compelled to look for liberal aid to save the throne of her little Isabella from the attacks of the monkish Don Carlos. When Maria Christina, after her sanguinary victory over Salic legitimacy, backed by Jesuitism, tried reaction in her own interest, Espartero saved the constitution and banished its betrayer.

But the portion of the nation which upheld Isabella against her uncle, and liberty against her mother, though strong by its intellectual and material resources, was far from being the majority of the people. And this advanced minority was itself deeply split. The Progressistas, the followers of the Exaltados of 1820, held the reins of power in their hand, but were combated and harassed by their rivals, the Moderados, who could easily find support in the vanquished Carlist absolutists. The strife of the parties became from day to day more envenomed, excesses of authority, baffled ambitions, conspiracies, and pronunciamentos, adding to the fuel. Opposed at the same time by reactionists and ultra-democrats, and finally fought against by his former companions-in-arms, Prim, Serrano, and Narvaez, Espartero succumbed, in 1843; Isabella, thirteen years old, was declared of age; her Progressista prime-minister, Olozaga, had to give way to the voluble and eloquent apostate, Gonzalez Bravo; her mother was recalled from France; the militia was disarmed, and a state of siege proclaimed. Narvaez, succeeding Bravo, completed the victory of the Moderados, stopped the ordered sales of church property, had the constitution of 1812, revised and adopted in 1837, re-revised, and vigorously quelled all attempted Progressista risings, but was compelled to yield to court intrigues. Serrano was for a time distinguished above all others by the young queen, who had married her unamiable cousin Don Francisco d'Assis. New court intrigues, however, soon reinstated Narvaez, who now began the most conspicuous part of his career, showing himself equally conciliatory and energetic. He restored order in the palace, removed Serrano, allowed Espartero to return, and, by promptly and vigorously crushing both democratic and Carlist insurrections, saved Spain from the stormy revulsions of 1848. His Moderado administration appeared liberal after his fall, in 1851, when reaction, envenomed by an almost successful attempt on the life of the queen, commenced sweeping all before it. The Progressistas had exhausted their strength in fruitless revolutionary attempts to recover power; half of the Moderados had turned absolutists; jealousies, apostasies, and desertions had loosened all organizations—the Camarilla alone was powerful. Shameful financial schemes augmented the ill-gotten treasures of Maria Christina; the wealth of the state was brought down to a lower ebb than before; forced loans were imposed; the voice of parliamentary opposition was suppressed by repeated prorogations of the Cortes; the press was gagged.

It was at that juncture of affairs, in June, 1854, that O'Donnell, formerly an eminent follower of Narvaez, suddenly raised the banner of military revolt in the capital, smashed the whole structure of reaction to pieces, reorganized the militia, and inaugurated the rule of the fusion party known under the name of the Liberal Union. Espartero formed a new cabinet, in which O'Donnell figured as minister of war. The queen-mother was again banished. Constituent Cortes were convoked to revise the constitution of 1837. But the new cabinet, composed of representative men of formerly hostile camps, was, after two years, rent asunder by jealousies and dissensions. O'Donnell formed another. The advanced Progressistas appealed to arms, but fought without their chief, and were defeated. O'Donnell, pressed back towards the ranks of his former Moderado associates, dissolved the constituent Cortes, left the constitution unpromulgated, and, the tide turning, had soon to make room for Narvaez, who composed a cabinet of men of the Moderado party, whose right wing, the Neo-Catholics, began verging more and more towards absolutism. But this as well as two other Moderado cabinets succumbed to opposition and intrigue, the Liberal Union, under O'Donnell, was restored to power, and for five years that statesman ruled Spain with unprecedented success, developing the material resources of the country, diverting the attention of the people from domestic affairs, and flattering its vanity, by warlike undertakings abroad—an expedition against Anam and the French, a brilliant campaign in Morocco, a "reincorporation" of St. Domingo, and a war with Mexico—quelling revolutionary movements with energy, and managing the court, ambitious rivals, elections, and assemblies with dexterity.

In the meanwhile the disintegration of parties and the subsoiling, so to say, of public opinion, no little promoted by O'Donnell's own activity, had been steadily going on for a number of years. The Liberal Union itself was nothing but a loose conglomeration of not entirely homogeneous fragments. Besides it there were, on one side, the historical Moderados, Neo-Catholics, and Carlists, and on the other Ultra-Progressistas, Iberian Unionists, Democrats, and even Socialists. Each fraction formed but a small minority; each was ready to fight, but none was able to govern. Every legal and constitutional basis, too, had in its turn been abandoned; every party had in its turn been rebellious; every leader had been a traitor. Every constitution had been conquered by an insurrection, every revision had been carried through by an assembly whose title could be contested. And every cabinet had violated its pledges, exceeded its authority, and made itself liable to the gravest accusations. Every leader, cabinet, and party was henceforward doomed to constant and violent attacks by hostile coalitions. The temptation and the peril of abusing the weapons of repression increased alike. And amid all these difficulties, shocks, and dangers, the financial distress grew apace.

The cabinet of O'Donnell, however, was wrecked chiefly in consequence of internal dissensions. The tide of reaction again set in, and, after some fluctuations, Narvaez was again at the helm. He began his administration with more liberal resolutions than ever, announced a reign of conciliation, unshackled the press, made peace with Peru, which had been gravely provoked, and abandoned St. Domingo; but, distrusted by the Liberals, and distrusting them, he was soon reentangled in the meshes of reaction, became embroiled in a new feud with the press, had to quell a students' insurrection in Madrid, and, meeting with too much hostility and little support, retired. Once more O'Donnell reappeared on the scene, with liberal intentions, but soon to be driven into violent reaction by a bloodless insurrection under Prim, and a sanguinary rising in Madrid, in January and June, 1866. This again paved the way for the return of Narvaez to power, who sternly carried repression to its extreme, crushed parliamentary opposition by a *coup d'état*, banished or incarcerated the most distin-

guished leaders of the opposition—and among them O'Donnell, who died in exile—stifled the voice of the press, suppressed a new insurrection, in which Prim failed to take the lead, and inaugurated a reign of terror which he, dying in April, 1868, left as a legacy to his successor, Gonzalez Bravo, with the certainty of a chaos following it.

Chaos has come. All elements of opposition to the actual order of things—if order it can be called—all repressed ambitions, all pent-up rancors, all liberal aspirations, are at once in motion for its overthrow. There is a waving and heaving on every side. There is concert in the work of destruction. But there is apparently not a single element, strong enough to make itself recognized by most others, to command harmony, and found a future. Can there be concert in reconstruction? Something will turn up uppermost, for reconstruction there must be. And as everything is equally improbable, everything is possible.

## THE REVIVAL IN WATER STREET.

We have received a strong remonstrance from a promoter of the movement above-mentioned against our paragraph of last week, in reference to the proceedings at John Allen's "dance-house," and with it Dr. J. M. Ward's letter, recently addressed to the New York *Times*, which our correspondent assures us is a correct statement of the case, as far as it goes. He also requests us, as a matter of justice to the Howard Mission, to investigate the matter on the spot; and he energetically denies that any of the promoters of the movement have ever asserted or given out that Allen was a religious man, or have ever "sent him or allowed him to preach or pray in public." "It is to be hoped," says he, "that he *may* reform; but if he does n't, the Gospel is in his den."

Now, we did not intend to have it understood by what we said last week that any Christian, or body of Christians, had *sent* Allen out to preach or lecture. What we meant was that the leaders of the Water-Street movement had countenanced his going, or had led him by their treatment of him to believe that he was fit to go. If they can say that they have not by word or deed left on his mind the impression that he is a Christian man, or fit to instruct others, or have not furnished him with the notoriety which he needed, why, we have done them a gross injustice, and are sorry for it.

But we shall not go down to investigate the movement personally. We should, after never so diligent an investigation, be unable to say whether any impression had been produced on the denizens of the dance-houses, or whether any was likely to be produced; and we have in Dr. Ward's statement all the facts we need to know to come to a conclusion about the whole matter which is satisfactory to ourselves, and we believe will prove so to a majority of our readers. We should not accept the appearance of brothel-keepers or prostitutes at a prayer-meeting, or other religious meeting, or their participation with whatever appearance of devoutness in religious exercises, or their temporary abandonment of their callings in the presence and at the solicitation of a large number of religious people of the well-to-do classes, as proof of their reformation. To do so would be to disregard all experience of human nature and the best established rules of evidence. Such persons can offer only one proof of their desire to amend, and that is their leading good lives for a year or two at least, and supporting themselves during that period by honest industry. Anybody who asks us to accept from them anything less than this as proof of a change of heart, not only presumes upon our simplicity, but does, we firmly believe, one of the greatest injuries to religion that a professor of it can inflict on it, short of becoming himself a notorious evil-liver. When, therefore, we have been shown a prayer-meeting going on in John Allen's "den," or Tommy Hadden's "den," with their discharged harlots sitting round the table, we can draw no conclusion from it except that, for some unexplained reason, these people have for the present ceased to ply their trade.

Now, it is not denied that Allen closed his house because a sensational article in a magazine, with a misleading title, sent such crowds of sight-seers from the better classes of society to his premises as to make the prosecution of his business impossible. At this point the missionaries and others stepped in and procured the use of the house for a prayer-meeting, and after they had had it for this purpose several days, finding that Allen was being tempted to sell the lease to other people like himself, and was exposed to other temptations "from his own wicked heart," the premises were hired of him, to use Dr. Ward's language, "for religious services long enough to give opportunity for an expression of sympathy and co-operation of the Christian community in the effort that promised reformation to that portion of the city." We have no doubt Dr. Ward and his coadjutors believe that their securing Allen's house for the prayer-meeting was a lucky stroke, and promised a most favorable beginning for their work in that quarter of the city. But we beg most respectfully to differ with them. We think it one of the most unfortunate ideas that ever entered into their heads. The house and its owner had been raised into notoriety, and had, in fact, become one of the "sensations" of the day, and prurient curiosity was feeding eagerly upon them. Crowds were pouring down to see Allen because he was held up as the most degraded human being in this great city, and to see his house as the scene of the beastliest orgies that disgrace our civilization. To choose that house, therefore, as that house of prayer from which the religious influence should flow that would purify the district was to enter into the "sensation," to aggravate it, to crown it, to give it the final touch of piquancy, particularly when it was known that Allen and the prostitutes were to linger on the scene, he in the character of a "hopeful case" and they in that of "Magdalens."

But this was not all. In choosing the premises thus made notorious, they ignored the most powerful of the laws of human nature, that by which human character, whether for good or evil, is most deeply affected, which plays the most prominent part in all education, and particularly the education of the heart—the law of association. Any reformer or teacher who fails to use it goes far towards proving himself unfit for his work; but what shall we say of reformers who not only do not use it, but so order their doings that it shall work against them? This is, however, precisely what these Water-Street reformers have done. In their attempt to strike a great blow against sin, they have placed their whole reliance on theatrical contrast, being evidently of opinion that this is a more valuable agent in the work of moral regeneration than harmony; and they have accordingly chosen a place for their operations in which the influence of association shall deprive their singing, praying, and preaching of one-half their force. They select a room for their devotions for the simple reason that it has for many years been a brothel, and evidently regard as of no consequence the circumstance that everybody who enters it is likely to have his mind full of the remembrance that it *was* a brothel, his mind's eye full of the unclean images it calls up, and his ear full of the unclean staves and foul oaths with which the rafters have rung, and that every note of prayer and praise rises through tainted air. This may be fighting the devil, but it is giving him the choice of weapons, and letting him put his back to the sun.

It will not do to tell us that the efficacy of prayer does not depend on the place from which it ascends: that we admit; but for this very reason the Mission might have selected the place for their devotions in Water Street with reference solely to the influence of its associations on the audience. Our correspondent's remark that, no matter what Allen may be, "the Gospel is in his den," betrays, it seems to us, a somewhat hazy notion both of what the Gospel is and of the work it is intended to do. You might get the Gospel into every "den" in New York, and every den in Christendom, on the same terms on which you have got it into Allen's—that is, by paying for the use of the room; but after you had got in, the world would be no better off than ever. You would simply have driven a certain number of sinners to sin elsewhere. The problem you have to solve is not how to get the Gospel into certain rooms polluted by vice, but into hearts polluted by vice. And the important question for the public of New York is, after all, not in what apartment is this preaching and praying going on, but what number of persons have been affected by them; in other words, not, have you got Allen's "den?" but, what have you done for Allen?

The want of clear perception with which the work is being done is well illustrated by one remark in Dr. Ward's letter, which we cannot help quoting:

"Tommy Hadden's part in the Water-Street movement was similarly accidental, or rather providential. In one of the prayer-meetings at Allen's a converted sailor astonished the audience by declaring that John Allen was not the wickedest man in New York; that Tommy Hadden was a great deal the wickedest, and asked the congregation to pray for Tommy. That was the first time that any one interested in the movement ever heard of Tommy Hadden; but we soon found him; and, sitting down by his side, learned to our astonishment that God had gone before us and prepared the way; so that a quick response was given to a proposition to hold a prayer-meeting in his house. Since that time meetings have been held there twice during the week and on the Sabbath, without any charge for the use of his premises."

Here, we see a "converted sailor" is allowed to hold the balance in which Tommy Hadden and John Allen are weighed against each other, in their character of "wicked men;" and, under the guidance of this casuist, the reformers go in search of Tommy and speedily find him, and "learn to their astonishment that God had gone before them and prepared the way;

*so that a quick response was given to a proposition to hold a prayer-meeting in his house.*" That it was God, and not the devil, who had gone before and prepared the way, is here deduced without hesitation from the circumstance that Tommy is willing to have prayer-meetings held in his house "without any charge for the use of his premises," nothing being said of the very material fact that Tommy is awaiting his trial for "shanghaeing" a sailor, and that his business has been seriously interfered with by the same causes which have broken up Allen's.

We now approach a more delicate part of the subject—because in touching it we seem to enter on the domain of theology proper. What we are about to say must, we fervently believe, be said often and emphatically by those who desire, as we desire, most earnestly to see the world won to Christianity, not on paper or in pious books and reports, but in truth and in deed. It is this: that at the bottom of much of the eagerness of the religious world to promote street-preaching, and the introduction of the Gospel into "dens," there is an almost superstitious reliance on the power of words—that is, on the spiritual efficacy of physical sounds entering through the physical ear, not unlike the importance attached by Roman Catholics to physical presence at the mass, though it be only presence in the neighborhood of the church door. That is, the work of evangelization is supposed to be going on when you utter certain phrases within the hearing of certain people, no matter what may be their character, their education, their antecedents, their bodily constitution; in other words, no matter what may be their want of fitness to receive the ideas of which the words are but the clothing. A preacher gets up in a "den" or at a street corner, and talks of God, of heaven, of truth, of love, of eternity, of holiness, of purity, of redemption, to poor wretches who have never known what even earthly love is; who hardly know the difference between truth and falsehood; into whose heads an abstract idea has never entered; to whom holiness is a synonym for stupidity, and who do not know what purity means; in whom years of physical misery and degradation have begotten such a brutish selfishness that the story of Christ's sacrifice, so far from exciting their admiration, excites their contempt. We do not deny that this literal, narrow, half-blind way of executing the command to "go into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature" occasionally lifts people into a higher and better life. Now and then, no doubt, the phrases which to the mass are meaningless fall on ears prepared by memory or temperament to convey them to the understanding, and fill some poor devil with horror of his ways and the desire to amend. But, taken as a whole, this plan of "preaching the Gospel" without regard to the physical or mental condition of those to whom it is preached, has proved a miserable failure, and it is time that the Christian public of every country insisted on a more intelligent discharge of the duty.

It is eighteen hundred years since the Church was founded. At this moment the Christian religion, in the sense in which the Water-Street missionaries understand it, has taken hold of but a few hundred thousand persons in Europe and America. The great mass of the poor throughout the civilized world are to all intents and purposes as much idolaters as they were under the Roman Empire, the saints being substituted for the gods and goddesses, and their ideas about life and death and judgment not one whit more spiritual than those of a Greek peasant of the second century before Christ. The main body of the upper classes belong to the church for social and political reasons or from habit; and there has accumulated in the great cities, which are the distinctive feature of modern civilization, an enormous and growing population who are not even idolaters, who have not even imagination enough to be superstitious; to whom the fundamental social ideas are unknown, and who are only removed from the brutes by their greater ingenuity in the gratification of their animal desires. It is over a thousand years since Christianity has made any sensible impression on any considerable body of heathen, in spite of the large sums spent in missionary efforts; and we see at this moment one of the most devoted and heroic men who have labored in its service, Dr. Livingstone, risking life and health in the work of exploration, from the firm and avowed belief that civilization must precede and accompany the preaching of Christianity, if the dark places of the earth are ever to be lightened by it.

Of course the object aimed at in Water Street is the very highest that can engage the attention of Christian or philanthropist. The condition, physical and moral, of the poorer wards of this city is a disgrace to every denomination in it. Considering the wealth which is invested in the appliances of Christian worship in other parts of the city, vice ought to find it a great deal harder than it does now to maintain its footing anywhere. But whatever is done by way of reform must be based on a rational view of human nature, and of the facts of human life. Everything sensational should be rigidly excluded from it, both for the sake of the poor people whose salvation is sought and for the sake of that other great body of poor people who, amidst a thousand temptations and sufferings, are trying to keep their way straight, and look for no reward but God's approval. Christian men owe it to those who have never succumbed, and never sought help, not to set every human animal they rescue from the gutter of degradation on a pedestal and make a hero or a "curiosity" of him. To be sure, we are told that there is more joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth than over ninety-nine just men; but the joy is in heaven, where the secret workings of the heart are known. Here, where its workings are still the greatest of mysteries, we must, in the interest of human society, take it for granted that God values most highly not those who flinch in the struggle, but those who stand their ground and fight it out, for it is they who keep his very name and the knowledge of him from perishing from the earth. And no work of reform in the slums can hope to be successful in which praying and preaching is not accompanied by the removal of the victims as speedily as possible from all that may remind them of their sin and shame. A "den" is no more fit to be a "home for fallen women" than a house of worship. Human nature, and above all in its lowest state, must have a fair chance, and the aid of all good influences, if it is to rise. Moreover, the blame of the sensation in Water Street cannot be thrown, as the missionaries throw it, on the reporters of the daily papers. All their reports that we have seen struck us as temperate and well-written. But even supposing the reports have been sensational, religious reformers, undertaking a work like that going on in Water Street, must remember that the existence of the daily papers, and of their reporters, and the appetite of the public for sensations, are elements in the problem to be solved. Philanthropists have to deal with the world as it is, and not as it ought to be.

# Correspondence.

## EXTRAORDINARY LETTER FROM "A THOUGHTFUL TEETOTALLER."

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: You made some remarks some little time ago to "the thoughtful teetotaller" on the general subject of Grant's drunkenness, and gave also "the genesis of a rumor" which related to one particular instance of his inebriety. Permit me, as a teetotaller whom I hope you would call thoughtful, to give the genesis of another rumor of the same character as the one you exposed. I mean the one which first appeared in the *Independent* and *Anti-Slavery Standard*, and to which Mr. Phillips is again giving currency. General Grant was said to have been seen "drunk on the streets of Washington" one Sunday morning. A friend of mine—whose name I do not give because I have just now no means of communicating with him in order to get his leave to do so—long resident in Washington and respected there, a strong Republican and a person whose means of getting information are of the best kind, heard the story within not very many hours after it was first told. He at once asked the narrator of it for his authority, and the names of two ladies well known to him and known to be Radicals were given him. F Street, by the way, was, if I remember, the scene of the alleged exhibition. My friend immediately called on the ladies to enquire into the truth of the story. What they said to him was in substance this: They were walking down F Street on their way to church on the morning in question, and met General Grant, who was on the other side of the way, and was evidently going to General Dent's. They observed nothing peculiar in his look or walk or manner until he reached General Dent's door, and then he seemed very uncertain whether to go into the general's house or the next one, and for some seconds seemed to be pondering the question in his mind. Finally, he selected the right house. The ladies heard the next day that on the day before, Sheridan, who was then in the city for a day or two, had been invited to a breakfast, at which Grant was, of course, present, and that there had been a good deal of wine drunk. When this was told them they connected the fact of his dubiety as to the door with the fact of his having been at a wine breakfast, and said so, but did not base any charge of drunkenness on anything which they had seen, nor indeed make such a charge at all.

*That*, my friend said, was all the foundation he could ever find for the "drunk-in-the-streets-of-Washington" story, which, however, by the joint efforts of the "Wade men" and the *World* was for a time circulated very extensively, and apparently gave Mr. Phillips a genuine delight that "does equal honor to his head and heart," as the reporters say. The fact of the matter, my friend thought, was this: General Dent had on that Sunday

morning been living in the house above-mentioned some four or five weeks. It is one of a block of four or five houses very much like each other. General Grant, it is probable, had been inside the house once or twice and no more since General Dent had taken it, and did not well know which bell to pull; so he stopped and looked; possibly read a door-plate or two. I might add my friend's testimony on Grant's general habits, but the country never was fooled by the stories which were told, and besides my letter is already too long. But it would be worth knowing how long men like Mr. Phillips can do this kind of thing and retain their own and other people's respect? I myself am getting rather tired of several of our orators. One's feelings are frightfully lacerated, and I find one seldom knows whether the lacerator is correct in his facts, and is often obliged to suspect that, to speak plainly, he cares very little whether he is correct or not.

A Thoughtful Teetotaller.

New York, September 27, 1868.

# Notes.

## LITERARY.

Mr. J. W. Bouton announces as ready for publication on the 10th of October a reproduction in fac-simile of the thirty-seven wood-cuts, by Albert Dürer, that constitute what is known as "The Little Passion." The work will be done by the new process patented by the New York Lithographing, Engraving, and Printing Company—which process seems to be the best one yet discovered for the purpose. The specimens of it that we have seen are certainly good reproductions. But Mr. Bouton, perhaps, hardly means to say that it may safely be affirmed that but for the texture of the paper it would be impossible to distinguish his wood-cuts from the existing impressions of the time of Dürer. Still, we shall see; it may be so.——Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. announce these works as in press: "Marcel on Language;" "Appletons' Illustrated Almanac;" "Home Stories, by Cousin Alice;" "How a Bride was Won, or A Chase Across the Pampas," by Frederic Gerstaecker, translated by F. Jordan; "The Schiller Gallery, a collection of fifty illustrations to Schiller's works, with descriptive text;" "The Poet and the Painter," an illustrated imperial octavo volume of four hundred pages, containing selections from the poets, illustrated by one hundred fine steel engravings printed on the page with the text; "Wood-side and Sea-side," an elegant quarto of ninety-six pages, very fully illustrated on wood with drawings by Birket Foster, Hows, and others, and containing some of the choicest rural poems in our language; "Travels in the East Indian Archipelago," by Albert S. Bickmore, M.A.; "Chaplet of Pearls, or The White and Black Ribaumont," by the author of "The Heir of Redclyffe," and the same author's "Cameos from English History;" "Juvenile Delinquents;" "Journal of a Sentimental Idler;" "Resources of the Pacific Slope, with a Sketch of the Settlement and Exploration of Lower California," by J. Ross Browne; "Home Pictures of English Poets, from Chaucer to Burns;" "A Historical Atlas," by Rev. W. L. Gage; "The Poetical Works of Fitz-Greene Halleck," and the "Life and Letters of Fitz-Greene Halleck," edited by James Grant Wilson; "Emperor Alexander and His Court," by Louisa Mühlbach, and the same author's "Great Elector" and "Story of a Millionaire;" "Appletons' Juvenile Annual for 1869;" "Little Rosy's Voyage of Discovery, undertaken in company with her Cousin Charley," illustrated with forty-eight full-page tinted engravings by Lorenz Frölich; "Ships and Sailors, Ancient and Modern, a sketch of the progress of naval art, with historical illustrations," by C. C. Cotterill, B.A., and E. D. Little, B.A.; "The Story of a Round Loaf," with thirty-two designs by E. Froment; "Our Boy's Holiday Book," with six full-page colored engravings and thirty-six other illustrations; "Jack the Conqueror," by the author of "Dick and His Donkey," with twelve full-page illustrations; "Animal Sagacity, a selection of remarkable incidents illustrative of the sagacity of animals," edited by Mrs. S. C. Hall, and illustrated after designs by Harrison Weir and others; "Our Dumb Companions, or Stories about Dogs, Horses, Cats, and Donkeys," with seventy engravings by Weir, Landseer, and others; "Our Children's Pets," illustrated with seventy-five designs by Birket Foster, Weir, and others; "The Children's Album of Pretty Pictures, with Short Stories by Uncle John." The same house announce these works in French: "Un Philosophe sous les Toits," by Émile Souvestre; "Corinne, ou l'Italie," by Mme. de Staël; "Aventures de Télémaque," by Fénelon; "Picciola," by X. B. Saintine; "Dictées Corrigées," and all of Racine's dramatic works. After Racine will come other standard authors. ——Mr. Loring announces "My Paris," a book of travel by Mr. Edward King.

—Our countryman, Mr. John P. Brown, of Constantinople, whose book on the Dervishes has received considerable attention during the past year from the American and English press, has now put forth a little volume entitled "Ancient and Modern Constantinople." Stevens Brothers, London, are the publishers. It is the translation of a work written thirty years ago by Constantius, a Patriarch of the Greek Church, on the antiquities and modern notabilities of the Græco-Turkish metropolis. There was a call, Mr. Brown thinks, for such a work, both as a means of informing the world in general respecting what was best worth seeing in the city and as a guide-book for the use of residents and visitors. For the latter purpose he has further adapted it by appending full notices of hotels, post service, routes and means of travel, and other like matters. To the body of the work itself he has been very sparing of additions and annotations, judging it better to leave the worthy old ecclesiastic to tell his own story without interference—even though the latter does not always look at his subjects from the point of view of a modern European investigator. The book is an interesting one, and likely to be useful to many. Its value would have been greatly enhanced by a map; but maps, doubtless, are harder to be obtained in an eastern than in a western capital.

—The *Broadway* is now so much of an English magazine that in reviewing the magazines of the month we do not notice it. But it is going to employ a certain number of American authors, and it will be published simultaneously in this country and England. During the year coming Henry Kingsley is to write for it a story entitled "Stretton;" Miss Annie Thomas is to write another; the Reverend Newman Hall has begun a series of articles on American matters which will meet with acceptance here and will do no harm abroad; and Mr. James Hannay, who is well able to do it, is to furnish a series of critical articles to be entitled "Studies of Thackeray." From Mr. Hannay's close acquaintance with Thackeray he might make his articles delightful, but we should say that they are going to be simply very good popular criticism of the friendly sort. In this first article Mr. Dickens and Mr. Anthony Trollope come in for raps over the knuckles, we see, and not wholly undeserved ones; but apparently the infliction on the former was done with some little temper. Mr. Walt Whitman gives us in this number one of his poems—"so-called," as they used to say in war-time; there is a tolerable sketch of Lord Napier of Magdala by a gentleman who has too much of the air of a subaltern writing about his superior officer; Mr. Towle (G. M.) writes of "Rouher" pretty well, and there is some other matter of no particular consequence. On the whole, the *Broadway* is readable. It is, by the way, enough of an American magazine to make it hardly justifiable for *Every Saturday* to borrow from it; unless, indeed, Messrs. George Routledge & Sons are content to look on the borrowing as so much advertising.

—English literature has recently lost an ornament in the death of the Very Rev. Henry Hart Milman, Dean of St. Paul's. He was a second or third-rate author in the first quarter of the century, and got good treatment from the reviewers when Byron and Scott were kings of the literary world, and Leigh Hunt and Hazlitt and Charles Lamb got nothing, or little, but contempt and abuse. Milman, an elegant Etonian and Oxford scholar—which is what he continued to be to the end of his life—was in those days the successful author of "Fazio," a play which still keeps its place on the stage, but which, off the stage, has now for a long time not been heard of. His "Samor, Lord of the Bright City: an Heroic Poem in twelve books," was, as some of our readers perhaps know, founded on legendary passages of British history, and was well spoken of by the critics. That poem also does not compel attention, and is dead. His best poetical writing is on the "Fall of Jerusalem," passages of which are still read and declaimed in schools; but this mainly because of the bad taste of the compilers of such books, as there are no very good passages in the poem. Other works of his are, "The Martyr of Antioch," "Belshazzar," and "Anne Boleyn." While these last four works were appearing he was a clergyman, having taken orders in 1817, when he was twenty-six years old, and having soon been made Vicar of Saint Mary's, Reading. His father, Sir Francis, having been physician to George Third, the son's connections were tolerably good and his rise in life tolerably sure. In 1827 appeared his "Sermons at the Bampton Lecture," which we cannot say that we have ever looked at, but which could hardly have been Milman's and not been clever enough, elegant enough, and not oppressively thoughtful. His best-known works and those best worth knowing are of later date. These are his "History of the Jews," "History of Christianity, from the Birth of Christ to the Abolition of Paganism in the Roman Empire," and his "History of Latin Christianity, including that of the Popes, to the Pontificate of Nicholas V." All these works—each of which is complete in itself—have been republished in this country, and have been, as

they deserved to be, widely read; the author was a man of liberal mind, disposed to be kind and just, and, if not of great weight as an authority, is a safe guide for the general reader. But he takes rank among the third-rate historians, being neither very erudite nor very acute. In 1849, twenty years after the "History of the Jews" was issued, nine years before the "Latin Christianity," and nine years after the "Roman Christianity," he edited a sumptuous edition of "Horace." He also edited a "Gibbon," which he annotated with care and skill, for the avowed purpose of vindicating Christianity against Gibbon's supposed attacks; he was a pretty regular contributor to the *Quarterly Review*, and must be considered a voluminous, laborious, and highly respectable author. In 1821 he was elected Professor of Poetry at Oxford, and in 1849 was made Dean of Saint Paul's, which latter post he occupied at the time of his death. A "History of Saint Paul's" is the latest work from his hands. In religion, or rather in Church politics, he was a Liberal, and will be little mourned by the Ritualistic party and its affiliated branches. The Broad Church will perhaps regret him most. On the whole, his life was blessed with prosperity, and was useful to his fellow-creatures, but does not call for more than subdued grief.

—Faithful to his mission of arousing the English public to a better appreciation of the value and interest belonging to the historical study of language, Professor Max Müller has lately published, under the name "On the Stratification of Language," a linguistic lecture delivered by him in Cambridge in May last. It is less pointed in its aim than the fanciful title chosen for it would give reason to suppose, being rather a general disquisition, eloquent and *geistreich*, as everything of Müller's is, but in a more wordy and discursive style than his best productions. He furnishes some new and ingenious extensions of the parallels so often drawn between the subjects of linguistic science and geology, but little beside that is novel. Were the pamphlet likely to find extensive circulation on this side the ocean, we should feel inclined to call attention to certain weak points in it—especially to the serious mistake the author makes in assuming that the Indo-European and Semitic tongues are striking exceptions in the general history of language, are "*monstra*" even, by reason of their having been somehow arrested in their natural growth and petrified. Müller has advanced the same idea elsewhere, but we have not seen him try to establish it, and suspect that he would find it hard to establish.

—Of all the living students of Indian antiquity, Professor Weber, of the Berlin University, stands in many respects at the head. He has been a pioneer in various departments, a most penetrating, laborious, and productive investigator in all. What he writes is more for the learned and for special students than for the general public, his results being seldom worked out into such a shape as to be assimilable by the minds of the laity; indeed, he often gathers together from his immense reading the materials of study upon a given subject, and throws them, after only a first process of grouping, before the minds of his fellow-Indianists. Besides his numerous larger works, his own journal, the *Indische Studien*, of which ten volumes have been published at Berlin, is chiefly filled with his more elaborate and abstruse productions. A collection of his lighter and more popular articles, entitled "Indische Skizzen," appeared a few years since, and has been translated from the German, we believe, into more than one other language. He has now just put forth another collection of his scattered essays, under the name of "Indische Streifen." It is not precisely holiday reading, but its contents are highly important, and many a student of the Orient will rejoice at finding them in this more accessible and carefully revised form.

—Mr. MacGregor, captain and crew of the renowned *Rob Roy*, and type of the amphibious or aquatic variety of the muscular Christian, may congratulate himself on having been the great apostle, if not the founder, of a new British athletic sport, and the chief of the authors of "canoe literature." In virtue of his voluminousness and of the impression that he has made on the popular mind, we call him the chief of these authors. So far as concerns our own liking, we should put the writer of "The Log of the *Water Lily*" a good deal higher than any of the rest of his kind. Indeed, his little book we put on the shelf near Mr. Howells's "Venetian Life," and "Italian Journeys," and Mr. Reach's "Claret and Olives," as being one of half a dozen of the books of travel of the last dozen or fifteen years that we find thoroughly pleasant reading. And the log of the *Water Lily's* rowing voyage down the Rhine and the Danube appeared some years before Mr. Macgregor's first book, if we know his first book. But Mr. Macgregor has, we believe, had the success of making his favorite amusement a popular pastime, and been influential in the establishment of a club whose wanderings over Europe in their canoes compare favorably with the doings of the famous Alpine Club, though the latter offers its votaries the charm—almost irresistible to morbidly healthy Young England—of hard work and of peril frequently desperate. One of Mr. MacGregor's disciples we suppose it is who has been creating great astonishment among his hereditary foes in France. Some workmen, we read, were upon a certain day laboring on the new bridge of Juillé, when one of them happening to raise his head cried out: "Hah! a wild man!" His companions stared at the object that had called forth this cry. They beheld a man, very thinly clad, wearing an extraordinary head-dress—a wisp of a handkerchief?—and rowing a very long, narrow boat. "A dog was his only companion." There was a dam near the bridge which seemed to present an obstacle insurmountable by this hardy and singular navigator. But no; "he jumped into the water with his dog, got over the barrier of timbers, and, pulling his boat over also, he continued his voyage." He had accomplished this feat when, at that moment, the workmen observed to approach, as from Alençon, a fashionable coupé, in which sat a young and beautiful lady. With her the wild man exchanged salutations which showed that they were old acquaintances. Then he departed, going towards the Loire, having come to Juillé down the Garthe. It is believed by the French journals that the name of this extraordinary person is "Sir Wallace," and we dare say if his sanity is affected that Mr. Macgregor is largely responsible.

—It is now some three years ago since the *Pall Mall Gazette* was founded. The name was assumed with some boldness; it is the name chosen as a proper one for a periodical that one of Thackeray's characters projects—a paper or magazine that should be written by gentlemen for gentlemen. The gentlemen of the club-rooms were meant. But the *Pall Mall Gazette* has justified its courage, and is what its name challenged it to be. It is, aside from its news, a daily *Saturday Review*, conducted with more ability, if anything, than its famous exemplar, and impressing the reader as having a little better "style"—in the social, not the literary sense of the word—a simpler manner, with less of the slightly labored assumption of a certain tone. Still, both papers are written by and for the same general class of men, and faithfully reflect the opinions and feelings of the higher circles of English society, so far as these are intellectual at all. The *Pall Mall* is to be read, we think, with rather more pleasure than any other English paper; much as we respect the candid and able *Spectator*, which, however, is somewhat distastefully Episcopalian. Still, the *Spectator's* character is of the very highest, and to read it is morally sanitary. Many things in the *Pall Mall Gazette* are eminently satisfactory. Some of its leading articles on church affairs, on the woman question, and on various matters of mixed politico-legal character contain, to our mind, the ablest writing in contemporary periodical literature. It rather surprises an American to learn that they are the work of a lawyer in large practice and high standing in his profession, who writes them, many of them, at four or five o'clock in the morning. Americans work hard, but we have no leading lawyers who rise before light for the sake of influencing public opinion by means of the newspapers. Another pleasant feature of this journal is its correspondence. One man it has, if we are not mistaken, whom it maintains in service for the purpose of putting on many disguises and appearing as many letter-writers. It may have been the late Mr. Higgins. If not, the gentleman who followed up Miss Braddon, who made an innocent request concerning his rights in case a certain clergyman should call on him, and who has done many other similar things, is a successor not unworthy of the lighter mantle of the great letter-writer. The *Pall Mall's* literary matter is often of the highest degree of excellence, and its "Occasional Notes" make one of the most readable newspaper pages printed in English; the notes being perfectly fearless comments, often witty and always well written, on English topics of current interest and on Continental matters, which latter are perhaps oftenest treated of in a humorous and semi-satirical manner. As to American affairs, the *Pall Mall* is, we think, best informed of all the English journals except the *Daily News*. But this is not to be said as to its insight into the state of public opinion here; it is true only of its knowledge of the superficial facts. When it comes to drawing inferences from what it sees more plainly than other journals, an anti-republican feeling makes it, on the whole, less trustworthy than the *Spectator*, which is opinionated and without the exactest information, but whose sympathies are thoroughly with what it deems the American Liberals. It is amusing to see how the *Spectator* refuses to defer to its clever correspondent, "A Yankee," who, indeed, is a little wrong-headed, and whom we think not perfectly reliable as a political essayist. He is, for example, as wrong as wrong can be in his latest vaticinations, which the *Spectator*, with commendable courage, declines to accept. The *Pall Mall*, in a somewhat similar case, when a distinguished novelist—a notorious negro-despiser, by the way—and a

well-known historian—if our guess is correct—both wrote American letters, of which Mr. Trollope's were colored to an absurd extent by his feelings, and the historian's were just and sound,—the *Pall Mall* let itself be led astray by Mr. Trollope, who found a Poland in twelve millions of people, crushed by a frightful standing army of about thirty-odd thousand effective men of all arms! But make what exceptions are possible as to the aristocratic tone of the paper, and its frank semi-cynicism, and its want of sympathy with our own country, it is still an admirable paper that we should be glad to see read by very many people in this country. We have spoken of it at length because an opportunity to do so is soon to be offered to Americans. The *Pall Mall Budget* is to be a weekly *Pall Mall Gazette*, and is to contain all the original articles that have been printed during the week in the daily paper, together with a well-digested summary of news. We may add that the *Pall Mall Gazette* is the handsomest daily paper to be seen anywhere, and the *Budget* will be as handsome.

—Lord Romilly's name as Master of the Rolls is better known than that of any former incumbent of his office, and ought to be, for no former incumbent has ever discharged the duties of the office with so much efficiency. He began the work of calendaring the records, and has brought to light so many and so important state documents as to make a new history of England a matter of necessity. But much remains to be done before such a history could be exhaustive: many historical papers of the highest interest and importance are not to be found by the most careful searcher. "The reason is," says the *Daily News*, "that in former times secretaries of state, when they resigned the seals, were in the habit of carrying off the papers written during their tenure of power." Fears of impeachment in those days of factious impeachments and dubious allegiances which make up so much of English history, were natural enough; and a secretary who wished to keep his head on his shoulders was wise if he burnt or removed to safe places of deposit the writings in which a new administration would have found evidences of treason, or which they could have easily wrested to his destruction. The great families in whose possession many of these records are now are, of course, from feelings of family pride, unwilling to part with the evidences of ancestral greatness; and the public treasure-house suffers. Besides papers in the hands of private families, the British Museum contains many that ought to be in the Record Office. For some reason of the kind that seem to the official mind to be of great force, and to the outside world to wear a character of the most ridiculous absurdity, the partition of documents between the two offices has been carried to such a length as that "one-half of a celebrated statesman's despatch is in the Record Office and the other half in the Museum Library." To be sure, this is an exceptional case; but plainly, a revision of the system of storage is necessary. Our Philadelphia Library, which not long since restored to the Master of the Rolls several volumes of manuscripts, furnished an example that the families above referred to would do well, the *News* thinks, to emulate. And it seems as if they might be induced to do so, if rewarded as the Philadelphians were for their act of courtesy. The Master of the Rolls sent them a full collection of the works which have been published under his auspices. That would at all events be enough to secure copies if not the originals of many, if not of most, of the desired papers. There are some, we suppose, which would be withheld, because affecting injuriously the reputation of men whose goodness or greatness is a part of the present family possessions; but the number of such would not be great. As for the incompleteness resulting from the division of records between the national institutions, it seems as if a little legislation ought to easily dispose of that. And it is to be hoped that Lord Romilly's zeal will increase rather than abate, and that his successor may be of like mind with himself.

—Most of the "internal evidence" relied upon by the gentlemen who would make out that Shakespeare was a lawyer or a mad doctor or an apothecary, or of some other profession, is valueless for this reason, that by equally good internal evidence he can be as conclusively shown to have been one as the other; but all he could not have been. "Was Shakespeare ever a soldier?" is the question now propounded by Mr. W. J. Thoms, a very well known antiquarian. Mr. Thoms puts little or no reliance on external evidence, but rests his case on these facts: Soon after February, 1585, Shakespeare, newly married and newly a father, seems to have hastily left Stratford. The next fact known of him is of the date of 1589, four years afterward, when he was one of Lord Leicester's company of players. Four years of his life are thus left unaccounted for. In December, 1585, the Earl of Leicester went to take command in the Low Countries, taking with him five hundred men, "procured in great part from Warwickshire, and especially from the neighborhood of his domain of Kenilworth." Among these men were two Ardens (Shakespeare's mother was an Arden) and one Miles Combe. Of this body of recruits Shakespeare may have been one, as Ben Jonson was of another, and as Gascoyne, Churchyard, and other literary men of the time were of others. It was December, 1586, when Leicester returned from the Netherlands. In March of that year Sir Philip Sidney thus writes to Secretary Walsingham, from Utrecht: "I wrote you a letter by Will, my Lord of Lester's jesting player, and I never had answer thereof. I since find that the knave delivered the letter." Sir Philip might well enough have called John Shakespeare's son, who had not then, being but twenty years old, shown himself much more than his father's son, a "knave"—a word which had not in that time lost its original good meaning. In the third place, there is in Mrs. Greer's "Calendar of State Papers, 1603, 1610," a list of the *trained* soldiers within the hundred of Barlichway, in which the name occurs of William Shakespeare, of Rowington. Barlichway is the hundred in which Stratford-on-Avon is situated, and Shakespeare held at the time of his death "one copyhold tenement, being parcel or holden of the manor of Rowington" in Stratford. This last evidence is of value. As for Sidney's letter, it was written in 1586, a year or so after Shakespeare's leaving Stratford—it is certain that he was there in the end of 1584, and not certain that he was not there during more than half of '85. In this short interval he had become known, it seems, to Leicester, Walsingham, and Sidney as a player. Being thus in Leicester's service, it is as likely that, being already a player, he was made a messenger between the earl abroad and his friends at home, as that, being a soldier, he suddenly became an actor, and was, while a soldier of brief standing, known as such. Researches at the Hague may throw light on this interesting subject.

—We have received the prospectus of the Chaucer Society, lately founded in England. Its object is to print all the good manuscripts of the poet's works, and nothing else, except illustrative and closely pertinent matter. One obvious advantage of such an enterprise is to render it possible to make a standard edition of Chaucer "on an enduring basis," as has been said; and it would also enable scholars in this and other countries to suggest the true text with confidence and with a title to respect such as English editors alone can at present presume upon. The society proposes to begin with the "Canterbury Tales," selecting the six best manuscripts and printing them in parallel columns (royal quarto). Six other of the next best will follow, provided the membership of the society shall reach three hundred. This parallelism will compel the order of the tales to be made uniform—as to which, by the way, it were to be wished that Mr. Bradshaw's studies in the University at Cambridge, to determine the authenticity of Chaucer's texts and the right order of the tales, were completed and published; but they are likely to be postponed by the kindred labors of the society, which will probably republish each MS. separately in its proper order. Some of the illustrative works are already announced, one being "Guillaume de Machault's 'Dit du Lyon,' the possible original of Chaucer's lost 'Book of the Leo,'" to be edited from the MSS. for the first time by M. Paul Meyer. The society went into operation January 1, 1868. The yearly subscription is two guineas, payable every first of January. Professor Child, of Harvard University, has kindly consented to be honorary secretary for America, for the purpose of saving subscribers importers' commissions. In London the indefatigable Mr. F. J. Furnivall, who is to edit the text, appears as secretary, his address being 3 Old Square, Lincoln's Inn, W. C.

—Mr. Furnivall also invites to another enterprise, for which a Ballad Society has been formed. The prospectus sets forth the undeniable aid afforded by old ballads in understanding the manners, customs, and society of former times, and then makes the rather startling announcement that the society intends to print the *whole* of the Pepys, Roxburghe, and a dozen other collections, printed and manuscript, together with their accompanying wood-cuts. This, it is stated, is a natural sequence of the successful publication of the Percy MS. But that collection having been made with discrimination, there were reasons for reproducing it entire which, it seems to us, do not exist in the case of the collections just alluded to. So far as we are familiar with them, a very large part of them consists of raw-head-and-bloody-bones ballads, of which a sample might be preserved and would certainly suffice, while to be encumbered with the mass of them would be almost discouraging. Nevertheless, such is the prospect. "The books will be printed in demy octavo, like those of the Early English Text Society, and the Percy folio (but on toned paper, for the sake of the [rather valueless] wood-cuts), and also in large medium octavo, on Whatman's eighty-shilling ribbed paper," at one guinea and three guineas a year respectively. Subscriptions to date from January 1, 1868, and to be paid in at once, as considerable expense has already been incurred.

## VON BISMARCK.*

OTTO VON BISMARCK has inserted his name in the book of history by a few bold and telling strokes, and nothing but time can ever erase it. Were his achievements to perish, his name would survive them. Had Frederic the Great fallen at Hochkirch or Kunersdorf, and Austria retaken more than her Silesia, Frederic would, nevertheless, be grandly historical. The Gracchi, Rienzi, Wallenstein, and a host of others have made themselves immortal by attempting great things, though perishing in the attempt. Italy may become redivided and broken up into fragments, and yet Cavour will live and shine in the annals of mankind among the founders of empires and the great of all nations. *He* certainly *has* done his work, though, like everything human, it may be fragile. Even the father of history and his Solon would allow us to rank Cavour among the happy, for he has finished his career and is beyond the sphere of vicissitudes. His rival, Bismarck, may still end his career ingloriously, he may leave the scene both execrated and baffled, but his fame is even more indelible than that of Cavour, for his Bohemian Solferino has not shaped the history of only one nation. Its direct consequences were the destruction of the Germanic Confederation, the foundation of the North-German Union, the enlargement and consolidation of Italy, and a remodelled Austria. And no new complication, no new war, can undo all this. No tide will force back the new current of history simultaneously along the banks of the Spree, the Main, the Mincio, and the Danube. The stream that began at Königgrätz "was parted . . . into four heads," each of "which compasseth" a "whole land."

What a pity that the man who has so immortalized himself lacks, in his public character, moral greatness! That his public character is already historically established—though he may be far from having acted his last scenes—nobody will doubt who will devote a few hours to the perusal of Louis Bamberger's sketch of the man and his political career—a brief and concise sketch, equally remarkable for lucidity, impartiality, and soundness of judgment. The picture is the more trustworthy the less it is, and is meant to be, original. Neither does it require peculiar powers of observation and analyzation, or a specially close approach to the subject, to study and paint Von Bismarck. He is no sphinx-like character, though it is not always easy to discover his immediate or ulterior aims. He is skilful in hiding and shuffling his cards; but he never tries to disguise himself. He covers his hands, but wears no mask. He is cynically frank in deceiving, and often deceives by frankness. He feigns no political virtues, courts no immediate approbation, and often exaggerates his own contempt for dogmas and public opinion. There is no saintliness or mean hypocrisy about him; he never sneaks from camp to camp; he impudently mocks at creeds and consistency, and upholds apostasy and desertion with derision and insolence. His ambition is lofty and almost noble, but he makes no secret of it that he knows no moral restraints in the selection of his means. A German Richelieu of the nineteenth century, he has shown himself able—without even an attempt to reconcile his actions—with one hand to stifle all constitutional opposition in his own country and in the other to carry the flag of parliamentary liberty for Germany, just as his French prototype subsidized the champions of Protestantism in the Empire, while strangling it in the dominions of his king.

The public career of Bismarck can be divided into three periods. In the first he appears as the representative of his class, the nobility, or of its interests, at the Prussian diets of 1847–1850, and at the Erfurt Parliament, assembled under the auspices of Prussia in the last-mentioned year. He is then the most recklessly outspoken and defiant adversary of everything revolutionary, democratic, or only liberal. He assails the ideas of the time with cutting, insolent, and almost brutal wit and sarcasm; boasts of his mediæval notions, his *Junkerthum*, and his exclusive Prussianism; opposes the attempts of Frederic William IV. to unite Northern Germany, and applauds his humiliating surrender to Austria by the agreement of Olmütz. In the following period, which embraces eleven years of ambassadorial service at Frankfort, St. Petersburg, and at Paris—where he exchanged ideas with Napoleon—his external policy undergoes an extraordinary metamorphosis. The former admirer of Austria becomes her most decided enemy; he advises the Regent William to profit by her perils and prostration in 1859 for the aggrandizement of his kingdom; and, shortly after his accession to the throne, while meeting him at Baden and Coblenz, actually brings him over to an aggressive line of policy which is to resume the work of Frederic the Great a hundred years after the termination of that monarch's great struggle with Austria. Made minister-president in September, 1862, he begins the third period, which is the principal theme of the publication before us, with a series of encroachments on the constitution and the rights of the national representatives, each of which would have sufficed to kindle a revolution among a people less enduring than the German. The heart of the King, the conviction that no violent opposition to any enterprise is to be apprehended on the part of the people, and the material means for the execution of his schemes, are thus gained by Bismarck, who at the same time commences bullying Austria, coquetting with the party of national unity, and intriguing everywhere. What follows: Francis Joseph's Frankfort *fiasco*, in August, 1863; the reopening of the Schleswig-Holstein question on the death of Frederic VII. of Denmark; the Prusso-Austrian alliance and intervention without and against the *Bund*, which the cabinet of Vienna was led thus to desert and to betray, and in defiance of the London treaty of 1852, into which Prussia had been dragged by her rival; the temporary division of the prey, in a way which must end in Prussia taking the lion's share; the treaty of Gastein, which left Austria no less entangled than humbled; the continued wranglings by which the final arbitrament of the sword was provoked; the Prusso-Italian alliance, which secured the grand triumph of 1866; the secret and public treaties which secured its fruits; the foundation of the North-German Union on a national basis; the return to constitutionalism in Prussia, and Bismarck's reconciliation with the liberals and the people, after a fierce hostility which nearly cost him his life—all this together forms a grand political drama, of which the Prussian statesman is the hero, towering far above all other personages, but a hero who excites our admiration without our sympathy. Besides, we feel it, the drama is unfinished. Is the same man to be the hero of the act or acts that are still wanting? Will his character at the end appear nobler and more truly deserving of applause than in the earlier parts? Concerning this question our author, who is little inclined to prophesy, says in concluding:

"How far will it be granted to this man to develop the modern germs in himself as well as in the governmental circle which he rules by his personality? Nothing leads us to think that he has spoken his last word. Many a time, during the last two years, has he shown that he feels the necessity of leaning upon progress, in order to make front against incorrigible reaction, already lurking to overthrow him. On the other hand, he has exacted considerable sacrifices from the liberal party, in order to disarm the hostile influences that besiege the throne. . . . Everything is a matter of compromise in this Janus-faced policy, and exactly like it is the ruling personality. In spite of the elasticity of his mind, Von Bismarck will confound all those who will ever indulge the hope of finding in him anything but an aristocrat who turns progress to his advantage, prompted not by his liberal but by his political instinct."

* "M. de Bismarck. Par Louis Bamberger, membre du Parlement Douanier." Paris: Michel Lévy Frères (New York: F. W. Christern). 1868.

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*Among the Arabs: A Narrative of Adventures in Algeria.* By G. Naphegyi, M.D., A.M., author of "The Album of Language," "History of Hungary," "La Cueva del Diablo," etc. (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1868.)—The finest part of this little book is, we believe, the picture of "the author among the Arabs," prefixed to the title-page. It shows him in Arabian costume, possessed of distinctly Abrahamitic features, and therefore—*prima facie*—peculiarly entitled to mingle with, and to talk of, the sons of Ishmael. Besides, being "a native of a country of whose inhabitants it is said that every one is born a horseman"—the name of the country is nowhere stated, but we can easily guess it if we know that *Naphegyi* is the Hungarian equivalent for *Sonnenberg*—our author must have been in his younger years a fit companion for roving Kabyls. We say in his younger years, for he went through his now historical course of Algerian adventures in the year "184–." We think we commit no offensive act of indiscretion by divulging, what a critical analysis of the narrative has taught us, that the mysterious-looking dash stands for 9. So we need not be afraid that the colored descriptions we now receive of scenes and customs might be the reflections of long-faded images and fancies. On the contrary, everything is described and rendered as if seen and heard yesterday. Then the author, as he assures us, occasionally "took copious notes," such as fortunately enable him now to reproduce, among others, a narrative of the length of forty-three pages, received from the lips of "a fair companion" on an adventurous ride. And fortunately, too, the numerous adventures are not only rendered in lively colors, but also with a minuteness of detail which leaves us no choice but to consider them either as products of a wonderfully retentive memory or of wilful invention. Now, in a book, what is not *vero* ought to be *bene trovato*, and Mr. Naphegyi's Algerian stories are decidedly too poor and clumsy to be published as fictions. Besides, there is an index added which shows that the book is written for instruction, and not for amusement only. The elaborate character of that alphabetic key to the treasures of information presented to us is almost surprising. Thus, while the whole is exceedingly brief, we have references to an Oran mosque under "Mosques,"

under "Closed Mosques," and under "Oran, Closed Mosque at;" to a story narrated on pp. 20–31, we have references under "Adventure in a Cave," under "Cave, Adventure in a Subterranean," and under "Bona, Adventure in a Cave near;" and to a few lines on p. 70, we have references under "Religious Toleration in Algiers," under "Toleration, Religious, in Algiers," and under "Algiers, Religious Toleration in." We must, however, confess that we can admire our author's accuracy and retentiveness of memory only in things remote, romantically hidden, and by us inscrutable. Wherever we can follow him on trodden paths—and in his numerous digressions he rambles far away from the caverns, deserts, and awful monkeys of Africa—both his accuracy and memory fail him amazingly. His orthography becomes corrupt, his geography mixed up, his fancy ungovernable, his history muddy, and even his arithmetic defective. He Russianizes his Polish names, Gallicizes his Arabic names, and Germanizes all his Hebrew. He magnifies little Podgorze, near Cracow, into "a city" (p. 140), makes Galician Biala a town of Silesia (p. 90), and the Danube to flow as far south as the Dardanelles (p. 83), speaks of "a Sanhedrim, composed of three rabbis" (p. 109), identifies "rabbi" with "high-priest" (p. 154), compares the Jewess of Russia with the Jewess of Spain (p. 13)—who has still to be produced—converts the Jewish wedding-ring into "thirteen gold pieces," and translates the Hebrew ritual words meaning "Be thou hallowed to me by this ring," into "I hereby buy thee with this coin;" talks most absurd stuff of Polish Jews and Carpathian Slovacks, especially Slovacks residing in the "Liptauen Comitat," which, if corrected, would be the *German* for the Hungarian county of Liptó; tells a long romantic story about the "Archduke Albert, brother of the late Emperor Ferdinand of Austria" (p. 141), who "was once travelling in Upper Austria by post," driven by a female postilion, whom he afterwards married, a story which—*mutatis mutandis*—is true of Archduke *John*, the late renowned Germanic Reichsverweser and *uncle* of the Emperor Ferdinand, who never had a brother Albert, the Archduke of that name being his cousin—things which a former subject of Ferdinand perhaps ought to have known; makes "seven German miles equal to about twenty-seven English" (p. 144), and "eight silver *golden*" (*sic* throughout) to "seven francs" (pp. 6–7)—which *credat Judæus!* After all these observations, it is highly consoling to know that the next literary production of the author of "The Album of Language," "History of Hungary," "La Cueva del Diablo," etc., is not to be on things with which he and we ought to be familiar, but that he hopes, "dear reader, . . . to have your company in the Great Desert of Sahara."

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*Excelsior; or, Essays on Politeness, Education, and the Means of Attaining Success in Life.* Part I., for Young Gentlemen. By T. E. Howard, A.M. Part II., for Young Ladies. By a Lady (R. V. R.) (Baltimore: Kelly & Piet. 1868.)—This book, as the "result of a reflecting and analyzing experience of more than a quarter of a century," is offered to the public by its authors with a "certain confidence that it will qualify young gentlemen and ladies to move with becoming decorum and propriety in the best circles of American society." We do not ourselves share this confidence, and though we have been greatly amused with the results of Mr. Howard's long reflection and analysis, we doubt if the laugh he would have over it would quite repay any reader for the cost of the book. That would be a cheerful school in which the pupils should be required to learn by rote, as Mr. Howard suggests, either his prose remarks or his verses. "Never," he says to boys, "do anything which may deprive you of your senses; for if you do, you will be certain to act in some way of which you will be ashamed when you recover." Another astute remark is to the effect that "we must remember that a well-developed body is not simply a fat one. A man may be fleshy, and he is not to be blamed for that if he cannot help it; but he must take no credit to himself for his useless burden of fat." We give, also, a specimen or two of the verses, a few of which, their author thinks, it would be profitable for young people to commit daily to memory. The worst thing about them is, we find, that it is so difficult to forget them:

"The use of *spoons* we all suppose
That every human being knows."

"Refuse not soup, but nicely sip
From the spoon's *side* and not its tip."

"Bread, nuts, and fruit, dear sir and madam,
Eat in the mode of Eve and Adam."

Some of his most characteristic sayings, however, have a startling directness and simplicity which puts them outside of quotable limits. Altogether the book is the most singularly ill-adapted to the work it professedly undertakes of any of the recent educational works we have seen.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

| *Authors.* | *Publishers.—Prices.* |
|---|---|
| Asmodeus in New York | (Longchamp & Co.) |
| Baird (S. J.), A History of the New School (Presbyterian.) | (Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger) |
| Burnand (F. C.), Happy Thoughts (reprinting by Roberts Brothers). | (Bradbury & Evans) |
| Dickens (C.), Our Mutual Friend, Charles Dickens edition | (Ticknor & Fields) $1 50 |
| Dickinson (A. E.), What Answer? | (Ticknor & Fields) |
| Dumas (A.), (R. M. Bache, Translator), Tales of Algeria. | (Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger) |
| Edwards (M. B.), Doctor Jacob (reprinting by Roberts Bros.) | (Bradbury & Evans) |
| Furness (W. H.), Unconscious Truth of the Four Gospels. | (J. B. Lippincott & Co.) 1 25 |
| Gray (Amy), The Lily of the Valley, and other Poems | (Kelly & Piet) |
| Marlitt (E.), (A. L. Wister, Translator), Gold Elsie | (J. B. Lippincott & Co.) 1 75 |
| Kip (W. I.), The Unnoticed Things of Scripture | (H. Roman & Co.) |
| Menken (A. J.), Infelicia | (J. B. Lippincott & Co.) 1 50 |
| Norris (T.), American Fish Culture | (Porter & Coates) |
| Tennyson (A.), Poems, half-dollar edition, paper | (Ticknor & Fields) 0 50 |
| The Grant Campaign Songster | (R. M. De Witt) 0 10 |
| The Lives of Horatio Seymour and Frank P. Blair, paper | (T. B. Peterson & Bros.) 0 50 |
| The *Radical* (a monthly magazine), Vol. III | (Adams & Co.) |
| Tucker (H.), (compiler), The Radical Drum-Call (with music) | (R. M. De Witt) 0 25 |
| Wilson (J. G.), The Life and Campaigns of Gen. U. S. Grant | (R. M. De Witt) 0 25 |

# Fine Arts.

## IMPORTANT PUBLISHED WORKS OF ART AT GOUPIL'S.

### A VERY FINE CHROMO.

THE skilful workmen who are working at chromo-lithography in France are doing wonderful things with their art. And not in France only, for the most extraordinary chromo we have yet seen comes now from Düsseldorf. As a general thing, however, French work has been the best, and we do not know that the present case is really an exception. The print to which we allude is the fruit-piece after a painting by Preyer, of Düsseldorf, a chromo which is published here by Mr. Knoedler and sold generally at the same price as that asked for wretched affairs of home manufacture, a fact which must be taken into the general account as an important item. If chromo-lithography as perfect as this, and involving such constant and long-continued care, can be done at that price—well, the Arundel societies of the future will be the better for it, and the skill requisite to multiply and make salable such merchantable pictures as this of Preyer's—which is art of commerce—will be applied to teaching the people what real art is.

The picture in question is a little fruit-piece—just grapes and nuts and the like, with vine leaves, as of a vine of the Rhine vineyards, curled up with autumn suns, and, with them, a glass of still wine, which may be Johannisberger, or any other of the kind one pleases. Indeed, the whole work is as German as possible, and speaks of a Rhine town, and of the wine which, while

"Ihn bringt das Vaterland aus seiner Fülle,"

yet

"——wächst nicht überall im deutschen Reiche,"

and we cannot accept anything French in connection with the subject or treatment.

Far be it from us to say a word in favor of Düsseldorf art in its general tendencies, or a word to give to Preyer any artistic rank beyond that earned by great dexterity and patience. It is a low class of pictures that his works belong to; having little of that beauty of color and delicate perfection of handling which alone can make fruit-pieces any longer endurable to a world which has had too much of painted dessert. But the very absence of glow and mystery of color has made perfect reproduction by chromo-lithography more nearly possible, and has enabled us to say, as we do, that for all purposes, except that of display and ostentation, the chromo is as good as the original, or as good as any Preyer we ever expect to see. It is a wonderful piece of work, and, for those persons who still care for fruit-pieces other than William Hunt's, well worth buying. It is, of course, kept free from the absurd disfigurement of a stamped roughening like threads of canvas all over it—a vile thing which at once would take our American chromos out of the domain of art and make cheap furniture of them, though they were ten times as good as they are. And for those who are interested in the art of chromo-lithography we recommend a study of the folio M. Knoedler has by him, in which are contained prints illustrating the different steps toward completion of this excellent print. More than thirty stones were used in its preparation—and the different functions of these, singly and in combination, are set forth in this interesting collection.

### THE ENGRAVING OF CHRIST IN THE TEMPLE.

This is a tolerably large line engraving of the important picture by William Holman Hunt of the "Finding of Christ in the Temple." The painting was on exhibition in London as long ago as the spring of 1860; and ever since that time it has been constantly shown in the cities of England, always alone, always at a shilling a head and no season tickets, and always

attracting numerous visitors. In fact, its great popularity as a show has been almost wholly inexplicable. Let it be admitted that the attractiveness, to the Low Church and Dissenting public, of the biblical subject accounts for a part of the crowd of visitors, this cannot explain the fact that it has proved so continuously attractive. For it cannot be said to have given enjoyment to many persons. It is probably more abused than praised—more sneered at than enjoyed, as a work of art.

The object of such special exhibitions of single pictures is nearly always the procuring of subscriptions to engravings of them. In the Bond Street Exhibition room, nine years ago, the subscription book was open, and the visitor was assured that, if he would subscribe to the engraving, no money would be wanted until the engraving should be ready for delivery. It would be interesting to know how many of the subscribers of the first year are now ready to receive and pay for their copies. For it is this month of September, 1868, that sees the first artists' proof of the engraving brought to New York; and the prints are not yet ready for delivery.

We shall not now enter into an account or a criticism of the picture; there is some hope that it may be brought to this country before long, and it will be an event in the art history of New York when its exhibition is opened. But the exquisite proof which hangs in Mr. Knoedler's store is worthy of especial mention for its own sake—as an independent and admirable work of art; and that the more because few, if any, important English paintings have been well engraved in line. Nearly all the best known pictures, whether Landseer animal pieces, Pre-Raphaelite pictures of sentiment and imagination, or popular bits of *genre*, have been engraved in stipple or mezzotint. The "Light of the World," Holman Hunt's best known and very valuable and celebrated religious picture, was engraved in mezzotint with great skill and success—the expression of the face especially well preserved. Afterward it was engraved in pure line, and on a smaller scale, for Messrs. Gambart & Co., with less satisfactory result. This is one of the very few cases in which a modern English picture has been rendered by pure line engraving. The present work has been executed by a Frenchman, M. Auguste Blanchard; it is an engraving of the first class of modern engravings, of good tone, and renders the picture in most respects exceedingly well. Farther criticism we willingly defer until it can be compared immediately with the picture.

"CARBON" PHOTOGRAPHS FROM DRAWINGS BY THE OLD MASTERS.

The especial advantage of the carbon process in photography is the imperishable nature of the prints produced; and these prints, when of landscapes and other out-of-door subjects, are often so deep in tone and exaggerated in shadow as to be very undesirable as pictures, in spite of this permanence and of great minuteness of detail. But the copies made by this process of drawings in the great collections at Florence and Vienna are in every way admirable. The importation of these copies seems to us an event of great importance. The press announces the exhibition in New York of a newly-imported French painting, and that is right enough. The picture may contain much instruction for both artists and public, and may show a skill which will be of use when the painters have learned to design. But these drawings of the old masters contain instruction of a higher sort than most modern work, and bring the student into communion with art that was really great, and is immortal. The drawings which they reproduce are, of course, the studies and sketches of their artists. No attempt is made to copy works in color, and the most elaborate works of art rendered by any of their copies are heads from cartoons for fresco.

Every European traveller remembers the frames of drawings which hang in the lower rooms and inner rooms of the great galleries. Studies in chalk, and in pen-and-ink, and with the brush; heads and half-length figures and groups, all in pen-and-ink, and on a small scale, by Raphael; elaborate chalk drawings of drapery by Da Vinci, and the like. These we have reproduced—fac-similed, indeed, in many cases—by the carbon process. Three little drawings of Raphael, mounted on one board, are the originals themselves in color of paper, color of the faded ink, stains, and spots; a life-size head in red chalk, by Greuze, and one in black, by Fra Bartolomeo, are exact in color and in the crumbly touch of the soft crayon; a study of Michael Angelo's for his "Plague of the Fiery Serpents;" an elaborate composition by Rubens for the scene of Herodias's triumph; a vigorous head from the hand of Dürer—all are as if the originals had been stolen from their portfolios or frames, and brought hither. It is not meant to say that it would be difficult in many cases to distinguish copy from original; but for all purposes of study and enjoyment the reproduction is without fault, and far surpasses any previous achievement in multiplying works of art.

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## The Week.

BEFORE this time next week the people who practically decide the Presidential contest will have voted in the three great central States, and the citizens of these will, we are confident, have voted for the Republicans by a popular majority of not less than fifty thousand. But there is every reason to fear that their own citizens will not do all the voting that will be done in Ohio, Indiana, and especially in Pennsylvania. Mr. George Wilkes, who is an authority of some weight in such matters, asserts that the Wormald and O'Baldwin prize-fight, postponed from the 13th to the 15th of the month, is postponed in pursuance of a bargain between Democratic managers, who paid the men $200 in order that some hundred or two of the most reliable "repeaters" should not be drawn out of Philadelphia on the day of election. This is a story that might be disregarded; but the other day a thief was arrested in the street, and on his person were twelve duly certified naturalization papers with seal and signature all complete, except that a blank was left to be filled in with the name of any New York or Baltimore rough who should go on or be sent to Pennsylvania to vote. Judge Sharswood has ordered an investigation, which will determine the guilt or innocence of the prothonotary, but the Republicans are ignorant whether or not these blanks are out by the thousand, and fear the loss of the city, to say nothing of the State. They are now vigilant, however, and have been so for a week, and will undoubtedly watch the polls well. By right, the counties east of the Alleghanies being about equally divided between the two parties, and the western part of the State being decidedly Republican, Pennsylvania ought to be carried by more than ten thousand.

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In Indiana there is much talk of the importation of voters from Kentucky into the southern counties, and we have no doubt much of it is true. Keeping within the letter of the law, the Indiana Democrats, if they had the money and chose to spend it so, might have put several thousands of Kentuckians into Southern Indiana. But we fear it is true that their Republican opponents are not much behind them, and if the Democrats are not watchful it is likely enough that the Republicans may go out of Indianapolis with more than five thousand majority. Ohio is safe, although there doubtless will be some false voting. Vallandigham, it is well enough known, has "colonized" his District, and there will be some cheating in the river counties. But the State will undoubtedly be carried by the Republicans, with a possible loss of two Congressmen. The Democrats may be expected to gain a Congressman or two in Indiana, as well as one or two in Pennsylvania, but both those States, as well as Ohio, we still consider safe for the Republicans on the 13th. Getting two of them is sure victory in November; to get them all is to have no fight in November.

The South will, we trust, see reason before the month is out to tranquillize itself a little; but meantime there is plenty of disorder, and the accounts received from private sources of the condition of things there are worse, although we are in the hottest of the campaign, than those which are printed in the party papers. In Georgia, a few days after Camilla, another sheriff and party of citizens rode out to meet another Republican procession, and warned it not to enter Warrenton, as "the citizens" would not permit Radical speech-making. The procession thereupon betook itself to a negro church outside the town limits, and by-and-by getting word that they were to be attacked they broke up and fled, receiving a shot or two at parting. One correspondent goes systematically over the State and apportions murders to the various Congressional Districts thus: "In the Third District, of which Columbus is the most important town, there have been several freedmen killed, and there is a good deal of insecurity. In the Fourth District, three influtial Radicals have been killed, and the Democracy is very intolerant." The Fifth District is that in which the Warrenton affair occurred, and there "Ku-klux are numerous." The Georgia white Unionists are said to be loud in denunciation of General Meade, for having, by his bad management, "botched reconstruction," and talk of making an exhibit of their case now and at the time of the election, as soon as Congress meets. Possibly General Meade has had no great relish for his duties since he went down there; and there is about him a certain Philadelphia tone, which people know about who know Philadelphia, which might make it easy to complain of him; but we see no definite charges made against him, and have no doubt of his having been a well-meaning, if not, perhaps, a particularly effective and willing officer. From Louisiana, news comes of a second and worse Camilla, at Opelousas. A Republican newspaper office has been gutted, the editor probably lynched, a schoolmaster whipped, and scores of negroes murdered. The negroes had turned out with arms to protect the schoolmaster, but had gone home quietly at his request. Then the whites assembled, disarmed the negroes, and began killing. Radicalism is done in Saint Landry Parish, the Democrats say, for this Presidential election any how. A colored man, Mr. J. Wills Menard, has, we see, offered himself as a candidate for Congress. The Forty-first Congress, he says, "must have more backbone" than the Fortieth, and that the colored people of Louisiana ought to be represented by their own color. There is a time for all things, however; and Mr. Menard has little sense, or he would not take just this moment to come forward.

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From Arkansas we hear nothing; but we hear of 4,000 stand of arms which are lying on the levee at Memphis, and which, it is supposed, are going to Arkansas for distribution among the negroes. No steamboat captain, it is said, will touch them. Almost every steamboat captain on the lower Mississippi is from conviction a hater of the negroes, and such as are not will, for business reasons, leave the guns where they lie, and Arkansas must for a while longer let most of the shooting be done by the Klan. The Alabama Legislature has been so slow in providing a registry law that now there is not time, it is said, to register the voters, and thus there will be no Presidential electors in that State. We are not sure that the majority are not wise to manage in this way what looked like a very ugly matter. In Mississippi everything seems quiet enough; but Mississippi is "a long way from any place," and news comes slowly at the best, and generally does not come; but a person who should ride through the back-country districts might pick up items, we dare say. In the back-country of Texas things happen like this: A civil agent of the Bureau, being in charge of a detachment of soldiers, fired on a mob which he was trying to disperse, was arrested by the civil authorities, tried, and would have been hanged if, while he was lying in jail, a party of United States cavalry had

not accidentally heard that the soldiers were in jail, and, riding there, released him and his companions. Texas is the worst, to be sure. Tennessee, the loyal part of it, is much agitated over the prospect of having General Gordon Granger in command, instead of Thomas, who is to go to Washington. He has been a military-politician now for years, and Mr. Johnson may mean no more harm in giving him Thomas's place than to reward him for his presidency of the White-Boys-in-Blue Convention at Cleveland two years ago. North Carolina continues to be, as she has been almost constantly since the war, the one white spot on the Southern map.

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General Sherman wrote a letter last week to the Boys in Blue assembled at the Philadelphia demonstration, in which he enclosed one from General Grant, both treating of the position of army officers with regard to political agitation, and their relations to political parties. Both generals agree that inasmuch as military officers have to serve under different administrations—that is, are now what we hope to see all public functionaries become, servants of the nation at large, and not of any particular portion of it—they "ought to keep out of political assemblages, conventions, and controversies altogether" (Sherman); "and should not make themselves obnoxious to any party likely to come into power" (Grant). This is not only excellent doctrine, but it will cover more ground than its authors intended it to cover. It is, to our mind, perfectly applicable to the diplomatic agents of the Government. They too ought to be able to serve different administrations, holding different opinions on questions of home policy, and therefore ought not to be called upon to be party apostles in foreign parts. Of course, it may be said: "But then the creed of *our* party is so noble, so elevating; an ambassador ought to be only too proud to uphold it," etc. We being perfectly familiar, however, with the arguments against all reform which may be drawn from considerations of present convenience, adhere to the position which we took last week *apropos* of Mr. Reverdy Johnson. As we expected, the London correspondents of the Radical papers are now after him in full cry; are accusing him of a deliberate attempt to betray his Government in the negotiation of the *Alabama* difficulty. We venture to say that not one of them has a particle of knowledge of what is going on on this subject, of what Mr. Johnson is doing or going to do, or has a single reason even for suspecting him of treachery or weakness, except his over-civil language to Mr. Roebuck and others. Those who imagine that the correspondents accompany the American minister in his visits to the Foreign Office are mistaken.

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General McClellan was invited to preside at the Democratic mass meeting in this city on Monday, but declined in a letter which showed that he thought well of the Republican candidate, but disapproved of the reconstruction policy of Congress. His allusion to the national credit was also an implied disapproval of the Democratic doctrine on this subject. He announces his intention to take no further part in politics—an exceedingly wise resolution, which, if adopted before writing the Harrison's Landing letter, would have furnished him with a very different reputation from the one he now enjoys. The principal "standard-bearer" of the meeting was Mr. A. Oakey Hall—the celebrated district-attorney of this city—and the proceedings were generally of a noisy but melancholy character. The procession was, however, imposing as regards size and the number of "curiosities" it contained, including effigies of "carpet-baggers" and "scallawags."

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There appears to be some doubt as to whether Mr. Jenckes, of Rhode Island, will be renominated for the next Congress, or whether, if nominated, he will accept. We sincerely trust that if there be any hesitation in the matter on the part of his constituents or himself, they will speedily put an end to it. Men like Mr. Jenckes are rare enough in Congress to make his retirement from public life a public calamity, even if he were not already charged with the conduct of a reform—the Civil Service Bill—on the success of which, we verily believe, the continuation of this government in its present shape depends. He has fully mastered the measure, is identified with it in the public mind, and has faith in it, and is, in our opinion, solemnly bound to carry it through. Moreover, we cannot help hoping that we are entering on an era in politics in which men of his stamp will have a chance of playing a part in American politics they have not played for a long while. Unless we are greatly mistaken, the reign of the unscrupulous and ignorant brawlers and "war-horses" is drawing to a close, and we shall have a season, at least, of men who believe, and show that they believe, that the Almighty intended nations to be governed by human reason and human experience.

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We shall soon feel compelled to "turn away with loathing," as they say in Mobile, from the low-lived scoundrel who favors negro suffrage. Things are in a frightful state in Virginia; so different from what they were before Pierpoint's treachery! The *World* says:

> "A late visitor to the Eastern Shore of Virginia says the negroes there are degenerating into absolute barbarians; that they peer out from the bushes at travellers like wild beasts, and then scamper away on being discovered."

Well may the *World* add: "Nice 'progress,' this is." We would simply ask any candid Republican if he would like his daughter to marry one of these beings? It is supposed, we believe, that they have taken to the woods to escape the tyranny of the carpet-baggers, and that they are rapidly learning that their truest friend is the Southern gentleman. A party of the citizens are scouring the woods with dogs.

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The Butler troubles in Massachusetts have been marked during the past week by an amusing episode. The general produced a telegram from Mr. Samuel Ward, who figured in the impeachment "investigation," addressed to Mr. Edward Atkinson, of Boston, deploring the rumored refusal of Mr. Dana to accept the nomination for the Essex District, and concluding with a poetical but highly repulsive description of the general's lineaments. The object of the production of the telegram was, of course, to connect the Dana movement with the gold-gambling anti-impeachers, and thus bring into play the only argument that is now ever used in Butler's defence—that the Copperheads hate him. Of course Mr. Atkinson had the ready reply that he knew Mr. Ward only very slightly, and that, to put himself in possession of the telegram, General Butler must either have concocted the sending of it with Mr. Ward, or have bribed the operator to reveal it, or have stolen it from Mr. Atkinson's office. The general replies, with much abuse, that he received a copy of the telegram in a private letter from a stranger who had seen it. He also accuses Mr. Atkinson of having defrauded a savings-bank, by paying off in greenbacks a debt contracted in gold; suppressing the material fact—he hates material facts—that Mr. Atkinson paid the debt as the officer of a corporation, and had no alternative as to the kind of currency. The correspondence has closed with a violent outburst of billingsgate from the general, who offers five hundred dollars reward to anybody who will reveal the dishonest tricks of his opponents, and insinuates that "the devil will get hold" of Mr. Atkinson both in his official capacity and as a private individual.

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Of course all this is shocking as well as amusing. But we must not blame the general too severely for it. His moral perceptions never were particularly acute, and his sojourn in the Republican party has done nothing to sharpen them. In fact, he has hardly one bad tendency which the party has not done something to encourage. It exposed him to terrible temptations of all kinds when it sent him to the South as a proconsul. By putting him amongst the impeachment managers it gave him an opportunity of displaying on a great scale and before the civilized world the qualities which have won him his bad eminence at the bar. Finally, by giving him "full powers" to try and break down the characters of its most eminent and able men, such as Grimes, Fessenden, and Trumbull—men who have played the leading part in building it up, and have been its boast and glory, and who have twenty-five or thirty years of honored and honorable public and private life behind them, and whose corruption would prove American society rotten to the core; by allowing him to take evidence in secret and produce as much or as little of it as he pleased, and to put what construction on it he pleased; to convert a nominally

judicial report into a vehicle for the vilification of judges who had decided against him in a case in which he was counsel, and on the winning of which his political fortunes largely depended, it did all it could to convince him that it cared neither for truth nor decency. Under all the circumstances, we confess we are astonished at his moderation. But the Hartford *Post* has hit the nail on the head in saying that the Republican party cannot afford to bear the burden of him any longer, and the Essex District Republicans will render the party the highest service by relegating him to private life.

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Shortly after the news of the earthquakes in South America arrived, one of our contemporaries called loudly for a scientific enquiry into the origin of these convulsions, evidently with a view to the prevention of them, or, at all events, to the discovery of some means of foretelling their occurrence. It would certainly be most desirable if they could be regulated at least, or their operation confined to "wild lands" and other uninhabited areas, because there is little doubt that their frequent recurrence in any peopled region must be a serious obstacle to the material or moral progress of the inhabitants, to say nothing of the damage done by them to property. The expectation of them must destroy the habit of looking to and working for distant results, which is, after all, at the bottom of all that is really valuable in character, whether national or individual. A man who counts on having his house knocked down about his ears every ten years is pretty sure to cease counting on much else. The London *Daily News*, by way of consolation, calls attention to the good results of earthquakes; the part they have played, according to Lyell and Huxley, in keeping the dry land above water, and in preparing coal-beds, and directing the Gulf Stream, and otherwise rendering the globe a comfortable abode for civilized men. But it warns those who now read of earthquakes as distant calamities, only to be feared *in partibus infidelium*, that there is reason to believe that they shift in the course of ages from one part of the globe to the other, and that it is fair to suppose that the turn of the highly civilized portion of the globe, which now enjoys almost complete immunity from them, may yet come, and nobody knows how soon. The danger which has so often been spoken of, that a body of water may find its way into one of the great fissures and generate steam enough, by contact with the great central fires, to blow the world up, would be a profitable subject of reflection if any precaution was possible, but there is none within our reach.

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There is only one subject in European politics now exciting much attention, and that is the relations of France and Prussia, and in these there has been no perceptible change since last week. The papers are full of conflicting rumors, and take diametrically opposite views of the construction to be put on the various sayings and doings of the two monarchs. The King of Prussia's recent declaration, that Prussia desired and expected peace, but would know how to defend herself if attacked, is considered by the Prussian press as increasing the chances of peace. The French and Austrian papers, on the other hand, treat it as a sign of war; but the action of the Government in leaving the last draft of 120,000 men in their homes strengthens the view taken by the former. The fact that Bismarck is still an invalid and is said to be about to spend a considerable portion of the autumn at an English watering-place—the climate being considered likely to soothe his nerves—is perhaps, however, a still stronger guarantee of Prussia's good behavior than the failure to call in the recruits.

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As regards France, the question of war or peace seems to turn entirely on the state of domestic politics. The general belief is that if hard-pressed at home the Emperor will fight; that if not, he won't. But the state of domestic politics does not improve, from the Imperialist point of view. Public life continues to revive, to use the language of the opposition; or the spirit of discontent grows, to use the language of the Bonapartists. The Government has avoided a second electoral defeat in the country districts, but by a diminished majority; and the uneasiness of all classes of the population plainly increases. The story of the *coup d'état*, which was supposed to have lost all interest for Frenchmen, and which nobody but Kinglake ever undertook to tell in detail, has just been revived, as we mentioned a week or two ago, by a M Ténot, who has published two volumes, one describing what occurred in Paris and the other what occurred in the provinces, and they are having an enormous sale—having run through three editions in about a month. It is a horrible story, and well told—a story, in the main, of men butchered by the dozen simply for having resisted an attempt to overthrow an established popular government. The worst of it is that the Imperialists cannot suppress it, because they have constantly maintained that the *coup d'état* was one of the most glorious events in French history. M. de Mazade tells a story of Louis Napoleon having at a state reception asked the Duc de Broglie, in 1852, whether he did not place it in the same rank with the Dixhuit Brumaire, and of the duke's replying "that history would judge."

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It ought to be mentioned that the King of Prussia's speech produced a fall on the exchange both in London and Paris, and the French ministers felt it necessary to send an explanatory message to the Commissary of the Bourse showing that the King meant no harm, an incident which has greatly annoyed the Emperor. The feeling of mingled disgust and anxiety in European commercial circles is said to be intense. The mere refusal of the Emperor to make a short address to the generals on leaving the camp at Châlons, lest his words might be misconstrued, is declared by the *Daily News*, in its money article, "to have caused a depreciation of millions sterling in the market value of European investments."

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The Spanish insurrection has ended, as was anticipated, in the dethronement and exile of the Queen, almost without a struggle. She is now in France, living in the Castle of Pau, in which the founder of the royal house of Bourbon, of which she was a few days ago the last reigning monarch was born. The provisional government which has been installed in her stead is composed mainly of generals, with Marshal Serrano for president. Whether there are any politicians among them remains to be seen; but experience justifies one in fearing the worst. Three or four "war-horses," from our House of Representatives, probably possess more political wisdom, and would set up a better government in a week, than the whole body of Spanish "statesmen" will contrive in a year. Marshal Serrano is seventy-six years old, which is a bad thing to begin with. There is some talk of a republic, but not much that is weighty; the mass of the people are not ready for it, being ignorant, as yet, of their "natural rights." The natural successor of the Queen is the Duc de Montpensier, but he is an Orleanist, and it is supposed the selection of him would lead to French interference. The catastrophe, however, can hardly fail to have a highly injurious effect on the Imperial régime in France. Examples of this kind are contagious; and the government which would follow the Emperor's death, if he were to die now, would be very like the one which has just been overthrown in Madrid, a fact of which the French public becomes every day more conscious. The Queen's offering to hold Rome for the Pope, a few weeks before her deposition, is one of the most striking illustrations to be found in Bourbon history of the blindness by which the race has been ruined. Long-established dynasties seem to lose not only all sympathy with the nation, but all perception of popular feeling, a proof of the moral as well as ceremonial isolation of royal personages.

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Italy, for the first time, reports a surplus, but as the news comes by telegraph it is perhaps as well not to be too confident about it. The official treasury statement of August 31 sets the revenue down at $391,320,041, and the expenditure at $370,201,864. The Florence official press contradicts the rumor that a demand had been made on the French by the Italian Government for the evacuation of the Papal territory, on the ground that no such demand is necessary, as the French Government knows well that in keeping its troops in Italy under present circumstances it is violating a solemn engagement. The late "unpleasantness" with Prussia is being smoothed over by the extraordinary attentions paid both there and in Austria to General Pianelli, whose bold disobedience of orders at Custozza prevented the defeat from becoming a rout.

## THE FINANCIAL CONTROVERSY.

A VERY animated and somewhat acrimonious discussion is at present going on in the press and on the rostrum concerning the actual and prospective receipts and expenditures of the National Government. The immediate cause of the discussion is to be found in two letters from two bureau heads in the Treasury Department, speaking each with apparent authority, but showing a wide divergence in their statements and assertions. The remote and more potent cause of the discussion, and especially of its having assumed so angry a tone, must, however, be sought in the fact that each of the two writers is supposed and believed to be in close sympathy and intimate relations with one of the two opposing political parties, and that their statements are hence taken to be inspired by party motives, colored by party desires, if not actually manufactured to suit party purposes.

It is not easy to imagine a circumstance more damaging to the reputation of Mr. McCulloch as a statesman or public administrator, than that for weeks past the public mind should have been knocked to and fro like a shuttlecock between the battledores of opposing officials, one proving national bankruptcy inevitable, the other showing a certain surplus of income over outgo. The law, indeed, does not require the Secretary of the Treasury to step forth and settle every disputed question concerning the finances, but it does seem to us that if the Secretary cannot prevent his subordinates from publishing semi-official, but absolutely contradictory, statements of facts which do not come within the range of their special duties, he ought certainly himself to furnish to an excited public some official indication as to which of his subordinates is entitled to belief. It is neither just to the subordinates themselves nor right towards the people to leave them to their own conclusions on such a question. Still less is it possible for the great mass of even well-informed persons to arrive at a decision as to the trustworthiness of the officials from an examination of the facts themselves. The latter are not always readily accessible. They are presented, even in their official form of reports to Congress, in such a shape that few people can unravel their meaning. They are at all times complicated and difficult to understand, and they have, during the present discussion, been so thoroughly covered over with all sorts of ridiculous assertions, counter-assertions, estimates, and sensational calculations that the public is fairly bewildered. We cannot well understand how a public officer in Mr. McCulloch's position can allow such confusion to exist, without giving his own simple statement of the facts, and at once restoring the public confidence.

The practice of public letter-writing on the part of subordinate Government officials at all times, but more especially in times of political excitement, is open to objection. Mr. Spinner's, Mr. Wells's, and Mr. Delmar's communications are all alike headed "Treasury Department," and in the eyes of the public have like official weight. But what confidence can the public have in any statement issuing from the "Treasury Department," when one of its officials states to-day that the estimated and appropriated expenses of the Government for the coming year are less than two hundred and ninety millions, and another official states to-morrow that the same expenses exceed four hundred and eighty millions? or when another official states that during the past year the receipts have exceeded the expenditures by thirty-five millions, while the Secretary himself states that receipts and expenditures have been about equal? The great mass of the people are not professional book-keepers, who can trace an error or a slight misstatement through all its mysterious phases of development into full-blown deception; they do not understand the delicate differences between appropriations and estimates, between deferred, or outstanding, or special, or deficiency appropriations; they want to know what official of the Treasury Department is charged with the duty of informing the people of the progress of the national receipts and expenditures—not solely at the time stated by law, by means of a report to Congress, but at all times, whenever from any reason whatsoever the people may demand that information. It is not likely that every month in the year or every day in the week, such a demand would be made upon the Treasury, but no official can fail to acknowledge that times will arise when circumstances will create such a demand, or fail to recognize that at the present moment that demand is of the most urgent character. It is precisely on this account that we condemn the use of official position for the publication of unauthorized or unofficial communications. The public uneasiness has been *created* by the contradictory statements of Treasury officials, neither of whom, for aught the public can tell, has authority to speak for the Department, and each of whom is more or less connected with opposing party organizations, while the Secretary sits idly by and allows the public to believe as much as it pleases of the conflicting statements of his subordinates.

For ourselves, we have no hesitation in selecting between the two authorities. Mr. Alexander Delmar, director of the Bureau of Statistics, has already on previous occasions distinguished himself by the characteristic self-sufficiency of his semi-official utterances; he is an official so unpopular with the reigning party that a recent law abolishing his office is said to have been chiefly passed from mere dislike to the incumbent; he is naturally desirous of showing the Republican finance management in its worst light, and his statements have been greedily seized upon by the Democratic press as an official endorsement of the worst charges made by their writers and speakers against the Republican party. In a letter to several distinguished merchants of this city Mr. Delmar states, in substance, that if all the money is spent which there is any authority for spending, the expenditures of the current year will exceed the income by one hundred and sixty millions of dollars. If the figures from which this result is derived are correct, the result would be apparently very serious. But even supposing the figures to be correct, the actual result may not be as serious as the apparent one. The Treasury had, to begin with, one hundred and thirty-one millions on hand at the beginning of the fiscal year, which are not included in the receipts. This cash balance alone would reduce the deficit to the comparatively slight sum of twenty-nine millions. Besides this, the Treasury would, according to Mr. Delmar's own showing, have about sixty-five millions of gold to sell, the premium on which would scarcely fall short of twenty millions, further reducing the deficit to the sum of only nine millions. If thus the *utmost* extravagance that the law allows be indulged in in all quarters, the United States will, according to Mr. Delmar's showing, have to borrow about nine millions of dollars between now and the 1st of July, 1869, to make both ends meet. Not such a *very* dreadful prospect, after all.

Mr. David A. Wells, Special Commissioner of the Revenue, a public officer alike respected for his integrity, ability, and industry, in a letter to a member of Congress, gives similar figures to those of Mr. Delmar from which it results that the expenditures of the current year will be nearly two hundred millions less than the amount given by his colleague of the Statistical Bureau, and that if the income of the Treasury continues in the same ratio as last year, allowing for diminished taxation, the receipts will, nevertheless, exceed the expenditures by nearly twenty millions, and will leave the existing cash balance in the Treasury entirely untouched. A very cheerful prospect.

Between statements so wide apart it is no wonder that the public mind is unsettled, nor is it easy from the figures to form a decided estimate as to the value of either.

What creates any difficulty there may be in the public mind in accepting Mr. Wells's statements as final, is the fact that they are freely used as campaign documents, and are frequently composed for this purpose. This, of course, brings them under the suspicion which attaches to the whole of this species of literature, and gives them, moreover, a sanguine, rose-colored hue which, in such statements, is, to say the least, inappropriate. For instance, Mr. Wells's letter to Congressman Allison, which is circulated as a campaign document in answer to the question, What have been the national receipts and expenditures for the year ending June 30, 1868? says: "Receipts, $406,000,000; expenditures, $371,000,000—leaving an estimated surplus of receipts over expenditures of $35,000,000"—while the official Treasury debt statement shows that the surplus is almost thirty millions less than this. We know precisely the cause of the discrepancy, but the reader of campaign documents does not, and he is accordingly bewildered.

It is not our present purpose to examine all these figures in detail. While we cannot help condemning the issue of campaign documents from the Treasury, and though our own view of the financial future is

not as sanguine as Mr. Wells's, in that we think he underrates expenses, we have no doubt that, with economy and good management, there will be an amply sufficient revenue to meet our regular expenses and maintain our credit unimpaired.

## THE EUROPEAN UNEASINESS.

THERE are few public men of this or any other century who can boast of a life, on the whole, happier and more successful than M. Guizot's. He has entered on no field of labor in which he has not attained to the highest distinction. In his youth he made himself famous as a philosophic historian, and was the first to throw real light on the most obscure period of modern history—that in which the foundations of modern society were laid. He had the good luck, too, to win these laurels just as the political arena was opened, for the first time in French history, to scholars and philosophers, and found himself before long at the head of the only government France has ever had which can be fairly said to have used its power to cultivate in the French the love of peace, industry, and liberty. Advancing years, and a cold temper and somewhat low Calvinistic views of human nature, made him over-conservative, and his resistance to change did much to cause the overthrow of the Orleanist fabric which he had played so large a part in building up. For a while afterwards he was under a cloud. During the first ten brilliant years of the Napoleonic régime Louis Philippe and his ministers cut rather a sorry figure; but time has justified them. There are few Frenchmen now who do not acknowledge that the eighteen years that have just elapsed wear a dismal look beside the eighteen dull and inglorious years which closed in 1848; that Louis Philippe's government was after all teaching Frenchmen the art of governing themselves, while Louis Napoleon's government has simply been breaking them to the yoke of soldiers and priests and women—in other words, to the régime which has just perished in Spain.

M. Guizot's old age has formed a fit sequel to his active public life. For the last twenty years he has lived in retirement, in Normandy, in a pleasant country-house, surrounded by his children and grandchildren, his mind still occupied incessantly with the problems which had occupied it in its busier years—taking a keen, though of course philosophic rather than partisan, interest in all the great political and religious movements of the day, and communicating his opinions upon them to the public through the press, and enjoying in the respectful attention with which he is listened to the sweetest and noblest triumph an old man can have. He has now reached his eightieth year in full possession of his faculties, and his friends of three different generations rarely pass near Val-Riccher without stopping to hear him talk of government, of morals, of religion, of society. Whatever anybody may think of the basis on which his theories are built, the richness and variety of his experience make even his errors instructive. Every now and then he addresses, through the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, an audience such as can be reached through no other channel. We are proud, and justly proud, of the extent of the area over which the English tongue has spread, and of the size and energy of the host who speak it. But, great as are the triumphs of English, and great as may be the future which awaits it, French is still the language in which the greatest number of cultivated men and women may be reached. Richer stores of learning and thought may be found in the German, and more poetry and eloquence in the English; but the man who writes in French and puts his article in the *Revue* has the satisfaction of knowing that he is using the very best means of access to the educated public of the civilized world.

M. Guizot's last article is an attempt to account for the fear of war by which the European imagination is now haunted, and by which European industry is ravaged. He divides the blame nominally between France and Prussia equally, but in reality imposes the weight of the burden on France, and, by implication, on the Emperor, and not on the nation. He speaks, it is true, very harshly of the mode in which the late extension of the Prussian frontier was accomplished, pronounces M. de Bismarck "the most ambitious and audacious man in Europe," and scoffs at the idea of the movement which culminated in Sadowa being entitled to be considered a movement for the unification of Germany. He says it was simply the resumption of the process of Prussian aggrandizement which was begun by Frederic the Great, and which probably will not end till Prussia includes the whole of Germany. But the reason he gives for holding this opinion seems to us singularly inconclusive.

What is most interesting in the article, however, is what he says about France and the Emperor, as he is plainly much more at home in dealing with this branch of the subject than with the origin or aims of Prussian policy. The French people he considers desirous of peace. The warlike spirit, he says, did not survive the First Empire, and the love of peace and industry has been growing ever since. In accounting for the wars in which the French have been engaged during the present reign, he bears very hard on the Emperor, who, he says, sacrificed to his "étoile aventureuse et guerrière," and denies that the French people had any part or lot in exciting or carrying them on. He says, in other words, that they were undertaken in the interest of the dynasty, but that the result of all three has been such as to make it very unlikely that the Emperor will ever, except under pressure of the sternest necessity, undertake another war. In two of them he narrowly escaped disaster, and labored from first to last under an enormous pressure of care and anxiety. In the last, disaster came and gave the dynasty a blow from which it has not yet recovered and may never recover. "Moreover," says M. Guizot, "age is coming over him, and with age come interests less purely personal, and other preoccupations than the phantasies of the imagination or the combinations of solitary thought." In other words, the Emperor is already old, and feels that shrinking from enterprises involving a great strain on the nervous system which all old men feel in a greater or less degree. If he embarks in a great conflict now—such as that with Prussia would be—it will be rather as a last chance of safety than with the hope of winning fresh laurels. Nothing can give a better idea of the hideousness, from a moral point of view, of despotic government than the fact that it was generally expected in France, only three weeks ago, that the defeat of the Government candidate in the Var would be followed by a declaration of war against Prussia. That is, that the discontent of the people with the mode in which the government was conducted, legitimately expressed in the constitutional way at the polls, would lead not to reform, but to the commencement of a sanguinary struggle with a foreign power, in which probably half a million of men would perish, and the public debt be increased by one-third. M. Guizot therefore advises that the best means of putting an end to that dread expectation by which Europe is just now paralyzed—in fact, the only means of restoring confidence, *words* clearly passing for nothing—is the reduction of the French army to the footing of peace. This is the only proof that the Emperor not only does not desire war, but does not expect it, that the world will accept.

There is not much likelihood, however, that M. Guizot's advice will be taken. The Emperor finds himself now in one of those dreadful passes which come in the evening of life to nearly every man who has lived from hand to mouth, and let each day provide for itself. His reign has been a series of temporary expedients, of which the renovation of Paris is a fair illustration. A huge army of workmen has been collected there for the last fourteen years, engaged in pulling down and building up. Far more work, however, of this kind has been done already than the city can afford, but it is now impossible to stop without exciting discontent, the successful manifestation or the suppression of which by force would be equally dangerous. Therefore the building goes on. Foreign war, engaged in for the purpose of influencing domestic politics, is of necessity a powerful stimulant. It is, however, of necessity temporary in its effects. To suppose that it can be anything else, is to overlook the change which the last fifty years have wrought in modern society. The habit of discussion, and the publication of budgets, is fatal to the political influence of military glory. There has not been a single war of this century, not strictly defensive, which is not now condemned by the leading actors in it, and the public judgment every year follows more and more rapidly on the event, because the people in every country, as we pointed out a fortnight ago, are every year less and less influenced by enthusiasm. Yet Louis Napoleon's main instruments for the consolidation of his

dynasty have been three foreign wars about matters in which France had merely a speculative interest. A contest with Prussia would be the most serious of all. Should it result in disaster, as it probably would, and the downfall of the Napoleonic dynasty, we should witness the failure of the last attempt that will ever be made in Europe to establish personal government.

## BUTLER AND DANA.

Those Republicans of the Fifth Massachusetts District who are dissatisfied with General Butler's nomination have, we are glad to say, nominated an opposition candidate in the person of Mr. R. H. Dana, Jr., and there is every reason to believe that they will succeed in electing him. The matter is one of really national interest, because, as we pointed out last week, General Butler, in offering himself as a candidate for a Massachusetts district, after all that has happened, raises what may fairly be called a test case. Considering what the Republican party pretends to be, and considering what the charges are which are made against General Butler and believed by men of all parties, and which he has never attempted to refute, and considering what his course with regard to the national finances has been, his election by a New England Republican constituency would really cast over much of the Republican professions of purity and honesty an air of something very like humbug.

We have not the smallest desire to take from him any of the credit which belongs to him for his administration at New Orleans. In fact, we entertain towards him a feeling very like personal gratitude for the spectacle which his rule there offered. But that has nothing to do with his qualifications for Congress. Men are not chosen, or at least ought not to be chosen, for legislators, any more than for admirals or bank presidents, from gratitude for having done well in some widely different field. It would be ridiculous to set Sheridan to make a digest of the United States Statutes at Large, as a reward for his cavalry operations on the Appomattox. General Butler proved one thing, and only one thing, during the war, and that is, that he would fill the post of a revolutionary chief or of a platz-commandant in a conquered city admirably. Whenever we have another revolution we shall support his claims to a high place in the most disturbed district with all our might, and labor earnestly to have the first conquered city committed to his charge. But our firm belief is that in times like the present there is no public office for which he is exactly fitted; and even if one were to offer, we think he ought to be compelled to stand a court of enquiry before getting it.

He was one of the very first to raise the banner of repudiation. On the 3d of September, 1867, he promulgated the doctrine that the United States bonds were payable in greenbacks, and at the same time endeavored to show that, supposing there was any doubt in the matter, the bondholders were not entitled to the benefit of it, or, in fact, to any consideration whatever, inasmuch as the foreign bondholders lent their money as a pure business transaction, "and not with the view of aiding us in our great struggle," and the native holders bought them at a tremendous discount, and also "with an eye to the proceeds." Mr. William Endicott, Jr., of Boston, hereupon got into a controversy with him, in which he, Mr. Endicott, appealed to the national conscience, evidently believing the moral aspect of the case to be one which would impress a Christian community; but the General denied that there was such a thing as a national conscience, or that, if there was, it would exercise any influence on the decision of a question in which so much money was at stake. Following up his game, he drew an imaginary line, which, as well as we could make out, was coincident with the 80th degree of west longitude, on the east side of which, he said, the bonds were all, or nearly all, held, and the people on the west side would, therefore, refuse to be taxed for the payment of them, unless the bondholders abandoned their exorbitant pretensions.

It is but just to him to say that he was not alone in holding this theory of the position of the public creditor, but he was the foremost and most audacious in his avowal of it. Just at that time, the terms of reconstruction having been fairly settled, the minds of professional politicians began to be occupied with the consideration of what was most likely to come up next for discussion, and they naturally bethought them of the public debt. The burden of it seemed heavy, and the terms on which it was contracted seemed hard; but instead of taking it for granted that the people would behave honestly about it, instead of trying to encourage them to act nobly, by taking it for granted that they *would* act nobly, several politicians forthwith began to regulate their conduct by the assumption that the base and dishonest thing was the thing they would be sure to do, and that moral considerations or considerations of merely remote or prospective advantage would have no weight with them whatever. Under this disgraceful lead, the cry of "down with the bondholders" naturally spread. The Democrats took it up and made it their battle-cry, and large numbers of respectable Republicans were panic-stricken, and joined with the knaves of the party in re-echoing it. For some weeks disregard of the national obligations was preached unblushingly all over the country; we were told every day that no matter what the people promised to do, they would only do what was most convenient for them to do, and a feeling of real alarm with regard to the national credit began to gain ground among even the most sanguine.

A portion of the Republican press, however, did its duty manfully. It played the part a good regiment is often called on to play in stricken fields—let the rush of demoralized fugitives go by and then closed up its ranks and checked the enemy's onset. Discussion did the work it may always be relied on to do in a free and intelligent community. The true nature of the greenback swindle became apparent, and when the Chicago Convention met the repudiationists were easily beaten.

This result was a real disappointment to General Butler and his confederates. "His bark was still there, but the waters were gone," and how to float himself off became to him the great question of the hour. He was, when he received the blow, busily occupied in investigating the "corruption" of the seven senators, and what he must have suffered as he rummaged amongst the evidences of their venality only the pure in heart can imagine. As soon as this painful duty had been discharged he turned his attention once more to the finances, and as there was no immediate prospect of getting the debt paid off in greenbacks, there being no greenbacks for the purpose, and the debt not being due, he did the next best thing—that is, the thing most likely to injure the public credit and gratify those who had satisfied themselves that those who were induced to trust United States' promises were amongst its worst enemies. So he put forward Mr. Cobb, with a resolution instructing the Committee of Ways and Means to tax the bonds ten per cent.—that is, to reduce the rate of interest by that amount—and with the aid of the Copperheads (whose abuse of himself, by-the-by, he constantly produces as his great title to Republican esteem) he carried the resolution against the best men of the party, and the session closed on his shameful triumph, leaving the task of funding the public debt at a reduced rate of interest, of course, harder than ever. In the course of the discussion he asserted that he was only doing what the British did to their creditors—a statement which had not a particle of foundation; but that he knew it had no foundation no "friend of mankind" will for one moment imagine.

He now came home covered, as he thought, with glory, to visit his constituents, but found to his surprise that their souls were troubled by his performances. But not being of a timorous disposition or a man who looks mournfully into the past, he occupied himself with preparations to manipulate the Worcester Convention. The result of this enterprise we chronicled two weeks ago. He has now been nominated by the regular convention, and produced at the close of the proceedings a very creditable batch of resolutions, repeating almost verbatim the utterances of the Chicago Convention on the subject of the national finances, and many journals treat this as an abandonment of his heresies. But this is a singular display of credulity on their part. He has always acknowledged himself bound by the Chicago Platform, but then he reserves to himself the right of interpreting it in his own way, and under this interpretation he holds himself at liberty either to substitute non-interest-bearing promissory notes for interest-bearing bonds, or to reduce the interest without disguise. The value of these new resolutions as restraints on his conscience may, therefore, be imagined, particularly as he in his late speeches, professing to quote the

Chicago Platform, substituted "possibly" for "honestly," suggested that the promises of the Government agents to pay the bonds in gold were made by Jay Cooke simply as a means of pushing his business, and quietly ignored his own attack on the interest.

To understand the real gravity of the approaching contest in his district, we must remember that he does not come with his "record" to John Morrissey's district, or Fernando Wood's, or to a Copperhead district, or an evenly balanced district, or a district where there are no common schools, or where they do not take the *Weekly Tribune* or the *Atlantic Monthly*. He comes to the very fountain-head of Puritanism, to an overwhelming Republican majority belonging to the best educated and most intelligent and pure-blooded community in the United States. He comes, too, not as an old free-soiler or old philanthropist, but as an old Democrat, who tried to nominate Jefferson Davis for the Presidency, and abandoned him only when the war broke out, quarrelled through the war with both superiors and inferiors, and left the army under a load of the foulest aspersions, which he has never taken the least pains to remove. He comes, too, as a party man who has virtually repudiated the party platform, and this not in obedience to personal scruples, but avowedly because he thought the majority were likely to agree with him. If, under these circumstances, he succeeds, we have no hesitation in saying that it will be the most alarming manifestation ever given in this country of popular indifference to the character of public men, and it will show, taken in connection with the treatment of the seven senators, that the yoke of party discipline is intended only for the necks of the scrupulous, that the unscrupulous may shake it off when they please, and with impunity.

The election of Mr. Dana would serve the purpose of sending to Congress at a most important crisis a man possessing a singular combination of the qualities, both natural and acquired, which a legislator needs; a man who was a free-soiler, like scores of enthusiasts, when to be a free-soiler was to be a martyr, but who to depth of conviction adds the mental training, and the legal and political knowledge, and the capacity for looking both before and after, in which our enthusiasts are so lamentably wanting, and who in any body of legislators in the world would sit in the front rank. In fact, the nation would have reason to be under lasting obligations to those who chose him. It would, moreover, serve the purpose of reading a useful lesson to those who base their political action on the theory that men in masses are always base and selfish, and who resolutely refuse to give human nature a chance of showing its best side, by assuming that it *will* show it, and would teach balky and "fractious" members of Congress, who have no principle to guide them, to be very sure they know what the people want before they begin to kick out of the party traces.

## CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETIES IN RUSSIA.

From the earliest times the Slavic race has possessed a communal system which extended in some form to nearly all the relations of life. Every one is acquainted with the *mir* or commune of the peasants, to which the lands belonged in common, and by the authority of which these were distributed at stated times to the individual members. Among the Cossacks of the Ural, who present now a picture of primitive Russia, everything is held in common, and even the fisheries are regulated on this plan. In that long, narrow district there are no poor. Every man is well off. But there is an institution widely spread throughout Russia, and of a distant, unknown antiquity, which is in a certain sense the prototype of all the co-operative associations which have of late years sprung up in Western Europe. This is the *artel* (perhaps *artêlh* would better indicate the pronunciation). An artel is a society of artisans, porters, drivers, clerks, village workmen, etc., formed for the purpose of maintaining a common treasury, and generally of keeping a common table and lodging, very often for common work, or at least to receive work, through the common guaranty of the whole society for the honesty of each individual member. That such an institution should have immemorially existed in Russia shows, on one hand, the simple conditions of life in that country and the comparatively limited wants of its people, and, on the other, the practical mind of that people, which in the very earliest times succeeded in finding the true remedy, which the workmen of the West have been so many years vainly seeking, against accidents of trade, and the true method of developing the working class. Each member is called an *artelstchik*.

The most usual and best known of these artels are those in the large cities, the members of which serve in the custom-houses, the banks, and mercantile counting-rooms. The custom-houses always give the surveillance of the goods in store to an artel. The merchants take as messengers, collectors, etc., artelstchiks, who are appointed to the place by the artel itself, to which the artelstchik is liable for any damage which he causes his master. In such cases the artelstchik is proceeded against criminally; the process for the recovery of funds misapplied, or for damage, is a civil one by the merchant against the artel. These artelstchiks are often trusted with very large sums of money, and a breach of confidence is of exceedingly rare occurrence. The artel watches carefully over the conduct of each of its members, and as on joining the artel each person pays a large sum as caution-money—in the case of the custom-house artels 2,000 rubles—the artelstchik has always in mind the certainty of losing his advances by wrongdoing. Sometimes the artelstchiks, while retaining their connection with the artel, receive board and lodging from their masters. In large commercial towns there are special artels for special classes of business. Often large houses engaged in foreign trade unite to form an artel of workmen, who are under the surveillance of persons appointed by them. In these cases the guaranty is often moral rather than material. This class of artelstchiks is principally employed in the lading and unlading of goods, the object being to prevent frauds in lading and packing, especially through corruption on the part of the receiver.

But the chief end of the artel is a common lodging and table, and in this it differs greatly from a trade or labor union. Here each member on entering receives an individual advantage, in the shape of supplying his needs, and of enabling him to pass safely forced periods of want of work. The artel chooses one of its number as a *starosta* (lit. elder) or head, who has the care of supplying the common table and lodging out of the funds of the artel. The bed and board are usually of the simplest possible sort, the life of artelstchiks in the great towns being the exception and not the rule. The artels usually work together, especially in the country and in manufactories. Wherever workmen are brought together in large numbers they form an artel, if one does not already exist there. The starosta often finds and regulates work for the artel, and persons wishing workmen, especially on a sudden emergency, go to these starostas and arrange with them for the work, the pay, etc.

The majority of artels are much more simple in their condition than those which assist the trade of the large cities. No caution-money is required from the members of the artels of workmen, only their contributions to the common treasury. The bond which joins the members is very slight. The Russian peasant feels the need of a chief; he works better with one; and in the artel he has his starosta. This is not a consequence of serfdom, for the village commune and its starosta existed before the institution of serfdom. The Russian is essentially a wanderer; he dislikes agriculture, likes to come to the cities and engage in an easier work, which will give him the means of life with more leisure. He likes to change his master, his occupation, and his surroundings. His attachment is not to his home, to one spot, but to the persons of his family and associates. Under serfdom his wanderings were restricted by the will of his master, though even then, on payment of his yearly rent, he was allowed a certain freedom of action. But now that he can go where he pleases, he avails himself of his privilege, and enjoys and shows the use of the artel. With a crust of bread in his pocket, the villager arrives in the city, finds the place where the trade which he chooses congregates, makes acquaintances, offers his services to some master-workman, and is immediately received into an artel, and his wants are all supplied. With the *bonhomie* so characteristic of all Russians, especially of the lower class, his associates instruct him in all the branches of the trade, and set apart for him wages proportionate to his industry and skill. He easily learns his work, and often in twelve hours can attend a cotton-weaving machine without supervision. He does not become a master-workman so easily, because he is too apt to change his trade, sure of finding easily a new artel and the same support and encouragement.

The tendency to community sometimes causes whole villages to have the same occupation. In the government of Yaroslav there are villages all the men of which are tailors or carpenters; in some villages of Tver only shoemakers live, and in some districts of the government of Vladimir you find only locksmiths or blacksmiths. In the summer they either go about the neighborhood offering their services, or work in the village together and then dispose of their manufactures. Here, also, the head of the artel is the director of the work. Among the carpenters and joiners, for instance, he receives orders, assigns work, distributes workmen, or sends out and puts up what is made. In the winter there is great activity on the affluents of the large rivers in the construction of barges, which, on being

floated down with their loads, are broken up at their port of destination, often in a treeless region, and the materials used for other purposes. The demand for barges is thus constant every year, and gives employment in the forests to large numbers of artels. Usually about 10 families work together on a barge about 220 feet long and 60 to 70 feet wide. With the approach of spring there is a change of the working population. Very many go down the streams on the barges, and during the voyage act as sailors. Leaving the barge, they take any work offered them and enter into the nearest artel or form a new one of the companions they fall in with.

The system of artels has taken a very wide development in the army. There is in every company a soldiers' artel treasury, which receives a certain fixed proportion of the soldier's pay and of the money which he privately earns, and the subsistence money from the government. By means of this treasury the soldier is fed, his minor wants provided for, and a horse and cart are kept to carry the provisions of the company. On leaving the company he receives his share from the treasury, which often amounts to a considerable sum. This treasury is kept by a starosta elected by the soldiers from their number. The artels in the army are recognized by the government as a valuable assistance in the work of provisioning the army, and are regulated by law.

The frequency of these associations, which were founded first for necessity, and afterwards entered on the phase of labor associations, is doubtless injurious to the quality of Russian work. The workmen find it too easy to change their trade, and the number of Russian master-workmen, especially in the more complicated kinds of labor, is really small. Those places are in great measure occupied by foreigners, chiefly Germans. Russian workmanship is often complained of, though the aptitude of the Russian workman is always praised. There are not the permanent divisions of labor as in other countries.

But certainly these artels are a most valuable institution among the laboring classes of the country. They contain the germs of the education and the future well-being of the workmen, and are a guaranty that the great distress, the confusion, that distract the labor of other countries will never prevail to the same extent in Russia. In the artels in Riga each member pays into the common chest 15 per cent. of his earnings, which goes to form a fund for the relief of the sick members, and for their widows and children. It would be well if this practice became more general in other societies, for in that case the workman would hesitate longer about leaving from mere caprice the artel with which he was connected, thus losing his interest in the accumulated savings of others. With the extension of the facilities of popular education in Russia the artels, beginning with the higher grades, will doubtless occupy themselves with the mental and moral education of their members. That work could be begun and greatly assisted by the initiative of the government or of the masters. But manufacturing has, as yet, hardly made sufficient progress for the masters to perceive that the educated workman is more profitable than the ignorant.

## AMERICAN LITERARY DIPLOMATISTS.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* has recently been reminded by a contemporary that men of letters have been employed by the United States in the diplomatic service far more than has been the practice in the Old World. To American readers the names of Irving, Prescott, Motley, Bancroft, Hawthorne, Marsh, Bigelow, Howells, and we dare say others, will readily occur as illustrations of this truth. "Nevertheless," says the *Gazette*, "the fact ought not to be forgotten that a devotion to politics and a devotion to literature or science are practically incompatible; for the simple reason that the achievement of really great literary or scientific works demands the whole, or nearly the whole, of a man's time and energies."

We are not inclined to say no to this proposition, but it does not apply quite perfectly to the case of American literary men who have gone to Europe in the public service. Take those whom we have mentioned, and the rule seems to be that their diplomatic positions have been given them at least as much in the interest of their future literary reputation as on account of any such reputation previously acquired. Mr. Motley, for example, would hardly have been our minister at Vienna if it had not been that while performing his ambassadorial duties he could study on the spot the documents on which he bases the works which he has written and is yet to write. It was because he wished to do this that he went, and it was not less because he wished to do this that the Government sent him. So, too, of Washington Irving. Mr. Alexander Everett, who, in Irving's time, was our minister in Spain, made his friend, then a student of Spanish literature, a sort of detached secretary, for the reason that under the auspices of the American embassy he could with greater ease prosecute the researches among the Spanish archives which resulted in the "Life of Columbus," the "Spanish Legends," and the other works of Irving's which relate to the Peninsula. In one of these cases the political labors of the author holding office were nothing, or next to nothing; Irving was secretary because he was author, but the secretaryship was entirely subservient to the authorship. As regards Mr. Motley the thing is, of course, somewhat different; but we are mistaken if, with certain obvious qualifications which the recollection of his services will readily suggest, essentially the same thing is not to be said of him. Hawthorne would have been sent out to Liverpool whether he had been a man of letters or not. President Pierce, his class-mate and room-mate, or "chum," in college, would have made him consul for the sake of the affection there was between them, and this takes his case out of the number of those contemplated by the *Gazette*. But for whatever reason sent, Hawthorne's consulship did not conflict with his literary projects and labors. As to Mr. Howells again, our late consul at Venice, whither he went—if we are not mistaken: we have no exact information—at the instance of a distinguished public man, it was not intended, and apparently it did not happen, that his consular duties should interfere with his pursuits in literature. Mr Bigelow was a journalist rather than a literary man pure and simple, and moreover, the first place in the embassy to France fell to him by the death of Mr. Dayton, his chief, and was not originally given him. But his principal literary work was done in consequence of an opportunity which presented itself to him in Paris and could not have presented itself here. His edition of the "Autobiography of Franklin" was the fruits of his service abroad, and neither that nor any other literary work he has done was the cause of his entering the service. Mr. Bancroft's appointment to his first post was doubtless due as much to his "copious and philosophical treatise" as to his having become a prominent Massachusetts Democrat. It was then the fashion to esteem his works somewhat more highly than they are now esteemed, and in the days of James K. Polk, we may suppose that to have written some of the volumes of the "History of the United States" was considered ground sufficient for sending the writer anywhere. But even in this case, whether or not a man can reconcile diplomacy and history-writing, it is certain that Mr. Bancroft's sojourn in England was of indispensable service to him as a historian. He was a busier diplomatist, too, than most of ours have to be; or rather, than, as a rule, most of ours have had to be. He could not have done so well in the volumes since the third if he had not been able to visit Paris and to examine the archives of that city, and this work, as well as the examination of private libraries, he certainly could not have done so well, and perhaps not at all, if his character as ambassador had not made doors open easily to him. Mr. Marsh's appointment is, perhaps, a better example of the supposed American system of giving foreign posts to our literary men as literary men, who then, by having them, are made less efficient workers, or less productive workers in literature than they were before. We do not know that Mr. Marsh's residence in Italy is of peculiar service to him, and we do not know that it is not of the greatest service to him, as a man of letters. But as regards the other authors named above, it seems pretty plain that the theory of the *Pall Mall* is hardly applicable.

The fact is that our diplomatists were never a very hard-worked body of men; not much beyond gentlemanly manners was required of them—and there is a little talk about the demeanor of a gentleman being too hard work for some of our ministers—and as in the lower so in the higher branches of the civil service, and abroad as well as at home, places were given men rather for their own advantage than for that of the country. That was our general rule. And even in the case of efficient public servants—and we believe we have mentioned not one who was not such—even in the case of men like Wheaton, who made his country's name honorable wherever he went, and certainly labored faithfully in his place, it was always more than likely that the balance was in their favor, and that all their diplomatic work was not incompatible with any of their other work. Of course, if we trained our diplomatists and demanded of them the devotion to their pursuit which it has long been customary for European governments to demand, the thing would be quite different. But that we have not done yet, and are not likely to do till the body of the people become awake to the fact—for it is a fact—that the utter worthlessness of the home civil service is the gravest danger that now threatens republican government. Then we shall probably lay the axe to the root of the tree, and bring down everything—bad branches and good. But meantime we shall probably continue as of old, and as a general thing kindly despatch on our public errands gentlemen who have an errand of their own in the direction in which we send them.

## ENGLAND.

LONDON, September 21, 1868.

THE canvass for the approaching election is going on actively in all parts of the country. The Liberal party is conducting its share of the campaign with great energy, and the results will be an ample Liberal majority in the House of Commons, the fall of the present administration, and the establishment of Mr. Gladstone in the unquestioned leadership of the party. No Liberal candidate has much chance now who does not profess himself his follower, and Mr. Gladstone will stand at the head of a compact and flexible majority, and in a position of such personal power and responsibility as has been attained by no minister since Peel. It is a fortunate thing that a man of Mr. Gladstone's high character should not only be at the head of the Liberal party, but also exceedingly popular with the working-classes at this moment, when England is to all appearance on the slide of a revolution. Although there are traits of weakness and inconsistency in his character, he is a man capable of inspiration and of great moral effort. He is not always a far-sighted statesman, but he is a man of such openness of nature that he may be trusted to keep in sympathy with new ideas, and to appreciate the force of prevailing political currents.

The composition of the new Parliament will, in the main, be very similar to that of the old. The new electors do not yet know their strength, and have forborne to exercise control in the selection of candidates. Doubtless this is partly due to the want of political habit, but I fear still more to political timidity and indifference. Mr. John Morley, the editor of the *Fortnightly Review*, is very gloomy over this condition of affairs. He says the election of 1868 "promises to be the most corrupt and dishonorable in our annals, and to give us for rulers some of the richest and stupidest men that ever entered the Chamber." But other men, not less trustworthy and well-informed than Mr. Morley, think that the election promises to be distinguished rather by its purity than the opposite, while it is certain that there will be a large infusion of new talent and power into the House. The mere wealth of the country will, undoubtedly, be represented out of all proportion to the political claims (though not out of proportion to the actual social weight) of the plutocracy.

A few extreme radicals will obtain seats, but their entrance into Parliament will be less important than that of a number of young men of aristocratic birth and position, but thoroughly imbued with the popular spirit of modern liberalism. They will enter the House with strong convictions of the necessity of great and rapid changes in the social order, if England is to be saved from the catastrophe of a violent revolution, and they will come to the discussion of political questions with minds trained by the study of Mill and of Maine, and disciplined in that school of thought which has of late years made Oxford the centre of the best liberalism, and of which Mr. Goldwin Smith has been the most eminent representative at the University. The *Standard*, a Tory paper, gave, the other day, a list of some of these young men, charging them with being branded with the stamp of Goldwin Smith, and, so far as concerns the general acceptance of the principles of public policy of which Mr. Goldwin Smith has been the chief advocate, the charge is not without good foundation. Among these young men two are, at this moment, especially conspicuous from the circumstances of their canvass. In Berkshire, one of the dark agricultural counties, Mr. Auberon Herbert, the brother of Lord Carnarvon, and a convert from high Toryism, is carrying on a vigorous campaign, and working hard to rouse a dull and indifferent constituency to a sense of their political duties and rights. The farmers are addressed as they never were before, and whether Mr. Herbert is elected or not he will have been successful in promoting political education in England. His chances of election are said to be good, and his canvass is watched with interest.

At Woodstock, in Oxfordshire, the quiet little historic town which lies under the walls of Blenheim, and has for some time been a pocket borough of the Duke of Marlborough, Mr. G. C. Brodrick, son of Lord Middleton, has undertaken to make fight against the ducal influence. The contest has had a special animation given to it by a correspondence between Mr. Brodrick and the Duke which appeared a few days since, and which afforded a striking illustration of ducal manners and political morality. The pith of it was that the duke virtually refused not to exercise his influence over the constituency to prevent them from voting freely. The "influence" of a duke is not always purely moral.

The social distinction conferred by a seat in Parliament and the opportunity to take part in the actual government of such an empire as that of England are inducements felt by a very large number of men, who, however, are restrained from coming forward as candidates by want of means, occasion, or ability. Doubtless there are many who nourish a secret belief that nothing but the want of knowledge of them by some enlightened constituency prevents them from at once gaining the object of their ambition. It is said that some men are willing to pay largely for the privilege of putting themselves forward as candidates without hope of election, but for the sake of the small distinction of having been a candidate. Few men, however, are as open as a Mr. W. Ray Smee, whose address appeared in the papers a day or two since, headed "To the Electors of any Borough who desire to change their Representative."

"Gentlemen," says Mr. Smee, "I beg leave to solicit your votes at the ensuing election. . . . Throughout my life I have advocated and created measures of progress, and am the author of two schemes of national importance. . . . I have written upon finance, and am profoundly convinced much remains to be done to enable every one to obtain pure and wholesome drinks." "Thoughtless and wasteful expenditure can never be justified, but an unwise economy is productive of irreparable loss." . .

"I am an ardent advocate for maintaining in the fullest force that inestimable privilege, the right of petition.

"I have resided a considerable time on the Continent, and the knowledge obtained may prove valuable.

"I should prefer being sent to the House of Commons unfettered by party ties."

This is intended seriously, and it is hardly fuller of unconscious humor or more devoid of any indication of its author's possessing qualifications for a seat in such a political assembly as the House of Commons, than many of the addresses issued by actual candidates with good chance of election. It is the general political inefficiency and incompetency of members of Parliament that make the leadership so important. It is a body which follows a leader, and requires one as much as a flock of sheep. A useful and striking paper might be written on the differences between Parliament and Congress. This would be one of them: Congress would be better often were it more led; Parliament were it less so.

The intellectual leadership of political liberalism in England—in distinction from the strictly party leaders—is at present shared by Mr. Mill and Mr. Goldwin Smith, and the latter gentleman is taking a very active and prominent part in the present canvass. His political prescience has so frequently been convincingly manifested during the last six or eight years that his influence has increased rapidly, and no one is doing more than he to arouse a nobler political mood than that into which England has sunk under Palmerston and Disraeli, and to create a keener sense of the absolute connection between national honor and greatness and political morality.

The canvass is, on the whole, conducted as if the point at issue were the fall of one ministry and the rise of another, and as if the real questions involved in this fall and rise were simply the existence of the Irish Church, economy in public expenditure, and such like matters. A few able men—such, for example, as Mr. Grant Duff and Sir John Acton—indicate in their addresses the existence of more vital interests than these; but in general the candidates and their supporters confine themselves to the discussion of purely party questions, and of topics which seem trivial in comparison with the real questions of the times—questions which few politicians like to touch. But the activity and animation with which the Liberals carry on the canvass have the good effect of rousing the political curiosity—one hardly ventures to say interest—of the common people. In the northern counties there is, indeed, far more political intelligence among the lower trading and laboring classes than in the midland and southern counties; but even where there is most intelligence the poor stand greatly in need of enlightenment. The Liberals are doing their work generally in a legitimate way, but the Tories seem to be relying on the old arts by which political life in England has been long debased. They are holding few public meetings, and are leaving the public field undisputed to the Liberals, but they are privately plying every engine of corruption and coercion. It is one of their last opportunities to exercise such tyranny, and they mean to make good use of it. Every day some new incident is revealed which illustrates the disposition of the aristocratic land-owners to regard the votes of their tenantry as the property of the landlord, to be disposed of at will. The letters of Tory magnates, from Mr. Drax up to the Duke of Marlborough, which have appeared on this topic in the course of the campaign, would be worth collecting and preserving as a specimen of one of the latest exhibitions of the pretensions engendered in a class society in which the spirit of feudalism is still exceedingly strong, in spite of the French Revolution and the war in America.

Even if nothing more comes of this practice of intimidation, the ballot will be pretty sure to result from it. It is announced within the last two or three days that Mr. Gladstone has consented to consider the question. Mr. Mill and Mr. Tom Hughes are, so far as I am aware, the only public men of much weight who oppose the ballot, and Mr. Hughes's objections seem to be of a sentimental rather than a practical sort. The *Spectator* also opposes it on grounds of principle; but the *Spectator* has more respect

from its readers than influence over them, and is, I believe, the only decidedly Liberal journal which sees harm in the introduction of a safeguard of purity of election which has the advantage of being of such a nature that it will be disused, except as a convenience, the moment its protection is not required.

The introduction of the ballot would have one very advantageous indirect effect in its tendency to break down the prevalent system of a personal canvass of the individual electors by the candidate. It is a system which has nothing to recommend it. It is at its best a thoroughly unsatisfactory mode of communication between the two parties, and at its worst it is degrading to both. The candidate, however honest, is exposed to the risk, for the sake of making himself agreeable, of saying things which are not in accordance with his convictions, and the voter, if affected by the pleasant manners or the solicitation and flattery of the candidate, is affected by motives of the lowest order in the exercise of the franchise. The evil consequences and the displeasing features of the personal canvass, whether in town or country, can hardly be justly estimated without an observation of them, or without consideration of the immense social gulf between the candidate and the mass of the voters whom he solicits. The system must be broken up before there can be any genuine sense in the lower classes of the meaning and worth of a vote. There are many superstitions lingering in the minds of English conventional Liberals, and among them none is deeper rooted, and none has less foundation in truth, than the cherished notion that every Briton is free-born, and remains through his life a courageous and independent individual.

# Correspondence.

## CRETAN CORRESPONDENCE.

### THE TURK AND HIS SUBJECT RACES.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: The *Nation* in a recent number (June 25) asks a most puzzling and leading question, viz., Why the Turks in parliament appeal only to our risibles? The direct answer is easily found, because the dullest wit will see that they have no capacity for what civilization knows as government as opposed to mere despotic sway; but the wherefore of this lies deeper, and will only be satisfactorily answered by some one who knows the details of Turkish administration *out of Constantinople*, as well as the diplomatic mysteries of that Dead Sea city. (No disparagement of Sodom and Gomorrah intended.) The diplomatic mysteries one may pick out of blue-books more or less when he only understands how blue-books lie by suppression, but for the former you must come into personal and official contact with Muchirdom and Mudirdom—high pashas and humble effendis, governors and sub-governors.

Who answers the question will build a noble testimonial to republican government and legislating man. I have no such pretension, but here goes my stone in contribution. And when I say that I have seen the *modus operandi* of some of the cleverest (no, ablest is the word, for there is nothing clever in a Turk) and most reputed men in the Turkish body politic, I shall be admitted to have ground for judgment.

The organic default of the Moslem is that he belongs to a "governing race"—that is, a race which *ipso facto* holds in its hands the prosperity, property, liberty, and lives of other races; which admits no responsibility or obligation toward its subjects—slaves, we may say simply; an aristocratic, favored, born-to-sway people, in whose eyes subject races have no rights the masters are bound to respect—one of the long line of illustrious antitypes of our late Southern Confederacy.

It is no exaggeration of the general state of Turkey to say that there is no law. There are *laws* prescribed by the Koran and held as religious precepts, but they have no force for the Ghiaour, and very little for the faithful, unless backed by something more tangible than right. The will of the pasha is the law of his province, and the only agency that exercises any control on him is the consular corps or hostile intrigues at Stamboul. The Turk being born to govern, naturally aspires to a place, and once in it begins to exercise his functions for his own personal benefit; be he cadi, mudir, kaïmakam, or pasha, he makes it the principal end of his administration to enrich himself or his friends, or to gratify his or their personal resentments and pleasures. There are a *few* exceptions, and very few they are. As a general rule, a suit at law is an auction for the decision; or, if it varies from that by cause of honesty (comparative) in the cadi (these cases never rise higher), it is settled by the Koran.

What the governors are as a class the Porte is as a whole—a huge machine for expressing the juices of prosperity from the empire, and the amount of pressure is the utmost it can endure and live, the expenditure all that can be extracted, and its object to satisfy the whims of those who exercise supreme power—the sultan, if capable; his ministers, if he should happen to be an imbecile.

This utter irresponsibility of the governing race, in itself a sufficient cause of final decay in any state, as destructive of all co-operation between its head and its members, is curiously fostered by a combination of noxious influences, amongst which the chief is the protection of the Great Powers, and the guarantee of the *status quo* by which Turkey is preserved from the otherwise inevitable consequences of its misrule, such as revolution, conquest, or dissolution, which lie in wait on misgoverned kingdoms. The empire may rot, but it will be kept in form; each individual component may revolt under intolerable oppression, but the integrity must be maintained; and the Turk adds to his contempt for the industrious Frank the consciousness that Europe must maintain him as he is. What government guaranteed against the consequences of its errors would not take the devil for prime minister at last?

The profound ignorance in which the Koran maintains the Turk must come in for its share of the *raisons d'être* of the "decrepitude." It has got to be a general delusion that, because an A'ali and a Fuad stand at the head of the Turkish Government to-day, the Turk likes educated men; but not only are A'ali and Fuad only two, but they are imposed on the Porte by Europe, and are really no more representatives of Turkish statesmen than Turkey is an independent empire. The old traditional Turk, with all his bigotry and contempt of learning in any but a mollah's head, is always uppermost in the nation, and Mehmet Ruchdi is more like him than A'ali, and would be Grand Vizier to-morrow if Europe could be resisted with the sword.

The vices of the Turk do not seem to me inherent, but rather the fruit slavery bears to the enslaver, with perhaps something to pay from the *nihilation* of women in the Mohammedan system.

I opine that if any of our misguided and disappointed Southern brethren want to know what the fate of their would-be empire would have been, they may see pretty clearly from an examination into the state of the Turkish empire, for, barring what small difference there might be between the Koran and a pro-slavery Bible, the general conditions of existence and power appear much the same; and if any man of the North who would be classed with the mud-sills wants to see what the triumph of secession would have brought his class to, he should study the state of the subject races at Constantinople, for I imagine that slavery bears pretty much the same kind of fruit, no matter what the soil. If the Turk has so far preserved any degree of dignity in the world's opinion, it must be only by the contrast between his bold, open injustice and contempt of all human rights—the pirate's virtues—and the inconceivable degradation of the slavish mass of men of mixed races who constitute his subjects, especially the Armenian and the Byzantine Greek, and, not less in degree of corruption, the hybrid known as the "Levantine," but who, generally claiming, by virtue of some remote ancestor, a European protection, claims a consideration from the Turk which no "rayah" ever gets. This class furnishes the dragomans, the most unmitigated plagues and corrupters of communications in the East; men who, without exception, if one may believe the concurrent testimony of foreigners resident at Constantinople, live and grow rich by deceiving their chiefs and governments and being the advocates and apologists for Turkish oppression and misgovernment.

All these races, and, so far as my experience goes, all the races of the Levant, are unblushing liars, most of them unhesitating thieves—the Armenian in general both, and, beside, the most servile of slaves; but after him the Turk is the greatest liar. In fact, so insensible is he to the claims of truth, that he not only never tells it except in a matter of indifference, but never expects to be believed, nor ever believes any one else. Make the most solemn declaration you may, word of honor or formal oath, to the Turk, you are still a liar, and he believes just the contrary of what you say.

The Cretan is by habit a liar also, but he invariably respects a written declaration, and rarely makes a false one; an oath he will never take except under compulsion, or on state occasions, and the same, I should say, from limited acquaintance, is true of the Hellene, or free Greek. As compared with the Turk, they are both angels of light and purity. Add to this the vices against nature mentioned in the Scriptures, but not in polite society, from which the Greek, Cretan or Hellenic, is free, and to which the Turk is addicted to the last degree, and you have not only some justification for Philhellenism, but an inkling of some of the causes of the "decrepitude."

The Cretan insurrection is still flourishing, and now seems likely to

maintain a bold front another season, at least. Every olive crop brings a crisis, at which the saving of the crop is weighed against the chances of liberty. The crop this year is the best known in this generation, and the temptation was correspondingly great. So, at the council held last week at Askyfo, at which 3,600 Cretans were present, the question of submission was again discussed, and the immense majority decided to go on, but gave those who were disposed to make their submission an opportunity to do so. One hundred and twenty, one of thirty, decided to go down and submit, and the rest renewed the oath to fight it out, unless England should intervene and guarantee them satisfactory terms, for they will no longer treat with Constantinople. Almost simultaneously the *Ennosis* arrived with a full cargo and supply of money, and we hear now that hostilities have been renewed in the central and eastern provinces. There will be no peace until bread and powder fail, and the last news from Greece makes it probable that the supply will be kept up, and *perhaps* a new element introduced into the insurrection ere long, in the shape of organized bands fitted for offensive movements. The unanimity with which the Cretans prepare to pass another winter under arms will increase the sympathy felt for them.

CANÉA, Sept. 7, 1868.

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[Our correspondent only removes the difficulty one degree further back. The German races and the Hungarians occupied at the outset the same position towards the population of the countries they overran as the Turks have occupied and now occupy towards the rayahs, but they improved steadily. If our correspondent has found the Greeks angels compared to the Turks in the matter of truth, his experience has been both singular and fortunate.—ED. NATION.]

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## ANOTHER VIEW OF GENERAL BUTLER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: If the *vox populi* is not the *vox Dei*, there is an instinct which, in times of national peril, guides the people in spite of the expostulations and croakings of would-be leaders, and guides them safely. It moved them to place the almost unknown Colonel Washington in command of the continental armies; it moved them to set aside the half-dozen expectant candidates, of gubernatorial and legislative experience, and to draw forth the comparatively obscure, uncouth Abraham Lincoln to pray and watch for them while they fought to prevent their land from becoming the devil's hunting-ground; it moves them to-day to appeal to General Grant to preserve for them the blessings he and they struggled to secure. They rely on him, because in their hearts they believe in the beatitudes, because they believe in the meek, the pure in heart, the merciful, the peace-maker; in him who fears not those who can kill the body, but only those who can destroy the soul. It seems a strange inconsistency in the people who select such a leader, to welcome with shouts and honor with office a man like General Butler; a very disheartening fact that the Fifth District of Massachusetts, which cherishes the memory of the Puritans Endicott and Higginson and Hugh Peters, who gave so much and endured so much for conscience and freedom's sake, whose Revolutionary annals are adorned with the names of Parsons and Cabot and Lowell and Dane among its statesmen, of Glover and Pickering as soldiers—the district of Story and Bowditch and a host of men eminent, scattered through its history and along its shores—can find no descendant, no native, but must rush eagerly to accept a new-comer of the antecedents of General Butler to misrepresent her. Puritan Massachusetts represented by a man whose professional and military character is so tarnished; Massachusetts, which refuses to be comforted for the loss of Governor Andrew, represented by one who insulted, annoyed, and obstructed him by arts unpractised by honorable men, used only by those whose greatest talent is unscrupulousness; Massachusetts, which honors Grant, and which sent so many true heroes to stamp out rebellion, represented by one whose military career was marked by insubordination to those above and insolent oppression of those below him: General Phelps, Secretary Stanton, General Gillmore, Admiral Porter, General Grant, each in their turn abused and reviled and charged with his defeats and blunders; Chaplain Hudson and a score of subalterns subjected to punishments unknown to the military code, to gratify his vindictiveness; Republican Massachusetts represented by a Democrat who encouraged the rebels and urged them on till the booming of guns at the South and the muttering thunder at the North converted him at the eleventh hour; Massachusetts, which pays its debts, principal and interest, in gold, represented by one who sophistically pleads for repudiation and resorts to cunning manœuvres to have his sophistries adopted, and thereby sink his country's credit beyond redemption!

If the electors of the Fifth District of Massachusetts are satisfied with General Butler's record as a warrior; if he reflects truly their opinions as to payment of the bonds, their sentiments concerning General Grant; if he represents their refinement and intelligence, they should at least demand of him what he has so often demanded of others, a court of enquiry to investigate and dispose of the damning reports of fortunes made by and under him on his expedition to, and during his administration at, New Orleans and Norfolk; to ascertain whether he seized fifty thousand dollars of private property, whether he falsely stated it had been paid to troops, whether, when this falsehood was exposed, he still retained it nearly three years, whether this seizure was made in violation of his proclamation and without authority of law or not—if not, why it was returned at last upon the eve of a lawsuit. The entire refutation of these most injurious reports is demanded by self-respect and a decent regard to the opinions of mankind; something more than a verdict of *not proven* should be required of one charged with the grave responsibilities of a law-maker, accused of infamous deeds.

But even this acquittal will hardly instate him with those who have watched his course—with the members of the bar, with his brother soldiers of the Army of the James—though it may entitle him to an invitation to their next meeting, or at least prevent their hissing whenever his name is mentioned, nor will it constitute him a fitting representative of the ancient State of Massachusetts. "Now, I beseech you, brethren, mark them which cause divisions and offences, contrary to the doctrine which you have learned, and avoid them. For they that are such, serve not our Lord Jesus Christ, but their own belly; and by good words and fair speeches deceive the hearts of the simple."

A MASSACHUSETTS REPUBLICAN.

BOSTON, Oct. 3.

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## THE CONQUESTS OF CHRISTIANITY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

In your excellent article on "The Revival in Water Street," in the *Nation* of Oct. 1, this sentence occurs: "It is over a thousand years since Christianity has made any sensible impression on any considerable body of heathen." Such statements are too common to be worth criticising, were it not that the correction involves a singularly clear proof of the truth of your main position. As to the fact, it is sufficient to compare the world of 868 and 1868. Such a comparison, however, shows at once that the conquests and the losses of Christianity in the interval have been also the conquests and the losses of civilization—the conquests enormously over-balancing the losses. The members of Christian churches in India are said to number some hundreds of thousands, and beyond all doubt Christianity has made a very "sensible impression" far beyond that number; but all this has been accomplished *pari passu* with the advance of Christian civilization. Again, Christianity and civilization, hand in hand, have plainly begun to make a decided impression on China, not to speak of the more embryonic work in Japan. Madagascar has been more than once convulsed by influences springing from the same sources. The heathenism of the Sandwich Islands, however deplorable may be some of the evils still existing there, of the Fiji Islands, and, to a large extent, of Australasia, has yielded to the same joint influence. Africa may be less favorable soil; but the withdrawal of even so much of civilization and Christianity as has been already planted there would make a most sensible difference in the well-being of the southern and western confines of that continent. And whatever has been done for the elevation of the millions of the blacks in our own country—and it is by no means little if they be compared with their ancestors—has been accomplished, under great disadvantages, by the same joint action.

Logically, the same thing is equally clear. Modern civilization is an acknowledged product of Christianity. Hence, as, on the one side, that civilization cannot appear and will not endure without a Christian basis on which to rest; so, on the other, Christianity cannot be expected to flourish where its legitimate product is hindered from development. It has required many centuries for this product to reach its present condition among ourselves; we cannot expect it to be produced very speedily elsewhere by the sole operation of the same original force. But the product and the producing force may be introduced together, and then, while civilization is furnished with a sure basis, Christianity is allowed a fair field. Reason joins with experience in recommending for the improvement of the world these joint influences. They have already, during the last thousand years accomplished an enormous work, and that work is now going on apparently with accelerating velocity and power.

MIDDLETOWN, Conn., Oct. 3.

[We spoke of Christianity as a religious organization, rather than as an influence. We think our correspondent greatly exaggerates the number of converts in India. By whom are the members of churches in India "*said* to number some hundreds of thousands?" Suppose they number 100,000, which we do not believe, does that constitute "a sensible impression" on 100,000,000?—Ed. Nation.]

# Notes.

## LITERARY.

A sort of periodical to be called "The Plymouth Pulpit" is to be issued weekly by Messrs. J. B. Ford & Co. Each number is to contain one of Mr. H. W. Beecher's sermons, reported with Mr. Beecher's permission by Mr. T. J. Ellinwood, who has been reporting the sermons in Plymouth Church for about ten years. It is intended that the numbers shall be put on the market in a form fit for binding, and, to judge by the single specimen we have seen, we should say that this will be done, although the price is but six cents.——D. Van Nostrand & Co. announce that on the 1st of January they will issue a new magazine, to be called *Van Nostrand's Eclectic Engineering Magazine*. As its title indicates, it will consist of matter taken from the periodical works relating to engineering which are published in Europe and America. The editor is to be Mr. A. L. Holley.—The Messrs. Church, as editors of the *Galaxy*, have had the good fortune to agree with Mr. Charles Reade for the advance sheets of a novel which he is now writing, and the first chapters of which will appear simultaneously in the *Galaxy* and some English magazine, probably the *Cornhill*. The 1st of January is the time now set for the beginning of the story. Perhaps hardly another author who writes in English understands so well as Mr. Reade the conduct of a magazine novel as distinguished from a novel which comes upon the reader all at once. This, of course, is not said to disparage him in his capacity of perfectly regular novelist; our liking and admiration for him being great—though we have not read "Foul Play."——The *Little Corporal* is hereafter to appear in the form of a magazine. Its publisher claims for it a larger circulation than that of any other juvenile magazine in the world. How large that would be we do not know, for he has not informed us.——We have spoken in commendation of the *Detective's Manual*, a new periodical containing, we said, many things of interest to the general reader as well as to the officers of the police force. A look at the second number inclines us to retract something of this praise. It smacks a little of the disgusting tone of the "flash" "police" journals, which have always been common and never decent, and which we hoped this new periodical would partly displace. It is true, however, that "the force" will find it of some value.——Some time ago we announced as in the press of Mr. Joel Munsell "The Pre-Columbian Discovery of America by the Norsemen, illustrated by translations from the Icelandic Sagas," with introduction and notes by the Rev. Mr. B. F. De Costa. The work has been slow in getting issued, but we are informed that it will now appear very soon.——There is announced a new edition, by Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co., of Dr. G. W. Samson's "Elements of Art Criticism"—a work against which we took occasion to warn our readers some months ago, and which we are sorry to see going into any one's hands who desires to learn anything of art. It is now to be abridged and set before students in schools and colleges. The same house has nearly ready "A Few Friends, and How they Enjoyed Themselves," by Mrs. Mary E. Dodge, of this city, who, under the form of a story, instructs her readers in the mysteries of twenty pastimes and games suitable for in-door diversion, and also describes a fancy dress party. One other book of Messrs. Lippincott & Co.'s we have not before mentioned—"The School History of Pennsylvania, from the First Settlements on the Delaware to the Present Time," by Mr. J. R. Sypher.——G. P. Putnam & Son have in press "No Love Lost: A Poem," by W. D. Howells, and "Unconquerable Powers," a novel from the German of Hermann Grimm.——Robert Carter & Brothers will issue "The Works of John Howe," in two volumes, a new edition of "The Life of Dr. William Marsh," and a compilation called "Scotia's Bards."——Lee & Shepard, among many juveniles, announce two new ones by "Sophie May"—which it is safe to praise beforehand—Mr. Ruskin's "King of the Golden River," and Mr. C. C. Cranch's "Last of the Huggermuggers," and "Kobbletozo." The same house will also publish, for older readers, "The Philosophy of Domestic Life," by Dr. W. H. Byford; "The Pampas and the Andes: A Thousand-Mile Walk," by N. H. Bishop; and "Gloverson and his Silent Partners," by Ralph Keeler.——Messrs. Leypoldt & Holt announce "File No. 13," from the French of Gaborian, and "The Habermeister," from the German of Hermann Schmid.——G. W. Carleton announces "The Acts of the Kings," a satirical Biblical narrative of the doings of the present government of Virginia, and a book entitled "Friendly Counsel for Girls."——Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger will publish "Southland Writers," which is biographical and critical sketches of living female writers of the South, by Miss Ida Raymond.——Murphy & Co., of Baltimore, announce "A New History of the Church," a school-book, translated by Rev. M. T. Noethen from the French of L'Hommond.

—In their desire to give variety to each number of their magazine, the conductors of the *American Naturalist* seem to us somewhat too much inclined to divide articles which a very little forbearance on the part of their readers would permit to be printed entire. Such, we say under correction, is Professor Wyman's interesting contribution to the October number—"On the Fresh-Water Shell-Heaps of the St. John's River, East Florida." In a former number of the *Naturalist* the same admirable observer described similar heaps on the New England coast, the results of both explorations going to enrich the Peabody Museum of American Archæology, of which Professor Wyman is curator. Mr. Brigham's series of "Notes on Tropical Fruits" is one which bears dividing very well, and in this instalment we have some novel and useful statements concerning pines and bananas. At the South, by the way, a distinction is made between plaintains and bananas, according as the fruit has red skins or yellow; but Mr. Brigham says the names are used almost indiscriminately, but "those varieties which are coarser and usually eaten cooked" are commonly called plaintains. "The amount of nourishment is very great, and Humboldt's statement is often quoted that the same extent of land which produces one thousand pounds of potatoes bears forty-four thousand pounds of bananas; a surface bearing wheat enough to feed one man will, when planted with bananas, feed twenty-five." The third article which deserves mention is Dr. G. A. Perkins's account of the "Cucuyo, or West Indian Fire Beetle."

—Among new works issued and to be issued in England we notice these: Messrs. Longmans & Co. have in press a Life of Schubert, translated from the German of Von Hellborn, by A. D. Coleridge. The same house will issue a continuation of our countryman Mr. Perkins's work on "Italian Sculptors," being a history of sculpture in Northern, Southern, and Eastern Italy. There is to be a new cheap edition of a number of copyrighted works by American authors. Messrs. Low & Co. have it in hand, and we see that Dr. Holmes's "Guardian Angel," and "Haunted Hearts," by the author of "The Lamplighter," are among the books set down for publication. Mr. Arthur Sketchley—that is to say, Mr. George Rose—has, of course, written his book on America. He calls it the "Great Country," and it is to be published by Tinsley Brothers. A book, in the prospectus of which there is as curious a bit of euphemism as will be seen for a long time to come, is Messrs. Cassell, Petter & Galpin's "Child's Bible," which, being expurgated, is described as having "omitted such portions as a judicious parent might hesitate to select as suitable for a child." Surely that writer is in his natural clime in a country which is actually said to have bought four millions of copies of "Hymns, Ancient and Modern." There is talk of somebody's reprinting Thomas Warton's "Milton's Minor Poems." This work, which, by reason of the editor's very wide and curious reading, is better annotated than any other Milton, has never been through more than two editions. Some of our American publishers looking out for a pretty, valuable, and not too dear gift book for people with more taste than money—and people of good taste never have money enough—ought to act on this suggestion and republish Warton's Milton for Christmas. Mr. T. H. Morell can supply them with two or three little-known portraits of the poet for photographic illustrations.

—The rich historical literature of our times is receiving some valuable additions in the form of what may be termed the posthumous works of the most eminent modern historian of Germany, the late Professor Häusser, of Heidelberg. This gifted teacher of history possessed, among his other accomplishments, the rare talent of successful improvisation to an extraordinary degree. His extemporized lectures, that never failed to draw crowds of enthusiastic hearers, were even superior to the printed productions of his great mind. As he did not take the trouble of writing them out, they would have probably been lost to the public at large but for the industry of one of his colleagues and hearers, Professor Oncken, an accomplished short-hand writer, who carefully took down the most meritorious among them. Last fall he published the celebrated lectures of the lamented professor upon the first French Revolution, comprising the period of 1789–99, and now he has brought out another volume containing the equally famous

lectures upon the Age of Reformation. The subjects treated of in the latter are the Reformation in Germany, Calvinism and the religious struggles in France, the Thirty Years' War, the rising of the Netherlands, and the Cromwellian era in England. In preserving these spoken essays, than which no more at once profound and attractive expositions of the causes and results of those momentous episodes of human history have ever been produced, Professor Oncken has rendered a signal service not only to German literature but to historical students in general.

—The Russian Ministry of Marine has just published a work on the "Military Sanitary Establishment of the United States of America during the late War," by Dr. J. Haurowitz, the Chief Medical Inspector of the Russian fleet. Dr. Haurowitz came to this country in 1865 in order to inspect the sanitary arrangements of the army, and travelled extensively here. His book is an octavo of 294 pages, about one-half of which is devoted to a full and clear account of the medical organization of the army, including the Sanitary Commission, and the other half to notes on his travels, including sketches of the President, the principal generals, and accounts of the principal cities he saw, West Point, etc. The chapter on New York gives, among other things, very full statistics of the charitable institutions and of the public schools.

—Prof. Robert von Schlagintweit, of the University of Giessen, one of the celebrated explorers of India, especially of the Himalaya region, is soon to arrive in this country under an engagement for a series of lectures at the Lowell Institute, of Boston, "On the Results of a Scientific Mission to India and Upper Asia." Under the auspices of Alexander von Humboldt, the King of Prussia, and the East India Company of England, the Schlagintweits, three brothers eminently qualified for the work before them, set out on their exploring expedition in 1854. From Madras they went in 1855 to the Himalaya Mountains, and reached on the Ibi Gamin, in Thibet, the highest altitude ever attained by travellers, 20,886 feet. After exploring a great part of Upper Asia in every direction, two of the brothers returned safely to Europe in 1857; the third one, left behind for another season, was pursued, captured, and decapitated, near Kaschgar, in Central Asia. The voluminous material gathered on this expedition is being worked up by the surviving brothers, and published in splendid style in English, in nine volumes text, and an atlas of one hundred and twenty plates in folio, partly in excellent chromo-lithographs. As a lecturer, both in the English and German languages, Robert von Schlagintweit has earned already a high and well-deserved reputation and his lectures will no doubt range amongst the most interesting of the coming season in this country. He proposes, after the delivery of his course in Boston, to visit the principal cities of the Union.

—We find some interesting scraps of foreign literary news in the journals lately received. A certain M. Delprat, a man of letters in Paris, has recently been involved in a dispute with MM. Charpentier, the publishers, which at last he carried into the courts, who have now pronounced upon it. It is decided that in France the publisher of a periodical cannot, without the consent of his contributors, take upon himself to strike out or alter passages in articles which are afterwards published under the contributor's signature. This is equitable enough, we suppose, though it strikes one as being an additional reason for abolishing the signature system, which, after all, has at its foundation the sentiment of vanity—together with other and better things, of course. It was further decided that, where the editor has taken the liberty above referred to, the contributor has a right to require that a letter shall be published to inform his readers that what he wrote was modified after it left his hands. The London *Publishers' Circular* thinks that the first part of the decision corresponds with a judgment rendered in an English court. The dispute on that side of the Channel having been between a writer for a cyclopædia and its publishers, who wished to prune his article, the former succeeded in getting an injunction. This, the *Circular* says, is not generally known. As there was no statute law in the case, and as a similar dispute in this country—where also there is no statute law touching it—would also have to be decided by application of the principles of equity, doubtless it is safe to say that a similar quarrel here would have a similar termination if taken before the judges. Another item of some interest—as showing that it is not only American publishers who practise at the same time an enlightened self-interest and a beneficent generosity—is to the effect that MM. Hachette & Co., in imitation of Messrs. A. S. Barnes & Co. and Messrs. Appleton & Co., have recently placed at the disposal of the Minister of Instruction more than 100,000 volumes, which are to be placed in the school libraries of the people. They consist of light reading and instructive works, and have, of course, been accepted.

—The Saxon is so willing to hear himself talked about that you may even talk in dispraise. Even here in America, where, notwithstanding the influx of fresh blood from the old Saxon homes, "the sub-cutaneous adipose cushion and tissues which mark the race" disappear, where his women grow angular, flat, and sallow, and his children's teeth decay quickly, he will be pleased to hear what Dr. Knox, a British ethnologist, has to say about him and his brothers in Australia, Britain, Holland, and North Germany. To begin with, then, he is of all people "the most outrageously boasting; arrogant, self-sufficient beyond endurance, holding in utter contempt all other races of men." This, we fear, is true, even of the Saxon with most *Geist*. It was as easy for Coleridge as for any Chaw-bacon to thank God that he was an Englishman; and De Quincey would not have consented to be a Portuguese, say, any sooner than the sailor who scorns Portugee niggers with undoubting confidence. The Saxon is a born democrat and utilitarian, says Dr. Knox. He despises "doctrinaires;" he will not discuss ultimate principles in philosophy; it is in commerce only that he is speculative; for in reasoning he is inductive, in philosophy objective; he is a gambler at heart—"always self-reliant, he is ever ready 'to chance it.'" He is narrow and mechanical in thought, and loves routine, expediency without method; men of science he hates. Genius he hates too, but for another reason, namely, because he knows his race is without it, is immeasurably behind the Gothic or the Slavonian in respect of genius, and he dislikes to hear of it. This last is an absurd assertion, though it is true that it is with the Saxon that the rather queer definition of genius obtains which declares it to be patient application. Still, it would be a very queer definition of genius which would deny it to the people that has produced Shakespeare, to say nothing of the German branches of the family. The Saxon is given to jobbery, to intemperance, to hypocrisy, to unscrupulous rapacity, to selfishness. "No nation, however, exceeds them in an abstract sense of justice and a love of fair play, *but only to Saxons*." This also may be so, hard as it is. The old story is too true which talks of a certain Saxon as bricklayer. To him and his fellows, according to the legend, approaches a person who is asked, "'Oo goes there?" "A stranger," he answers. Whereupon the questioner says, "Stranger? 'eave 'arf a brick at 'un." The Saxon is not, says Dr. Knox, fond of princes or hereditary chiefs. He does not love soldiering, but is a good sailor, and a very good pirate and buccaneer. England has been the tyrant of the sea, and if she ceases to be such it will be because the United States will take that position from her. On the other hand, the Saxons are not without their good qualities. "They are the only race in the world that can understand and can safely be trusted with political and constitutional liberty. They only have sound ideas on this point." The Saxon is eminently obedient and law-abiding, if the law is made by himself. Parental and filial love is not so much developed in him but that he early betakes himself, with his large torso and his spatula fingers, to remote lands, which he conquers and then colonizes better than the people of any other race. In cold climates he, as a rule, exterminates the race he conquers; in tropical climates he cannot conveniently do without it, so there, as in India, for example, he is a ruler who is, on the whole, just and merciful. But this is only if the subject race is submissive; to all mutineers not of his own blood he is of all masters the most terribly severe. Colonies of his own he cannot keep; as they increase in numbers and wealth, they grow insolent and cast off allegiance: witness America; and Australia is nearly ready. As for us Americans, with our narrowing jaws and the failure of our adipose tissues, we are to become, as a Saxon race, extinct. "A real native, permanent American or Australian race of pure Saxon blood is a dream," Dr. Knox declares; but this is talk merely; at any rate, it is not proved. The doctor, by the way, says his say in a manner that makes him a fine illustration of the race's character, as it is according to his theory. Since Hengst and Horsa there has not been any much more domineering, self-asserting talker.

## THE ANTE-NICENE FATHERS.*

The Council of Nice answers in church history to the outlining of the continents in dynamical geology; the theological thought of the first three centuries—sometimes a fragmentary and scattered "drift," sometimes fomented by the heats of controversy, sometimes a vapory mass of speculation, and again compacted into system by the pressure of opposing forces—was then consolidated into a creed of positive declarations and well-defined boundaries, which has since served as a basis of belief for the vast majority of Christendom. In the new movements of our day toward an organic Christian unity it is urged that adhesion to the Nicene Creed should be

* "The Writings of Cyprian: Tertullian against Marcion." Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark; New York: Scribner, Welford & Co.

made the one test of communion in the Church Catholic, the earlier theology being regarded as crude and inchoate, the later as superfluous or sectarian. But why make the year 325 the starting-point of a positive Christian theology, and the place of rest to which, after every cycle of apparent progress, it must again return? Some are influenced by the illusion that a creed formed fifteen centuries ago lay very near the time of the Apostles; forgetting that the Council of Nice was almost as remote from Paul as we are from Luther, and that great changes in the intellectual and social, as well as in the political, life of the Roman world had marked the interval. Others imagine that the unanimity of the Council of Nice represented a culmination of the development of Christian doctrine; forgetting how far that Council was from being truly œcumenical, and how much its apparent unity was due to the political coercion of the emperor.

But just as in the structure of the earth treasures and materials now most serviceable to man are traced to the remains of a palæontological period that preceded the existing order of things, so we may find gems of Christian thought and potent influences for religious life and opinion in the fragmentary remains of the Ante-Nicene period, in the apologies, the controversies, the pious meditations, the philosophical speculations of the Fathers, from Clement of Rome to Cyprian of Carthage. While the Nicene Creed served as a formative to Christian theology, the roots of that theology should be sought in the two preceding centuries. We there come into fresher contact with Christianity in its influence upon life and thought both in the East and the West, and can trace also the reflex influence of manners and opinions upon the Christian faith. We look more upon men than upon systems, upon men in their individuality than upon schools and orders.

The writings of the Ante-Nicene Fathers, some of which had already appeared in an English dress in the Oxford "Library of the Fathers," and in the independent translations of Chevallier, Giles, Cureton, Kaye, and others—are now made fully accessible to the laity in this comely edition. As these volumes are likely to introduce the earlier Fathers for the first time to many of our readers, we offer a few suggestions touching their value as a contribution to Christian literature and theology. While the scholar does not look to these writings for either a classic purity of style or a philosophical method of discussion, he nevertheless finds in them the simplicity, earnestness, vigor, and enthusiasm that mark a creative era in the world of thought—as, for instance, in Tertullian, of whom it has been said that he "conquered for Christianity a literature out of the Punic Latin;" and though one's taste and judgment are offended by certain crudities of the *Apostolic* Fathers, and by the extravagant fancies of Origen, he traces in Justin and others the influence of the Grecian philosophy and of a general culture in the heathen literature. It happened to the early literature of the Church, as to early Christian art, that for a time the practical assertion of the new truths was made more important than their artistic forms, and art was even slighted as tending to idolatry and impiety, until at length the new spirit felt itself strong enough to mould the highest forms of art to its own pure and noble uses; only the transition came much sooner in literature than in art.

Leaving out of view the question of inspiration or of a divine suggestion in the canonical writers of the New Testament, the great falling off from the simplicity and dignity of their style, and the depth and purity of their thought, to the tameness and leanness of the earlier Fathers, is one of the most curious psychological phenomena in the history of literature. The Fathers espoused the same faith with the Apostles, were of the same spirit, and engaged in the same work of propagating Christianity, yet how meagre were their contributions to the argument of the Christian system! The epistles of Polycarp, Clement, and Ignatius are chiefly made up of citations from the Apostolic letters, with a running commentary and exhortation, and the contrast of style is very apparent. Later on we find conceits and puerilities which would at once have discredited the New Testament writings had they been found in these. Take, for instance, the elaborate ornateness of Cyprian, in his letter to the Confessors upon the experiences of a whole year of persecution:

"The winter has passed through the vicissitudes of the months; but you, shut up in prison, were undergoing, instead of the inclemencies of winter, the winter of persecution. To the winter succeeded the mildness of spring, rejoicing with roses and crowned with flowers; but to you were present roses and flowers from the delights of Paradise, and celestial garlands wreathed your brows. Behold, the summer is fruitful with the fertility of harvest, and the threshing-floor is filled with grain; but you who have sown glory reap the fruit of glory, and, placed in the Lord's threshing-floor, behold the chaff burnt up with unquenchable fire; you yourselves as grains of wheat, winnowed and precious corn, now purged and garnered, regard the dwelling-place of a prison as your granary. Nor is there wanting to the autumn spiritual grace for discharging the duties of the season. The vintage is pressed out of doors, and the grape which shall hereafter glow into the cup is trodden in the presses. You, rich bunches out of the Lord's vineyard, and branches with fruit already ripe, trodden by the tribulation of worldly pressure, fill your wine-press in the torturing prison, and shed your blood instead of wine; brave to bear suffering, you willingly drink the cup of martyrdom. Thus the year rolls on with the Lord's servants—thus is celebrated the vicissitude of the seasons with spiritual deserts and with celestial rewards."

Compare this with the addresses of James and Peter to their brethren in tribulation, or with the magnificent but never unrestrained imagery of John in the Apocalypse. Or again, in another vein, compare the rough, coarse way in which Tertullian deals with a theological opponent as contrasted with the dignified courtesy of Paul toward those whose errors he condemned. Here is his famous philippic against Marcion. After portraying the dismal climate of the Pontus, and the savage and disgusting traits of its inhabitants, he proceeds to say:

"Nothing, however, in Pontus is so barbarous and sad as the fact that Marcion was born there, fouler than any Scythian, more roving than the Sarmatian, more inhuman than the Massagete, more audacious than an Amazon, darker than the cloud, colder than its winter, more brittle than its ice, more deceitful than the Ister, more craggy than the Caucasus. Nay, more, the true Prometheus, Almighty God, is mangled by Marcion's blasphemies. Marcion is more savage than even the beasts of that barbarous region. For what beaver was ever a greater emasculator than he who has abolished the nuptial bond? What Pontic mouse ever had such gnawing powers as he who has gnawed the Gospels to pieces?"

This tirade may well have served as a model for the *Memphis Avalanche* in its description of a Republican candidate for Congress:

"Thomas A. Hamilton, the sugar thief, the white-livered perjurer, and the apostate to the Confederate cause, has returned to the unfortunate city which he curses by his loathsome habitation. He is more pestiferous than the lice and locusts of Egypt, than siroccos, tempests, hurricanes, and whirlwinds. Small-pox, yellow-fever, phthisic, rheumatism, and gout are all bad enough, but they are blessings in comparison with the leprous scourge called Hamilton. As no grass ever grew where the feet of the renowned Huns trod the earth, so does the rich carpet that sods the green fields wither and crisp under the blighting tread of Hamilton's cloven hoofs. When he enters a garden the full-blown flowers all turn to touch-me-nots, and hang their heads in modest blushes of shame. The birds hush their matin songs at his approach, and fly away as if some evil genius had poisoned their fragrant bowers. The dogs bark at him with a kind of melancholy howl, and when he approaches a barn-yard the chickens crow in a long, mournful drawl."

But though we may not look to the early Fathers for classic elegance of style or the perfection of rhetorical art, one is charmed with their simple fervor, with their earnestness of purpose, with their unflinching devotion to the cause they had espoused; and something of roughness, even of violence, may be pardoned to men who lived in stormy times, and spoke and wrote in view of the torture, the block, the arena. We owe to them a living picture of Christianity as a working power in human thought and society at the beginning of its triumphs. The writings of the Ante-Nicene Fathers are remarkable for their deference to the teaching of the Scriptures. Their doctrines and exhortations are based upon the New Testament, and fortified by citations from the Gospels and Epistles. This peculiarity aids one in determining how far the New Testament was regarded as of divine authority, and what approach had then been made toward the settlement of the canon.

The Ante-Nicene Fathers agree in their testimony to the reformation wrought by Christianity in private morals and in public manners. Thus, Tertullian, in his apology, boldly challenges the enemies of Christians to point out any evil in their lives that can be fairly ascribed to their religion, and refers with exultation to their domestic purity, their integrity in business, their sobriety and order, and their abounding charities, as fruits of the Gospel.

Nor are there wanting in the Ante-Nicene Fathers traces of that spirit of philosophy and of erudition which in their successors shaped the doctrinal germs of the New Testament into elaborate systems of theology, varying according to the influence of Plato and of Aristotle upon the thought of the age, though in general one finds in that period rather the elementary and practical truths that belong to an age of missionary zeal.

To trace in detail the hints upon the polity and doctrines of the early Church scattered through these writings, is hardly within the province of this journal. But if theologians of every school and churchmen of every degree were more familiar with this period, they would be less forward to claim for their favorite systems the exclusive warrant of antiquity. We commend to their devout reading the Library of the Ante-Nicene Fathers.

## EDUCATION BY BUMPS.*

HERE we have a book in which the complex and difficult subject of education is treated with that comfortable and gratifying precision hitherto looked for in mathemetical and physical discussions alone. Here all the crooked paths are made straight, and the hilly places reduced to a dead level. Henceforth, the art of education is a mere matter of bumps, temperaments, and religious excitement; we have only to handle the first, scrutinize the second, and undergo the third, in order to become in every way competent instructors. Teachers may now cut short or wholly abandon the long and intricate preparatory course which it has hitherto been thought desirable or needful for them to traverse; for a royal road has been opened. A careful study of Gall, Spurzheim, and Mr. Hecker, with perhaps some practice under Messrs. Fowler & Wells, and an assiduous attendance upon revival meetings, will in future ensure their success.

The reader will, perhaps, desire some information as to how all this is to be accomplished, and as to what may be the respective functions of *soi-disant* "science and religion" in the process. In the first place, then, one is to study Gall, Spurzheim, and especially Mr. Hecker, in order to learn how the problem of education is, for all practical purposes, to be reduced from a psychological to a temperamental and cranioscopic problem. Mr. Hecker gratifies and startles us by the information that there are four leading temperaments—the nervous, sanguine, bilious, and lymphatic—in which the functions of the nervous system, the lungs, the liver, and the stomach respectively predominate. His profound physiological researches have also taught him that the nervous temperament is apt to have the hair brown and silky, while the sanguine has it ruddy, the bilious coarse and dark, and the lymphatic dull and flaxen. The nervous temperaments also learn quickly and forget quickly, while the bilious learn slowly and remember tenaciously; nervous people are apt to be thin, and lymphatic people fat; the latter like to sit still, while the sanguine people prefer to be moving about in the open air, and the bilious people court seclusion. And so forth; all of which, in point of scientific value, reminds us of the old woman's meteorologic aphorism,

> "Open and shet,
> Sign of more wet."

Mr. Hecker, however, as is natural, thinks more highly of the results of his labors. He devotes much space to a description of these novel phenomena of temperament and has adorned his volume with four villanous-looking colored lithographs, as a means of illustrating his discoveries concretely.

Having learned, then, how to detect the signs of the different temperaments, which the intelligent teacher will find but a short task, the next thing is to classify the children accordingly. Here they will need help. "At the outset the experiment would necessarily involve and require special explanation and aid from some person who, like myself, has made the subject one of special study." The nervous children are so forgetful that they must review, review, and *toujours* review; the bilious children are slow, and must have everything minutely explained to them, but they need n't review so much. "These sanguine, ruddy-faced boys by the window are not the ones to sit where they can look out of doors; everything they see in the street, while under instruction, will distract their attention. Put them there by the door, and let the full-faced, watery, lymphatic boys, now sitting by the door, go over by the window" (p. 13). This classification of pupils having been accomplished, now let the teachers be assigned to the different classes "in such a manner that the temperament of the teacher and the class would harmonize."

Who can doubt that these discoveries, once consistently applied, would be likely to revolutionize our whole system of education? Lest it should appear incredible that one man could achieve so much, Mr. Hecker is careful to let us know that it is through "the assistance of Almighty God" that he has been enabled to acquire this rare knowledge, which he will be glad to impart "to those whose mission it may be to give it a practical and useful application for the benefit of mankind" (p. 17).

This knowledge, acquired by such unusual methods, includes, of course, craniology, popularly supposed to be the science of the convolutions upon the surface of the cerebral hemispheres, but in reality the pseudo-science of the elevations and depressions on the outside of the skull, with which the cerebral convolutions sometimes coincide and sometimes do not. For the better illustration of Mr. Hecker's contributions to this department of science, the monotony of his printed pages is alleviated by the occasional insertion of a portrait, which, on a superficial glance, we took to be that of a Sioux Indian carrying a sieve on his head, but which, upon closer scrutiny, turns out to be the outline of an eidolon or bust of George Washington contained in the author's library. This bust, it appears, "is modelled from the mask taken from the living head; and the contour of the upper and back part of the head *is modelled according to the mental character which he manifested in actual life*" (p. 18). Just so; it is in this way, we presume, that our phrenological journalists contrive to embellish their pages with outline portraits of Nero, Caligula, Peter the Great, Genghis Khan, and other well-known personages, whose bumps, especially on the crown, occiput, and near the nape of the neck, are always so carefully and distinctly indicated. This also accounts for the superfluously American type of our national hero's cranium, as seen by examining the plate facing page 76; its pitch-roof contour being due to the necessity of giving sufficient prominence to the "organ" of godliness. In this also are corrected the errors or deficiencies which are noticeable in every portrait or bust of the Father of his Country—"such as . . . the failure to represent aright the top and back of the head, in which are embodied the most commanding elements of character." The artists who painted Washington's head, being all "deficient in the scientific knowledge of the mind," could hardly be expected to arrive at results edifying to the dealer in craniologic wares.

In the commonplaces of phrenology, as set afloat by Gall and Spurzheim, Mr. Hecker deals but little, and in that little achieves the usual amount of success. Believing the cerebellum (p. 65) to be the seat of "amativeness," he informs us that it is not developed until the age of puberty. So Gall said, some time ago; he thought it ought to be so, and accordingly declared that it was so. And people believed him until M. Lélut showed by experiment that the cerebellum attains its maximum relative development in children four or five years old; not a strange circumstance, when we recollect that this lesser brain has no more to do with "amativeness" than with Niagara Falls, but is the co-ordinator of the muscular movements.

*Sat verbum sapientibus.* Our author, as has been seen, is not a mere pedler of other men's discoveries. In phrenology his characteristic originality reveals itself. He will not rest content with the results attained by Dr. Spurzheim, who "did not properly recognize the new birth" (p. 195) It is his aim to apply craniology to the analysis of the phenomena of "depravity," the "new birth," and "the influence of the Holy Ghost" (p. 34). He talks a great deal about the way in which temperaments and "organic" proclivities are modified by Divine influence. He has "resorted [pp. 19, 197] to the Holy Bible" for a nomenclature which shall be more appropriate than that of his German predecessors. And, on page 189, he thus gives us some evangelical aspects of the science of bumps:

> "When Peter began to remonstrate with him for his willingness to go to Jerusalem to suffer death for men, he rebuked the disciple in whom thus the social affections were asserting predominance over Brotherly-kindness and Steadfastness, saying: 'Thou savorest not the things that be of God, but those that be of men.' And calling the people together, he said to them: 'If any man will come after me, let him deny himself;' adding that those who should be ashamed of him and his words in that evil generation, should be rejected in the judgment. The fear and shame of which He thus warned them result from the predominance of the higher faculties of the propensities—Cautiousness and Approbativeness—over Godliness and its associated faculties in the spiritual group."

This extract will, we trust, suffice as a specimen of a book which a sensible man, moderately careful of his reputation, would doubtless have burned in the manuscript.

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*Faraday as a Discoverer.* By John Tyndall. (New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1868.)—This is an interesting and instructive memoir of the man whom Prof. Tyndall considers the greatest experimental philosopher that ever lived, and whom all will admit to have been very great indeed. Certainly the summary of his achievements on pp. 145–147 is enough to quite dazzle those who have not before paused to marshal in their memories the array of discoveries which will for ever be associated with the name of Michael Faraday. About his grand discovery of magneto-electric induction are grouped his researches on the extra current; on the polar and other conditions of diamagnetic bodies; on the definite character and distribution of lines of magnetic force; on "the employment of the induced magneto-electric current as a measure and test of magnetic action;" and on "the revulsive phenomena of the magnetic field." Secondly, we owe to him the important law of definite electro-chemical decomposition; the final overthrow of Volta's contact theory, and the discovery of the chemical origin of voltaic electricity. His third great discovery was that of the magnetization of light; and his fourth, that of diamagnetism, accompanied with his immensely significant enquiries on magno-crystallic action, and on "atmospheric magnetism in its relations to the annual and diurnal variation

* "The Scientific Basis of Education; demonstrated by an Analysis of the Temperaments and of Phrenological Facts, in Connection with Mental Phenomena and the Office of the Holy Spirit in the Processes of the Mind; in a Series of Letters to the Department of Public Instruction in the City of New York." Second edition. By John Hecker. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. 1868.

of the needle." These are his grandest achievements; yet even without these, as Prof. Tyndall observes, his researches on the liquefaction of gases, on the gymnotus, on frictional electricity, and his discovery of benzole, would have sufficed to ensure him a permanent reputation. The due consideration of these facts will perhaps lead us to agree with the enthusiastic biographer, that no other man has solved single-handed so many diverse problems by way of inductive experiment. Yet in spite of all this he is not, we think, entitled to be placed in the very front rank of discoverers. In spite of his dislike of the modern name "physicist"(p. 5), it describes him much more accurately than the title which he preferred, of "philosopher." He enunciated no general law of the relations of force and matter which should give to the science of physics the grandeur and dimensions of the science of astronomy. The discovery of such a law has been the life-work of half-a-dozen able men—Grove, Helmholtz, Mayer, Joule, Tyndall, and Carpenter—fellow-laborers with Mr. Faraday; and its general philosophic implications have been for the first time announced by Herbert Spencer. Could Faraday have achieved all this by himself, it would, perhaps, have entitled him to a place by the side of Newton, although even then he would have had nothing with which to offset the latter's fluxions.

When a man has performed such great deeds in this world, it is sometimes well enough to make up one's mind accurately in what niche of honor to place him, and that is our reason for making the above remarks, otherwise superfluous. If Mr. Faraday did not work out the entire doctrine of the correlation and persistence of force, it was not from an initial lack of insight; for as long ago as 1840 he overwhelmed the voltaic theory by showing that it postulated a creation of force out of nothing. "In no case," said he, "not even in those of the gymnotus and torpedo, is there a pure creation or a production of power without a corresponding exhaustion of something to supply it" (p. 64). These, as Prof. Tyndall points out, were remarkable words to have been uttered two years before Joule first announced his wonderful discovery of the mechanical value of heat. Yet so confident was Faraday of the validity of his argument that he "never cared to experiment further on the source of electricity in the voltaic pile."

We cannot attach so high an estimate to Mr. Faraday's reasonings on the atomic constitution of matter, drawn from considerations on the conducting power of space. But though they may have glanced aside of the target at which they were originally aimed, we wonder that Prof. Tyndall does not notice how hopelessly they demolish the metaphysical doctrine of an intermolecular ether, which he, at least verbally, continues to accept as a means of rendering comprehensible the conveyance of heat. Let us apply Faraday's argument to this hypothesis, and see what becomes of it. Take first a non-conductor of electricity, such as shell-lac, with its molecules, and intermolecular ether diffused through the mass. In this case ether must be an insulator; "for, if it were a conductor, it would resemble *a fine metallic web*, penetrating the lac in every direction. But the fact is that it resembles the wax of black sealing-wax, which surrounds and insulates the particle or conducting carbon, interspersed throughout its mass." Consequently, in the case of shell-lac, *the ether is an insulator.* Take next a conducting metal. "Here we have, as before, the swathing of" ether "round every atom. If" ether "be an insulator, there can be no transmission of electricity from atom to atom. But there *is* transmission; hence *the" ether "is a conductor."* (See p. 122.)

Minus added to plus makes zero; and such must be the fate of that much-quoted ether which, according to arguments derived from Faraday himself, is thus seen to be at once a conductor and a non-conductor of electricity.

"Je suis ce que je suis,
Mais je ne suis pas ce que je suis;
Si je serais ce que je suis,
Je ne serais pas ce que je suis."

The investigations of Faraday are described in Prof. Tyndall's best manner. The biographical notices and the anecdotes scattered through the volume are most entertaining, and one can only wish there were more of them.

---

*Short Stories for Spare Moments.* Selected from *Lippincott's Magazine.* (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1869.)—There are fourteen short stories, by different writers, in this collection, the list of authors including Annie Thomas, Mrs. Spofford, Leonard Kip, Maria Pool, and other more or less well-known magazine writers. The stories are all up to the ordinary magazine standard, which is, we may say, not a very exalted one, and none of them is beyond it. In various ways they are rather pleasant and slightly interesting—things which can be read and forgotten without effort. Mr. Leonard Kip's ghost story is, perhaps, the most agreeable of them.

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*Adèle Dubois: A Story of the Lovely Miramichi Valley, in New Brunswick.* (Boston: Loring. 1868.)—This novel was issued by the same publisher some three years ago, under the title of "Miramichi," and as the story is not sufficiently interesting to make it probable that a second edition has been called for, and the present issue makes no mention of the former one, the unsold copies have probably been rechristened and put in a cheaper form upon the market. Like all of the Loring Railway Library that we have examined, it is rather above the average of light reading, its moral tone being healthy and its style direct and simple; perhaps a trifle too simple. The wildness of the Miramichi region is a little over-stated, but in other matters the author has kept a level at least as prosaic as truthful.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

| *Authors.* | *Publishers.—Prices.* | |
|---|---|---|
| Ab-sa-ra-ka, Home of the Crows (Life on the Plains) | (J. B. Lippincott & Co.) | |
| Alcott (L. M.), Little Women (illustrated "juvenile") | (Roberts Brothers) | |
| Bain (A.), Mental Science | (D. Appleton & Co.) | |
| Blauvelt (A.), The Kingdom of Satan | (P. S. Wynkoop & Son) | $1 50 |
| Cornell (S. S.), Grammar-School Geography | (D. Appleton & Co.) | |
| Davis (R. H.), Dallas Galbraith | (J. B. Lippincott & Co.) | 2 00 |
| Dickens (C.), No Thoroughfare: a Tale | (T. B. Peterson & Bros.) | 0 10 |
| Greeley (H.), Recollections of a Busy Life | (J. B. Ford & Co.) | |
| Hale (E. E.), If, Yes, and Perhaps | (Ticknor & Fields) | |
| Life Below: a Poem | (Hurd & Houghton) | 1 75 |
| Myers (F. W. H.), Saint Paul: a Poem | (A. D. F. Randolph) | |
| Palgrave (F. T.), Hymns | (A. D. F. Randolph) | |
| Parton (J.), Smoking and Drinking | (Ticknor & Fields) | |
| Pleasants (J.), Callamura | (Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger) | |
| Proceedings at First Annual Meeting of Free Religious Association. | (Adams & Co.) | |
| Quackenbos (G. P.), Elementary History of the United States | (D. Appleton & Co.) | |
| Scott (Sir W.), Fortunes of Nigel (Scotch Plaid Edition) | (D. Appleton & Co.) | 0 25 |
| Smith (W.), Dictionary of the Bible, Hackett (H. B.), Abbot (E.), Part XIII. | (Hurd & Houghton) | 0 75 |
| The Bramleighs of Bishop's Folly: a Tale | (Harper & Bros.) | 0 50 |
| Todd (S. E.), Country Homes | (S. E. Todd) | |
| Watson (J. M.), Independent Fourth Reader | (A. S. Barnes & Co.) | |

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## The Week.

ELECTION returns are but meagre as we go to press, although we doubt if there ever was in America an election in which the returns were more anxiously awaited. But the Republicans in Indiana, Ohio, Pennsylvania, and Nebraska seem to have been too busy rejoicing, as well they might, to despatch telegrams. The party has come out of the contest with a perfect certainty of success in the Presidential contest. The Democracy have now nothing whatever to hope for except within the limits of this city; even Mr. Hoffman's defeat, it would seem, is secured by the decisive victory in Pennsylvania, and that no selling out of Mr. Seymour can now give the State to Tammany. If only there could be shown here in New York the same courage, energy, and systematized vigilance which alone prevented the overwhelming defeat of the Republicans in the city of Philadelphia, there would be very little talk of a Democratic municipal majority of ninety thousand—or of eighty or seventy-five or seventy thousand. All four of the States are, beyond a doubt, carried by the Republicans, and as in November there can be not nearly as much cheating as the Republicans have had to contend against this month, and as October always converts, or "perverts," the wavering, the popular majority for Grant and Colfax may be expected to be enormous. It cannot be too large, for the South still refuses, or up to this morning has been refusing, to believe that the North certainly meant what it has been saying. As regards Congressmen, there is quite as great a success as could have been anticipated or, indeed, desired. Apparently, the Democrats have made no gains of districts, and the delegations will stand nearly as before. Vallandigham—who is not badly described by the name which his neighbors pleasantly give him, the Ten Cent Martyr, who is a man of slender abilities, and of political opinions and practices to be reprobated—is certainly beaten by General Schenck, a man to be respected for his talents as well as his perhaps rather violent courage; and we are particularly glad to have him in the House again, because, if Butler is going back, General Schenck will be peculiarly useful on occasion. Mr. Ashley has probably lost his district; but this we do not allow to interfere with our joy. Garfield, of course, is elected, and by the immense majority of 13,000. His is the old Giddings district, in part of which, in Giddings's own town, people are so much "advanced" that negroes, it is said, are allowed to vote, though the law of the State forbids it. The influence of their votes would, of course, be but slight, and would not affect the general result in the district. Mr. Garfield's election is also a case in which Ohio has done honor to herself and service to the country. In the Indiana Districts affairs seem to be unchanged, so far as the two parties are concerned; but this, in part, is due to the recent "gerrymandering" of the State—a performance which really throws some of the blame of the shameless Democratic "colonizing" of the river counties upon the Republicans, who set them an example of sharp practice.

"The Pudding Gang, from the Swamp, deserted their haunts, most of them having left on an early train. They have round bullet heads, their hair being cut moderately short and combed behind their ears. They wear long black coats, especially just before the fall elections, low-quarter, stub-toed shoes, and are very partial to cheap pomade, which they use in large quantities. In physique they are thin and wiry, and of nervous temperament." This is the account which a *Tribune* reporter gives of the contribution of one hundred or one hundred and fifty voters which the Fourth Ward of this city sent out to Philadelphia on Monday. He goes with the same minuteness into descriptions of the Emigrant Runners of the First Ward—many of whom "are Germans who have been for a long time in this city and are quite hardened in crime;" of the "Sheeneys" of the Third Ward; of the West Broadway Rangers; of the Dead Rabbits from the Five Points, Mulberry Street, and the Sixth Ward—all bound for Philadelphia to do "repeating." The description is of a kind to fling doubt over the charges which the reporter makes against the Democrats, but, for all that, we suppose it is as true as anything can be, that thieves, pimps, roughs, and bullies, to the number of thousands, were for some days before the election arriving in Philadelphia on the trains from Baltimore and New York. And it is entirely beyond a doubt that fraudulent naturalization papers to the number of thousands have been issued by the Pennsylvania Supreme Court.

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The Republican judges—the whole case, by the way, is a beautiful illustration of the system of electing the judiciary—finding that their Democratic brethren on the bench would do nothing to prevent the frauds which the newspaper reporters had made public, addressed a letter to the community at large, from which it appears that a couple of Democratic tipstaves have been making citizens of the United States, at the rate of hundreds a day, for many days. More than seven thousand people have been naturalized during the month of September, and most of them were naturalized fraudulently. The evidence of some of the new citizens arrested shows beyond doubt that the Democratic Committee made the most systematic and extensive arrangements for swamping the Republican majority in the State by dishonestly swamping that in Philadelphia. Mr. William Wallace, the chairman, is certainly a man to be cheered whenever he enters a Democratic convention.

---

The Republicans took fright, however, a fortnight before the day of election, and as the disgraceful business was fully ventilated, the Democrats lost most of their money and labor. All this is nearly as bad as bad can be. It might be worse, of course, for the Republicans might be engaged in the business as extensively as their opponents—a thing which some men say, but no man believes. It is beyond a doubt, we suppose, that before the winter is over some Republican in Congress will afford proof of the desire of the party generally for honest elections by bringing in a bill—which Democrats will surely vote against—to take the business of naturalization out of the hands of the State courts and give it to the United States judges—a body of men not surpassed for official integrity by any similar body in the world; and that is a thing that nobody would think of saying of our elected justices.

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Judge Sharswood's course in the matter is such as will cause him to be looked on with some suspicion by honorable men who have heretofore respected him. He owes his election—official investigation into the Luzerne District Congressional election proves it—to votes fraudulently cast, and it almost seems as if some of his actions had been dictated by a grateful remembrance of this fact. Charges having been made by the press and by his fellow-judges that the prothonotary of

the court had illegally issued blank naturalization papers; that voters had been made by constables in the absence of judge and prothonotary; that seven hundred had been made in one day, which is at the rate of about two a minute for every minute of the working day—Judge Sharswood reluctantly ordered an examination into the prothonotary's conduct, and the testimony fully sustained the allegations. But when he gave his decision, exonerating the prothonotary—as may have been right—he admitted the probability of frauds; in fact, he pronounced fraudulent certain naturalization blanks that he held in his hand, and wrote the word "fraudulent" on the back of each of them; but he gave no advice as to the duty of the inspectors of elections, except that he emphatically laid down the law that the prothonotary's seal was *prima facie* evidence that the paper bearing it was to be accepted as genuine. Having delivered this decision, at once, before the Attorney-General or anybody else could open his mouth, the judge declared the court adjourned *sine die*. This may be susceptible of explanation; but it has a very bad look, and ought to make every man in Philadelphia overhaul his opinions on the subject of elective judges—the great danger from whom, after all, is that they are tempted to bend to the will of the appointing power, if that power chooses to bring its will to bear, and that it is a thousand times more likely to bring its will to bear if it is a popular majority instead of a State governor.

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The leading Democratic agitators at the South seem possessed with a kind of barbaric faith in symbolism, and are trying hard to help the cause by the use of *tableaux vivants*. The first experiment with this sort of machinery was made at the Philadelphia Convention, when General Couch and Governor Orr marched up the middle aisle arm-in-arm, as the personification of South Carolina and Massachusetts. That proved a great failure; but the operators have not been discouraged, and are now anxious to try the effect of "John Quincy Adams Talking of Union and Fraternal Relations on the Soil of South Carolina." So Wade Hampton and others have addressed a gushing letter to Mr. Adams, the Democratic candidate for the Massachusetts governorship, asking him to go to Columbia and take part in this pleasing and pretty representation, in the expectation that it would send "an electric thrill from one end of the country to the other." Mr. Adams replies in an exceedingly sensible letter, the like of which, coming from a Democratic "standard-bearer," it has never been our privilege to peruse, inasmuch as it is modest, straightforward, and devoid of the blubber with which the "views" of "standard-bearers" are usually encumbered. He warns them that, as a tableau, his appearance in South Carolina will produce no good effect whatever; that he represents nothing in Massachusetts except "a comparatively small and very unpopular minority," and that his going down is likely to be attributed to bad motives. He then informs them in good set terms that the policy of the North towards the South is dictated by distrust, and not by revenge or bitterness; that this distrust has been partially justified by the injudicious legislation of several Southern States—referring to the black codes passed in 1865. He says, and says truly, that time alone, and "a patient and enduring persistence on their part in well-doing, can effectually remove the cause of their ills." He might have added, that a cessation of wild talk on their part is almost as essential as well-doing. The Northern public does not always see what Southerners are doing, but it hears all they say, and their foolish speeches probably do as much as anything else to aggravate the evils of their condition. Mr. Adams has delivered his speech in South Carolina, and it is much in the same vein as his letter. He condemns the Congressional policy of reconstruction, but gives the South plenty of good advice. The telegraphic summary of the speech forwarded to the papers here was, if the full report since published in the *World* be correct, a piece of gross misrepresentation.

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Talking of General Butler's constituency a fortnight ago, we said that "if pure-blooded New Englanders, from a district which produced such men as Endicott and Higginson, are satisfied in the year of grace 1868 with being represented by General Butler, there ought to be an end to all whimpering about the malign influence of foreign immigration on American politics." Returning to the subject last week, by way of illustrating the general's audacity in offering himself for re-election we spoke of his district as the "fountain-head of Puritanism," and "as the best educated and most intelligent and pure-blooded community in the United States." Commenting on this, the New York *Tribune* says: "We knew that 'pure-blooded' has a meaning in Europe, but *this is the first time we have seen it given one in America*. The expression strikes us as being *eminently snobbish*." The italics in the above are ours, but any expression of opinion about this remarkable bit of criticism would be disrespectful to our readers. What do the opponents of compulsory education say to this case?

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The monument to Major-General Sedgwick, at West Point, is to be dedicated on Wednesday next, Mr. George W. Curtis delivering the address. Sedgwick was one of the bravest and ablest of the swarm of brave and able men who fell between Washington and Richmond during the war, and how large a place he filled in the popular confidence and respect those know who remember the gloom which fell upon the public all over the country the night the news of his death arrived, following as it did on the terrible days of the Wilderness. The Sixth Corps became under his lead literally a *corps d'élite*, one of those famous bodies of men who, in every war, attain the dangerous honor of being counted on to turn the scale when the fortunes of great fields are trembling in the balance. Those who admired him, and who believe that memories like his are a valuable national possession, will do well to join those who served under him in witnessing the dedication of his monument, which, by-the-by, has been cast from captured guns.

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Mr. Dana's speech to the Convention which nominated him at Salem, on Monday week, had not reached us before our last issue, except in a brief summary. He commented very severely on the devices to which General Butler had been resorting in the canvass, such as the purloining of Mr. Atkinson's telegram, the offering of a reward to anybody who would furnish him with charges against the private character of his opponents, and his denunciation of them as rebels and traitors; pointed out the offence against the well-settled principles of the American political system, as well as against decency, committed by the general, in treating the attempt of the electors to substitute somebody else for him to represent them in Congress, on the expiration of his term, as an outrage on him personally. In touching on the general's assaults on the public credit Mr. Dana rose at times into real eloquence, and made a most powerful and happy use of the contrast between Mr. Sumner's utterances on this subject in the Senate and those of the great Censor Morum whom Massachusetts sent to disgrace her in the House. One of the striking incidents of the occasion was the "laughter," and "great laughter" with which the report tells us Mr. Dana's allusions to the general's "moral sense" were received. When a gentleman finds that the mention of his "moral sense" produces much the same effect on public assemblies of his neighbors or constituents as the mention of the "Woolly Horse" or "Joyce Heth" might be expected to produce, some decided action on his part is certainly called for, though what it ought to be in this case we confess we are unable to advise. We print elsewhere a partial defence of the general from one of his admirers, which leaves him, on the main points, just where he stood.

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There seems to be some probability that Mr. George Francis Train will be nominated in opposition to the Honorable John Morrissey, on some kind of platform in which the Fenians and unlimited greenbacks will occupy a prominent place. The movement in Mr. Train's favor is said to be a strong one, and he will probably give Mr. Morrissey some trouble. Mr. John Allen, of Water Street, also talks of entering on a political career, but being of a modest disposition, and rather rusty in his political economy, he proposes to serve one term in the New York Legislature preparatory to a wider field of usefulness in Washington. In fact, owing to the apparent general abandonment by all parties of the old-fashioned feudal theory that the moral character of a public man is of any consequence, there is an amount of aspiration after political honors amongst the criminal population of this city which is gratifying to witness. It being now at last acknowledged, even by "moral reformers," that "soundness on the main question" and a "strong will" are

the only things needed to entitle a man to the political confidence of his fellow-citizens, the dance-houses, gambling-houses, and station-houses are all throbbing with the pulses of a noble ambition.

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The electric telegraph, the increased rapidity of postal communication caused by the railroads, and the abundance and goodness of local newspapers, have made the practice which many of the daily papers keep up of maintaining "correspondents" in the other large cities entirely unnecessary, as far as regards the supply of information. In fact, we doubt if any better reason could or would be given for it in the majority of cases than that it is a tradition of the olden time when the mails travelled seven miles an hour and the newspapers appeared weekly. Washington is the only city which really needs a correspondent or has local news which its newspapers cannot produce or diffuse rapidly enough. The Boston or Philadelphia correspondent of the New York papers, or the New York correspondent of the Boston or Philadelphia papers, has rarely anything to say that everybody who cares to know does not know before he puts pen to paper, and we must do him the justice to add that he appears to be fully conscious of this fact himself, and accordingly rarely confines himself to the dry work of a chronicler of, or even of a commentator upon, the events of the day. His letters, and especially the letters of the great lights of the profession, are apt to be a column or so of cackle about persons possessing some local celebrity, and whose appearance he describes regularly once a year, and tells such "items" about their history and habits as he can pick up in newspaper offices or restaurants, or as he can conveniently invent himself. Failing personal cackle, he discusses the last new book or the last issue of the local magazine, or gives his "views" on national affairs; but in nine cases out of ten there is nothing in the letter to justify its being written in one city or State more than another. "Our New York Letter" might nearly always have been composed in Chicago, or "Our Boston Letter" in Pittsburg. The sore straits in which he frequently finds himself for material naturally drive him frequently into the invention and circulation of unpleasant stories about persons whom he thinks are likely to be the objects of public interest or curiosity. Two of the fraternity were brought to justice in this city two or three years ago for a monstrous and cruel fiction about the domestic life of a wealthy New Yorker which they sent to a Western paper, and for which there was not the slightest excuse except that it made their letter "lively"—"liveliness" and "spiciness" being the two highest objects of the earthly ambition of this class of writers. One member of it has within the last week or two been perpetrating one of their worst outrages on the well-known George Prentice, of the *Louisville Journal*, whose age ought to have protected him, and probably would have protected him against any species of marauder but an "item-monger." It was given to the world that he was old and poor and broken-down and an incurable drunkard, and had been deserted by his friends and "dismissed" from the paper of which he was the founder. So the poor man has been subjected to the pain and humiliation of contradicting the story in a card.

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The canvass for the general election in England is being conducted with extraordinary acrimony, some of the expedients resorted to being of a class that would, we imagine, be new and startling even to Brick Pomeroy. Some weeks ago the Tories got out a "catechism" about Gladstone, consisting of such questions as these: "Who was closeted four hours with the Pope?" All going to show that Gladstone has entered into a secret covenant with the Pope to overthrow the Protestant Church in England and Ireland. The Liberals have now retorted by other "catechisms" many degrees worse, of which the following questions and answers, taken from one circulated against a Jewish candidate for the borough of Sandwich, are specimens: "Who sacrificed our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ?" "The Jew." "Who continues to deny him?" "The Jew." The Jews have now themselves appeared on the scene in their political character, as they are doing so prominently in this country, and are strenuously opposing Mr. Samuda, the Liberal candidate for the Tower Hamlets, one of the London boroughs, because he is a convert from Judaism. Speaking of him, the *Jewish Chronicle* lays down the startling doctrine that "no Jew who is not an inmate of a lunatic asylum, or of a refuge for idiots, can suppose that any man born, bred, reared, and educated as a Jew can possibly become a Christian from conviction." To which Mr. Schwartz, the "President of the Hebrew-Christian Alliance," replies very pertinently by asking whether Christianity does not rest altogether on the testimony of converted Jews, and whether the three thousand who formed the nucleus of the Christian Church were not Jews.

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The female suffrage controversy is also exciting a good deal of acrimonious feeling. The Revising Barristers, whose duty it is to see that the lists have been properly made up by the parish overseers, form a large body of gentlemen of varied tastes and temperament, and many of them have very set ideas against the meddling of women in politics, and treat female claims to be registered in the light, flippant way which the women's rights missionaries are so familiar with, and find so provoking. One of them, a Mr. T. C. Foster, not only refused a lady's application to be registered, but treated it as frivolous, and condemned her to pay ten shillings cost, an outrageous abuse of power, against which she has appealed. He added insult to injury, too, by suggesting a jocose picture of "the Chancellor of the Exchequer suckling a baby," which has greatly excited the wrath of Mr. Sydney Smith, of the Liberal Registration Association, who administers a crushing rebuke and refutation in one to the light-minded Foster, by asking him whether "the chief magistrate of the realm, who has governed us better than any of her male predecessors, had never suckled a baby?" A powerful reinforcement has been supplied to the ladies by Gordon's "Antiquities of Parliament," which shows that in the seventh century English abbesses sat in ecclesiastical councils; that in Henry the Third's and Edward the First's time four abbesses were summoned to Parliament; and that in the thirty-fifth year of Edward the Third ten peeresses were summoned to appear by proxy.

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The effect of the revolution in Spain and the probable course of the French Emperor with regard to it form the most prominent topics in the European news. Of course the event is help to the opposition, for the reasons we mentioned last week, but its unpleasantness for the Emperor is still further aggravated by the fact that the Duchess of Montpensier is talked of as the probable successor of Isabella, and the duke is an Orleans, and therefore a member of the one family that Louis Napoleon can be said to hate. Moreover, her accession would fulfil the dream which Louis Philippe had when he and Guizot contracted the famous Spanish marriages, which, twenty-five years ago, were the great question of European politics, and broke up the Anglo-French *entente cordiale*. In fact, taken for all in all, the Spanish revolution is one of the most disagreeable events of the Emperor's reign, and comes as the last of a whole battalion of sorrows. In other quarters of the Continent there is nothing new. The Italian churchmen and politicians are occupied with the question whether the Pope will live to see the Œcumenical Council, and whether, if he does not, the Council will not, to use a worldly saying, "let loose the devil."

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Affairs in Spain look exceedingly promising. The Junta, or Provisional Government, has entered on a series of reforms which, although in reality they will, if carried out, simply place Spain alongside France or Italy in liberality of internal policy, are an enormous advance. The establishment of religious liberty, for instance, which is one of these reforms, is for Spain a great step forward. But the danger is that in Spain, as in France—in Spain far more than in France—the peasantry lagging a long way behind the inhabitants of the towns in intelligence, the Liberals will find it impossible, the fever of the revolution once over, to carry out their plans. Moreover, the difficulties of their work are likely to be seriously increased by the scarcity with which the inhabitants of several provinces are threatened. The crops are a failure, and they have no other commodities to purchase with elsewhere. If the new régime can outlive the difficulties of the next six months, it will be safe to say that Spain has seen her worst days. The Papacy has now lost the last government which supported it from conviction.

## NEGRO TACTICS AT THE SOUTH.

The appeal of the colored members who have been expelled from the Georgia Legislature to Congress for redress, the legal aspect of which we shall discuss at another time, suggests some considerations touching the political and social future of the colored population at the South which they and their friends everywhere would do well to meditate. Nobody, we feel sure, thinks the election of General Grant more important than we think it. We feel satisfied that the preservation of order and security—that is, of the very basis on which civil society rests—depends upon it; the maintenance of the public credit depends upon it, and the extinction of the revolutionary hopes and passions bred by the war depends upon it. But it will not do to count too much on it. It will do much, as much as the lawless habits of the Southern population will permit, to protect the negro from open violence. We hope and believe that we shall not, after Grant's election, see, as we have seen lately, sheriffs heading mobs of "citizens" to break up Radical meetings, or United States military officers condemned to death for putting down riots, by judges and juries composed of the rioters. But Grant's election will not protect the colored population from fraud and chicane; from the partiality of judges, the laxity or supineness of sheriffs or policemen, or the indifference or contempt of legislators about interests which happen to be in a greater degree those of the black man than those of the white man. For these things the American political system furnishes only one remedy, and that is the ballot. It is folly to suppose that hereafter, when the social and political machine at the South has resumed its regular working, it will do for the negroes to run to Congress for assistance in rectifying defects in State legislation or the administration of the State governments, or to hope that Congress will interfere. The period of possible Congressional interference is rapidly passing away. In another year the chances are that Congress will be able to do nothing at the South which it could not do in New York or Ohio. The whole Union will once more have fallen under the common rule, and any class at the South which finds the local government oppressive or indifferent to its interests—as local governments can always be in a hundred ways without violating any provision of the State or Federal Constitution—will have to seek relief as any class here which thinks itself oppressed seeks it—the Germans, for instance, under the Excise law—by the use of its votes. That it was the intention of Congress and of the Republican party that this should be the ultimate resource of the Southern negroes there is no sort of doubt. What Congress meant to say to them when it established the Freedmen's Bureau and admitted the colored population to the franchise was, that whatever was special and peculiar in this legislation was intended to assist the freedmen during the four or five years of transition from slavery to freedom; but, their rights once firmly established, and a fair knowledge of them and of their duties once acquired, they were to have nothing to look to for protection but what poor men have to look to everywhere else—the ballot.

Now, the ballot, as has been often said, is not a panacea; nor is it a magic sword, like Excalibur. Its value as a political weapon depends largely, like the musket, on the skill of the man who uses it. To accomplish anything with it in politics, men have to think and talk and organize and combine and compromise and wait, and it is in this thinking and talking and organizing and combining and compromising preparatory to voting, and not in the physical act of depositing the ballot in the box, that the political training of the franchise consists. And no one need think us too rudimentary in saying this, for there are numbers of good people who need to have it said to them several times yet. A dog or a horse might go to the polls and drop a piece of paper into a round hole; but to drop a piece of paper into the hole with a well-understood object agreed upon beforehand with others, and with a distinct perception of the possible results, is the act of a man; and until the main body of the negroes are able to do this the ballot will only be a very imperfect protection against such oppression as Congress can do nothing to prevent. Take, for instance, the recent act of the Georgia Legislature obliging all parties to use voting tickets of uniform size and color. The negroes who cannot read, or read only imperfectly, have hitherto been guided in their voting by tickets of a peculiar color, or bearing some easily understood device. The object of this enactment, therefore, clearly is to confuse them and facilitate frauds upon them, and that it will facilitate frauds upon them there is not a particle of doubt. But it is not unconstitutional; it applies alike to all. There is no remedy for it except education, which is a slow one, or the defeat at the polls of such candidates or parties as show themselves ready to join in schemes of this sort for the oppression, direct or indirect, of one class of the population. This last is the only punishment known here for legislative sins; and there will soon be none other possible at the South.

It must be remembered, too, that in this game of chicane the whites will long, if not always, have the upper hand, even if the number of the two races were more nearly equal. The negroes must not forget that, in spite of the intelligence which large numbers of them are showing, and which we hope the great body of them will show before long, and in spite of the progress they are making in education, they are matched, in any strife they may carry on with their white neighbors, against the shrewdest, wariest, most energetic race on earth, that which has carried the political art to the highest perfection, and which is most skilful in its use, whether for offence or defence.

Now, the negroes are certainly in every State but three in a minority, and for all practical political purposes in a small minority. It is safe to say they can never hope to win a victory at the polls in any Southern State, after the next year or two, by the negro vote alone. Not only are they in a minority too, but they are a minority composed of a detested and despised race; and they are poor, uninfluential, and without political experience. With the whole body of the whites, or even a large proportion of the whites, arrayed against them, their position is probably more unfortunate than that of any class of persons in any civilized state in the world—a great deal more unfortunate, we have no hesitation in saying, than that of the Turkish rayahs, over whose condition all Europe is constantly lamenting. We know very well that there is a school of politicians, of which Wendell Phillips might with some modification be taken as the type, which believes that by some tremendous crushing process all this white hate and prejudice against the blacks could be ground out; but these gentlemen are readier with vituperation than with plans, and they have never yet given to the world their scheme in detail. Suffice it to say, that to make the negro safe and comfortable by force alone would require an army of 300,000 men, the complete suspension of his political education, and the substitution of military for civil government over one-half the continent for an indefinite period. The expediency or possibility of this we shall not discuss, although we would have heartily welcomed such a prolongation of the existing military rule as would have helped to break up the Southern habits of violence and the habit of looking on the negro as a wild animal.

It is plain, therefore, that for the negro to make the ballot of much use to him, to make it instrumental in protecting himself against legislative chicane and maladministration directed against his race, he must in some way divide the whites so as to throw the balance into his hands, and make it an object of some considerable body of the whites to court the negro vote. We do not pretend, in saying this, to be propounding any grand original discovery. The danger to the blacks of a union of the whites against them, or, in other words, of a color division of political parties at the South, has long been apparent. The blacks have been frequently warned against it by Northern Democrats and conservative Republicans; but these warnings have produced no effect, because they were uttered in deprecation of resistance to intolerable oppression. There are limits to the price which the negroes can afford to pay even for a division in the ranks of their oppressors. Much as one may value a man's co-operation or sympathy, there are few of us who would submit to be kicked down stairs or garroted in order to secure it. The negroes have had to stand and show fight, stand as a race—that is, *as negroes* against whites—until they got the ballot, because the sole political question at the South during the period of reconstruction was whether the negroes should be allowed anything but the right to follow the lowest and most laborious callings; and on this question there

was for a black man no room for compromise. He could compromise about a claim to property or to political privileges; but about a white man's claim to murder him or burn the house over his head with impunity, unless another white man saw and was willing to testify against the criminal, or about a negro's right to choose his own calling and follow it, there was no room for compromise. There are certain things about which men ought to be willing to kill or be killed instead of talking, and the civil rights which the Southern legislators denied the freedmen after the war were among the number.

But that period has now passed away. The black man has the ballot, but finds himself in a minority, and finds the forms of law still used for his oppression, and must win over to his side, if not through sympathy or humanity, then through interest, enough of the whites to give him, at great crises at least, the opportunity of influencing the government. The way to do this is to refrain as far as possible from stimulating white prejudices and arousing white passions, to avoid every step or measure that is likely to unite the whites *as whites* against the blacks. This may be done now without sacrificing anything of real value, without diminishing by one iota the black man's material comforts or means of moral or intellectual progress—by simply keeping quiet, and working hard in the accumulation of property and the diffusion of education; or, in other words, in the attainment of the two things which, in our day, make men respectable, and in which the blacks are, of course, still fearfully wanting. Their right to free speech, and to protection for person and property, they must, of course, assert; but their asserting it temperately and firmly will not only not alienate, but will, in the long run, win the sympathy of the best portion of the white population all over the Union. Such measures as the Social Equality bill, however, which Governor Warmouth has just vetoed in Louisiana, in which an attempt is made to secure by legislation things which lose their whole value in being made the result of legislation, and the attempt to enforce which exasperates the whites, and unites them politically *as whites*, really wear the air either of having been concocted by the enemies of the blacks for the purpose of rendering the ballot worthless to them, and making the question of White *versus* Black the only question of Southern politics for all coming time, or of having been devised by some political wild-ass in an outburst of animal spirits. It will be a great and noble thing to see the white children of the South sent to the same schools as the black, owing to the indifference of their parents to color distinctions. That will be a great triumph of civilization and Christianity. It will be also most gratifying to the statesman and philanthropist to see a colored man's admission to hotels, the dress circle at the opera, and "good society" anywhere, dependent solely on his ability to pay his way, his decent behavior, and on his manners and education. But the spectacle which the Louisiana Radicals want to furnish us, of white children forced to go to the same schools with colored children, leaving their fathers at home loading their pistols and whetting their knives for the slaughter of "niggers," curses on their lips and bitterness in their hearts, and of blacks making their way into hotels under the protection of the police, well knowing that every white man in the house wants to kick them out, and because of their appearance hates the black race worse than ever, is a spectacle which nobody who desires a peaceful settlement of Southern troubles could look at without dismay, and which nobody who has not a strong infusion of the devil's love of mischief in his composition can see with pleasure.

## CROPS, RAILROADS REAL ESTATE, AND SPECIE PAYMENTS.

The question raised by us in regard to the first effect of good crops upon business continues to be discussed by the press, here and elsewhere, with considerable animation, many of our Western exchanges following the lead of the New York *Times* and *World* in vigorously demolishing our arguments and setting up arguments of their own. The question is of such direct practical importance to every business man that we follow it up into some of the ramifications not heretofore indicated by us. Our assertion is, that an abundant crop of any given article produces a decline in value of all the stock on hand of that article, and of all goods manufactured from that article; that it produces a loss, or at least a diminished profit, to every one engaged in dealing in or manufacturing that article, and thus directly tends to a diminished dealing and a diminished manufacturing, with consequent loss of employment or diminished wages to all laborers engaged directly or indirectly upon the article in question, and consequent increased depression in all connected branches of business. This direct, simple, and easily comprehended part of our original assertion is not denied even by our most vigorous opponents, the New York *Times* and the Cincinnati *Gazette*. All parties seem willing to admit that it is more or less true, especially when applied to cotton, while all unite in declaring that to assert the same of breadstuffs is a total and absurd fallacy, and that, on the contrary, an abundant crop of breadstuffs far more than offsets in its immediate and ultimate advantages any disadvantages that could momentarily result to certain "dealers, speculators, and forestallers," as the *Times* loves to call them, from a decline in the market value of the stock on hand.

Now, we fail to comprehend the logic which accepts a distinction between the effects of a loss made upon a decline in breadstuffs and a loss made upon a decline in cotton; but we do comprehend why it should be less easy to see the force of our assertion when applied to breadstuffs than when applied to cotton In speaking of a decline in price of any given article, every one thinks of a decline in price in the *great markets*, such as New York, and thinks only of the effects of the decline on people in New York, or on such people as come into contact with the article *after* it leaves New York. Every one's mind readily recurs to the various classes engaged in changing a bale of raw cotton from the steamer's wharf in this city into a gingham dress on a farmer's daughter in Iowa or Illinois; every one admits that all these classes, the farmer's daughter alone excepted, suffer a loss or have a diminished profit from a decline in the price of cotton. As the number of people employed directly or indirectly in turning a bale of cotton into Merrimac prints, and distributing those prints over the whole country for the people's use, constitutes nine-tenths of the whole number of people in any way interested in cotton, it is easy to see why every one admits that *all* parties, except the consumer, interested in cotton suffer by the decline. It is different with breadstuffs. The number of people engaged in turning a bushel of wheat from the hold of a canal-boat into a hundred loaves of bread, and leaving these at the doors of a hundred families, forms an insignificantly small proportion of the total number of persons connected with breadstuffs. That these suffer by the decline every one admits; but they are so few, comparatively, that their loss claims no attention; and it is boldly set down that the loss by a decline in breadstuffs is confined to a few speculators, millers, and bakers. But of all the persons directly or indirectly connected with breadstuffs these forms only an insignificant percentage; the great bulk of the persons interested in breadstuffs, besides the producers, are those who handle them *before they reach the great market*. How these suffer by the decline is not so readily seen, but the following extracts, taken almost at haphazard from the market reports of the daily papers, throw some light upon the subject:

. . . "The heavy stocks of wheat at Chicago and Milwaukee show that there is no scarcity, and although the receipts have been far lighter than for the same time last year, they have exceeded the demand; stocks have increased and prices have steadily fallen." . . . "Prices have now declined 40*a*45 cents since the crop began to move, but Eastern buyers are discouraged, and there is no increase of shipments, as prices in New York continue to decline more rapidly than at the Western Lake ports." . . . "There is considerable call for money at Chicago from grain commission men, who are carrying wheat in the hopes of reaction in price." . . . . "The bankers are paying out but little money for wheat shipped East, although scarcely four weeks remain in which shipments can be made with certainty of getting through before the canals are closed." . . . . "The leading railroad lines are fairly employed in carrying Westward freight, but the Eastward freight is unusually light for the season of the year, and the competition for it promises to be unexampled. The Erie and the New York Central roads began the war some days ago by a material reduction of rates, and now the Pennsylvania Central road has followed suit." . . . "The average traffic receipts of seven of the leading Western roads for September, as far as published, show a decline of nearly five per cent. from the receipts per mile of the same roads at this time last year, and the average is a steadily declining one." . . . "Wholesale merchants complain that their collections do not come in from the country as promptly as they should. Their debtors write that the recent decline in wheat has checked the marketing of that grain at the country towns. The crop movement being thus retarded at its fountain-head, every other class of business feels

the effect. The movement of grain Eastward is also in a depressed condition."

Need we explain further how interests of the utmost magnitude, the whole shipping of the Western lakes and canals, the entire railway system of the country, to say nothing of the forwarders, bankers, and commission men, suffer *immediate* and direct loss or diminished profit through the abundance of the crops, and the consequent decline in price, and retarding and diminution of business, long before the benefit of the decline can be fairly said to have affected the consuming class in the slightest degree? Nothing but a failure to look at these facts—facts not yet accomplished when we first wrote—can induce a thoughtful business man to accept our assertion as applied to cotton and reject it as applied to breadstuffs. It is as true of breadstuffs as it is of cotton, that the first and most immediate effect of abundant crops is an unfavorable one to all classes engaged directly or indirectly in dealing in them.

The question raised by us is not the one propounded by an able correspondent in the following note:

"Not exactly agreeing with you in recent articles of the *Nation* on the effect of a large crop, I would like to offer a suggestion, which I hope may prove the text for another expression of your argument. Suppose last year we raised just enough wheat, for instance, for our own home consumption, say 50,000,000 bushels, and sold it here for $100,000,000, and this year raise 75,000,000 bushels and sell for the same gross amount, $100,000,000; now, 50,000,000 being sufficient for our own consumption, we sell 25,000,000 bushels abroad, netting us, say, $33,000,000. Hasn't our wealth increased just that amount?" G.

"Springfield, O., Sept., 1868."

Of course it has. But this is, with all respect to our correspondent, precisely the kind of argument which we innocently enough characterized on a former occasion, much to the wrath of some of our opponents, as rule-of-three logic. If we have produced more wheat than we have consumed or will consume, our wealth in wheat, or in whatever that wheat will buy, has certainly increased; we never asserted anything to the contrary; but it is just possible that our gain in wheat may cause a loss, even if a temporary one only, in other things. Our correspondent assumes, to begin with, that an increase of last year's crop by one-half would reduce the price by one-third only, while it is quite probable that it would reduce it more. In the second place, even at our correspondent's figures, the farmers who produce the 75,000,000 bushels would not receive as much for them as for the 50,000,000 bushels. According to the best authority in the grain trade, the average present cost of marketing every bushel of wheat grown in the United States is about fifty cents; deducting this cost of marketing, the farmers, the producers, would receive just twelve millions of dollars less for the larger crop than for the smaller. Did our correspondent ever burn corn in the ear for fuel, because it was cheaper than coal, and did not pay to send it to market, as thousands of farmers in this country have done? Far be it from us to maintain the absurd theory that too much can be produced *for the ultimate good of the community*. But it is undoubtedly possible to produce more of any given article than the *producer can dispose of with profit to himself*. Now, the ability of the farmer to buy the products of all other classes of the people does not depend upon the number of bushels of wheat that he *produces*, but upon the number of bushels of wheat that he can *sell at a profit on their cost*. A great many people seem to think that nature does all the work in raising corn, which is very far from being the case; on the contrary, farmers, like other producers, have to invest capital in their farms and cattle and implements and manure and labor, and every farmer's grain costs him a certain cash price by the time it is harvested, and if he has to sell it for less than that price he is a loser, just as much as the Fall River manufacturer who has to sell his prints below cost. For the last few years agriculture has been so wonderfully profitable that we have almost forgotten that farmers can fail. But such things have been, and may be again. It was in 1858, we think, that the Illinois Central Railroad Company had to extend the time of the interest payment on almost all the farms along the line mortgaged to the company for part of the purchase money. Yet 1857 produced good crops. In fact, if memory does not deceive us, 1857 and 1861, the two most disastrous business years of this generation, were marked by extraordinary harvests. Not that this proves anything, for the business depression of those two years may be attributable to many causes, but the coincidence is noteworthy. What we desire to emphasize is, that the prosperity of the farmer depends upon the profit that he makes on his crops, and that he may be, and indeed, as we all know positively, frequently is, a loser by his abundant crops.

The principal railroad leading into Chicago is the Chicago and Northwestern, which drains probably the largest grain-growing region in the world. Its capital stock exceeds thirty millions of dollars. On the 10th of October its traffic receipts for the week were published, showing a decrease as compared with last year of about one per cent. In a few hours the stock declined one per cent. likewise, involving a loss to the holders in the aggregate of precisely three hundred thousand dollars. Of course it will not do to draw many conclusions from events happening in Wall Street; but it is very evident that if the receipts of the railroads continue to decline as they have done for some weeks past, not only the dividends from them will be less, but the value of the stocks themselves will decline, and holders of them will see their *capital* materially impaired. The value of all the roads in the United States is popularly estimated at 2,000,000,000 of dollars. A decline of a few per cent. in this value, or a reduction of the income from it, would be a very severe loss to the holders. But the decline in railroad receipts is a fixed fact. We fail to hear it attributed to any cause beyond the delay in forwarding the crops, owing to the steady decline in price consequent upon their abundance. Surely this result of abundant crops, a reduction, even if temporary only, in the value of the total railroad property of the United States, is not productive of general prosperity.

Our most violent opponents agree that the decline in the price of breadstuffs consequent upon the abundant crops will tend to reduce wages. Near where we write four entire blocks of new houses have just been roofed in; they will be completed for occupancy next May. They are or will be for sale. They have been built at the prevailing high rates of wages. If breadstuffs continue to decline, wages will be much lower next spring, and those same houses can be built next summer for five, ten, fifteen per cent. less than they now cost. Who will buy a house in May for fifteen thousand dollars when he can have a similar one built by September for twelve or thirteen? and will not the builder of those houses have to sell them at a loss or without a profit if he sell them at all? and is not every house in this neighborhood held by its owner, and by every one else, as worth all that it would cost to build? and if each house could be replaced next year for less, will not each house be *worth less?* Will not the value of all real estate decline with the decline in wages consequent upon abundant crops? And if you have to sell a house costing twelve thousand dollars for ten thousand, *losing one-sixth of your capital*, will you feel reconciled on finding that your baker's and butcher's bills are one-sixth less and your tax bill *one-sixth more?* In fact, turn in which direction we will, we find that the first and immediate effect of abundant crops is a general decline in all values, not only in the crops themselves and in all articles manufactured from them, but also in railway stocks and manufacturing stocks, and banking shares, and real estate, and capital in every form.

Now, will this diminished prosperity affect our national finances and our progress towards specie payments? The national revenues, especially the income-tax and the customs duties, will unquestionably decline, and may fall off to a point involving the necessity of some slight addition to our national debt, or possibly an increase of taxation, and may to that extent affect injuriously our national credit. But this evil will be offset by a probable large fall in the price of gold. For two years past the latter, nominally the measure of our national credit, has, in reality, been sustained above par exclusively by the export demand for it, based upon a certain condition of our foreign trade which had no direct relation whatsoever to the national faith in the nation's responsibility. To all intents and purposes, we were ready to resume specie payments two years ago. The confidence in the national solvency was not less absolute two years ago than it is now. What prevented a return to specie payments then was the knowledge of our inability to settle our yearly trade accounts with Europe without sending away the supply of coin which we would need in order to *maintain* specie payments after once resuming. This inability to settle

our yearly trade accounts with Europe was due to a succession of poor crops, and to large importations of merchandise from abroad. A depressed condition of trade throughout the winter and coming spring, together with heavy losses on all this fall's late importations, will induce our merchants to import lightly, and will make our commercial debt next summer very small, while the very same depressed condition of trade and consequent light domestic consumption, together with abundant crops, will enable us to export largely and pay off our accumulated balances without being compelled to ship away the specie reserve which we need for resumption. Our annual coin production is about seventy-five millions. If we retain in the country only one full year's product, we can, with a very moderate accession from the cumbersome accumulations on the Pacific coast, resume specie payments next fall without fear of again abandoning them. It is barely possible, but highly improbable, that we may export a moderate amount of specie this winter, but with that exception, if our crops are as good as represented, and General Grant is elected in November, we do not expect to see any further important specie exports for a year to come; but we do expect, after a coming year of severe commercial and industrial distress, to see the finances of the United States once more re-established on a sound, substantial basis, and the nation resume its interrupted career of industry, economy, prosperity, and peace.

## THE RUSSIANS AND THE ENGLISH IN CENTRAL ASIA.

Whenever the story of the Russian advance in Central Asia comes to be written in detail—which will probably not be in our time, for Russian archives are hard to get at, and Russian military men are forced to be discreet and reticent, and the process is not yet complete—it will probably be found to be one of the most exciting and romantic episodes in the history of war. There are in the history of British India and of Spanish America, perhaps, a greater number of displays of courage and fortitude on the part of officers and men; and there are in Roman military history, taking into account how little science did for Roman armies, as fine examples of organization and enterprise in the work of distant conquest; but the Russian performances surpass those of any other age or country in the combination of careful planning and skilful execution with persistence.

It must be taken into account, in judging the Russian exploits in Central Asia, that the capture of Samarcand, of which we heard the other day, might be called the crowning of a scheme nearly two centuries old, and the execution of it has, ever since its conception, been pursued night and day, summer and winter, with a patience, a perseverance, and single-mindedness which, considering the state of Russian civilization, has been truly remarkable, and suggests some strange and startling reflections as to the future of the empire. The British conquests in India, the Spanish conquests in America, and even the colonization of this country, were in a great measure the results of a series of accidents. The mightiness of the work was not foreseen by those who engaged in it, and no preconcerted plan was followed in its performance. It is quite certain, however, that the Russian idea of connecting St. Petersburg with the Himalayas by water, a distance of nearly 2,000 miles, through one of the wildest and least known regions of the world, and the extension of the Imperial frontier to the foot of the mountains, was conceived at least a century and a half ago, and that it has been pursued ever since with sleepless energy, and that we are now witnessing its consummation.

If the reader will follow the Volga on a map down to the Caspian Sea, he will see that it offers, by the aid of canals, communication between the Caspian and the Baltic. The conquest of the Caucasus on the eastern shore of the Caspian, a work of sixty years, was accomplished three or four years ago, giving the Russians complete control of that body of water. Now the modern Amoo Daria, the Oxus of the ancients, rises near the Hindoo Koosh—a spur of the Himalayas, and forming the northeastern boundary of the British possessions in India—and flows, navigable through the greater portion of its length, into the Sea of Aral. The Oxus used to flow into the Caspian, and the old bed still remains; and it is believed that a very moderate amount of labor would divert not only it, but the Syr Daria—another river still further to the east—into the old channel; and this done, steamers of light draught might run without interruption from the foot of the Himalayas to the Czar's capital, and Russia would become the great entrepôt of Eastern products. In fact, the Oxus was in ancient times the great highway through which Asiatic merchandise found its way to Europe, until the diversion of the current into the Sea of Aral, three hundred miles from the old mouth, and the fierceness and fanaticism infused into the Turkoman tribes by the advent of Mohammedanism, put an end to the traffic, and put an end almost to all knowledge of Turkestan—the name given to the vast region, partly fertile and partly desert lying between the Caspian, the Himalayas, the Chinese frontier, and Siberia, from which the Tartars issued during several centuries for raids into Hungary, Poland, and Northern Russia. The Eastern trade then fell into the hands of the English and Dutch, and was carried on by them by sea, round the Cape of Good Hope. What Russia seeks now is to restore it, or at least a part of it, to the ancient channel, and at the same time to gratify a long-standing and deeply-cherished national aspiration to share the dominion of the East with the English.

It was not till 1839 that Russia found herself fully prepared to commence operations against Turkestan and push her troops up the banks of the Amoo; but she had previously been for years accumulating stores at Orenburg, in Russian Tartary. In that year the English invasion of Afghanistan roused her into activity, and an army under General Perouski was launched into the desert for an attempt against Khiva; it perished, however, in large part, in the sands. The direction of the attack was then changed; and the eastern Khanat of Koland and the corner of Turkestan bordering on the Chinese frontier—which only three Europeans had ever visited, Marco Polo, the Jesuit Goez, and M. Schlagintweit, who was killed at Kaschgar, and the approaching visit of whose brother to this country we spoke of last week—were made the objective point of the operations. Forts were accordingly erected at the mouth of the Syr Daria, on the Sea of Aral; the communications with the base at Orenburg were strengthened; ships were launched on the lake itself, including an iron steamer brought from Sweden in pieces and put together on the spot; and anthracite coal was carried from the Don, costing in transportation, by the time it reached the depot at Fort Aralsk, as much as $60 a ton.

In 1852, all was ready for a second advance, and one stronghold of the natives after another was carried, one desert after another was passed, one bloody battle after another fought—defeat for the invaders in these regions would have involved utter destruction—and one fort after another built, till the Russians had reduced all the important places in Eastern Turkestan, and touched the Chinese frontier. After the capture of Khokan, in 1864, they turned their faces southward towards the Hindoo Koosh, or, in other words, the British frontier, and, more ominously still, gave the name of Turkestan to their new acquisitions, that is, called the portion they had conquered by the name of the whole. This created great stir in London, and Prince Gortschakoff issued a circular, in which he said that Russia was going to confine herself to the right bank of the Syr Daria, having reached "the limits which interest and reason prescribed" for Russian territory. But the Turkomans, of course, though conquered, were not subdued; the most powerful potentate of that region, the Emir of Bokhara, was still undamaged. Quarrels kept occurring. The Russians, like the English in India, were forced into taking the offensive for defensive purposes, and what with fighting, negotiating, and using one tribe against the other, they have at last overthrown the great Emir, and taken Bokhara and Samarcand. It does not appear that they have been able to garrison and retain them, but reinforcements will speedily arrive, and, whether they formally hold these places or not, Turkestan is, for all practical purposes, now in Russian hands, and nothing stands between the Russian armies and the British territory but the Himalayas.

The advance of the Russians has for fully twenty years caused more or less anxiety to the Anglo-Indians, but the majority have, on the whole, been disposed to scoff at it, believing the great Khivan desert and the enormous distances to be an insurmountable obstacle to the approach of anything more than flying columns. They comforted themselves, too, with the reflection that if the Russians did reach the

Himalayas, it would be with a small force, leaving fifteen hundred miles of enemy's country in the rear, and that it would find itself then on the frontier of a populous empire, defended by a highly disciplined and faithful army of 300,000 men. This confidence was, however, rudely shaken by the mutiny, and it has never been restored. Moreover, the Russian advance has had nothing temporary or evanescent in its character; no more solid work of conquest has ever been seen. They have lined the whole march with forts, stations, and depots, and are preparing to connect themselves, with the Caspian by a chain of agricultural and manufacturing colonies. Once fairly over the Khivan desert, they have found themselves, in the valleys of the Amoo and Syr, in a region of extraordinary fertility, and possessing, as they approach the mountains, every variety of climate. Its cotton alone, of which they secured the monopoly for the Russian market, was a source of great profit during the late war. Moreover, they have drawn into their net a hardy and warlike population, which their experience in dealing with Eastern nations will probably enable them to turn to good account for military purposes.

What effect all this will have on British rule is now the great subject of speculation in India. It does not seem as if the English had anything to fear from it ultimately. There is nothing to tempt the Russians to cross the mountains, and the presence of a civilized power on the northern slope, supposing their relations with it were peaceful, could hardly fail to render the position of the Anglo-Indians more secure. In the meantime, however, the Russian success is causing a commotion amongst the hill tribes in the northeastern corner of Lahore, as it, combined with the successful seizure of Herat and the crown of Afghanistan by Shere Ali, an old Russian partisan, is spreading a belief, it is feared, amongst the Afghans and Sikhs that a crisis of some kind in British affairs is at hand. There have already been actual outbreaks amongst some of the smaller tribes, and either the anxiety or ardor of the Anglo-Indians has been revealed by the size of the force which has been hurried up to the scene of the disturbances—for it is nothing less than an army equipped for the field, a portion of it armed with the Snider rifle and eager to try it.

The public in England is looking on in the meantime with a good deal of trouble, and this for reasons that do not appear on the surface. Though India is an English dependency, andi s nominally governed from London, the Anglo-Indian officials form a vast bureaucracy, with ideas, ambition, and prejudices of their own; their distance from home, combined with their special knowledge and the discretion in dealing with sudden emergencies which must be accorded to a few thousand men charged with the rule of 200,000,000, make them, and not the home authorities, the real governors of the country and real moulders of Indian policy, especially as regards the relations of the empire with the independent native states. One of their passions, begot in part by the feeling of insecurity inseparable from their position, and in part by the love of movement and adventure bred by the tedium of their lives, is that of annexation. A great war is to the mass of civil servants and military men a positive godsend, and no doubt of its issue ever enters their heads. The news of the Russian successes has, it is believed, filled the mind of this class with the belief that there is no safety now for the British possessions but in the annexation of Afghanistan, the creation of a series of strongholds between the Hindoo Koosh and the great Khorassanese desert, the conversion of Herat and Kandahar into great fortresses, and the removal of the turbulent and warlike Afghan population from the reach of Russian intrigues. The more cautious lookers-on in England believe that this is really the ulterior object of the force which is being concentrated at Lahore, and that the reduction of the troublesome hill tribes will be made the excuse for a *coup de main* directed against Herat. What renders the danger all the greater is that Sir John Lawrence, perhaps the greatest of that great breed of proconsuls extinct everywhere in the modern world except amongst the Anglo-Indians, a man whose services to the empire both in the field and at the council-board have been of incalculable value, is coming home to well-won repose, and the Earl of Mayo, a light-headed and rather weak young man whom the Tories have forced prematurely into positions of responsibility, is going out to take his place, and going out in perfect ignorance of Indian affairs. He will consequently be guided completely by the advisers he finds on the spot. Whatever may be the final termination of the imbroglio, we have seen the last of the great "Asian mystery." With European danglers and flirts picnicking in the Vale of Cashmere, English beer-bottles strewing the streets of Herat, and members of the Holy Orthodox Church swarming in Samarcand and Kaschgar, the great Oriental spell by which the imagination of the Western world has so long been bound is broken.

## JOHN STUART MILL ON NATIONAL FAITH.

THE following letter was recently addressed by Mr. Mill to a private friend in England:

DEAR MR. ——: You ask me what I think of the controversy now going on in the United States respecting the rightfulness of paying off a portion of the national debt, contracted in cash, in a depreciated paper currency, and of taxing, in violation of an express compact, the interest of the national bonds. It is painful even to have to answer such a question. It is already a great calamity that two such proposals should have been inscribed in the electoral programme of a great political party, and not unanimously rejected even by its opponents. The success of either proposal would, in my estimation, be one of the heaviest blows that could be given to the reputation of popular governments, and to the morality and civilization of the human race.

This is one of those vital questions which send us back to the first principles of social existence, and compel us to ask ourselves what are the conditions which enable mankind to dwell together in nations and communities, to work together in joint undertakings, and exchange the privations of the savage for the blessings of civilized life. The very first and most essential of these conditions is, that they should be able to trust one another's engagements. Even savage life could not be carried on unless the savages frequently helped one another; in civilized life, every human being depends for comfort, for security, often for life itself, upon things done for him by other people. If he could not rely upon other people for doing what they undertake; if his experience taught him that a man who makes a promise does so with the intention of only keeping the promise if it happens to be quite convenient, he would have to look to himself alone for all protection, and for the supply of all his wants. He would be below the condition of most savages. If we cannot trust each other's word (was the saying of an eminent man), we may as well go back to the woods.

But if there is one case more than another in which it is indispensable that men should keep their promises—should do what they pledge themselves to do—it is the case of money contracts. All the complex fabric of our civilization rests upon the paying and receiving of money; every one's plans of life, and almost every one's assurance of living at all, are built upon the expectation of receiving at the appointed time the money, or money's worth, due to him from others. If any one buys a thing and then does not pay for it, or sells a thing and then does not deliver it; if any one hires services and does not pay the wages agreed on, or receives wages and does not perform the service; if any one borrows money or money's worth, and, though able, does not repay it at the time agreed on, or withholds the equivalent which he had bargained to give for its use, the defaulter not only proves himself a dishonorable and dishonest man, he not only inflicts an injury, which may be serious, which may be even irreparable, upon the individual who has trusted him, but he does what lies in him to dissolve and put an end to that trust in one another without which there would be no exchange of commodities, no separation of employments, and no man would have any satisfaction for his wants except what his own labor or craft could directly provide. The impossibility of carrying on human society, even in an almost rudimentary state, without holding men to the fulfilment of their engagements, has always been so obvious, that there is not a single known community, past or present, in which provision has not been made for enforcing those engagements, by laws and tribunals, supported either by a public force set apart for the purpose, or, in ruder societies, by the collective strength of the community.

Can any reason be given why the obligation of good faith, which holds between one man and another, is not equally binding between the entire community and any person who has trusted them? Is a promise made by the whole people through their authorized agents less sacred than a promise made by a private person, which also may have been made through his agents? Ought the fact that there is a tribunal which can compel individuals to keep their contracts, and no tribunal which can coerce a nation; ought the fact that the debt of a nation is a debt of honor; ought the fact that a nation *can* be a swindler and knave if it chooses—ought this to make any civilized people think that it can dispense in its own favor with the duty which its own tribunals enforce against its citizens? Unless it be a sufficient license for committing a crime, that it can be committed without any immediate

penalty except the disgrace, there is no other difference between the two cases but such as makes the criminality greater of a nation which robs its creditors than of an individual. For, in the first place, a nation always *can* pay its creditors if it chooses, which cannot always be said of an individual; and, in the next place, a breach of faith by a whole people involves everybody in the guilt, except such as with their whole heart and strength denounce and protest against it. It is an example of fraud displayed in the sight of mankind, and penetrating into every family in the country. It is a direct sanction of the like dishonesty to every citizen in his private transactions. Let any one be really persuaded that a whole people may break its word, and refuse to pay in full the money it has borrowed, is he likely to think that he himself is culpable for doing the same in his own private affairs, if he can manage to evade the legal punishment which is the only real distinction between the two cases?

The detractors of democratic government on this side of the Atlantic have been accustomed to say that, however specious may be the arguments for it, in its actual working it would turn out to be a retrogradation towards barbarism. Until now, the example of the great American Republic, notwithstanding the dishonorable conduct of several of the States (mostly—would that I could say always—among those which had been demoralized by slavery), has generally been deemed a practical refutation of these sinister prophecies. But the charge against democracy of being a return to barbarism would be made out, if its effect were to be the public repudiation of pecuniary engagements. It is a remarkable fact that what the people of the United States are now urged to do with respect to the five-twenty bonds—urged by the programme of a political party (happily, not by every member even of that party)—bears an almost exact likeness to some of the most disgraceful misdeeds of the European despots in the Middle Ages. Read the history of the most profligate kings of France and other European countries, not excepting England, and see who were those whose conduct excited the greatest public indignation during their lives, and left the deepest stain on their memory when dead. They were those who debased the coin. What was their motive for debasing it? To put off their creditors with the same nominal sum of money, but a less quantity of the precious metal. Even the despots were so conscious and so much afraid of the infamy of this fraud that they generally endeavored to commit it secretly and in silence. They made it a capital offence to betray the secret. Would they have been less guilty if they had impudently brazened it out? Living in a rude age, the only means at their disposal for committing the fraud was the coarse expedient of altering the coin. Their ingenuity had not reached the contrivance of putting forth pieces of paper which pretended to be money and were not, inducing people to take them by a promise printed on the paper to give for it on demand real money of the same nominal value, and then breaking that promise and issuing them in such numbers as to be only worth half the money which they purported to represent. But this roundabout way and the direct way have the self-same purpose: to get rid of debts by paying, instead of what one has engaged to pay, what is called the same sum of money, but is really a much smaller sum. And this example, set by the despots of barbarous ages, the people of the United States, in the ninety-second year of their national freedom, are invited by many of their active politicians to imitate!

Observe, too, that none of the apologies, poor and weak as they are, which have been suggested to the nations of Europe by the same sort of bad advisers, have any applicability to the case of the United States. The democracy of European countries have sometimes been told that they are not bound to pay their national debts, because the money was borrowed by kings and aristocracies who did not represent the people, and was expended in keeping the people in subjection, or in carrying on foreign wars which the people had not authorized. None of these lame excuses can be alleged by the American repudiators. The most audacious pleader for dishonesty cannot deny that the money was borrowed by a Congress and a President elected by, and fully responsible to, the people—borrowed for the service of the American Republic in its utmost need, for a war which was emphatically a war of the people, and in which the stake involved was the preservation of their collective existence as a nation. The only persons in whose mouths any other doctrine can possibly be sincere are the ex-rebels and their favorers. To all but them it is impossible even to conceive a case in which the obligation to pay the debt, principal and interest, to the full extent of the contract, could be more binding.

A plea which imposes upon some people who would shrink from anything which they themselves regarded as repudiation, is this: Greenbacks, however they may be depreciated, are legal tender, are the lawful currency of the United States; other persons are obliged to receive this currency in payment of all their dues, and why should the public creditor be an exception? This seems to have been the argument which prevailed with the upright, but not always clear-sighted or discerning, mind of the late Thaddeus Stevens. But the answers to it are manifold. The first is, that *almost* all persons except the public creditor have the remedy in their own hands. Those who have goods to sell can and do demand a higher price; those who sell their services can and do require a higher remuneration. Even in loan transactions that are yet to come, the lenders know the chances they are exposed to; are aware that the medium they are to be paid in is of uncertain value, and can and will require a rate of interest sufficient in their estimation to cover their risks. To all these persons the uncertainty of the measure of value is a source of great inconvenience, but to none of them is it an injustice. Injustice *is* done to those who had lent their money, or had otherwise become entitled to fixed annual incomes, before specie payments were suspended.

Among these are the old creditors of many of the States. All persons thus situated are grievously injured by being paid their interest in depreciated greenbacks, and would be still further defrauded if the principal were repaid to them in a similar medium. But, at least the nation collectively had incurred no obligation to those persons, beyond the general obligation of good government. It had not specifically pledged the national honor to them. Even the separate States never, I believe, pledged their faith to their creditors that they should not suffer this particular injury; however binding the obligation ought to have been felt, in honor and conscience. That pledge *has* been given to the creditors of the United States. I make no distinction between payment of the interest and repayment of the principal. The bonds themselves, it is not denied, stipulate expressly that the interest shall be paid in cash, but are silent as to the principal. That the obligation, however, applied to principal as well as interest, was universally understood; was expressly declared by the authorized agents of the nation whenever the question was asked; was not then gainsaid by any of those who are now attempting to shake off the obligation; and was only not declared in express terms because nobody thought that such a declaration was necessary, or could add any strength to the pledge. In consequence of this understanding, the loans were obtained at rates of interest very low under the circumstances, far lower than would otherwise have been possible. Governments which pay their creditors in inconvertible paper, always borrow, if able to borrow at all, on much more onerous terms than other governments. If those who lent their savings to the United States had been told, at the time, that every thousand dollars they lent should be repaid to them in greenbacks, which might then be worth not more than a thousand cents (the depreciation of the French assignats amounted to that and more), nobody, unless he could afford to make the nation a present of his money, would have parted with it unless at a rate of interest sufficient to ensure him against the extreme risk. The United States obtained these great sums of money, in their extreme necessity, at an interest (all things considered) not very much exceeding what the high value of capital in a new country compels them to pay in ordinary times; and after having reaped the benefit, having by that indispensable help saved their national existence, they are now exhorted to withhold the price, at the cost of the national honor.

The same reasons of justice and good faith apply still more obviously to the conditions expressly stipulated by the lenders, that the interest on the bonds should not be subject to direct taxation. Some people imagine that the breach of this stipulation would not be robbery, provided that the bonds are not taxed at a higher rate than other property. But if exemption from all direct taxation were a condition of the contract, and expressly stipulated for, it is not an unjust advantage conceded to the bondholders over other people, since for every advantage so obtained value has been given by those who enjoy it in the shape of a diminished interest. The only difference in respect of taxation between them and the rest of the public is, that they have paid down their taxes in advance, while other people wait for the visit of the tax-gatherer. To make them pay over again, under pretence that they had not already paid, would be one of the most flagrant forms of the iniquity of breaking a contract and keeping the pecuniary consideration received for it.

But there is little danger that these immoral counsels will prevail. It has been shown by many examples, in the recent history of the United States, that an agitation for something wrong and mischievous may go on for a certain length of time without visibly stirring up the good sense and honesty of the country to resist it; and many such agitations commence, culminate, and decay without disturbing public tranquillity or leaving any permanent traces of their existence; but that, when one of these agitations attains a sufficient height to begin to be dangerous, a mass of opinion which ordinarily remains quiescent rouses itself into activity, puts down the wrong thing with a vigorous hand, and peremptorily demands the right thing instead. So, I doubt not, it will be with this pernicious and discreditable, but, as I firmly believe, chiefly factitious movement, set up by political adventurers for the chance of gaining the few stray votes which, in the present state of parties, might suffice to turn the balance of many an election.

I am, dear Mr.———, very sincerely yours,

J. S. Mill.

Avignon, Sept. 24, 1868.

## THE RELIGIOUS CONVENTIONS.

The Episcopal and Unitarian Conventions which have been sitting in this city during the past week, besides transacting their regular business, have furnished the outside world, by their discussions, with the means

of judging of the nature of the difficulties with which the organizations which they respectively represent have to contend, and as the two bodies stand for the two opposing religious tendencies of the day, their difficulties are worth the attention even of those who do not feel them. The troubles of the Episcopal Church in America are substantially the same as those of the mother Church in England, barring the connection of the latter with the state. Or, rather, there is only one radical trouble in either, of which all the others are offshoots—and that is, the official character of the clergy. The question which lies at the root of all the questions by which the Anglican Church is agitated is, Is the minister a priest, or only a teacher or pastor? If he is a priest, endowed with supernatural gifts and graces, and his work be the offering of sacrifice, there is nothing to blame in Ritualism, or in the gradual retreat from communion or sympathy with the other Protestant denominations, and in the tendency to assimilation to the Church of Rome both in doctrine and discipline, which the Anglican Church has been displaying for the last forty years. As it is impossible to set limits to the pomps and ceremonies of worship which consists in the offering up of so tremendous a sacrifice as the Eucharist is believed to be, many priests and many worshippers will naturally, after they have exhausted their taste and ingenuity in the devising of dresses and decorations and music, feel that all they have done is still unworthy of the occasion, and a very imperfect expression of the sentiments with which it inspires them. Anybody who considers attentively what Ritualists, or even High Churchmen, mean when they speak of a "Christian priest," and what the nature of "a priest's" functions are, must feel that it would be improper, if not impossible, to attempt to define or regulate his manner of expressing the awe with which he regards his own character and duties.

If, too, the Anglican clergy are priests and their work be sacrifice, there is, of course, impropriety in their officiating in the churches of other denominations, or in their associating on terms of equality with the clergy of other denominations. To acknowledge the validity, or even the value, of any other ordination than their own is to throw a doubt over the nature of their own. So that the Church which in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries was a portion of the body of European Protestantism has, as the sacerdotal theory has gained ground in it, been withdrawing from fellowship even with the Protestant churches of the Continent, whom *it* cannot call Dissenters, and the High Churchmen now repudiate all connection with them, and have been seeking communion with the Greek Church, the more advanced members of the school being nearly ready to seek communion with Rome. The Greek Church has, however, given them plainly to understand that the "fusion" is not possible, and that nothing in its eyes, any more than in those of the Roman Church, will supply the place of a continuous and unbroken descent from the Apostolic age.

The trouble is not so serious as yet in America as in England, where social influences aggravate it; but it is growing, and finds expression in various ways. The present controversy about the effect of the Twelfth Canon is but one of its many symptoms. It is coloring the language and tone of thought of a great many of the clergy, and, as might be expected, is laying firm hold of the theological students. The office of "priest" is, of course, more dignified and important than that of teacher, and is therefore a great deal more attractive; but whether there is any place in Protestantism for priests still remains, as far as the laity are concerned, to be proved. The sacerdotal theory is literally driving out of the English Church the great body of the worshippers who have really any deep religious feeling, and threatens before long to bring about a forcible and sudden disruption between church and state. The laity will not swallow the new doctrine, and will not see in the clergyman anything better than the old-fashioned "parson," whose business it is to marry and christen and teach and console and bury, and about whom there is nothing mystic or supernatural. The effect of pushing it too hard in America has yet to be seen, but it will undoubtedly prevent accessions to the Church from that large body of persons to whom it already owes so much—and large it will always be—for whom the Liturgy has a perennial charm, who dislike theological speculation, and into whose composition taste enters so largely that they love even to worship "decently and in order." Bishop Lee, of Delaware, touched the tender spot in the situation in his opening sermon at Trinity Church, and touched it with no gentle hand—to the great confusion, if we are rightly informed, of many of his clerical hearers; and one sees the influence of the sore on the debates in the Convention, even on points of trifling importance.

The Unitarian difficulty is a somewhat singular one. At every one of their conventions now an attempt is made by the moderates to secure the adoption of a creed or list of fundamental principles, and the attempt is invariably defeated by the radicals, who refuse to be bound; not because there is nothing that they consider fundamental, but because they wish to preserve their intellectual freedom. All, however, wish to keep up the denominational organization and to see it flourish, and even to give it an aggressive character. They send out missionaries, subscribe for colleges, keep two or three periodicals going, and at this last meeting determined to establish a denominational review. The denomination, nevertheless, is not flourishing. In fact, if closely examined, it would be found that it was declining. Particular churches flourish, owing to the character and ability of particular ministers, but every kind of denominational work languishes. The denominational spirit is one of the feeblest things of the kind in existence—so feeble, in fact, that one would hardly be surprised to hear any day that it was extinct.

Now, the reason of this is not far to seek. The deduction, both from experience and principles of human nature, that you cannot have a flourishing and aggressive religious organization without a creed, is simple and impregnable. Whether creeds are good or bad things for the individual man may be a subject of doubt; but that they are to religious denominations the breath of life there can be no doubt whatever. At present the Unitarian body, or rather the radical wing of it, is founded on a negation, and a negation may serve as a basis for a religious organization, if supported by something in the shape of persecution; but as soon as the majority becomes tolerant, and there is no mixture of sacrifice and suffering in holding to the negation, the organization has to begin to construct, or it is lost. What aggravates the difficulty in the case before us is, that not only do the Unitarians not agree in affirming anything, but they do not agree in denying anything. Now, a negation which is of universal acceptance is, as we have said, not very useful, but a negation in which there is no general concurrence is worthless. Mere intellectual sympathy, or sympathy of any kind, is too subtle a thing to hold a religious organization together. You may found a school of philosophy or a society of speculative enquirers on it, but you cannot found a church, and, above all, a church militant, a growing and aggressive church. A French bishop spoke the other day of the phrase, "I believe," as a "grand cri de guerre," and so it has proved in all ages; but hosts were never led to battle with the cry, "I deny," or "I do n't believe." Protestantism at the Reformation took good care not to content itself with a simple repudiation of Romish doctrines. It denied nothing without supplying an affirmation. It substituted justification by faith for justification by works, and the reading of the Scriptures by the individual believer for oral instruction by the priest. Mr. Collier said, the other day, at the convention, in opposing the adoption of a creed, that "after having taken his neck out of the collar of one dogmatic church, he was not disposed to insert it in the collar of another"—a sentiment which elicited loud applause. But then the value of this proposition depends on the nature of Mr. Collier's aims. If he wishes simply to be a wild horse, and disport himself in the green pastures of speculative enquiry, of course he need wear no yoke; but if he wishes to form part of a team that is to move anything, the insertion of his neck in the collar is essential. Against anybody's unwillingness to subscribe to a creed we have nothing to say; but the belief which many people seem to entertain that a permanent religious organization can be based on this unwillingness alone, and needs no substructure of affirmation, always reminds us of the old Scotch judge's account of society in the Highlands, which, he said, was based on "the grand foondamental principle o' want o' breeks."

There is one other cause which is increasing the difficulties of Unitarianism considered as a denomination—we are discussing it, it must be remembered, simply as a social phenomenon—and that is, that the application of what is called "the scientific spirit" to religious enquiry is not helping the radicals. We know they are of a different opinion, but we think they are mistaken. The scientific spirit, as preached and spread by Tyndall and Huxley, and the now large school to which they belong, treats all speculation based on hypotheses which there is not now, and never will be, any means of verifying, as idle work. Hypotheses such as those which form the ground-work of nearly all radical reasonings on religious subjects must always remain mere conjectures; and the modern scientific spirit, therefore, simply passes them by as researches in the region of the "unknowable," useful enough, perhaps, for sharpening the wits, but bearing no other fruit. This renders it doubtful whether Unitarianism, as a denomination, is ever likely to make much greater advances than it has made already amongst that large class of educated men whom the scientific spirit is taking hold of, and it cannot hope to make much more impression on those who accept revelation or ecclesiastical tradition. Its prospects amongst the masses do not seem much brighter, for there the love of believing is growing, instead of declining. Of this the Spiritualist movement is a striking illustration. The members of the Spiritualist body—and their numbers are growing every day—are displaying a capacity for stifling doubts

and disregarding scientific methods which would astonish the Bollandist fathers, and such as the Catholic Church in her palmiest days never had at command.

## ENGLAND.

LONDON, Sept. 25, 1868.

I DO not know whether September or any other month in New York answers in any degree to September in London; but if it does, you must be in a position to sympathize with me. With the exception of about two millions of my fellow-creatures, nobody is in town, and nothing except their everyday affairs is going on. The *Times* itself is reduced to publishing this morning in five and a half columns an account given by an occasional correspondent—who, I hope, will not be a frequent one—of his three weeks' tour in Switzerland and the north of Italy. I think the most interesting points in it are, that it cost him £26, and that when the carriage stopped at Baveno (on the Lago Maggiore), he got out to stretch his legs. We sometimes hear odd things of American journalism, but I doubt whether you ever fall much below that level, at all events. You must not suppose, however, that when we are reduced to extremities in this country our last gasps are always quite as flat as this. On the contrary, the present month and its immediate neighbors are usually devoted to very poor discussions on wide subjects. The *Times* has been publishing cartloads of letters about the state of religion in England and the prospects of the Established Church. In the *Daily News* of to-day I saw No. 8, I think, of a series of letters by Mr. Maurice on "Church and State." When I read, somewhere about the middle, the phrase, "A growing sense of this double contradiction," etc., etc., I read no further. No man in England is entitled to more esteem and admiration than Mr. Maurice, or receives more of it from a wide circle of friends and disciples; but his gift of sympathizing with all sorts of states of mind, and of dissecting the roots of double, treble, and quadruple contradictions, makes all his writings so difficult to me that for many years past I have contented myself with admiring him somewhat at a distance. If I come too near I feel as if I should be beset with a continually growing sense of manifold contradictions, till at length I could hardly—to use an expression which, for your own sakes, I hope you have preserved in America—tell t'other from which. The Church-in-danger discussion in the *Times* is a much more trenchant affair, as you may suppose. The chief writer in it is "S. G. O.," or Lord Sydney Godolphin Osborne, who tells us all in every possible variety of form of speech that the Church of England is dying of Ritualism because nobody has power to put it down. He went so far the other day as to say that it is "virtually disestablished." I have heard the word "virtually" pretty often in different connections, and, except that it means "not really," I have always found it very difficult to attach much of a meaning to it. I think myself that we are still a very long way off from any sort of disestablishment of the Church of England which will imperil mitre or alter the position of any bishop, priest, or deacon who belongs to it. All this fuss about Ritualism is a case of much ado about not quite nothing, but about very little indeed. To disestablish the Church would alter the whole face of English society. There is not a town or village throughout the length and breadth of the land of which the aspect would not be materially and irrevocably changed by such a measure; and as the Church is much liked by a great many people, and cordially disliked by exceedingly few, my own opinion is that it will continue to go on much as it is for a very long time to come. The clergy have baptized and married a large majority of us, and I suspect that they will have the pleasure of burying most of us *more majorum*. They may, however, get a pretty smart jerk of the lay curb, just to remind them of its existence, if they, or rather a rising minority of them, do not mend their manners a little.

Talking of the Church of England, I have just read in the *Pall Mall Gazette* of this evening that Dean Milman is dead. He was a very remarkable man. I should doubt whether any English clergyman had so high a standing socially and in the literary world as he. He was nearly 78, and for many years past had been intimate with almost every person of note in the country. He has been Dean of St. Paul's for the last nineteen years, and before that was a canon of Westminster. He was a most remarkable looking man. He had been much bent for many years by old age, yet his face, and in particular his eyes, had an astonishing degree of energy and fire. When he was talking upon any subject that interested him, he would look up and speak with a degree of vivacity and animation which gave one the idea that he must, in his earlier days, have been a splendid looking man. He had a wonderful amount of knowledge on every sort of subject, and you could hardly mention any one of whom he had not some anecdote from his own knowledge. He will be a great loss to the nation in more ways than one. His death gives the Government another slice of patronage to dispose of. If Mr. Disraeli were capable of such conduct, one might really suspect him of having done something to somebody, in consideration of being allowed for a season to distribute high places amongst his supporters. What he can have given or to whom, are questions which I cannot pretend to solve.

The only political business stirring just at present is the preparation for the general election. We are full of addresses and canvassing, and here and there (in Ireland in particular) there is just a little beating of heads. The registration, moreover, is going on at the same time with the canvass, and is attracting more or less attention when there is so little stirring. Perhaps I ought not to give your readers credit for knowing what we mean by registration. It is simply the formation of the register of electors, which is performed every year by a number of revising barristers, as they are called, who hold courts for a fortnight or three weeks, in which they determine upon the various claims put forward by those who have or wish for votes. The great question on the present revision is whether women are by law entitled to votes. It arose rather absurdly in the following way: In old times, as you very probably know, English acts of Parliament used to be drawn in the most long-winded manner possible. Amongst other things, the draughtsmen had a laudable practice of always inserting "he or she" in every clause in which they meant to forbid or command any human being to do or leave undone any particular thing. For instance, "if any person shall commit murder, he or she shall be hanged;" for it occurred to their scrupulous minds that if the word "he" alone were used, "she" might commit murder with impunity. Some years ago it occurred to a more enlightened age that this was a little absurd, and accordingly an act of Parliament was passed providing that masculine words should include the feminine gender, unless the contrary appeared to be the true meaning of the legislature. In the last Reform Bill the word "man" was used in the clause granting the vote, and the question which now exercises the revising barristers' minds is whether "man" includes "woman." The best argument I have seen to prove that it does is, that when Milton wrote "of man's first disobedience," etc., he certainly did not mean to exclude Eve. Generally speaking, however, the revising barristers have resisted the fascinations brought to bear upon them, and I suspect that the ladies will not succeed in getting votes by a legal quibble, after failing to get them by direct means.

# Correspondence.

## A DEFENSE OF GENERAL BUTLER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of the 8th inst. a correspondent, signing himself "A Massachusetts Republican," occupies a column of your space in an endeavor to injure General Butler in his Congressional district, and to accomplish this object makes charges against the general's private, professional, and military character which are either designedly or ignorantly false.

After an exordium in which the voice of the people and that of their Creator; "Colonel Washington;" "uncouth Abraham Lincoln;" "the devil's hunting-ground;" "General Grant;" "the beatitudes" of the New Testament, and even the divine utterances of our Saviour, are jumbled together in a manner as lugubrious as irreverent, for no other apparent motive than to give dramatic effect to the writer's patronizing effort to coddle and flatter the "Old Essex District" by the mention of names distinguished in its history, he proceeds to accuse General Butler of "insubordination" to those above and "insolent oppression of those below him" (including the following noted victims to these two unlovely traits: "General Phelps," "Secretary Stanton," "General Gillmore," "Admiral Porter," "General Grant," "Chaplain Hudson," and "a score of subalterns"); of "having encouraged rebels and urged them on till the booming of guns at the South and the muttering thunder at the North converted him at the eleventh hour;" of falsehood, in saying that he had used the fifty thousand dollars in gold, seized from Samuel Smith & Co., to pay his soldiers; and, finally, your correspondent says, by implication, that General Butler's name was received with hisses at the late reunion of the Army of the James. As I know all of these accusations to be unfounded in fact, I presume that you will be as willing that I should show their untruth as you have been to admit them to your paper. To the charge of insubordination, I have only to say that I challenge its author to point to a single instance on record, while, if necessary, I can show that his whole military career was an illustration of that prompt and cheerful obedience to his military superiors which he rigorously exacted from his subordinates—how rigorously exacted, I ima-

gine, "A Massachusetts Republican" has learned by bitter experience. General Butler's "abuse" of General Phelps was marked by a delicate consideration for the feelings and a warm appreciation of the courage and enthusiasm of that eccentric but brave soldier and devoted humanitarian, actually chivalric. Mr. Parton, in his admirable history of the capture of New Orleans, has related all the particulars of General Butler's friendly controversy with General Phelps with an exactness which, from my participation in the affair, I can attest. Their policy and hopes for justice to the negro were identical, but General Butler's more practical mind was willing to wait a little for their surer fruition.

The "abuse" of General Gillmore was simply a commanding general's expression of disapprobation of a subordinate's inefficiency and lack of zeal —a disapprobation endorsed by officers whose services to their country, and intimate association with General Gillmore in the Army of the James and previously in the Army of the South, entitle their opinions to respect.

The case of Chaplain Hudson is hardly worth comment, and would never have attracted attention but for his having belonged to a profession to which is customarily accorded the traditional "odor of sanctity," and which alone invested him with the distinction of a martyr over hundreds of less culpable and less fortunate offenders. His offence was the most flagrant insubordination and defiance of the authority of the general commanding the army, committed in a manner that violated all recognized rules of honor and truthfulness. He was placed in close arrest, assigned to a tent at headquarters precisely similar in size and quality to those occupied by the officers of the staff, and was never subjected to any severer punishment than a temporary deprivation of his liberty.

The charge that General Butler "urged on the rebels" until the "booming" and "muttering" business (good figures I admit, though not so sparklingly fresh to the voters of Essex as to confusingly exhilarate their political faculties) "converted" him, when taken in connection with the fact that Daniel S. Dickinson, General Sickles, General Cochrane, and a great number of other ardent Democrats and sincere patriots were equally with General Butler "converted" by the first act of rebellion, I should entirely pass, but that it affords me opportunity to add to the mass of testimony to the general's long-before-declared hostility to secession a statement made to me in 1863 by Colonel John S. Keyes, United States Marshal in Massachusetts during Mr. Lincoln's first term of the Presidency. Col. Keyes told me that several years before, when General Butler was colonel of a regiment of Massachusetts militia, he expressed his surprise to the general that with so large a law practice he could spare time for the mere diversion of militia training. General Butler answered, with the impressiveness of that sagacity that borders on prescience, "No, colonel, the ill-feeling which exists between the two great sections of our land will surely, if not speedily, culminate in open conflict, and when that time arrives I wish to be prepared to lead my fellow-citizens to the support of the Government, and this, which now seems mere recreation, will then be seen to have had its use." The services of the Massachusetts militia, under the command of General Butler, during the first doubtful days of civil war, render further comment on General Butler's "conversion" unnecessary.

The most important portion of "A Massachusetts Republican's" communication is that which refers to the malicious lies regarding General Butler's seizures of private property, and particularly the seizure of fifty thousand dollars in gold from Messrs. Samuel Smith & Co., of New Orleans, which rebels North and South have so industriously circulated and repeated that many of that class of "Conservative Republicans," who take all their opinions second-hand, from whichever side on any question, asserts itself by the noisest and most persistent iteration, have accepted as facts. Your Boston correspondent is so clearly an attentive reader of the newspapers, that he cannot have failed to see that General Butler has repeatedly, both in his seat in Congress and through the press, asked for the most searching investigation into his administration of his various commands during the war, and especially the seizure of the New Orleans gold; but his detractors are too shrewd to adopt a course that would rob them of the larger share of their political capital not only against General Butler but against the entire Republican party. Your correspondent states positively that General Butler's assertion, that he used the fifty thousand dollars in question to pay off troops to whom the Government was eight months in arrears, "is a falsehood, and as such has been exposed." Having been on the ground, and cognizant of the facts in this case, I unqualifiedly assert that not only is General Butler's story true, but that, further than this, the general borrowed, on his personal credit, every dollar obtainable, and applied it to the same purpose in part, and in part as a loan to Admiral Farragut, to be used (I think) for payment of arrears to his sailors. All this can be proved by the testimony of such witnesses as Mr. James Denégre, cashier Citizens' Bank of New Orleans; Mr. Jacob Barker, of the Bank of Commerce of the same city; and Mr. A. S. Blake, of the Adams Express Company, through all of whom the loans were effected, and also by Admiral Farragut and his fleet paymaster, Mr. Davis.

The whole transaction pertaining to this gold was as open as the most ordinary public act. At the request of the Messrs. Smith a board of investigation was appointed, composed of Mr. W. Newton Mercer, president of the Bank of Louisiana, Mr. Thomas J. Durant, the leading member of the New Orleans bar, and *one* officer of the United States troops, General G. F. Shepley. On their *unanimous* recommendation the money was held, and the Government at Washington was repeatedly appealed to to take the gold and assume the responsibility its possession involved. The Government declining to take the responsibility, though it had no objection to adding the fifty thousand dollars to the millions which the general paid into the national Treasury, General Butler was left with two alternatives —to hand over the money to the Treasury without recourse, trusting to the very doubtful chance of a bill of relief from Congress in the event of his being obliged to reimburse the Smiths, and defray the expenses of defence as a result of a probable suit at law, or, on the other hand, to hold the money until, by his muster out of the service, he would no longer be a representative of the Government, and his return of the gold would not be a tacit admission that the seizure was improper or unjustifiable.

If your Boston correspondent will examine the court reports published in all the New York papers of the 30th of April, 1866, he will find the whole subject of the gold seizure thoroughly ventilated, and the following letter and receipt from Mr. Edwards Pierrepont, the distinguished counsel for Smith & Co., which would convince any person but one of abnormally developed stupidity, or a "Massachusetts Republican," of the propriety of the seizure and the disinterestedness of the return:

"MAJOR-GENERAL BUTLER:

"DEAR SIR: The facts and circumstances which you communicated at my office, yesterday, should satisfy any reasonable man that abundant probable cause appeared at the time to justify you as a public officer in the original taking of the fifty thousand dollars ($50,000) in gold from Samuel Smith & Co.

"Fully accepting your assurance that the gold has been kept ready to be handed over to whomsoever might appear to be entitled to it, I propose to receive the same for my clients and thus to end a controversy which an earlier meeting between us would have relieved of a good deal of misunderstanding. Very respectfully, yours,

"EDWARDS PIERREPONT,
"Counsel for Samuel Smith & Co.

"NEW YORK, January 20, 1866."

THE RECEIPT.

"*NEW YORK COMMON PLEAS.*

"*Samuel Smith and Andrew W. Smith against Benjamin F. Butler.*

"In consideration of the sum of fifty thousand dollars in gold received by the undersigned, the attorney and counsel for the plaintiffs, the above suit is settled in full and to be dismissed without costs to either party. The defendant, as part of this settlement, is to settle with the sheriff for his legal fees in this case, and a release from the plaintiffs is also to be obtained and delivered to the defendant by the undersigned.

"EDWARDS PIERREPONT,
"Attorney and Counsel of Plaintiffs."

"January 31, 1866.

"JOHN K. HACKETT,
"Attorney and Counsel for Defendant,
"Per JAS. T. BRADY."

To the contemptible insinuation which closes the letter from your Boston correspondent, it is unnecessary to say more than that the reports in the reliable newspapers of Boston of the "applause and cheers" which the mention of General Butler's name elicited at the recent banquet of the Army of the James, will be more generally accepted than the unmanly inuendo of a concealed foe.

A MASSACHUSETTS REPUBLICAN IN NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, October 12, 1868.

# Notes.

## LITERARY.

THE "Villa on the Rhine" is the new novel by Berthold Auerbach, of which we spoke some time ago. Messrs. Leypoldt & Holt, who have been for some time in communication with the author, now announce it, and have, we believe, made arrangements with a competent translator. The first Tauchnitz edition of the former novel of Auerbach's, "On the Heights," was not a good one, and there is now a revised edition which is considerably better. For the "Villa on the Rhine" Messrs. Leypoldt & Holt have

engaged Mr. Bayard Taylor to write a preface, giving a biographical sketch of the author. This will be, then, an excellent edition of a book which, if we may judge it by its predecessor, will be a novel which it will be very well worth while to own, for "On the Heights" is certainly a novel to be read more than once, and worthy of a place on the lower shelves.——Messrs. T. B. Peterson & Brothers announce a novel—"Fair Play"—by Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth; another, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, entitled "Mabel's Mistake;" another, by Mrs. Henry Wood, entitled "The Red Court Farm;" and, finally—fit ending to this list—a novel with a title worth its weight in gold, and by an author of great fame, namely, Pierce Egan's "Blue-Eyed Witch; or, Not a Friend in the World." The same firm will make "La Beata" the next in their series of Adolphus Trollope's books.——E. P. Dutton & Co. announce "Music for the Church Service: Responses, Chants, and Tunes for Congregations and Choirs." Mr. C. A. Dorr selects and arranges the pieces. They intend publishing also Bishop Kip's "Christmas Holidays in Rome."——T. A. Carter & Sons, who are to Boston Swedenborgians what E. P. Dutton & Co. are to Boston Episcopalians, issue a pamphlet that may interest some of our readers—"The Pythonism of the Present Day." Pythonism means Spiritualism.

—We have had plenty of American orators whose speeches have been put into print, and perhaps not one such collection has not had its readers. It is the fate of editors and possible stump-speakers to be obliged to acquaint themselves with this fossil eloquence in order that bits of it may be used to demolish the political structures of the orator's surviving partisans, or to patch up one's own political structure. But we may call it true that though Robert Rantoul's speeches may be known to some editors in the Fifth Massachusetts District, and S. S. Prentiss's to a few aspiring students of the law considered as a road to political activity, yet we suppose Webster's speeches—some of them—are the only American oratory of the past generation which will live, or, indeed, can be said to be alive now. The best known of them, being masterly statements of that theory of the Constitution which is held by the Northern people—and, in fact, of the principles that would still underlie the Government if we were to change our present Constitution almost beyond recognition—must long be read and will continue to be well known, we may be sure, after our present disputes about State sovereignty have ceased. But who hears now the eloquent voices of Mr. Wirt, and Mr. Clay, and Mr. Fisher Ames, and Mr. Daniel S. Dickinson, and Mr. Hayne, and Mr. John Randolph, and Mr. Douglas, and Mr. Everett, and the "Hundred Boston Orators?" Nobody at all, we imagine. Even our orators of to-day apparently have no audience except that which they are at the moment addressing, and that which in the course of the next three days reads in the newspapers what was said in Faneuil Hall or the Cooper Institute or the Philadelphia Academy of Music. In England, the case is pretty much the same. We suppose that we Americans, who go through a vast number of "School Speakers" in the course of our adolescence, really know more about the oratorical powers, such as they were, of Peel and Canning and Macaulay and Shiel, and their parliamentary contemporaries, than the present generation of Englishmen knows. No English orator's works, says the *Daily News*, can be said to live as a part of English literature except Burke's; and Burke's speeches were disquisitions prepared in the closet, and are really philosophic treatises on government and politics. Mr. Bright is about to undergo this severe test, and it is possible that he may be able to come up to its requirements; but it is hardly probable; for Mr. Bright has never dealt with great topics—or, rather, great as the general issues have been that have been involved in some of his conflicts, and large a view as he may have taken of their importance, they have usually been concealed under some petty issue of the moment. Moreover, his speeches are to be given as stenographed, and will not be idealized by the corrections and filings to which so many speakers owe most of their posthumous fame. Still it is true that Mr. Bright's speeches in general are marked by "manly and simple English, penetrating common sense, rugged pathos—now broad, now delicate—indignant invective," and others of the best qualities of written as well as of spoken style. Moreover, Mr. Bright's words are going to carry great weight for some years with a constantly increasing class of voters, and his works will be things for friends and enemies alike to study. It is but a week or so, we may mention here, since the publishing-house of Barbera, in Florence, issued an edition in Italian of the parliamentary speeches of an orator very different from Mr. Bright, and perhaps surer of continued remembrance in mere literature—Count Cavour.

—Leigh Hunt, who is pretty well known here, is better known by his name, which constantly occurs in connection with that of Byron and Moore and Lamb, than by his works, which are too purely *literary* to be very much enjoyed by a people which is as yet not purely literary—and may never be; the world gets less purely literary in the sense in which we mean the term. Then there is undoubtedly a prejudice against him; and many persons, when his name occurs to them, think of a more or less dangerous infidel, a would-be subverter of sound morality, and a leveller in politics. That there should be such a belief is a proof of the power of names over the average mind. Hunt got all his obloquy at that wretched time in English history—gilded though it is with the triumphs of the national arms—when Castlereagh and Canning and Percival, partly from terror, partly for terrorism, and partly out of insolence, were shamefully oppressing the peasantry and mechanics. They were the days of Peterloo as well as of Waterloo. It was in those days of arbitrary arrests and persecuting prosecutions, and Tory billingsgate and riots by starving men suppressed by massacre, that Hunt did his best work and earned his reputation—his ill name and his good—as a consistent, honest, moderate, and sensible, though fearless, enemy of the faction which was then ruling England in the interests of repressive aristocracy. Mud enough was flung at him, of course, and some of it has stuck; but the best opinion about him to-day is that he was a perfectly honest man, of pure life morally, of a religious and even devout turn of mind, of a very warm heart, and of a cheerful and gay disposition which no misfortune could long depress, and who put all this and more into his writings. We do not speak of him at length in his character of poet, or critic, or humorist, or essayist, but as a man, and one who has been unjustly kept under a cloud on account of the alleged tendencies of his works. Really, he was a moderate constitutionalist in politics, a devout man in religion, and no more a materialist and a destructionist than Gladstone is. The Liberal of our time, however, was hooted as the Radical and Chartist of forty years ago, and no abuse was too vile to put upon him. We see that the English Liberals are now raising a fund to provide some memorial to him, and to beautify his neglected grave. The sum required is not a large one, but we dare say the committee who have it in charge would willingly receive American contributions.

—The life of that interesting character, Carlo Botta, has been written with great completeness by Carlo Dionisotti (Bocca: Turin and Florence, 1868). Sixty years ago Botta's name was better known in this country than it is now, through his "History of the American War," in the preparation of which he had access to the best materials, besides intimate acquaintance with Lafayette and other eminent actors in the Revolution. He was forced to sell half the original edition as so much paper, in order to maintain himself and his family. We presume the American translation of this history is now rarely to be met with outside of libraries. As an Italian historian, Botta is to be classed among the most industrious, to say the least, as is proved by his "Storia d'Italia (1796–1814)," and his connection of the national history of Guicciardini with his own. If not so prolific as is M. Cesare Cantù, he was undoubtedly a much more trustworthy historian, especially in American affairs; as a man of science and a practical legislator, he is also deserving of being remembered; and this new life, embracing some 500 pages, contains much hitherto unpublished matter.

—The Emperor Napoleon has so long enjoyed the privilege of Delphic sayings, which meant peace or war as others might determine, but which always meant "my policy" or "my dynasty" that his apology for not addressing his officers at Châlons is quite remarkable. He declined to speak to them because, as he declared, whatever he might say would be distorted by the daily papers, and construed into a threat of war. To that extent, therefore, the Emperor confessed himself constrained by the press, though really it is the contradiction in past years between the plain construction of his speeches and his hidden intent which now compels him to be careful of utterance. Apart from this, however, the *Perseveranza* thinks that the daily press both of France and Germany is censurable for the recklessness with which it does not lead nor enlighten, but reproduces public sentiment, in all its variety and contrasts, lending weight to what is trivial, and conspicuousness and permanence to what is obscure and transient, and by prolonging the paper contest indefinitely at last furnishes the motives for an armed collision. The party press, the same paper observes, is a hundredfold more violent than the men who represent the respective parties in Parliament; yet its responsibility is far less than theirs. Neither Napoleon nor Bismarck wishes to go to war; war can only be caused by the journals of both countries, by the spreading of such rumors and such criticisms of the Government as to involve ministers and rulers in a vortex of popular passion from which there is no escape. That this is in the main a correct picture of the European press and its capacity for mischief, we cannot doubt; but the Luxembourg difficulty showed that in France, at least, the war party in the press was not more fanatical—we were going to say—rampant, certainly, than the liberal deputies, who strove to

gain favor with the people by seeming to bear up the honor of France when it was being neglected by the Emperor.

—As interesting a piece of advertising literature as we have seen for some time is to be found in a pamphlet written by a daughter of the too-famous Madame Rachel, and devoted to setting forth the virtues of a certain remarkable exudation from an African rock. We copy the passage below from the report of the trial of that lady, and the "laughter" is that of the bench and bar. The author, who was in the witness-box, apparently must have been in rather an embarrassing position:

"In the interior of Sahara, or the Great Desert, is a magnetic rock, from which water distils sparingly in the form of dew (laughter), which is possessed of extraordinary property. Whether a latent electricity be imparted by magnetism, or an additional quantity of oxygen enters into its composition, it is not easy to say. (More laughter.) But it appears to have the property of increasing the vital energies, as it restores the color of grey hair apparently by renewing the circulation in its capillary tubes (great laughter), the cessation of which occasions greyness; and it gives the appearance of youth to persons of considerable antiquity. (Great laughter.) This water is brought to Morocco on swift dromedaries for the use of the court, and its virtues are much extolled by their physicians. It might be called the antipodes of the Lethean Styx of ancient times. (Roars of laughter.)"

The reader will observe how "low in tone" it is, as the art critics say. For example, the writer conscientiously hesitates to pronounce emphatically on the question whether the extraordinary property of the exudation is owing to its containing more oxygen than common water or to the fact that some of the magnetic qualities of the rock itself are imparted to it; then, "the antipodes of the Lethean Styx"—it may not precisely be that, but it might be called that—is worthy of a full-feathered American Congressman at his utmost stretch of pinion. We were most struck, however, by the fact which we have often noticed before in our examinations of this kind of literature, that coloring is apt to be oriental. The "Sahara," the "swift dromedaries," and the "court of Morocco" lend quite an Eastern aspect to the passage above quoted. These wonderful remedies generally come from the East. It is a bold man who advertises that he has "discovered in one of our common pasture-weeds" growing near Roxbury, in Massachusetts, a cure for certain complaints. It must be that he felt the confidence of the innocent, and that his panacea for skin diseases is really of value. Generally it is from the cradle of the race that the magical herb or stone or gum is brought. We see, too, on the premises of astrologers and fortune-tellers something of this orientalism: it is usually a dwarf or an Afrite who ushers the visitor into the presence. Rachel, by the way, goes to jail for five years—a sentence which, when it had been announced to her, seemed to leave her thunderstruck. Mrs. Borradaile loses, let us hope, the money out of which the other one cheated her.

—A striking illustration of the freedom of the European public from the prejudice of color, which is still rooted so deeply in the American mind, is furnished by a recent act of the Academy of France. One of the most elevated duties of that famous body is the annual distribution, towards the close of the summer, of a number of pecuniary rewards or prizes, for intellectual and moral excellence, out of moneys placed at its disposal partly by the state and partly through the bequests of liberal-minded and benevolent private parties. Among these prizes are "*les prix de vertu*," founded by M. de Montyon, one of the noblest philanthropists France ever possessed, and amounting to 20,000 francs per annum, which sum is annually awarded, according to the terms of his testament, in amounts ranging from 3,000 to 1,000 francs, to "those inhabitants of France, in poor circumstances, that have performed the most virtuous action in the course of the year." To carry out the praiseworthy purpose of the testator in the strictest possible manner, the officers of the administrative branch of the Government throughout France are required to report, to the central authorities, all the meritorious deeds of persons of humble station in life that may come to their notice. Moreover, the public is regularly invited to bring appropriate cases to the attention of the Academy. The test of disinterestedness—the soul of true benevolence—is rigidly applied to all cases thus submitted to that high tribunal. No claim to any of the prizes is considered if made, directly or indirectly, by the person to be benefited. The competition takes place, indeed, without the knowledge of the parties interested. The result of this year's *concours* was the unanimous award by the judges, after a careful examination of many hundreds of cases, of the first *prix de vertu* to an old negress, an ex-slave, for self-sacrificing fidelity to her master. The prize has never been more worthily bestowed. The black recipient, a native of Guadeloupe, it appears, was brought to France nearly a generation ago, as the servant of a successful planter, who returned to his native land with a view to passing the remainder of his life in the quiet enjoyment of his fortune. But an ill turn of fate suddenly deprived him of the latter, and he found himself one day, in his old age, not only without any means of support of his own, but abandoned to starvation by faithless friends and relatives. But for one sympathizing soul he would have been obliged to seek refuge in an almshouse. It dwelt under the dark skin of Nymphe, his grey-headed servant. She proved more faithful even in adversity than in prosperity to him. In the day-time she waited upon him with the assiduity and tenderness of an own sister. At night she stole away from their lodgings and did all sorts of chores to earn the means necessary to sustain their modest *ménage*. With the proceeds of her nightly labors, and the charitable help of some benevolent citizens of Marseilles, which city was the scene of her touching devotion, she succeeded in saving her master from the pangs of want. This noble work she carried on unweariedly not for weeks and months, but for many years. With a refined delicacy, not often found among her betters, the devoted creature, in order not to humiliate her master, never told him how she passed her sleepless nights. But for the fact that the moving story was told just as we have related it, by the secretary of the Academy, at the public distribution of the prizes, and is fully authenticated by official evidence, the reality of this example of true heroism might be questioned. In honoring the black heroine, the Academy has certainly honored itself.

## THE CONQUEST OF FLORIDA BY HERNANDO DE SOTO.*

This is a pleasing book. The author is Theodore Irving, a favorite nephew of Washington Irving. In the present youthful essay the writer shows that he possesses many of the merits, both in style and method, of his celebrated uncle. The same ease and elegance, the same clearness of thought and of expression, are perceptible throughout. Nor is the theme unworthy of a brilliant pen. The daring of Hernando de Soto and his followers in their contemplated conquest, the disasters which befell them, their first discovery of the mighty river, the death of Soto upon its banks, with his midnight burial beneath the turbid waters of the Mississippi, afford ample scope for the exhibition of historical genius. This production, therefore, invites the attention of the reading public, and will not only repay an attentive perusal, but ought to be rewarded with a place in every library stored with choice memoirs of the deeds done in early times in the States now constituting the far-spreading Republic. Not only is the subject interesting, but it is, moreover, the only volume in our language which presents the subject in a concise, intelligible shape. The narrative is simple, the matter is judiciously condensed, abounding in facts, overflowing with incidents, and leaving in the memory much food for fancy and reflection.

But how much of the material lies within the realm of history, and how much of it lies without, in the region of romance, are points not so readily determined. The author claims for it all the respect due to an authentic account, and is sincere in urging his suit for the consideration due to a historian. We are slow, however, in according to him that title, to the full extent in metes and bounds of his wishes. With all due reverence for the honored name he bears, some doubts must be dispelled before his pretensions can be satisfactorily established.

An introductory chapter is devoted to a short statement of the first expeditions to Florida under Ponce de Leon, Lucas Vasquez de Ayllon, to the ill-starred Pamphilo de Narvez, and others. It is supported by the highest authorities, it has never been contradicted in any quarter, and it is undoubtedly correct. The third chapter opens with the early life and subsequent adventures of Soto; and so long as the author is content to follow the same high authorities, no one will hesitate to bear him company and to believe in what is written. Soon, however, he strays from these safe guides, to join some disreputable chance associates whom he picks up by the wayside. One of them, it is true, has found a godfather in the Inca Garcilaso de la Vega; but it is to be feared that our young author, in his poverty of literary experience, has encountered a brace of reprobates, and made the acquaintance of two strange bedfellows of no reputable connections. But before sending these vagabonds to the treadmill, let us permit Mr. Irving to tell his own story of how and when and where he met with them:

"While studying the Spanish language, some few years since, at Madrid, an old chronicle was placed in my hands relating to the early discoveries and achievements of the Spaniards in America. It was denominated 'The Florida of the Inca, or the History of the Adelantado, Hernando de Soto, Governor and Captain-General of the Kingdom of Florida, and of other heroic cavaliers, Spaniards and Indians; written by the Inca Garcilaso de la Vega.' As I read, I became insensibly engrossed by the

* "The Conquest of Florida by Hernando de Soto. By Theodore Irving, M.A." New York: George P. Putnam & Son. 1868. Octavo, pp. 457.

extraordinary enterprise therein narrated; I dwelt with intense interest upon the harebrained adventures and daring exploits of steel-clad warriors, and the no less valiant and chivalrous deeds of savage chieftains, which entitle this narrative to the high praise bestowed upon it by Mr. Southey, of being one of the most delightful works in the Spanish language.

"While thus employed, I had the good fortune to meet with a narrative on the same subject, written by a Portuguese soldier, who was present in the expedition. This led to further research and closer examination; and, finding that the striking events and perilous adventures in the chronicles of the Inca were borne out, in the main, by this narrative from another hand, and that various lights had been thrown by modern travellers upon the line of march said to have been taken by the adventurous band of De Soto, I was convinced that what I had before regarded almost as a work of fiction, was an authentic though, perhaps, occasionally exaggerated history.

"Deeming, therefore, that a full account of an expedition which throws such an air of romance over the early history of a portion of our country would possess interest in the eyes of my countrymen, I resolved, to the best of my abilities, to digest a work from the materials before me.

"The two main sources from which I have derived my facts are the narratives already mentioned, by the Inca Garcilaso de la Vega, and by the anonymous Portuguese adventurer. The former I have consulted in a folio edition, printed in Madrid, in 1723, and in the history of the Indias, by Herrera, in which it is incorporated almost at full length. The Portuguese narrative I have found in an English translation, published in London, in 1686, and in an abridgment in Purchas's Pilgrims.

"It has been the fashion, in later days, to distrust the narrative of the Inca, and to put more faith in that of the Portuguese. This has occasionally been done without due examination into their respective claims to credibility. Garcilaso de la Vega was a man of rank and honor. He was descended from an ancient Spanish stock by the father's side, while by the mother's he was of the lofty Peruvian line of the Incas. His narrative was originally taken down by himself, from the lips of a friend, a cavalier of worth and respectability, who had been an officer under De Soto, and for whose probity we have the word of the Inca as a guarantee. It was authenticated and enriched by the written journals or memorandums of two other soldiers, who had served in the expedition. He had the testimony, therefore, of three eye-witnesses.

"The Portuguese narrative, on the other hand, is the evidence of merely a single eye-witness, who gives himself out as a cavalier, or gentleman; but for this we have merely his own word, and he is anonymous. There is nothing intrinsic in his work that should entitle it to the exclusive belief that has been claimed for it."

Now, Herrera *is* a most respectable authority; none better can be found. He was the royal chronicler for the kingdom of Castile and for the Indies of the West, which were the exclusive patrimony of the sovereigns of Castile. He was ordered to compile a history of these possessions beyond the great ocean, from their first discovery, in 1492, down to the year 1554. For that purpose he had free access to the documents in the royal closet and to all archives, books, registers, and narratives in the department of the Indies. His work was completed and published in 1601 in five volumes in folio, and it remains extant and of indisputable verity to the present time. All modern writers bow to its acknowledged ability as a monument of historical labor, research, and integrity. What is therein stated is presumed to impart absolute truth. But it does not incorporate the Inca's statement; it does not even name that Indian potentate. What is therein published respecting Soto's expedition does not embrace more than a half-dozen pages interspersed in a half-dozen places. It also differs widely from the Inca's facts; it suppresses altogether his sketches, which no doubt are fanciful emanations of a teeming brain. Moreover, if all the truth be told by Herrera concerning Soto and his successor in the wilderness, Luis de Moscoso, why need the author of the "Conquest" resort to the chronicle of the Inca at all? Herrera stands pre-eminent for honesty and veracity; Garcilaso, unfortunately, stands upon a bad eminence for both. The narrative of the Portuguese, it is insinuated, is to be discredited because "he gives himself out" as a cavalier and gentleman; he is anonymous. Will the author tell us the cognomen of the Inca's belted buccaneer of Castile? He is equally unknown; the disinherited champion, when he first entered the lists of the tournament in the gentle passage of arms at Ashby-de-la-Zouche, was not more without a name. Incognitos on all sides are plentiful as dominos at a masquerade. Mr. Southey is quoted for his opinion that the Inca's account is one of the most delightful works in the Spanish language. The laureate is excellent authority on Peninsular literature, and his judgment in this instance may not be erroneous. Yet it must be remembered a greater British poet, Sir Walter Scott, bestowed as high compliment on the history of New York by one Diedrich Knickerbocker. But it does not appear that either the bard of Don Roderick or the troubadour of the Last Minstrel stood prepared to file an affidavit to sustain the credibility of the object of his particular admiration.

Having thus despatched the author's compurgators for the virtues of the Peruvian, it is next in order to dispose of that low fellow (as Mr. Irving evidently thinks him) styling himself, with visor down, "a cavalier" from Portugal. He seems to be a surly creature, coarse in his manners, curt in his speech, and perpetually blurting out unpleasant things which, if true, it would be well to keep to himself. While Garcilaso's friend is courtly, chivalrous, and constantly describing deeds of high em prise by warriors in bending plumes and plate armor, vaulting upon prancing steeds caparisoned with gilt and silk housings, or shining in the sun with close-fitting shirts of Milan steel, like golden humming-birds of the tropics, this Portuguese craven has nothing to tell about them. The only under-garment he speaks of is a very dirty shirt of linen, which, on a certain occasion, supplied the want of a better life-preserver to protect from perish ing a common soldier, when a bleak, cold, penetrating north wind was blowing. If his silence be taken for testimony, nothing worthy of the days of the Crusaders was exhibited in the campaign; and yet this conquest was a crusade against the infidel. Where the gentleman from Spain happens to contradict the unknown from Portugal, the Portuguese man of war is invariably cut adrift; Mr. Irving will none of him. But such is the perversity of taste among mankind that some readers will prefer his blunt recitals to the more graceful strains of the more accomplished partner of his tribulations.

Let one example suffice. When Hernando de Soto, with his resplendent cavalcade, was on his way to the scene of conquest, he landed in Cuba and sojourned for a short time at the city of Santiago. He there had the good fortune to fall in with Don Vasco Porcallo de Figueroa, who was upwards of fifty years of age. He was an ancient cavalier of a noble family; he had fought his way to fortune in Spain, in Italy, in the Indies, and he was now residing in opulence in Trinidad de Cuba. Don Vasco passed some days in Santiago, entranced by the splendor of the army, the equipments, and martial bearing of the men now displayed before him. His military spirit, like an old coal, was easily rekindled once more. He volunteered his services to Soto; they were accepted; and he accompanied the gallant band to the Bay of Espiritu Santo, in Florida. So far our friend Garcilaso. In a note the author adds that the Portuguese narrator drily asserts that Porcallo engaged in the expedition merely with a view to get slaves for his estate in Cuba; but his assertion is to be distrusted when he assigns motives to the Spanish leaders, for whom he seems to have entertained a national jealousy. Mr. Irving harbors some peculiar opinions about the object which these knights of the conquest had before their eyes. Perhaps he thinks that from motives of piety they constituted a religious brotherhood for propagating the Gospel in foreign parts, and that they bore with them an invoice of Bibles, their kennel of bloodhounds serving only to protect the precious cargo. If such be his thought, he is slightly at variance with all Spanish narratives of that age. The acquisition of gold-dust, of silver, of pearls and slaves, was the disinterested temptation to these noble gentlemen; and while they were right willing, as true champions of the cross, to fight the natives, they were still more ready, as commercial agents, to barter with them. Running down the inhabitants with dogs and robbing graveyards for treasure were the daily avocations of these scions of chivalry.

When Don Luis de Moscoso and the small remnant of survivors left of Soto's expedition arrived with the brigantines in Mexico, they were in a most piteous condition. But they were hospitably received by their countrymen; the good Mendoza was viceroy. The first duty required of these wanderers was to give an account of themselves; for such was the usage of routine in all the realms of Castile. They must, consequently, have been brought before an official, where their statements on oath were taken down and transmitted to the Council of the Indies. Nor was this all; another tribunal took cognizance of the case of Don Luis de Moscoso. He was the leader still alive; he had been the Governor of Florida after the death of Soto. Now, all such high personages had to undergo a *residencia;* and a *residencia* was something in the nature of a court of enquiry before a single judge; something in the nature of a court-martial, where the single judge could find a verdict; and if he found a verdict of guilty, the culprit could be condemned, and the sentence practically enforced. Copies of these proceedings were also despatched to the supreme and royal council. These state trials furnish a rich source for historical facts; for none of the viceroys or governors in that century, and very few even in the present, escaped an official investigation. The *residencia* on Columbus was unfortunately lost at sea in the hurricane in which his judge, Bobadilla, went down. But those on Cortez, on Alvarado, and on many others, have not only been preserved, but recently published. And what sad work do they make of the glowing pictures upon which rests the popular opinion of these heroes!

The Spanish Government in the West, like the British in the East, was a government wherein all public transactions, even the most trivial, were reduced to record and sent to the mother country. The documentary his-

tories in early times of Peru, of Mexico, of the Antilles, and of the other Audiencias, are therefore as full and complete as the reports furnished to the India Board from the Presidencies of Pondicherry, or Madras, or Mysore. These valuable archives relating to America still remain intact. They formed a part of the general repository at Simancas. But after the establishment of the Royal House of Trade at Seville, and the creation of the Council of the Indies, they were transferred to that city, to the House, through which all public and commercial business of the West, of whatever kind, was transacted. These manuscripts can now be consulted in the library of the *lonja*, or exchange, which building was formerly the Royal House. The British Government of late have availed themselves of the diplomatic correspondence of the sixteenth century on file in the documentary alcoves of Spain; our commonwealths bordering on the Mexican Gulf will soon follow the example of the British. In order to illustrate the reign of Elizabeth, Froude, in his "History of England," has rummaged the letters in Simancas; in order to authenticate the march of Hernando de Soto, Americans must gather and collate the papers at Seville.

With these abundant materials at command, wherefore should anonymous statements be relied upon? Mr. Irving is pleased to inform his readers that Garcilaso was of noble descent. This is true; but his father's conduct in Peru had thrown a cloud over his own fortunes, and over those of his son. The Inca Garcilaso entered the military service; he held a captain's commission in the war with the Moors; he served under Don John in the decisive sea-fight at Lepanto. He soon after left the army, and would fain have pressed a claim which he held against the crown, were it not that his father had lost caste, and, as he himself writes, he being too poor and too much in debt to appear at court, was forced to withdraw into an obscure solitude. But this solitude selected for his hermitage proved to be the charming city of Cordova. His poverty may be estimated when it is known he left a respectable amount by his will to purchase masses for his soul. While residing in Cordova he devoted himself to literary pursuits, producing several works, the most noted of which was his "Royal Commentaries on the Origin of the Incas." His situation, observes Mr. Prescott in the "Conquest of Peru," opened to him the very best sources of information, but the good fortune is more than counterbalanced by the defects in his own character as a historian, from his desire to magnify and mystify everything, and he is an indifferent authority. Yet Mr. Prescott further observes that his remarkable version has something in it so pleasing to the imagination that it has found favor with a majority of readers. The same author writes that his work is the source of most of the facts—and falsehoods—that have obtained circulation in respect to the ancient Peruvians. Dr. Robertson, in his "History of America," treats the "Royal Commentaries" with polite consideration and contempt. More recent commentators have been, if possible, less respectful. While, therefore, Mr. Irving may be permitted to admire Garcilaso as a writer, it is not as a writer of history. Fiction was his *forte*. There he may meet with many rivals, but with very few of greater or more questionable fame. The royal prefix of Inca to his name renders his romance attractive to all in search of the marvellous, but people who want facts must let him alone.

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*A Book about Boys.* By A. R. Hope, author of "A Book about Dominies." (Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1868.)—With the exception of the preface, which is in singularly bad taste, Mr. Hope's "Book about Boys" is cleverly written and very readable, and seems to us to teach sound doctrine on the subjects it discusses—the nature of boys, namely, and the proper treatment of them by their instructors. Mr. Hope himself, so far as he can be judged from the opinions he professes and the way in which he expresses them, is a very fair specimen of a boy—a boy who has grown old and acquired much classical lore, without losing the heartiness and simplicity and the fondness for wit of an obvious kind which pertain to his species in a more uncultivated and more youthful state. We find him always sensible and amusing, but the latter quality is perhaps most apparent when, in his character of literary critic, he reviews, from the boy's stand-point, certain recent novelists who have undertaken to delineate boys. Mrs. Henry Wood, whom he describes as a "manufacturer of sensation novels in a peculiar language based upon English," comes in for heavy denunciations and much scorn *apropos* of a novel called "Orville College Boys," to which he gives more importance than probably anybody else, except the more unintelligent frequenters of circulating libraries, accords to it. Thackeray he finds a very good "lay dabbler in boys," and Dickens and Bulwer Lytton receive some slight praise. George Eliot seems to him, however, the only writer who has done anything like justice to boys. "Would," he exclaims, "that 'George Eliot' had broken off the story called 'The Mill on the Floss,' beautiful though it is, in the first volume, sent the hero to a good school, after a little preparation by the Reverend Mr. Stelling, and earned the eternal gratitude of the world by the publication of 'Tom Tulliver's School Days.' To think of such talents being wasted on the desert air of circulating libraries!" "Boys," he says again, "are pearls not to be scattered promiscuously before——novel-reading young ladies."

The book might, it seems to us, be read with pleasure by most people, and with much profit by some of our own teachers who have lately taken to discussing the matter of education as though it were simply a question of how much and what kind of mental food shall be administered to young people.

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*Ticknor & Fields's and Appletons' Almanacs for Eighteen Hundred and Sixty-nine.* (Boston and New York. 1868.)—The *Atlantic Almanac* for 1869 is out a quarter of a year ahead of date. There is much within its gorgeous covers that will bear reading now and reading again when the months shall have caught up with it. Is Mr. Lowell's sweet humor ever more delightfully manifested than when he talks about his feathered and foliaged favorites? We think not, and—confessing a consistent love for everything that Lowell has written these ten years past—do most ardently desire that he would write more about the country, take us more into his confidence concerning his strolls about Cambridge and its neighborhood. We would rather hear him discuss the question whether Boston and New York "measure-worms" are the same beast than wander with another naturalist through the Swiss Family Robinson's Island. And in the present article we read of White—Selborne White—and his studies, his tortoise, his *naïveté* and devotion; we read of the birds of Cambridge, the red-breasted, big thrush who pulls up earth-worms like roots out of the lawn, vexes drowsy heads on summer mornings with the very "earliest pipe of half-awakened birds"—earlier than the barnyard cock or the vigorous baby—and is misnamed *robin;* of blue-birds and blue jays, orioles and red squirrels; of the cat-bird, a delightful singer, who sometimes, though Mr. Lowell does n't mention the fact, *miaus* half the morning to prove his feline nature and claim his feline name; of the crow, "comical as a lover" trying "to soften his croak to the proper St. Preux standard," like "a Mississippi boatman quoting Tennyson."

In another place Mr. Lowell has said:

> "I don't like the cat'logue style (do you?)
> As if to sell all Nature by vendue."

But the catalogue style is good in catalogues. Mr. Thomas M. Brewer has been obliged to adopt it, not too exaggeratedly, in his paper on the song-birds of America. This is one of those essays, not too entertaining to the general and railroad reader, which are stuffed with information, if only one had time to digest it and make notes of it. We can promise, however, to forget no word about Sprague's skylark, of whom Mr. Brewer tells us more than we have learned from other sources. These two papers, with Mr. Sprague's plea for the common garden flowers, and the good talk about sheep in the editor's "Brookside," give the Almanac a flavor of the country which is good now in warm October days, and will be good by contrast when we begin to use the book as an almanac for 1869.

Mrs. Stowe endeavors to answer the question, "What pictures shall we hang on our walls?" but the result can hardly be called satisfactory. Her mode of judging pictures, as may be learned from the following quotation, is indeed one which, if sound, renders all criticism and all instruction to picture-viewers and picture-buyers unnecessary. The italics are ours:

"It takes very little artistic skill or sense to judge whether a stalk of blue gentian is faithfully painted, or the copy of a bundle of apple-blossoms is true to the model of its great original. *A host of such simple, inexpensive ornaments are given by Prang in his lithography.*"

Dr. Holmes contributes a long article upon the human body and the care of it—interesting as such articles cannot help being. A clever lecturer and schoolmaster said to us once, *apropos* of lectures on geology, "It must be a poor creature who doesn't send away his audience half a foot taller—in feeling." And the human organization is at the least as awful and inspiring a theme as the geological non-organization of the earth. But we do not mean to deny to Dr. Holmes the credit of having written a valuable dissertation; the discussion of the weather-proof and ultra-hardy nature of women (pp. 53 and 56), as compared with the feeble sensitiveness of man, is worth by itself the price of the book, as it is fashionable to say.

The editor has several short articles, pleasantly chatty. Dr. Thompson has a good and sensible article on the disposition of young men to crowd into the city. Mr. Quincy rather statistically and in a tabular form displays the wealth of the great central region of our land. The poetry is by Mr.

George Cooper and Mr. C. P. Cranch. "The Summer Rain" of the former is in three four-lined stanzas, not without pleasant sequence of words and pleasant chime of syllables. Mr. Cranch's poem is of more importance, and seems to us—as much of Mr. Cranch's verse seems to us—possessed of some of the higher qualities of poetry. But we do not like

"Mysterious forces overawe,
Absorb, suspend the natural law."

For, in the first place, they do not overawe or absorb or suspend natural law; and, in the second place, the inaccurate statement is prosaically made.

The illustrations of the *Almanac* are excessively commonplace. It is refreshing to turn over and find among the advertisements Mr. Hennessy's thoughtful and well-designed picture, given as a sample of the forthcoming edition of "Locksley Hall."

*Appletons' Almanac* for 1869 is made up, more like almanacs in general, of pictures and short descriptions thereof. The pictures are taken, almost or quite all, from English designs. Their merit is a good way in advance of those in the *Atlantic Almanac*, and the pictures of game birds are especially spirited.

---

*Plain Thoughts on the Art of Living.* Designed for Young Men and Women. By Washington Gladden. (Boston: Ticknor & Fields, 1868.)—Mr. Gladden discourses in a sufficiently commonplace manner on certain subjects which appear to make constant demands on the time and attention of many of the minor moralists, but which do not, so far as we are able to judge, yield very valuable returns to any one whatever. Least of all, we should say, did the readers of the Springfield *Republican*, who may be supposed to have profited by the counsels of Titcomb, and to whom the "Letters to the Joneses," and "Gold-Foil," and "Miss Gilbert's Career" must be tolerably familiar, need further enlightenment of the kind Mr. Gladden is competent to offer on "Work for Women," "Dress," "Mind Culture," and so on. On these topics no new ideas are presented, and the old ones, or some of them, are put before us in a style which cannot be spoken of as enlivening.

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BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

| *Authors.* | *Publishers.—Prices.* | |
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| Appleton's Illustrated Almanac for 1869, swd | (D. Appleton & Co.) | $0 30 |
| Atlantic Almanac for 1869, swd | (Ticknor & Fields) | 0 50 |
| Bradbury (W. F.), Eaton's Elementary Algebra | (Taggard & Thompson) | 1 25 |
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| Dingelstedt (F.), The Amazon: a Tale, Englished by J. M. Hart. | (G. P. Putnam & Son) | 1 50 |
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| Garrett (E.), The Occupations of a Retired Life: a Tale | (Littell & Gay) | 0 50 |
| Giles (C.), The Magic Spectacles: a Child's Story | (J. R. Putnam) | 1 00 |
| Gould (T. R.), The Tragedian: Junius Brutus Booth | (Hurd & Houghton) | 1 75 |
| Hanna (J. M.), The Acts of Kings, swd | (G. W. Carleton) | |
| Holy Bible, Doré's illustrations, Part XXXII., swd | (Robert Turner) | 1 00 |
| Lewis (Miss G. A.), Natural History of Birds, Part I., swd. | (J. A. Bancroft & Co.) | 0 35 |
| Longfellow (H. W.), The New England Tragedies | (Ticknor & Fields) | 1 50 |
| Marryatt (Capt.), Jacob Faithful, swd | (D. Appleton & Co.) | 0 50 |
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| Reid (Capt. M.), The White Gauntlet: a Tale | (G. W. Carleton) | 1 75 |
| Samson (G. W.), Elements of Art Criticism, abridged | (J. B. Lippincott & Co.) | 1 75 |
| Spenser (E.), Fairie Queen | (D. Appleton & Co.) | 1 50 |
| The Art Journal for October, No. 82, swd | (Virtue & Yorston) | 1 25 |
| The Workshop, No. 8, swd | (E. Steiger) | 0 50 |
| What Makes Me Grow? a Child's Story | (G. P. Putnam & Co.) | 1 00 |


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Too True: Chaps. XVIII. and XIX. (conclusion).
Watching the River. T. W. Parsons, M.D.
Unexplored Regions of Central America. E. Geo. Squier.
The Three Work-Days. J. J. Piatt.
The Founders of Globe City. I. J. O. Culver.
With the Nuns. C. E. Robins.
A Day with the Babies. L. D. Nichols.
The Mountain of Knowledge. C. P. Cranch.
Commercial Progress in China. T. W. Knox.
Two Letters on Woman Suffrage. I.
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ADDRESS, PUBLISHER OF "THE NATION," BOX 6732, NEW YORK.

## The Week.

THE official figures having not all come in, the exact majorities in the October elections cannot be given, but it is plain that the Republicans have carried Ohio by something like 17,000, Pennsylvania by about 10,000, Nebraska by about 2,000, and Indiana by a little less than 1,000. By rights, these majorities ought to read 22,000, 20,000, 2,000, and 8,000 or more. It is difficult for an outsider to form an idea of the struggle through which the Pennsylvania Republicans have had to pass. Seymour was to be elected in Pennsylvania, and all the resources of the Democracy of the Atlantic States were poured into Philadelphia, just as those of the Western and Southern Democracy were poured into Southern Indiana. It was intended that Philadelphia should give the Democrats a majority of 8,000 votes, and that, it was thought, would give the State to Seymour. This struggle, fortunately, leaves the Republicans in the State far better organized than it found them—indeed, than they ever were before. The victory gives them the United States senatorship, which Mr. Buckalew now holds. The lost Congressional districts will perhaps be regained, on account of the fraudulent votes cast. The two city districts, at all events, ought, we should think, to be recovered; and Mr. John Covode has announced his intention to contest the representation of the Twenty-first District. In Ohio, the senatorship was lost last year; this year three Congressional districts have been lost and one gained. But Mr. Ashley is as well out of Congress as in it; and it is a great comfort that the "working-man's candidate," Mr. S. F. Cary, whom the working-men graphically describe as "a fraud," gives up his seat to an honest Republican. General Morgan's victory over his Republican competitor in the Columbus District is a misfortune, both on account of the man it puts in and the man it keeps out. General Morgan is one of the sort of men—like Mr. James Brooks, Mr. S. S. Cox, Mr. Mungen, and other "leaders"—whose worthlessness in opposition has been as injurious to the Republican party as it has been discreditable to their own. Indiana will send a Republican senator to take Mr. Hendricks's place, so the prize for which he entered the contest, and for the gaining of which so much money was spent and so much cheating done, has eluded him. And there is hardly a doubt that Mr. Daniel Voorhees will be unseated. It was only by cheating that he was returned; and it is a shame that, after having been expelled the House for disloyalty, he should be able to go back and stay even long enough to be turned out for fraud. Wisconsin, also, will very soon consign Mr. Doolittle to private life; and, what with his substitute and Mr. Buckingham, from Connecticut, in place of Mr. Dixon, the party will console itself for Mr. Wade's retirement. Luckily, the Senate can "get along" with a smaller number of Democrats than the House ought to have, or it would almost seem as if Republicans there were going to be too numerous. Still, the next four years have much in store, and all the party has may be needed.

The South has lately been more obstreperous than ever, to judge by the news received within the week; and especially we have to notice more single assassinations of prominent Republicans than at any time since any Republicans have been there. In Saint Mary's Parish, Louisiana, the Sheriff was shot in his hotel on the night of Friday last. A patrol which was organized as soon as possible after the event went through the town, and in one of its streets found the body of the Parish Judge stretched out on the ground. Several persons were engaged in the killing, but there were no arrests. Both the murdered men were Republicans. "A bogus judge and sheriff killed in Louisiana," is the *World's* description of the affair. This is almost being an accessory after the fact. On the following night the office of the *Register*, a paper published at Attakapas, in the same parish, was sacked by a mob, and the editor and printers were obliged to take their leave for New Orleans. "The negroes," our Democratic friends will learn with regret—the Associated Press says so—"are making very bold threats," and they will probably have to have some more printing offices burned about their ears. The St. Landry massacre, by the way, seems to have resulted in the killing of more than one hundred negroes. While we are in this military district of our American Poland, it is as well to look for a moment at the case of a former satrap who has been trying to do business in Marion County, Texas. On the 11th of the month news came to Galveston of the murder of the Honorable G. W. Smith, a Republican delegate to the convention. He had been speaking to an audience of his constituents, and on leaving the meeting was fired upon. He appears to have returned the fire—which is the more likely as he was a Union captain during the war—and retreated to the quarters of a small detachment of United States troops. These the attacking party disarmed, their commander apparently being cowardly or most inefficient, and then Smith was literally riddled with bullets. Buchanan and Hancock together have made Texas a fine place of residence for men not rebels. The massacre at Millican, done in August last, is said to be as yet not reported upon by any United States officer.

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On to-day week, at Pine Bluff, in Arkansas, the Deputy Sheriff of Drew County, a Republican, was tied to a negro and both were killed at one shot. "A carpet-bag deputy slain in Arkansas," the *World* says in reference to this case. The arms which we spoke of as being at Memphis, on their way to Arkansas, were the property of Governor Clayton and Senator McDonald, and were to have been sold to the State for the militia. A steamer was at last procured to take them from Memphis, but before she was far from the city she was captured by a tugboat load of masked men and the guns were thrown into the river. The innocence of the Associated Press reporter was almost too much for him when he transmitted this intelligence and news of the governor's action after the piracy. "Prominent officials," he says, say that they cannot quite comprehend the governor's telegram to Schofield, in which he says that he is satisfied armed resistance to the laws is contemplated in Arkansas. The officials "do not understand why he should entertain such fears, as he himself states that the arms were thrown overboard by the captors." It *is* hard to understand; especially as the gentlemen who took the *Hesper* are notoriously ignorant of the use of fire-arms and captured both her and the tugboat by moral suasion, in the employment of which agency the older residents of Arkansas have reached great excellence. The governor will nevertheless need troops. Many of the Republicans who are in office, or have otherwise made themselves conspicuous marks, are fleeing into Missouri.

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In the Carolinas there are two partisan murders reported as having occurred within the week. On the afternoon of Friday, in broad daylight, a colored Senator standing on the platform of a railroad car,

in Abbeville District, was killed by three men, who coolly rode up to the train and shot him. "The murderers were not recognized." In the same district a white member of the House of Representatives was killed by a disguised party, who shot him in his carriage as he was approaching his home. He was what is called a "scallawag"—being a native Southerner, and not Democratic in his political opinions. North Carolina has as yet had no murders; but the governor is apprehensive of violent outbreaks on the 3d of November, and has seen fit to issue his proclamation, in which he declares "that weapons of an extraordinary character"—repeating rifles—"are imported into the State by political organizations, and distributed in a secret manner among persons whose spokesmen deny the authority of the existing government, and who publicly declare that all government, to be authoritative and binding, must proceed alone from one race of our people." General Miles, the Vandal guard of Mr. Jefferson Davis at Fortress Monroe, is in command in North Carolina, and he has so disposed the too few troops under his orders that very likely Governor Holden's apprehensions will not be justified by any disturbances. Indeed, the bold tone of his proclamation, which, as a state document, does credit to his literary abilities, is confirmatory proof of the encouraging testimony concerning North Carolina affairs which we have borne on more than one occasion. Evidently, the governor has at his back a good many white men of like mind with himself; and we expect that there will be a tolerably easy Republican victory in North Carolina, and that in the whole State there will not be three such murders as have been done by the hundred in the rest of the South.

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Mr. Motley delivered, on Tuesday evening, the opening lecture at the Fraternity Course in Boston, testifying, in his first words, the depth of his sympathy for the Republican cause, and his sense of responsibility as a citizen to do all in his power to lend it success. His address was a peculiarly able and eloquent presentation of the issues now at stake, and rich, as might have been expected, in historical illustrations. Especially admirable were his remarks on State sovereignty and centralization, and on the oppressiveness of reconstruction, while with great weight he set forth the arguments against repudiation in any shape. The summary of the character of General Grant, with which he closed, was full of feeling of a sort not generally found in campaign speeches, and such as Mr. Beecher is generally master of, though in this respect he disappointed his hearers at the Brooklyn Academy the other night. Mr. Motley's speech appears to have been printed, and we hope that it will have a very wide circulation.

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What General Blair's programme is, if he should be elected, we were informed by his "manly but infelicitous" utterance in the Brodhead letter. The present governments in every Southern State were to be overthrown by violence, and the President was to be a passive witness of the new revolution, if not an active participator. He has recently made another equally manly and equally felicitous utterance in one of his numerous St. Louis speeches. This time he tells us what the Democratic party is going to do in case it does n't succeed. The Radical candidate, General Grant, is never to be allowed to leave the White House alive. We paid no attention to this threat when news of it came by telegraph, but it is now given by the St. Louis papers in their report of the speech. The Brodhead letter was written soberly, in cold blood, and, as we suppose, by a colder blooded man than General Blair; but we doubt if there is not more to be feared from the threatenings of the harangue. Southern hearts can be fired individually as well as collectively, and talk like this of Blair's is wickedly dangerous.

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One of the most singular political movements ever set on foot in this country has during the week been suggested by the *World*. So far as is now apparent on the surface, the thought of changing the Democratic candidates was first conceived by Mr. "Wash. McLean" and some of the other Pendleton leaders in Ohio. It is entirely worthy of the gentlemen whom the Democratic party has latterly been obliged to accept as leaders—wire-pullers dignified with the name of statesmen, and so destitute of the first element of political good sense, in a country where the people rule, that there is hardly one of them who for the last dozen years has, at any time, guessed what the people thought and how they were feeling. It would of course have been a ridiculous attitude for the party to put itself in—that of deserting its chosen standard-bearers, finding new ones, nominating them, reconciling the jarring sections of the Democracy to the informally selected substitutes—and doing it all within twenty days of the day of election. The proposal was so fatuous that it is no wonder if people have ever since been looking about for some hidden reason which induced the *World* to make it. But having heard that in reality it came originally from the able men who thought Seymour and Blair could carry the country, nobody will think it necessary to look hard for occult reasons. The eagerness, however, with which the *World* and the inner ring of New York politicians caught up the idea and urged it on the attention of the party is a matter for curious consideration. The explanations that have been given are various, but a probable opinion is, that all hope of electing their Presidential candidates having been lost, our Democratic politicians resolved to take some means of impressing the New York rank and file with the necessity of trading Seymour votes for Republican votes for Hoffman and Assemblymen. The Assemblymen are, of course, to send a Democratic Senator to Congress in place of Morgan or Fenton; Hoffman is to remove the Tammany ring to Albany; and the State is to be blessed with a government like that of this city. If this explanation seems too far-fetched, it will seem so only to people ignorant of the political intriguing for which New York has always been notorious. We ourselves do not quite accept it. The selling out of Seymour, or we are much mistaken, began before the October elections, and was contemplated, if not determined upon, before he was put in nomination. However that may be, the articles in question have had something of the effect we have spoken of. Furthermore, they must have given the *World* managers a delightful experience of the "I told you so" feeling. Last summer the *World* worked hard for Chase and a progressive platform, and was severely snubbed for doing so. Now it has retorted upon its revilers; and not idly either, for it cannot be otherwise than that so frank a confession of defeat as it made in advising a change of base will do something to force the conviction on the party mind that the *World's* and not Vallandigham's wing of the party must rule. Republicans may properly rejoice at the whole affair, and that for a dozen reasons. One is, that it is something gained for honesty in politics if the Democracy throughout this and other States can be made to hate and disregard the treacherous Democratic managers of this city and Albany.

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What effect all this manœuvring will have on the result in this State, it is hard to say. We are much inclined to think that it will have none, or little; that Griswold as well as Grant will defeat his opponent; and that neither Mr. Tilden nor Mr. Church nor Mr. Sweeney will go to Washington. Even if the prospect were not so good of giving Grant at any rate a tolerable majority in this State, even if Seymour gets the vote of every Democrat, there is not the least reason why Republicans should bargain. Grant has no need of our thirty-three electoral votes. What the Republican party in this State ought to desire above all things is the defeat of the Tammany candidate for governor; it is of vastly more importance than carrying the State for Grant. Meantime, the legitimate work of the campaign goes on with the utmost activity; the stump speakers are in great force, and processions and oratory are the nightly occupation of the citizens; the party headquarters are full of clerks mailing documents by the thousand; the American landscape which has people and has not a flag visible, must be rarely seen. The weekly number of meetings is some hundreds, and many of the speakers are very clever. General Sharpe, for example, puts to shame most of our experienced speech-makers. Governor Seymour is himself going to take the stump and formally become what some of the irreverent have called him—"the tail to Hoffman's kite." Elsewhere throughout the country, even where the October fighting was done, there is much ardor, but it is nowhere hotter than in the Fifth Massachusetts District, where the Democrats—the Democrat of that district is a being decidedly different from the "copperhead" or the New York naturalized variety—have nominated Judge Otis Lord, and are not

going to vote for Mr. Dana. Mr. Dana is stumping the county, and so is General Gordon, who made Butler's acquaintance in war times, and feels that affection for him which animates the breasts of all the good officers with whom he ever came in contact. His speeches are very remarkably plain spoken. It is calculated that if a vote were taken to-day the poll would stand 3,500 for Lord, 3,500 for Dana, and 6,500 for Butler. But Mr. Richard Spofford and other leading Democrats are out in favor of their old ally, and it is improbable, we should suppose, that the vote for Lord will reach so high a figure as 3,500. The struggle is a very severe one; but however it may turn out, the more intelligent and respectable section of the Republican party will have the satisfaction of knowing that they have washed themselves clean of General Butler, and will be no longer responsible for any injury he may do the party, or any disgrace he may bring upon the national good name. By the way, the present devices of some of his friends are quite worthy of himself. The Boston *Commonwealth*—calling in again, if we are not mistaken, the "reasoner" whom it employed in the impeachment business—recently made an attack on Mr. Dana for having, when in England, written a letter, "which made every Tory rejoice and every Liberal sick at heart," against the extension of the right of suffrage to more men than at that time possessed it. This charge the *Transcript* shows to be sheer fabrication. Mr. Dana being asked for information as to the working of the two systems of balloting, that of voting with the sealed envelope or with the folded ballot, gave the information desired, and probably made very few Liberals very sick. Mr. Buffinton, implicated in the purchase of an appointment in the revenue service, is, we are sorry to see, nominated in the New Bedford District in the face of strenuous opposition.

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An advertising apothecary, Mr. Helmbold, of this city, recently wrote a letter to match that which Judge Edwards Pierrepont recently wrote to Mr. A. T. Stewart, when he placed his check for $20,000 in Mr. Stewart's hands to be used by the friends of Grant for campaigning purposes. Mr. Helmbold, in his epistle, laid down the Democratic political creed, as Judge Pierrepont had previously laid down, with reasonable accuracy, the creed of the Republican party. The person to whom his communication was addressed is a member of a firm doing business up-town. It will hardly be believed, but the *Tribune* actually advises its readers—as if it were the Montgomery *Mail*, or the *Independent Monitor*, or the Atlanta *Era*, or the Petersburg *Index*, or a journal published at Richmond, on the James—to refrain from giving their custom to the firm in question. We hardly know what to say to this.

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George Francis Train is among the latest adherents of Grant, as the "American People" are told in an address of which the Cable newsmonger has seen fit to telegraph a summary. He has discovered in the Democratic party a friendliness to England which is enough to drive every Irishman from the ranks; and for his part, if he is to contest the election of Morrissey, he insists on being an independent candidate. We doubt if his ambition would have satisfied itself with this humble leadership if he had had access to the *World's* files during the past week. The horrible destitution of Presidential candidates foreshadowed by that paper after the fall elections, would have inspired Train to quite another manifesto. The hardships of his imprisonment, however, ought not to be aggravated by his ignorance of what is going on in this country. It may be still not too late to drop Seymour for Train. The hard-hearted creditors who will not, as he says, let him out of jail till he is elected member of Congress, would certainly be thrown into consternation on finding that they had a President of the United States under lock and key in a British dungeon. His chances of release would be vastly improved by this higher nomination, and if he is wise he will telegraph a willingness to take Seymour's place—or Blair's. Blair has as good a chance as Seymour really; his becoming President has been admitted as probable even by the Seymour press of this State.

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The *Pall Mall Gazette*, in reviewing the statistics of Irish emigration to this country, finds evidence, in the diminished numbers, of increasing prosperity among the Irish people, and looks to the time when wages will be so nearly equalized on both sides of the water that emigration from Ireland will cease entirely. Even now the returning emigrants amount to from a quarter to a third of the outgoing. Cessation, the *Gazette* thinks, will inevitably cause a great delay in the material progress of the United States, unless the Germans and other European peoples supply the place of the Irish. No one can doubt that this substitution will take place to an even greater extent than has already been the case since the German stream, for instance, began to surpass the Irish in volume; and, as we write, we learn of a vigorous effort which is making to put the Baltic population, and that of the provinces lying to the south and east, in direct steam communication with New York, by making a railroad centre of Stettin and using Swinemünde as a port of departure. Moreover, the emigrants of the future are to be still more largely agricultural than ever, when the South as well as the West is fairly opened to colonization. The Irish having served comparatively little as pioneers and cultivators, they will not be missed from this company, while their peculiar work on railroads and canals, and other simply laborious offices, will apparently be in time monopolized by the Chinese, keeping pace with the advance of the Pacific Railroad. How much the new treaty will accomplish for us on this side depends a good deal on the temper of the Californians and their submission to paper stipulations. Once admitted, however, the Chinese will not stop west of the Sierra Nevada. We shall be greatly surprised if they do not ultimately congregate in this city in considerable numbers; and they may contribute a satisfactory solution to the "servant-gal" question.

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There are a good many reasons why the Spanish revolution may not result, as could be wished, in a liberal and stable form of government, and why speculations on this subject should be indulged in with caution. Supposing, however, that the Junta maintains itself till December 15, the date assigned for the assembling of the Cortes, Spain will have enjoyed in the interval a formally unexceptionable rule. Every decree of the Junta thus far has been, within the limits of possibility, as considerate of human and individual rights as if it were certain that the Cortes would decide in favor of a republic. The week's work of this provisional government has been, if we may trust the Cable, to reopen the free schools, to decree freedom to all children born of slaves hereafter in the colonies, to provide for conforming the national coinage to that of France, and to appoint, among other officials, a Minister to England. These and the acts which preceded them are well worth, if only to be put on paper, the bloodless revolution which has procured them.

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In Italy, of course, the events in Spain have not caused inconsolable grief. The Roman question is now reduced to its lowest terms, and France can no longer share with any other power the odium of maintaining the Pope. Some late discussions, also, on the part of the Italian press, as to whether Italy could afford to make alliances in case of a war between France and Prussia, have become simplified since it is certain that Spain will not add weight to the Emperor's demands for assistance in such a struggle. Italy can with greater security plead its internal affairs as an excuse for neutrality; and that this is no mere pretext, the disorganized condition of many parts of the kingdom, and of the Romagna in particular, too plainly declares. In Ravenna the state of society is scarcely more tolerable than in Texas. Armed bands hold the country in terror, overawe the judges, plunder and murder with impunity; and even in the cities, in broad daylight, assassinations are so frequent that men fear to go about their peaceful avocations. Things have come to such a pass that the Government has sent General Escoffier, with extraordinary authority, civil and military, to break up the gangs and restore the dominion of law. The officials themselves, however, in all parts of the peninsula, are sadly wanting in honesty, and above all in independence of politics. Through them the secrets of the Government are constantly betrayed to the opposition, with the natural result of embittering party strife and preventing any ministry from doing its best to reform and govern the state. Neither prefects nor police are exempt from this practical disobedience and lawlessness.

## THE OCTOBER CAMPAIGN.

Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Indiana have united their voices with those of Vermont and Maine, in pronouncing the condemnation of the Democratic party. The struggle was more evenly matched than in the far Northern States, and the majorities are not so overwhelming. But they are large enough. They make the general result in November absolutely certain. Not only so, but they secure to the Republican candidates a clear majority of all the electoral votes, without counting the vote of a single reconstructed State in their favor. The whole number of electoral votes, if all the States were restored, would be 317. Only 294 will, however, be cast. General Grant is now secure of 152 votes from the States which never were claimed for the Southern Confederacy, without counting New York in his favor. He is also morally certain to carry Missouri and West Virginia, which will give him 168 votes of indisputable validity. In addition to these he will receive the votes of several reconstructed States, and is quite as likely as anybody else to carry New York and California, in which case Mr. Seymour will receive less than fifty electoral votes. In any event, he cannot possibly get more than ninety.

Although this result has been long foreseen by those who have studied the subject with impartiality, and the figures are exactly the same as those which we gave last June, yet the facts are so remarkable as to excite some wonder in minds which have from the first anticipated them. The Republican party will, next November, have carried three successive Presidential elections, by steadily increasing popular majorities. It will have carried a majority of the Northern States for its Presidential candidates *four* times in succession. It will have had a popular majority in the North at every annual election for eleven years, with only one exception.

Such a continuous series of victories is a marvellous thing. Public opinion undergoes even more rapid changes now than in former days. Indeed, the doctrines of the Republican party have changed greatly in some respects. Yet, amid all these changes, and with the heavy disadvantage of an enormous foreign immigration constantly making votes against it—and this is a fact not sufficiently considered—the party has maintained a hold upon the confidence of the people which is without any parallel in the last forty years.

The principal cause of this popular steadfastness may be found in the extraordinary obtuseness and wickedness of the Democratic party—qualities of which it has made even more than its usual display this year. Its obtuseness was illustrated by the nomination of Seymour—its wickedness and obtuseness both by that of Blair: the former proving that it could not get out of its old rut, even to save its life; and the latter showing that the only new allies that were welcome to its camp were those who came with more ferocity of spirit than was possessed even by the old line soldiers. Having thus opened the campaign by throwing away all chance of success in a fair fight, the party managers undertook to maintain their reputation for wickedness, as well as to recover their lost ground, by an organized and widespread system of fraud. In Pennsylvania they manufactured citizens by the thousand, under pretended forms of law, but really in open disregard of the law; and fearing lest these should not suffice, they forged unknown numbers of naturalization certificates. In Indiana, where the law affords most unwise facilities for such operations, they colonized voters from Kentucky in numbers which sufficed to carry two Congressional districts, and very nearly carried the State.

No one seems able to devise the means of punishing or fully preventing these monstrous frauds. The public conscience is not awake to their true character, and respectable men do not treat a political forger as they do the forger of a note. Unfortunately, all parties are more or less guilty in this respect. The Republicans cheated badly in Indiana in 1864, excusing themselves on the ground that their opponents were engaged in treasonable conspiracies. The Democrats, of course, have an excuse equally satisfactory to themselves. But, beyond all question, they do the most cheating, and their preponderance of sin brings its punishment in the loss of nearly enough votes among honorable men to make up for all that they gain by fraud. Moreover, men who uniformly cheat their political opponents are absolutely sure to cheat among themselves; and the notoriety of the Democratic party for the fraudulent character of its internal management has much to do with its present depressed condition.

How depressed that condition is, we have all been made aware by the extraordinary proposition of a change in the candidates of the party. This suggestion, although not adopted, has received a degree of attention that would never have been given to it if the party had not despaired of success. The Republican majority in Pennsylvania is not very large, while that in Indiana is extremely small; yet no sensible Democrat dreams of overcoming either in November. The Democracy has obviously lost all hope of further gains; it has exhausted its utmost strength, and no longer dreams of victory outside of New York and New Jersey. Of course no change can now be made either in the ticket or the platform. Rhetorically, it is well to praise "audacity," but when one-third of an army secretly longs for an excuse to desert, a change of flag or leader in the face of the enemy is a fatal experiment. The Democratic managers want to keep their party together for another struggle, although in this they foresee inevitable defeat.

The Republicans lose seven members of Congress, and these losses, added to those which are certain to be sustained in November, particularly in the Southern States, make it probable that the party will not have quite two-thirds of the next House of Representatives. While regretting the loss of some faithful members, we are not dissatisfied with the general result. The majority in Congress has been too large for its own good. It has had the power of suspending the rules and shutting off debate, whenever it was disposed, and it has exercised this power far too often for the welfare of the country and of the party. The majority in the next House, even if it numbers two-thirds, will be unable to muster such a vote without the unanimous concurrence of the party; and the moderate members will thus be able to hold their more incautious associates in check.

Indeed, the comparative smallness of the majorities by which the fate of this campaign has been decided is not a matter of great regret. We should have been more sorry than we can well express if the majorities had been the other way; but we think they are about as large as a far-seeing friend of republicanism could desire. The result actually attained will secure all the substantial fruits of the most sweeping victory, while it will also, we believe, impress upon the party counsels that moderation and patience which, far more than any temporary majorities, secure permanent and satisfactory triumphs.

## NAMES IN POLITICS.

As we have more than once said, the contest in the Fifth Massachusetts district is not one of simply local interest. There is hardly a paper in the country which has not discussed it. There is not a decent or intelligent man in the country who is not watching it with anxiety. The reasons of this are obvious. In the first place, it affords an excellent test of the value attached to the *character* of public men by the party laying strongest claims to purity and morality; for here is the most disreputable politician of the party seeking the suffrages of one of its most intelligent, moral, and "pure-blooded" constituencies—meaning by "pure-blooded," let us repeat for the benefit of dunces, constituencies in which the original Puritan population, with its peculiar religious and social training, has suffered least from the intermixture of ignorant foreign immigrants with no training whatever. In the next place, it affords a test of the extent to which the worst men of the party have succeeded in indoctrinating the Republicans with Democratic notions of the nature of party discipline. The theories of the obligations imposed by this discipline, which were propounded by the wilder men at the time of the impeachment, naturally alarmed and disgusted most of those who believe that if you take from the Republican party its respect for the individual conscience and understanding of its members, and for rules of morality, you deprive it not only of all value, but of all reason for existing; and it led a great many to fear that the organization was moving rapidly along the broad and dirty road of unscrupulousness which has brought the Democratic party to its present deplorable condition. When moral reformers began to sneer at the "consciences" of the most highly respectable men, and to talk of respect for oaths as "cant," it seemed a sure sign to many that there was something rotten in the organization.

The failure of the attempt to cow the seven senators into submission, and the firm support these gentlemen received from the better portion of the press, and the rapid return of the party to a healthy and rational state of mind about impeachment, showed, however, that there was more alarm than was necessary, and that the reign of pure and unblushing unscrupulousness was not so near as it seemed. The defeat of Barnum in Connecticut, and the amount of "scratching" and "bolting" done in other parts of the country in the same year, proved, too, that there were plenty of Republicans everywhere determined to resist to the last any attempt to introduce into the party the Democratic doctrine as to the supremacy of caucuses. The *New York Tribune* preached that doctrine in all its nakedness with regard to Barnum; but three months later, seeing how the public felt, repudiated it boldly.

In Butler's case, his supporters are evidently trying to revive it. The "regularity of his nomination" is put forward as one of his claims to support with a confidence worthy of General John Cochrane, who said, when in the Democratic fold, that if the devil got "the regular nomination" he would vote for him, as if anything in politics could be "regular" which was not decent, which was not moral, and in which the right of virtue and intelligence to rule the world was not recognized! What makes it all the more remarkable is, that it is now put forward by men who have been professed moralists, who used to weigh cases of conscience, who act as if they believed that the moral law, unlike the common law, thought nothing too minute for its attention, and as if there were no "duties of imperfect obligation." Moreover, Butler's open disregard of party discipline—in his attempt to tax the bonds, his combining with the Democrats to endanger the public credit, postpone or make impossible the funding of the debt at a low rate of interest, and seduce the nation into an open fraud of the most despicable character—is treated as a mere bagatelle by men who treated the professions of respect for the obligation of an oath, uttered by the minority of the Republican senators in the impeachment trial, as mere cant and humbug, and the obligation itself as utterly insignificant compared with the obligations of party discipline. For several weeks Trumbull and Fessenden were spoken of as if they were a pair of hypocrites who had robbed a till, and defended the theft by alleging their desire to bestow the money in charity.

Another device is being resorted to for General Butler's assistance which is more dangerous, because more insidious, than the "regular ticket" plea. He is being cried up as a genuine "Radical," and his opponent as a mere "Conservative." Curiously enough, however, this too is borrowed from Democratic tactics. It is simply an attempt to practise on New Englanders the kind of deception involved in making names play the part of ideas, which the Democratic leaders have so long practised successfully on the Irish. There is no magic in the term "Radical" any more than in the term "Democratic." Both may be made to cover men and principles of the worst kind. There are Radical asses just as well as Radical sages. There are times when it is good to be a "Radical"—that is, a tearer up by the roots; and there are times when it is good to be a Conservative—that is, an advocate of preservation or construction. A man who persists in being always Radical, under all circumstances—and there are times when that may be to insist on pulling his cabbages up every day to see how they are growing—a man who insists on always destroying, and on looking upon all construction, or all respect or love for the thing that *is*, with suspicion, is a man for whom the politics of reasonable people has no place, and whom perseverance in his course may eventually bring to the lunatic asylum. Sensible citizens of a free and intelligent community do not ask about a candidate, "Is he Democratic or is he Radical?" but "Is he honest, is he pure, is he above reproach, is he able, is he eloquent, has he been a consistent and faithful supporter of certain principles?" They do not ask about a measure, "Is it a Radical measure or is it a Conservative measure?" because experience has a thousand times shown them that a measure may be "Radical," and yet be an unmistakable mixture of folly and rascality, or it may be Conservative, and be the product of both wisdom, knowledge, and discretion. For instance, the Butler plan of paying off the public debt in greenbacks, or fraudulently reducing the interest promised by the nation to the public creditor, is considered by him and many of his supporters in the Fifth District a "Radical" plan, because some Radicals preach it; but in reality, as Mr. Mill pointed out in the letter we published last week, it is an old feudal plan, hoary with age. The really novel radical, democratic idea is that the nation should keep its promises to the last cent, sink or swim, live or die. Mr. Dana, however, the "Conservative," advocates the latter; Mr. Benjamin Butler, the great "Radical," advocates the other. In short, sensible men who want to see the country well governed do not concern themselves with words but with things, and above all do not allow what Bentham called "question-begging words"—that is, words in the mere utterance of which everything in dispute is assumed—to take the place of argument, or to cover up the facts.

Moreover, it is high time that those who are fond of using the word "Radical" as a spell should explain to the public what they *now* mean by it. They clearly cannot mean what they meant three years ago. Three years ago, a "Radical" was a person who held that conditions ought to be imposed on the South; that it belonged to Congress to prescribe these conditions; and that, amongst them, the abolition of all political discriminations based on color should be included. To be sure, Radicals differed as to the importance they attached to each of these points. Some were most concerned about the negro, others about the Union; but that the interval which separated them was not very great may be conjectured from the fact that so long ago as 1865, so fierce a Radical as the late Mr. George L. Stearns expressed not only his willingness but his desire "to sink the negro in the general question," that is, to give up treating the blacks as a class or party, and treat their interests as simply part and parcel of the general interests of the community. Now all these points have been carried. Conditions which the country has pronounced satisfactory have been imposed on the South; Congress has imposed them, and the blacks have been admitted to the suffrage. We hold that any man who assisted in bringing about this result, who rejoices in it, and who, on this basis —the basis of equal rights, of liberty, and of security—wishes to see the country pursue the path of a national progress, governed by its virtue, its intelligence, its reason, and by the experience of the human race, is still a Radical, in so far as radical means anything that is either good or useful. But in the mouths of a great many of those who now call themselves Radical, and put the name forward as their great title to confidence, it has ceased to mean anything either good or useful. They have made it a synonym for violence, for extravagance, for perturbation and disorder, for scorn of the human understanding, for disdain of the light of history, and the teachings of science, and the slow, safe processes of law. In the impeachment time they made it a synonym for indecency and slander and scorn of individual independence. In the case of General Butler they are trying to make it cover disregard of the character of public men, disregard of the plighted faith of the nation, and disregard even for party discipline in the very cases in which party discipline acts as a salutary check.

One thing is certain, however, that the Republican party cannot be governed by names; and those who are relying on the influence of names to govern it will sooner or later come to grief. General Butler may be re-elected as a "Radical," but if he should be elected we count on him with perfect confidence to expose the folly of trusting anything to names. He will surely furnish a most striking illustration of their worthlessness as political guides. He will by his own career open the eyes of those whose eyes the career of the Democratic party has not opened, and he will, in Congress and out of it, triumphantly vindicate those who believe as we believe, and proclaim as we proclaim, that there is nothing in a man, be he priest, soldier, or politician, on which his fellow-men can rely but his character; that it is not by what he calls himself, or by his doings in this month or that month, that he is to be judged, but by the whole course and tenor of his life. He will himself show the inherent silliness and vanity of the argument that he ought to be elected "because the Copperheads hate him," as if the Copperheads would not hate any man who bore arms against the rebellion, and as if a man might not have borne arms against the rebellion and yet be morally everything that is detestable. And he will, by being a thorn in the side of the Republican majority in Congress, a fomenter of divisions,

of strifes, a lover of chicane and of crooked ways, put those to the blush who think they are "cute" in supporting him and that his election will be the triumph of expediency. At Butler's age men do not change. It is not possible for him to serve faithfully such a party as the Republican party is and ought to be. But we shall not regret his election if his course puts an end, as we trust and believe it will, to the muddle-headed attempts to be "smart" and knowing in politics into which he has succeeded in seducing numbers of really well-meaning and once scrupulous Massachusetts moralists.

## THE TRUTH ABOUT RUSSIA.

We confess to having felt considerably relieved when we read the Cable despatch the other day informing us of the narrow escape of the Grand Duke Alexis in the waters of Denmark, as it proved that the previously received announcement that he was about to visit this country was not true, and that the reflecting portion of the community would be spared the humiliation of witnessing another philo-Russian demonstration. Few people of good taste and good sense, who remember the reception of the Prince of Wales, ever want to see another royal personage set foot on our shores; but there are special reasons for deprecating the advent of a Russian prince, inasmuch as he would be received in a manner which would indicate not simply that Americans were hospitable and respected rank, and felt grateful for Russian friendship and support during the late struggle, but that Russian polity deserved and received our admiration. Extraordinary and lavish demonstrations of gratitude and attachment to foreign powers on the part of a nation like this are just as childish and undignified as extraordinary displays of resentment; but if they are ever to be indulged in at all by a free and enlightened people, it ought to be in token not of their appreciation of such cheap civilities as we have received from Russia, or even of such expressions of "sympathy" with us in adversity as she lately offered, but in token of their approval of the principles on which the Government is based, and of the policy of which it is the supporter, and of the nature of the part it plays in the work of progress. Those who think that our cheers even, and our banquets, ought to be made to help the cause of humanity, can therefore find little cause for comfort in our attitude towards Russia. Our adulation of her has already made us an object of pity or ridicule, not to other nations simply —because one might say their dissatisfaction was due to their envy— but to the wisest and best men in the civilized world, and amongst them those who know Russia best and have most faithfully studied her policy and her manners.

Not that we have a word to say against the Russians. There is no denying that they are an extraordinary people—a people of very wonderful natural gifts, whose future, it is to be hoped, will prove worthy of their powers. But they have, as yet, done nothing to merit the esteem of the world, nothing to earn the gratitude of the civilized portion of mankind. Moreover, their growth has long ceased to be organic growth. The additions made to the empire for the last ninety years have been the result of ruthless conquest, conducted with a barbarity and causing an amount of individual suffering for which the annals of no other modern nation can produce a parallel; and what makes the matter all the worse is, that its victories, both in peace and war, have, except in Asia, been the conquests of a lower over a higher civilization. The way in which very good people in America have been bewitched by the emancipation of the serfs is an illustration of that same perversion of the moral judgment and derangement of the sense of moral proportion which has converted a great many Radicals, after long years of labor in the attempt to apply abstract morality to practical politics, into repudiators of the national obligations and admirers of General Butler, or of anybody else like him who takes it into his head to be "sound on the main question," as if any classification of political "questions" could, in the forum of morals, enable a man to use virtues displayed in one field of activity to offset the rascalities committed in nine others. Our abandonment of the Poles, whose struggle for national independence has been one of the glories of the human race, because the Polish nobles did not do for their serfs in the eighteenth century what the Russian nobles only did for theirs—and that under compulsion—in the latter half of the nineteenth, is and must always remain a shameful incident in American history. Luckily it is only an incident, and it is one for which the reflecting portion of the community are not responsible, and at which the whole community will, we feel assured, one day feel mortified. Nobody who *thinks* about foreign politics, or has paid any attention to Russian history, believes that the Russian Government feels any respect for the principles on which this Government rests, or that its friendship for Americans has any better basis than the feeling that we are the one great power of the world which is not likely to interfere with the execution of Russian schemes of aggrandizement, or that there is anything in common between the two countries but size.

If there be anybody, not a regular blatterer, on whom the Russian glamour still rests, we trust he has been an attentive reader of the Russian news of the last three years, on which we have been constantly tempted to comment, and have only refrained from the feeling that it was such "an ancient tale of wrong" that it had no chance of attention. What is the Russia of to-day? What is the spirit of the laws by which she is governed? What offence against civilization is there, except the crime of man-holding and man-selling, which now does not *pay* in any country, which she does not commit?

The Russian penal code now in force throughout the empire embraces in its two thousand two hundred and twenty-four paragraphs, among others, the following Imperial enactments: There are declared to be twenty-five degrees of criminality, which are punished, some by death, some by exile and life-long hard labor in the Siberian mines, after the public infliction of one hundred lashes by the executioners, and the branding of the forehead and cheeks with the letters K, A, T; some by ninety lashes, branding, and deportation to Siberia for life, with hard labor for various terms of years; some by eighty or seventy lashes, branding, hard labor in fortresses, and perhaps perpetual confinement. Persons convicted of crimes against the "sacred person" of the emperor or the members of his family, or of "attempts on the honor of the emperor," are punished with death. So are those who know of such attempts and do not denounce them. The intentional injuring or mutilating of a statue or image of the emperor, erected at any public or official place, is punished with deportation for life to Siberia, and ten years of hard labor. So also is the man who propagates revolutionary prints, manuscripts, or pictures. Exile to Siberia is the punishment of him, too, who expresses an argument against, or a doubt concerning the rights of, the Imperial Government! These are a few specimens of Russian law, and not the most extravagant ones.

Illustrations of the daily acts of the Russian administration, sufficiently characteristic of its spirit, we find in abundance in our foreign files. The following communications we extract, in a condensed form, from the best informed issues of the last three months: "St. Petersburg, July 7, 1868. The Roman Catholic bishopric of Minsk is to be abolished. Within the last four years twenty-eight of its churches have been surrendered to the Greek Orthodox service, and upward of thirty-five thousand peasants converted to that creed." "Warsaw, July 8. The authorities here are now issuing their rescripts in Russian. Bills of houses-to-be-let written in Polish alone are prohibited. Nor are exclusively Polish business signs permitted." "Warsaw, July 15. An order of the Committee of Organization excludes officials of the Roman Catholic persuasion from the official and personal privileges bestowed upon certain classes by the ukase of August 11, 1867. All non-Russian teachers have been ordered to apply for examination by the Russian Examining Committee before the first of January next, from which day instruction in all schools, public or private, in the former Kingdom of Poland is to be done in Russian exclusively. What is to become of the schools in the country, where nobody knows Russian, is a grave question." "Warsaw, July 21. *A counter-police has been established here whose duty it is to watch the regular police.*" "Wilna, July 25. General Potapoff, the Governor-General of the North-western Department, has issued a circular prohibiting, under severe penalties, the use of the Polish language in 'courts, churches, theatres, club and assembly rooms, hotels, inns, dining-halls, bar-rooms, refreshment-saloons, restaurants, confectionaries, coffee-houses, ale-houses, wine-cellars, warehouses, stores, public gardens and walks, printing, lithographic, and photographic establishments, and, in general, at all places to which

the public has access; besides, all private conversation in Polish is prohibited, except in the interior of the houses, and in family circles." (This curious circular is *in extenso* before us.) "Warsaw, July 31. Jewish parents have been prohibited from hiring Christian wet-nurses for their children." "Wilna, August 5. The new conscription-decree for the western governments punishes evasion of service with confiscation. Towards Jews the decree is still more severe. A Jewish parent who knows of his son's intention to escape by flight, and fails to prevent it by denunciation or otherwise, incurs the same penalty." "Warsaw, August 5. The recently promulgated Imperial ukase on transmigration from one part of the empire to another places Poles and Jews under severe restrictions. The Emperor being expected to visit this city in September, orders have been issued by the police for the whitewashing of houses and repainting of signs." "Warsaw, September 2. The number of Catholic students to be admitted to any of the Imperial universities has been limited to thirty, by order of the Minister of Public Instruction. The price of admission to our grammar and higher schools has been considerably raised." "Wilna, September 15. The once celebrated Calvinist gymnasium of Sluck has been changed into a Russian institution. The Protestant and Catholic schools of these governments have almost entirely disappeared. The general number of pupils of the Lithuanian gymnasia has within the last six years dwindled down from 4,123 to 2,369, that of Polish Catholic pupils from 3,301 to 1,228. The cause is the deportation or impoverishment of so many well-educated and wealthy Polish families in consequence of the rising of 1863." "Warsaw, September 16. Our police makes great exertions to render the reception of the expected Emperor as splendid as possible. All owners of houses, and such tenants whose apartments are supplied with balconies, have been ordered to prepare large Russian flags, transparencies, etc. The illuminations, says the circular, have to be brilliant, and to last three days. A decree just issued orders the closing by our authorities of every bookstore in which a work is found which has not passed the censorship, and of every library in which an unstamped book is discovered."

The truth is, that our Russo-mania is based on little or nothing, and can have no endurance. When we know that country we shall —not revise our opinions in regard to it, for we cannot be said to have any, but we shall come to conclusions that will speedily dissipate European fears of a dangerous alliance between the most progressive of the Western nations and an odious and brutal despotism like the Russian.

## A VALUABLE OPPORTUNITY.

Like all its forerunners, the Universal Exposition of 1867 is bearing results beyond its immediate object of showing the state of human industry in the various civilized countries, of bringing about a closer intercourse between the participating nations, and of accelerating the advance of each upon the high road of progress through the wholesome spirit of emulation. It has but recently transpired that, during the great international gathering in the French capital last year, and in a quarter least suspected of being capable of such a liberal initiative, there was conceived the germ of a scheme promising great and lasting benefit to art, and that, moreover, this germ has since grown to a state of fruition. Everybody remembers the "Congress of Princes," the assembling of which in Paris on the occasion of the grand industrial jubilee was duly proclaimed by the official and semi-official press of France in the most extravagant language as one of the greatest triumphs of the Second Empire. Sensible people would not be persuaded at the time that much good would come to mankind from the pompously celebrated meetings of the "mighty of the earth" under the hospitable roof of Napoleon III. But it seems that they have borne, after all, some useful fruits. Among the papers laid before the British Parliament at the close of its last session were copies of a correspondence between the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Marlborough, as Lord President of the Privy Council, which contained the proof that the royal and imperial guests of the French sovereign did not confine themselves solely to viewing the sights of the Exposition and enjoying the *agrémens* of Paris. It appears that an engagement was entered into by twelve princes, representing as many different states, by the terms of which each of the signers pledged himself to use his influence to inaugurate in his own country a system of reproduction of valuable works of art similar to that so successfully carried on under the auspices of the Department of Science and Art at the South Kensington Museum, and to establish in addition a regular international exchange of the works thus to be reproduced. The agreement was signed by the Prince of Wales, Prince Napoleon, the Crown Prince of Prussia, the Czarevitch, Prince Oscar of Sweden, the two brothers of the Emperor of Austria, the Princes Royal of Italy and Saxony, the brother of the King of Belgium, the Crown Prince of Holland, and Prince Louis of Hesse—all on behalf of the several reigning houses to which they belonged.

Who the originator of the happy idea was does not appear. But the tenor of the agreement shows that it was suggested by the fine display of reproductions made by the South Kensington Museum in the British section of the Exposition. That institution exhibited excellent specimens of French, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, German, Swiss, Hindoo, Celtic, and English art, reproduced by casting in plaster, electrotyping, photographing, and other processes, and showing alike the practicability and usefulness of the scheme formally adopted in the agreement. The Prince of Wales communicated the letter to the Lord President of the Privy Council, to whose functions the administration of the Department of Science and Art belongs, with the request to take such steps as would ensure the realization of the plan. The duke in his reply promised to do all in his power to promote it. The other parties to the agreement having also taken the necessary steps for the fulfilment of its terms in their several countries, there can be no doubt of its being generally carried out.

Now, it seems to us that the interchange of the proposed copies furnishes a precious opportunity for supplying one of the most deeply felt wants of our country. Its all but absolute destitution of collections of art is so notorious that we need not waste any words in depicting it. The most valued evidences of human genius extant are already gathered in the numerous, richly endowed museums of the Old World. To procure the originals is out of the question. But the reproductions made and to be made are, we believe, within our reach. The avowed object of the pact of the princes being the artistic education of the people, there can be no serious difficulty in securing to the United States the benefit of the results of their action. Our diplomatic representatives in Europe, with one exception, are anything but overburdened with work. With very little effort they could doubtless induce the proper authorities to let our republic profit by whatever may be done under the agreement in question. To be sure, we shall not be able to offer much in exchange. But then we are rich enough to pay the comparatively trifling cost of reproduction, upon reimbursing which, according to the details of the plan adopted, states unable to give an equivalent are to be furnished with the fac-similes desired. With a moderate yearly appropriation by Congress for the purpose—and a fraction of the money wasted on the class of pretenders of which Miss Ream is a fair type would suffice—we should in due course of time find ourselves in possession of a collection less precious, of course, but hardly less useful than the European stores of the original treasures. Suitable edifices for displaying it would naturally have to be provided. But if Congress should not muster courage to vote the money for constructing them, private liberality would in all probability furnish it.

To show the utility of such a national enterprise—we have hardly faith enough in the artistic enthusiasm of our people to consider the demonstration of its usefulness superfluous—it is but necessary to point out the scope of all similar collections in Great Britain, the importance attached to them in that country as indispensable instruments of popular education, and the highly beneficial influence they have already exercised upon the producing classes of the British Isles. The reproductions of the South Kensington Museum comprise not only the fine arts proper, but architectural monuments, and specimens of every description of meritorious artisans' work of different times and of different nations. They are intended alike for the education of artists and of artisans. The very first of the successive universal expositions having developed the fact that the want of competition under the former protective system had resulted in a manifest inferiority in point of artistic skill of the British artisans in certain higher branches of industry, the Government and people with characteristic common sense jointly set to work to provide means for the better professional education of their working-men, when after the adoption of a free-trade policy intrinsic excellence alone promised a continuance of the traditional industrial prominence of the United Kingdom. For this purpose, Parliament votes annually a sum of money which is expended by the Department of Science and Art. Part of the instruction is afforded by the specimens of works of art multiplied at the South Kensington Museum in the manner referred to,

and accessible to the industrial classes not only at that central repository, but in branch collections opened in all the great manufacturing centres. The official reports of the British commissioners to the several world's expositions since 1860 all bear testimony to a marked progress in artistic taste, owing to the influence of these collections, which enables the British artisan at this time to compete successfully in several of the branches in which the French and other nationalities before excelled. At the close of 1860, the year in which this educational movement commenced, there were but nine special schools of science and art with 500 scholars in the United Kingdom. This number had increased at the close of 1864 to 91 schools with 4,666 scholars. At the close of 1867 there were no less than 283 schools with a total of 11,600 scholars! To all these schools, established partly with public aid and partly through the liberality of large manufacturers, the collections provided by the South Kensington Museum have been what maps and geographical apparatus are to the common schools.

Even the most enthusiastic admirer of our people and country will not pretend that all has been done for the professional training of our industrial classes that might and should be done. The example of Great Britain is being rapidly followed by the leading Continental states. Shall it be said of us that we do less for the elevation of our industrial producers than the nations over which we never tire of claiming our unapproachable superiority?

# Correspondence.

## GEN. PHELPS ON GEN. BUTLER'S PRACTICAL ABILITY.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: A communication in your paper of the 15th inst. alludes to me in connection with General Butler in New Orleans during the war, and claims superior "*practical*" ability for that general. I should hardly notice this communication if it had appeared in any other paper than the *Nation*.

The Government, in choosing a general from New England to command in the South-west in the earlier stages of the war, was governed somewhat, it may be presumed, by its appreciation of New England character. Some of the better traits of that character, as I understand them, are a great love of *liberty*, devotion to fundamental principles, respect for law, order, and regularity, and, not least, for *economy*, or unwasteful expenditure of money. On the other hand, some of its inferior traits are shrewdness and cunning in politics, and addiction to certain peculiar habits of trade and traffic.

Now, it seems to me that, under General Butler's régime in the South-west, New England was more prominently represented in these latter traits of her character—in her proclivities to trade and politics—than in her better traits and qualities; and that, as an inevitable consequence of such a representation, her general became too much involved in material considerations to render his services of any *practical* value to the country, however much they may have redounded to his own personal interests, or apparently to those of the party to which he is at present *politically* attached.

The communication referred to claims for General Butler great prescience in making military preparations for the rebellion, in the certain anticipation of which he became the colonel of a Massachusetts militia regiment. But at the same time that the general was thus preparing for war, he was voting to place the government of the country and its resources at the disposal of Jefferson Davis. This is certainly a very remarkable case of practical ability!

The general finally entered the military service of the United States as early as April, 1861, and though much given to making speeches, rather more than is natural to a "practical mind," yet he never came out and fully committed himself in a decided speech in favor of arming slaves, a simple practical measure of war, until April, 1863. This long delay of two years, which extended far beyond the already too long deferred Proclamation of Emancipation, is utterly untenable as a war measure, in proof of which the present lamentable condition of the country furnishes ample testimony. It gives no evidence at all in favor of a practical turn of mind.

The general has admirable tact and shrewdness in keeping himself upon the political coach in the midst of the greatest stir and dust; but his claims to possessing practical statesmanship would be amusing if it were not for the sad verity that they have already cost the country so dearly.

Very respectfully, J. W. Phelps.

Brattleboro, Vermont, October 17, 1868.

## MR. WENDELL PHILLIPS'S LATEST STORY ABOUT GRANT.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: Mr. Wendell Phillips spoke last evening before a large audience at Tremont Temple, on the temperance question, and in the course of his remarks alluded to General Grant. The mention of the name brought down the house at once, showing, as might have been supposed, that the audience was wholly Republican in sympathy. Mr. Phillips then spoke of the "well-known fact" that Gen. Grant had promised his friends that hereafter he would keep sober. He next drew a fine picture of the momentous issues of the present political contest, and of the vast responsibility resting upon our standard-bearer, and then passed to the sad spectacle which the country presented in being obliged to risk all upon the ability of one man to keep his promise not to get drunk. Now, personally, I care nothing for the tales about the habits of Gen. Grant, but I should like the temperance wing of the Republican party, in this and other States, to know whether, in the opinion of the *Nation*, this latest story of Mr. Phillips has a better foundation than others of a similar character. Has Grant promised to keep sober?

Boston.

October 17, 1868.

[We ourselves entirely disbelieve the story. We will print any proof of so severe a charge that Mr. Phillips may see fit to offer.—Ed. Nation.]

# Notes.

## LITERARY.

The Boston *Transcript*—getting its facts, we presume, from Messrs. Roberts Brothers—says that "Auerbach, the novelist, was first introduced to American readers many years ago by a Boston publisher, and since then three other works by him have been issued here," and further, that "he is indebted almost entirely for his present popularity in this country to the sagacity and enterprise of his Boston publishers." To these statements we are requested by Messrs. Roberts Brothers to call attention.——We may say here that "the State of Maine has issued a report entitled 'The Water-Power of Maine,' in which detailed information is given respecting the location, characteristics, improvements, ownership, and other features of a considerable proportion of over two thousand different water powers." It is a surprising statement of the natural wealth of Maine in this particular, and is worth a moment of anybody's attention. The manufacturers and other employers of mechanical power will, we should suppose, find it of value as well as of interest. Mr. Walter Wells, of Portland, the State Superintendent of Hydrographic Publication, will send a copy of the report, gratis, to any applicant for it.

—Mr. Chisholm Anstey has recently written a pamphlet which ought to be of some considerable interest to our legislators and judicial officers in California. We believe some of the ridiculous practices in the matter of administering oaths to heathens which Mr. Anstey reprobates are matched by practices which obtain on the Pacific Coast. We hear that when China men are to give testimony in a San Francisco court a chicken is brought in and killed by decapitation. Then, while the blood flows, the intending witnesses, with outward solemnity, imprecate on their souls a like painful death if they should commit perjury—which they almost invariably do as soon as they can get into the witness-box. Mr. Anstey asserts, and we are disposed to believe him fully, that the ceremony of breaking a saucer and telling the witness that if he swears falsely his soul will be broken in the same way—a proposition to which he freely gives his assent—is as idiotic a proceeding in the eyes of a Chinaman as it ought to be in the eyes of a Western Barbarian. So of the custom of burning "paper of imprecation"—a legal form which, according to Mr. Anstey, causes the Chinaman to laugh. The fact of the matter is, as the *Pall Mall Gazette* points out, the heathen's god is, as a rule, entirely indifferent to perjury unless his worshipper in committing it violates some arbitrary formula (and we in the West neither know this arbitrary formula nor the methods by which it may be deprived of meaning by an expert). Just so we see that the lower class of Irishmen apparently conceive of the Almighty as indifferent, or nearly so, if they when swearing can kiss their thumbs instead of "the book." It is true, too, as Mr. Anstey says, that in addition to this it must be borne in mind that most heathens take a pecu-

liar pleasure in outwitting and overreaching Europeans, and evading their laws. This explanation is, we suppose, the obvious one; they match, as they are generally compelled to, fraud against force. All the charms ought to be left alone, Mr. Anstey thinks, and the only method adopted in the effort to secure honest evidence from these people should be that of a certain and severe punishment of the perjurers by human justice. And if in the case of these heathens the experiment would be a good one, how much worse a one would it be if tried in the case of Christians? Every one knows that the amount of false swearing in our courts is frightful, and there is grave doubt if the compelling power of the oath, and the fear of a supernatural punishment for perjury, are not less efficacious in promoting truth-telling than they are indirectly favorable to false swearing. On the mass of witnesses the oath seems to have little or no effect of any kind.

—That quality in Englishmen of the upper classes which does so much to endear them to Americans and to their colonial dependents—their supercilious, contented ignorance of all matters and things American or provincial, has recently been excellently exhibited by Lord Robert Montagu, who is the Vice-President of the Committee of Council on Education, which is as much as to say that he is the British Minister of Public Instruction. He was making a speech at a political meeting the other day, and in the course of his remarks spoke of some statement made by the British consul "at Buffalo, in Canada." What the British Government have for a consul to do in Canada his lordship did not say. In view of Lord Montagu's office there would seem good enough reason for saying what we have heard said, that ignorance of the United States is really part of an Englishman's education. Nearly as many ludicrous stories might be told of very recent displays of this ignorance as were ever told of former generations of English. Their attention will, however, it is likely, be turned this way more hereafter than it has been hitherto.

—The Tuscan actor, Tommaso Salvini, whom we recently mentioned as being a great artist, has just achieved a success of the most decided kind in a new drama, entitled "Milton." It seems, to judge of it by a synopsis, to be a work of considerable merit. The scene of the play is laid in the last days of the Commonwealth, and the first of Charles the Second; but the author, the Chevalier Gatinelli, has not hesitated to bring within this space the principal incidents of Milton's whole life, both political and domestic—to say nothing of some other incidents. The first act sets forth the unhappiness of the relations between the poet and his first wife, Mary Powell. This lady is represented as having contracted an imprudent intimacy with one Henri De Saumaese, an intriguer in behalf of the king, who finds favor in Mrs. Milton's eyes because he is gay and handsome, and because he is a partisan of the cause to which she and her family are attached. The government informs Milton that a royalist plot has some of its ramifications under his own roof, and it is then that he learns of the possible disloyalty of his wife. There is a terrible outburst of grief and wrath, in the course of which the wife is driven from the house. Gatinelli deepens the moral gloom that gathers about Milton by introducing here his physical blindness, which, having for some time been increasing, now settles down on him in full obscurity. At the end of the act there is some lofty declamation by the afflicted poet on the need of elevating woman by educating her according to higher standards. The second act shows us Milton and his two daughters, with one of whom, Deborah, Arthur Monk, the son of General Monk, is in love. The general and his son have a violent altercation, for the young man will not obey his father—already meditating his subsequent treachery—but insists on remaining true to the cause of the Commonwealth, and Deborah Milton. In this act we have more declamatory poetry from Milton, who, in a highly eloquent soliloquy, utters his aspirations for the welfare of the race—a welfare which is to be the daughter of Liberty. He is made to prophesy a united Italy rejoicing in the overthrow of priestly tyranny; a regenerated Spain; a Germany emancipated from subserviency to the Hapsburgs; and the spread everywhere of the principles of English freedom. This act closes with the poet's being awakened from his dream by the return of King Charles, amid the booming of cannon and universal rejoicing. The most spirited scene in the act is one between Milton and Monk. In the third act Milton is visited by Charles, who is represented as a great admirer of the "Paradise Lost." The king offers the poet a thousand pounds on the nail for the copyright of the epic. But the five-pound agreement with Simmons has just been signed. After much talk, literary and political, the feigned bookseller takes his leave. Milton then recites to himself the passage from the "Paradise Lost" which relates the reconciliation between Adam and Eve, and the recitation is accompanied upon the harp by one of Milton's daughters—as he supposes. It is, however, his wife; she has always, since her expulsion, been in the habit of visiting her children by stealth. As the poet repeats the verses she becomes too much affected to continue playing, and finally falls at his feet and is forgiven. Just at this moment an officer enters with a warrant for the poet's arrest; but the king appears, *deus ex machinâ*, and the play ends with a brief dialogue between Charles and Milton, the latter telling the king—when he offers riches and honors on condition of Milton's writing the crown into popularity—that popularity can be secured if the wearer of the crown will do justice and love mercy. To the king's final question of when and where his proud spirit expects advancement, Milton replies, "After death," and the curtain falls.

—An Italian drama of a very different kind—of the general kind which the degraded Italian stage is pretty much given up to, but of a special kind almost singular—is a new play called "The Messiah." As the title indicates, the principal character is the Saviour. The first act opens with a scene between Pontius Pilate and Mary Magdalen, who are privately at supper together, and whose relations with each other are supposed to be the same as our American poet Mr. Laughton Osborn makes Mary's relations with Judas Iscariot to have been. The conversation is interrupted by the entrance of a Scribe or Pharisee, who denounces Christ as a revolutionary agitator, and demands that the governor shall have him arrested. Mary Magdalen, to the decided surprise of Pontius Pilate, warmly defends the accused. So ends the first act. The second act is a string of bombastic, stupid tirades on the rights of man, liberty, equality, fraternity, and all the rest of it, put into the mouth of Christ. What is in the third act we are not informed. The performance was too disgusting, and the audience made short work of it. It is possible that we may be less religious in this century than they were in the "ages of faith"—though people who try to prove the fact seem to succeed rather poorly; and it may be that it is only our taste that makes the old time way of handling sacred things seem shocking, and that our religious feelings are not in the least offended. But at any rate we shall all agree to rejoice that this play was "damned." Not even our Ritualists, we imagine, would undertake to revive in our day the "mysteries" of the unsceptical mediæval times.

—The English announcements of new books are very numerous despite the doubt that is understood to overshadow the immediate future of the trade in Britain, but doubtless we shall wait a good while for some of the works whose titles are now published in such profusion. Messrs. George Routledge & Sons have, we see, succeeded in securing Mr. Longfellow, and were to have published his "New England Tragedies" on the 10th of the month. It is said that Mr. Longfellow is very well pleased with the terms offered him. With their branch house in this country it seems as if Messrs. Routledge & Sons—the law of copyright in England having become what it is—might profitably put themselves in communication with a judicious selection of our American authors. Messrs. F. Warne & Co. have republished in two very cheap volumes (three-and-sixpenny), the whole of the original twenty volumes of the famous "Percy Anecdotes." Mr. John Timbs makes a preface. Another republication is a new volume of the set of Early English Reprints now publishing by Alexander Murray & Son. It contains John Lyly's "Euphues, the Anatomy of Wit," and "Euphues and his England." Mr. J. Russel Smith will also add to the number of old books in new dresses. The next work in his "Library of Old Authors" will be "The Diaries and Remains of Thomas Hearne," the literary antiquarian. He will also publish a new edition of Massinger's Plays; a new edition of Brande's "Antiquities;" and, better yet, an edition of George Chapman's "Poems and Dramatic Works," never before collected. Lovers of proverbs will be glad to hear that Mr. Alexander Hislop has added to the not discouragingly great number of volumes which belong to this interesting branch of literature a volume without which no collection will be complete. It is "A Collection of Scottish Proverbs," from which we will quote only this one, which is fully as Scotch as proverbial: "Put your hand twice to your bannet to ance to your pouch." Of works hitherto incomplete we are to have this fall the third and last volume of Bunsen's "God in History," the third and fourth volumes of Mr. James Spedding's "Life and Letters of Lord Bacon," the final volume of Professor Owen's "Comparative Anatomy and Physiology of the Vertebrate Animals," and the fifth of the eight volumes of Dr. Newman's "Plain and Parochial Sermons," which, as was expected, are going to have very great success. We see that among the poets Mr. MacDonald ("Disciple") and George Eliot both go into a second edition, and that Mr. Morris has reached a third. Swinburne's "Queen Mother and Rosamond" is also in its second edition.

—The lately received French works that we notice in Mr. Christern's monthly bulletin begin with one with the rather alarming title of "Mo-

ments Perdus de Pierre-Jean," being observations, reflections, objections, thoughts, and reveries by that gentleman, all of which are admitted and declared to be anti-political, anti-philosophical, anti-metaphysical, anti-moral—anti-everything-that-anybody-believes. M. C. Issaurat is the author of this work, which is doubtless leonine in skin only. The Reverend Father Kleutgen is the author of a work which some of M. Issaurat's adjectives would, we dare say, describe not so very badly. It will be complete in four volumes, and the title is "The Scholastic Philosophy." The Reverend Father Constant Sierp translates it from the German into French, having the author's leave to do so. Adam Moehler's "History of the Church" is translated by the Abbé P. Belch. Under the head of theology, where are ranged the works above-mentioned, we find also Volney's "Ruines," which in this latest edition is prefaced by a sketch of the author and a critical examination of his works by M. Jules Claretie. Among legal works which may very likely have interest for some of our readers we find one by M. Le Barrois d'Orgeval, entitled "Literary Property in France and Abroad," being a statement of the law as it stands, and an account of how it became what it is, followed by the treaties on the subject which have down to this day been concluded between France and the other European states. It will, by-and-by, perhaps, be possible for graduates of Northern law-schools to try their fortunes in Louisiana, and for that and other reasons we mention "The Code Napoleon, by way of Question and Answer"—a method, let us remark, which might be successfully applied to others of our American preparatory law-books than the one or two to which it has already been applied.

—It is very commonly believed that Paris is the "wickedest city" in all Europe. But the lately published report of the Municipal Bureau of Statistics at Vienna, for the period of 1862–65, goes to show that the Austrian capital has a far stronger title to that unenviable distinction than her French sister. The figures embraced in that document reveal a remarkable loss of vital force, with the consequent results of increased vice, impoverishment, and crime. The number of marriages in Vienna has diminished from 5,134 in 1862 to 3,602 in 1865—a decrease of 29 per cent. In the same period there was an increase of 8 per cent. in Paris, of 12 per cent. in London, and of 13 per cent. in Berlin. The number of illegitimate births in Vienna in 1865 was in the fearful ratio of 475 to every 1,000 children born, while in Paris and Berlin it reached only 276 and 165 respectively. The impoverishment of the inhabitants of Vienna is shown by other data. The number of cattle slaughtered for food decreased from 101,443 in 1862 to 98,181 in 1865; the number of depositors in savings-banks was only 89,600 in 1865, against 93,705 in 1862; the average amounts deposited declined in the same time from 105 to 92 florins; and the number of executions for non-payment of taxes increased from 32,781 in 1862 to 68,022 in 1865. This impoverishment was attended by a corresponding increase of crime, from 1,218 in 1859 to 1,932 cases in 1865. The number of suicides increased in the same years 36 per cent., while in London it has decreased 3, and in Paris 35 per cent. The mental retrogression of the Viennese is indicated by the decrease of the number of children attending public schools from 31,245 to 30,397, while evidence of a physical decline is furnished by the fact that of the recruits annually levied in the city only an average of 200 out of every 1,000 are found bodily fit for military service. That the social state of things at Vienna is but a faithful reflection of the condition of Austria at large, is proved by the decrease of nearly 15 per cent. in the number of marriages in the empire during the last fifteen years, and the far greater prevalence of crime than in other countries. In 1865 no less than 5,551 felonious assaults, 788 manslaughters, and 315 murders were committed in Austria, while in Great Britain, with about half the population, only 679 felonious assaults, 259 manslaughters, and 131 murders took place in the same year.

—One of the neatest things in contemporary journalism is a little passage at arms between the Paris *Siècle* and the Imperial organ, *L'Etendard*. The *Siècle* had said that the *coup de main* at Cadiz was executed with a precision and decision which did much honor to Admiral Topete. Whereupon *L'Etendard* says: "Thus a military man—a man placed by a regular Government over one of the great forces of the state—can earn the praises of the *Siècle* for having voluntarily betrayed his duty, falsified his oath, and directed against the Government of his country the arms which were confided to him!" This has a bad look, but the *Siècle* brazens it out: "Stop, stop! good *Etendard*. You forget where you are, and what application may be made of your words. Stop! in heaven's name! You are talking of things——" All of which may be supposed to give much pleasure to the frivolous Parisian who recalls to mind the Man of December.

## DALLAS GALBRAITH.*

This new novel of Mrs. Harding Davis is better than her last, which we had occasion to notice a year ago. Certain offensive peculiarities of style which we then attempted to indicate have not, indeed, disappeared, but they are less prominent and various than in "Waiting for the Verdict." The story, the fable, to begin with, is very much more simple and interesting, and is, in fact, very well conducted. A really simple and healthy writer the author of "Dallas Galbraith" never will be; but on careful consideration we think it would be unjust not to admit that in the present work she has turned herself about a little more towards nature and truth, and that she sometimes honors them with a side-glance. In the conception and arrangement of her story, moreover, she displays no inconsiderable energy and skill. She has evidently done her best to make it interesting, and to give her reader, in vulgar parlance, his money's worth. She may probably be congratulated on a success. For ourselves, we shall never consider this lady's novels easy reading; but many persons will doubtless find themselves carried through the book without any great effort of their own. It is this very circumstance, we think—the fact that when a book is the fruit of decided ability it gets a fair hearing and pushes its own fortune—that makes it natural and proper to criticise it freely and impartially. The day of dogmatic criticism is over, and with it the ancient infallibility and tyranny of the critic. No critic lays down the law, because no reader receives the law ready made. The critic is simply a reader like all the others—a reader who prints his impressions. All he claims is, that they are honest; and when they are unfavorable, he esteems it quite as simple a matter that he should publish them as when they are the reverse. Public opinion and public taste are silently distilled from a thousand private affirmations and convictions. No writer pretends that he tells the whole truth; he knows that the whole truth is a synthesis of the great body of small partial truths. But if the whole truth is to be pure and incontrovertible, it is needful that these various contributions to it be thoroughly firm and uncompromising. The critic reminds himself, then, that he must be before all things clear and emphatic. If he has properly mastered his profession, he will care only in a minor degree whether his relation to a particular work is one of praise or of censure. He will care chiefly whether he has detached from such a work any ideas and principles appreciable and available to the cultivated public judgment. By his success in this effort he measures his usefulness, and by his usefulness he measures his self-respect.

These few words merely touch upon a question about which there is a great deal more to be said. We write them here because the book before us is one with regard to which it especially becomes the critic to remember that duty of which we have spoken—the duty of being clear and emphatic. About such novels as Mrs. Davis's it is very easy to talk a great deal of plausible nonsense. Miss Anna E. Dickinson, the famous lecturer—whom we have not heard—has just published a novel, which we have not read. We are, therefore, in no position to qualify Miss Dickinson's work. But Mrs. H. B. Stowe comes promptly to the front, and allows her name to be printed in large characters in the publishers' advertisements as authority for the assertion that Miss Dickinson's novel is "a brave, noble book." This is in no sense the language of criticism. And yet it is made with very little trouble to do duty as criticism—and criticism of weight. Mrs. Stowe and Miss Dickinson probably each regard it as such, and are very far from suspecting that they have done anything unwise—the latter in writing a book which compels the appreciative mind to take refuge in language such as we have quoted as Mrs. Stowe's *dictum*, and the former in yielding to such injurious compulsion. And yet we scarcely find it in our heart to condemn Mrs. Stowe. It is just these vague random utterances and all this counterfeit criticism that make the rational critic the more confident of his own duties.

Mrs. Davis, in her way, is an artist. And yet, as we say, "Dallas Galbraith" is a book about which it is very easy to make talk which is not too valuable, to *divaguer*, as the French say—to leave the straight road and go over to Mrs. Stowe. The attentive reader in these days has become familiar with a number of epithets under cover of which literary weakness and incompetency manage to find it a very merry world. When the best thing that can be said of a novel is that it is brave or noble or honest or earnest, you may be sure that although it may be, as Mrs. Stowe pronounces Miss Dickinson's tale, a very good deed, it is a very bad book. Mrs. Davis's stories are habitually spoken of as "earnest" works, and it is not hard to detect in reading them a constant effort to deserve the epithet. Their pretensions are something very different from

* "Dallas Galbraith. By Mrs. R. Harding Davis." Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1868.

those of the simple novel of entertainment, of character, and of incident. The writer takes life desperately hard and looks upon the world with a sentimental—we may even say, a tearful—eye. The other novel—the objective novel, as we may call it, for convenience—appeals to the reader's sense of beauty, his idea of form and proportion, his humanity, in the broadest sense. Mrs. Davis's tales and those of her school appeal, we may say—to the conscience, to the sense of right and wrong, to the instincts of charity and patronage. She aims at instructing us, purifying us, stirring up our pity. Writers of the other school content themselves with exciting our curiosity. A good distinction to make, we should say, is that with the latter the emotion of sympathy is the chief agent, and with the former the feeling of pity. We do not propose to enquire which is the higher school of the two. It is certain that the novelist who pretends to edify and instruct must be gifted with extraordinary powers, and that to carry out his character successfully he must have a stronger head than the world has yet seen exercised in this department of literature. There have been no great didactic novelists. Richardson, whom the world is now coming back to after a long desertion, is valued as the great inventor and supreme master of "realism," but his moralism hangs about him as a dead weight. The same may be said—the same assuredly will be said more and more every year—of Thackeray's trivial and shallow system of sermonizing. As a story-teller he is well-nigh everything—as a preacher and teacher he is nothing. On the other hand, the great "objective" novelists, from Scott to Trollope, are almost innumerable. It is our impression that Mrs. Davis might, by taking herself in hand, make a very much better figure in this company than she has heretofore done in the other.

Dallas Galbraith is the son of a reckless and dissipated father who has quarrelled with his family and turned his back on a rich inheritance. He dies early and leaves his wife and child penniless. The former marries again in such a way as to make it advisable for her boy to go out into the world. In the course of his youthful adventures Dallas encounters a certain George Laddoun, a plausible villain, who makes use of him in the committal of a forgery, and then subsequently establishes himself as a country physician in a fishing village on the New Jersey coast, with the boy as his assistant. Here finally the two are discovered by the searching eye of the law. Laddoun, however, has arranged matters in such a way as that Dallas shall incur the whole of the guilt (whereas, in fact, he is completely innocent), and, being on the eve of marriage with a young girl of whom Dallas himself is very fond, he persuades him for her sake not to betray him and blast his character. Dallas then, at the age of sixteen, consents out of pure generosity to suffer for the crime of another. He is sent for five years to the Albany Penitentiary, and we are meanwhile introduced to his father's family. The Galbraiths are great people in Western Ohio, and consist of Madam Galbraith, the head of the house (the hero's grandmother), her husband and her niece, Honora Dundas, who, in the absence of the rightful heir, is presumptive mistress of the property. The young woman to whom Laddoun was engaged, suspecting his guilt and cruelty, has dismissed him, and occupies a situation as housekeeper in the Galbraith establishment. When the young man's term is out, he reappears in the world and makes his way to his father's home. Here, without naming himself, but as a plain working mineralogist, he falls in love with Miss Dundas. Here, too, he meets his mother, who, a second time a widow, has returned to live with her mother-in-law. But in spite of these strong inducements he maintains his incognito and accepts an appointment on a geological survey of New Mexico. His motives for this line of action are his shame, his ignorance, his coarseness, the great gulf that separates him from his elegant and prosperous relatives. And yet they are not so elegant either; for this same Madam Galbraith aforesaid is, without offence to the author, simply a monster. Dallas remains a year in New Mexico and comes home just in time to witness a prodigious reversal of fortune in the family, caused by the combustion of a village built by Madam Galbraith for the purpose of working certain oil-wells. He is of great service in mitigating this catastrophe, and finally makes up his mind to reveal himself. He marries Honora. But on his wedding-night his evil destiny reappears in the person of Laddoun, who denounces him to the assembled family as an ex-convict. Laddoun dies of his bad habits, and Dallas establishes his innocence.

Such is a rapid outline of a story which is told with a good deal of amplitude of detail and considerable energy of invention. But whatever interest attaches to it as the recital of certain events, we feel bound to say that this interest is wholly independent of the characters. These characters seem to us, one and all, essentially false. The hero himself is a perfectly illogical conception. He is too unreal to take hold of; but if he were more palpable, and, as it were, responsible, we should call him a vapid sentimentalist. He is worse than a woman's man—a woman's boy. Active and passive, he is equally unnatural, irrational, and factitious. He is built, to begin with, on an impossibility. Dallas Galbraith would never in the world have sacrificed himself at the outset to the reputation of Laddoun. All his young nature would have burned in a fever of resentment against the rascal who had already compromised his weakness and innocence. He would have clung to the letter proving his innocence with a most unheroic but most manly tenacity. His subsequent conduct has in it as little of the real savory stuff of nature. He conducts himself on his return among his people, like—like nothing in trousers. If we can conceive of his having immured himself, we can conceive of it only on condition of the deed having been followed by the bitterest and most violent reaction. A young fellow who had done as Dallas did would feel that he had done his duty, once for all, to the magnanimous and the superfine. His mind would be possessed by a resolute desire for justice. Having exposed himself to so cruel a wrong, he would entertain an admirable notion of his rights; and instead of hovering about his paternal home like a hysterical school-girl, moaning over his coarseness and inelegance, he would have walked straight into the midst of it, with a very plain statement of his position and his wishes. George Laddoun, the villain of the tale, is scarcely a more successful portrait. The author has confused two distinct types of character, and she seems never quite to have made up her mind whether this person is a native gentleman, demoralized by vice and whiskey, or a blackguard, polished and elevated by prosperity. Laddoun, however, is better than Madam Galbraith. Where the author looked for the original of this sketch we know not; she has only succeeded in producing a coarse caricature. Madam Galbraith is a grand old grey-headed matron, who governs her acres and her tenants in the manner of an ancient feudal countess. She is compared at various times to a mastiff and a lioness; she sniffs and snorts and clears her throat when she wishes to express her emotions; she dresses in "clinging purple velvet," to show "the grand poise and attitude of her limbs;" and, in fine, she "leads society." The author has, of course, had in her mind an ideal model for this remarkable figure; but she has executed her copy with a singular indelicacy of taste and of touch. A self-willed, coarse-grained, rugged, and yet generous old woman was what she wanted for her story, but her manner of writing is so extravagant, so immoderate, so unappreciative of the sober truth, that she succeeds only in producing a vulgar effigy. In Mrs. Duffield, Galbraith's mother, she has adhered more closely to the truth. Nature here is represented and not travestied. In spite of the faults of conception and of style exhibited in these characters, we think that Mrs. Harding Davis might yet, with proper reflection, write a much better novel than the one before us. She has a natural perception, evidently, of the dramatic and picturesque elements of human life, and, in spite of all her weakness, there is no denying her strength. "Dallas Galbraith," as we have intimated, is *almost* interesting. What does it need to be truly so? The materials, the subject are there. It needs that the author should abjure her ultra-sentimentalism, her moralism on a narrow basis, her hankering after the discovery of a ghastly moral contortion in every natural impulse. Quite as much as she, we believe that life is a very serious business. But it is because it is essentially and inalienably serious that we believe it can afford not to be tricked out in the fantastic trappings of a spurious and repulsive solemnity. Art, too, is a very serious business. We have in our mind a word of counsel for the various clever writers of Mrs. Davis's school. That they should assiduously study and observe the world is an injunction which they will, of course, anticipate. But we can recommend them no more salutary or truly instructive process of research than to sit down to a thorough perusal of the novels and romances of M. Alexandre Dumas. In him they will find their antipodes—and their model. We say their model, because we believe they have enough intellectual resistance to hold their own against him, when their own is worth holding, and that when it is not, he, from the munificence of his genius, will substitute for it an impression of the manner in which a story may be told without being a discredit to what is agreeable in art, and various and natural in life.

## THE NEW ENGLAND TRAGEDIES.*

THESE poems, Mr. Longfellow's only work since the appearance of his "Dante," would seem to justify—they certainly have suggested to us—the conclusion that he has been led to emulate the austere directness of the Italian, and has, therefore, consciously laid aside his own natural manner. "John Endicott" and "Giles Corey," in their almost bald simplicity,

* "The New England Tragedies. By H. W. Longfellow." Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1868.

are as different as anything well can be from all the other original works of their author, and the regular reader of Longfellow who should take them up with any expectation of renewing the pleasure he has so often got from the superabundance of prettinesses to which the laureate of our American sovereigns has accustomed them, will be astonished at the extent of the disappointment prepared for him. In the not very fortunate prologues, to be sure, the old style is maintained. It is the Longfellow of the "Voices of the Night" and of "Hyperion" who thus addresses his readers, setting out with one of those bits of imagery drawn from literary sources which—as Margaret Fuller, we think, first pointed out—Mr. Longfellow all but inevitably puts between his naked subject and himself:

"To-night we strive to read as we may best
This city, like an ancient palimpsest;
And bring to light upon the blotted page,
The mournful record of an earlier age,
That pale and half-effaced lies hidden away
Beneath the fresher writing of to-day.
Rise, then, O buried city that has been!
Rise up, rebuilded in the painted scene,
And let our curious eyes behold once more
The pointed gable and the pent-house door,
The meeting-house with leaden-latticed panes,
The narrow thoroughfares, the crooked lanes!
Rise, too, ye shapes and shadows of the past
Rise from your long-forgotten graves at last," etc.

But turning to the tragedies themselves, we have a severity of handling which is altogether new in their author's writings, and of which, as it appears, our author is not a master. His theme is a well-worn one at the best, and perhaps, even with all the powers of pleasing which our charming author has at such easy command, it would have been impossible for him to have made anything very interesting out of the Puritan persecution of the Quakers, or the sufferings of the Salem witches and wizards. These are subjects for the dramatic poet, for tragedy cares nothing how familiar may be the incidents with which she deals; and there is room still for the novelist who, to other qualifications, shall add a faculty of reproducing pictorially the scenes and times of two centuries ago. But whatever success or want of it Mr. Longfellow, as a sentimental narrator of tales in gracefully ornate verse, might have had in retelling the old story, he could not—it was evident beforehand, and is now manifest—succeed either in the dramatist's or the novel-writer's way of dealing with it. He has none of the so-called constructiveness which the dramatist must have, and which the novelist also requires; his skill in reproducing more than the outside of distant times and people and places is of the slightest; he has never conceived a character.

Here in these two plays we have the traditional doctrine of election; the traditional minister of the word who denounces tolerance and frequently says "anathema maranatha;" the traditional grim magistrate, held in worshipful awe by the commonalty, but freely rebuked by the zealous ministers, and, *ex officio*, well read in the more uncomfortable portions of the Scriptures of the Old Testament; the traditional jovial mariner or other outlandish man, who hates Salem Harbor and loathes the Port of Boston, because the freeholders of both those towns are in a state of strait-laced grace which is altogether incompatible with the sufficient drinking of flip or with pipe-smoking on the Sabbath-day; the traditional self-deceiving victim of witchcraft, so-called; the traditional spiteful accusers, and blind and purblind judges, and fanatic Quakers, with every beautiful trait of character.

But none of these persons are presented in any other than the traditional way, and tradition, as it has come to print in school-books, has presented them to us with more rather than less vividness and force than Mr. Longfellow seems to have been able to use. Plot the two plays can hardly be said to have. Indeed, they are not to be called plays except as one speaks of the outward form, there being nobody to be played upon and nobody to play. In the first piece, Governor Endicott, of the encyclopædia, condemns a young and lovely Quakeress, of the school-histories and novels, to be whipped in three towns within his jurisdiction, and her father to be put to death. They had felt compelled, it seems, to come from Barbadoes to bear witness against the errors of the Puritans of New England; to say nothing of the fact that, without reference to their personal feelings, the magistrates of Barbadoes had driven them out of that colony. Governor Endicott's son, John, falls in love with the Quakeress, Edith Christison, quarrels with his father on account of her and her kin, and is fined. King Charles the Second's proclamation forbidding religious bloodshed comes to Boston in time to save Christison and partly save his daughter, and the tragedy ends with Governor Endicott's sudden and unaccountable death—"like one who has been hanged," as he used to hang too obstinate Quakers.

"Giles Corey, of the Salem Farms" is better than "John Endicott," whether as a drama for the stage or as a poem. There is some "go" in it as well as some motive. It opens with a speech delivered by "Tituba, an Indian woman"—who, by the way, talks of "Obi" as if she were a negress—who reminds one of that sort of Elizabethan witch which is descended from the classical, and who is far from conjuring up a lively idea of what the aboriginal New England witch might have been:

"Here's monk's-hood, that breeds fever in the blood;
And deadly nightshade, that makes men see ghosts;
And henbane, that will shake them with convulsions;
And meadow-saffron and black hellebore,
That rack the nerves, and puff the skin with dropsy:
And bitter-sweet, and briony, and eye-bright,
That cause eruptions, nosebleed, rheumatisms;
I know them, and the places where they hide
In field and meadow; and I know their secrets,
And gather them because they give me power
Over all men and women. Armed with these,
I, Tituba, an Indian and a slave,
Am stronger than the captain with his sword,
Am richer than the merchant with his money,
Am wiser than the scholar with his books,
Mightier than ministers and magistrates,
With all the fear and reverence that attend them!
For I can fill their bones with aches and pains,
Can make them cough with asthma, shake with palsy,
Can make their daughters see and talk with ghosts,
Or fall into delirium and convulsions.
I have the Evil Eye, the Evil Hand;
A touch from me, and they are weak with pain,
A look from me, and they consume and die.
The death of cattle and the blight of corn,
The shipwreck, the tornado, and the fire—
These are my doings, and they know it not.
Thus I work vengeance on mine enemies,
Who, while they call me slave, are slaves to me!"

This is a witch out of a book; she has as slight an infusion of the Salem witch in her as of the copper-colored medicine-man, though if she were real, one or the other, or both, and more probably both, those two ingredients would have made up the whole Tituba. But as the poem goes on it becomes more lifelike. Giles Corey's sullen and wicked servant-man, who has private reasons for hating the farmer and his wife, turns the prevailing witchcraft frenzy against his master and mistress. To be sure he accomplishes his purpose with as much ease as if he had been a personage in a melodrama written by a child; but still he has an available dramatic reason for doing what he does. Giles's wife, Mary—a sensible, good, courageous woman, whose somewhat anachronistic contempt for the prevalent delusion helps her to her condemnation on the trial—is sentenced to death for causes tragically small, and her husband dies under the *peine forte et dure* because he refuses to testify against her. There are no characters in these two poems which we owe to Mr. Longfellow's invention. Indeed, to say the truth, there is almost none already invented which he has brought before his reader's eye more vividly than it had been often brought before. Simon Kempthorn, captain of the *Swallow*—a bird of the sea, prophetic of spring, which brought Edith Christison to Boston—constitutes an exception to this remark. The poet's one success in this volume is in the portraiture of this breezy old sailor, who swears quite enough, and drinks, perhaps, a little too much, and is utterly disgusted by the stringency of the various prohibitory laws—now no more—which afflict the citizen of the world in Boston.

There is another success than the poet's of which Mr. Longfellow never fails. His beautiful kind-heartedness and sweetness are as delightful in these pleas for charity of judgment and for love to one another as in anything that he has ever written.

## MODERN WOMEN.*

This volume consists of a series of papers published during the last two or three years in the London *Saturday Review*, treating of various points connected with the characteristics and manners of the fairer and weaker sex. They belong to that branch of literature which has come to be known among us as the "social article." The *Saturday Review* has had the credit of having shown us how good the social article can be; but it seems also to have been disposed to show us how bad. Singly, as they came out, these pieces may have appeared to possess a certain brilliancy and vigor, and, at a stretch, one can imagine them to have furnished a group of idle people, of unformed taste, a theme for ten minutes' talk. But it is as incredible that, as we are told, they should have produced a sensation then as it is that they should produce a revolution now. The authorship of the papers we have no means of knowing. We gather from intrinsic evidence that they are the product of several hands—in one of which, at least, we certainly detect the feminine *griffe*. But if they differ somewhat in tone, they differ imperceptibly in merit. They are all equally trivial, commonplace, and vulgar. The vulgarity of thought, indeed, which they display, the absence of reflection, observation, and feeling, of substance, of style, and of grace, and the manner in which the thinnest and crudest liter-

* "Modern Women, and What is Said of Them." A Reprint of a Series of Articles in the *Saturday Review*. New York: J. R. Redfield. 1868.

ary flippancy and colloquial slanginess are thrust forward in the place of these sacred essentials, is, when one considers their pretensions, the character of their subject, and the superior auspices under which they were ushered into the world, an almost inconceivable spectacle. As we read the volume, modern women—heaven save the mark!—passed quite out of our thoughts, and our attention transferred itself to modern scribblers. The great newspaper movement of the present moment has, we suppose, its proper and logical cause, and is destined to have its proper and logical effect; but its virtues need to be manifold, assuredly, to palliate the baseness and flimsiness of much of the writing to which daily and weekly journals serve as sponsors. But for their protecting shadow, persons ignorant of the very alphabet of style and of thought would not erect themselves as public monitors and teachers. But for the beautiful accessibility of their columns, how many beggarly hosts of intellectual jugglers and charlatans would not have thrust themselves into the great thoroughfare of honest thought, to the infinite annoyance of retarded and distracted enquirers. The world is great and is constantly growing greater; its shoulders are broad; it has an immense patience and a prodigious organ of digestion and disintegration. It is easily infatuated, but it is also profoundly indifferent. We suppose, therefore, that it will continue to endure without perceptible injury this immense pressure of unleavened literary matter. But we, nevertheless, recommend the producers and furnishers to be on their guard, and to listen once in a while to the rumblings of Etna.

The papers before us read like the result of an arrangement made, alike without conscience and without taste, by three or four sapient connoisseurs to "run" the flagellation of their female contemporaries as far as it would go. It has gone as far as "The Girl of the Period;" for this paper, which is placed first in the American reprint, is one of the later in the original series. The American reader will be struck by the remoteness and strangeness of the writer's tone and allusions. He will see that the society which makes these papers even hypothetically—hyperbolically—possible is quite another society from that of New York and Boston. American life, whatever may be said, is still a far simpler process than the domestic system of England. We never read a good English novel (and much more a bad one), we never read either Mr. Trollope or Mr. Trollope's inferiors, without drawing a long breath of relief at the thought of all that we are spared, and without thanking fortune that we are not part and parcel of that dark, dense British social fabric. An American is born into a so much simpler world; he inherits so many less obligations, conventions, and responsibilities. And so with the American girl. You have only to reflect how her existence, in comparison with that of her British sister, is simplified at a stroke by the suppression in this country of that distinguished being the "eldest son," of that romantic class the "younger sons." Another cause of greater complexity in life for Englishmen and English girls alike is their immediate proximity to that many-colored Continent, of which we, in comparison, have the means to learn so little. And this brings us back to the "Girl of the Period." This young lady, we are assured, is, in England, an exact reproduction, in appearance and manners, of a Parisian *cocotte*—or whatever the latest term may be. If this is not true, it is at least slightly plausible. Irregular society, in France, has become so extensive and aggressive that he who runs—and she who walks—may easily read its minutest features. An English girl who makes with her parents a regular autumnal trip to the Continent encounters face to face, in all the great cities, at all the chief watering-places, the celebrities—and indeed the obscurities—of the *demi-monde*. The theory of the Saturday Reviewer is that familiarity breeds not contempt, but emulation. Whatever may be the worth of his theory, his description of the young lady thus demoralized is decidedly vigorous. She is a painted, powdered, "enamelled" creature, stained with belladonna and antimony, crowned with a shock of false hair, wearing her walking-dress indecently high and her evening dress abominably low. She has no manners and no feelings, and only brains enough to ensnare a rich husband. She frankly sells herself; she marries for money, without a semblance of sentiment or romance. The relation of the Girl of the Period to marriage forms, under one aspect or another, the subject of the greater number of the ensuing articles. We find it reiterated, of course, with emphasis, that to marry, and to marry well, is the one great object of young girls' energies and desires. According as a girl marries or not, life is a prize or a blank. Innumerable arts, therefore, are practised both by the young ladies and their mothers, cunning machinations are devised, in the interest of this sacred need. It is all a very old story, and English novels have long since made us acquainted with it: how a match-making matron fixes her cold, magnetic eye upon the unsuspecting possessor of a comfortable income—how, with her daughter's aid and the insidious help of picnics and croquet and musical parties, she weaves about him the undisseverable web of a presumptive engagement, and finally leads him, muddled, confused, and bullied, to the altar. The various tricks of the marriage-market are enumerated with a bold, unpitying crudity. It is a very dismal truth that the only hope of most women, at the present moment, for a life worth the living, lies in marriage, and marriage with rich men or men likely to become so, and that in their unhappy weakness they often betray an ungraceful anxiety on this point. But to our minds there is nothing comical in the situation, and as a field for satirical novelists it has ceased to be actively worked. The attempt to draw an idle smile at the expense of poor girls apprehensive of spinsterhood is, therefore, not a very creditable one. On all other points women receive here equally hard measure. Some of the accusations touch, doubtless, upon real foibles and follies, but others seem to us thoroughly beside the mark. The article on "Pinchbeck," for instance, shows an absolute want of observation of facts. The writer's allegation is that women are given over body and soul to the adoration of sham finery, sham comfort, and sham elegance, and that, thanks to their insatiable longing for glitter and splendor where only false glitter and splendor are within their reach, our whole domestic economy is pervaded by a horrible system of Brummagem-ware. "If they cannot buy gold, they can manage pinchbeck; glass that looks like jet, like filagree-work, like anything else she fancies, is every bit to her as good as the real thing; and if she cannot compass Valenciennes and Mechlin, she can go to Nottingham and buy machine-made imitations that will make quite as fine a show. . . . Flimsy silks make as rich a rustle to her ear as the stateliest brocade, and cotton velvet delights the soul that cannot aspire to Genoa." The falseness of all this is apparent to the most superficial observer. Sham finery is of all things in the world the most abhorrent to women at all in regular "society"—and it is throughout of such women that our writers speak. Quantities of false ornaments—beads, buckles, pins, and the like—are nowadays manufactured for fashionable wear; and they are worn in profusion and variety, as being avowedly and notoriously false. But we could hardly name three objects of livelier contempt to women of ordinary intelligence than "mean" silk, cotton velvet, and imitation lace. The real accusation is that when a woman with a taste for dress desires a handsome silk and cannot afford it, she buys it, notwithstanding. The real ground of complaint is the insolence of splendor of women of small means. Another grievous fault, we are told, is women's mania, "Interference." In the picture drawn in the article with this title of the impertinent and aggressive attitude of the average British spouse, we quite fail to recognize the far-famed humility of that exemplary person. Its tone is so obviously ill-humored, and the quality and process of its censure so crude and brutal, that we accept it only with very many grains of allowance. And then there are "Feminine Affectations"—a dreadful and odious list; and the flimsiness and trashiness of "Æsthetic Women;" and the cold-blooded profligacy of "Modern Mothers;" and again, the indecency of the costume of the day; and the pitiable condition of "The Fading Flower;" and the odious pretensions of "La Femme Passée."

What do you see when on a clear autumn day you measure the length of the Fifth Avenue, or ascend the sunny slope of Beacon Street? Do you encounter a train of youthful Jezebels with plastered faces and lascivious eyes and a general *dévergondage* of mien? You meet a large number of very pretty and, on the whole, very fresh-looking girls, dressed in various degrees of the prevailing fashion. It is obvious that their persons betray a very lively desire to be well dressed, and that the idea "well dressed" has, to their minds, a peculiar significance. It has a sacred and absolute meaning. Their bonnets must be very small, their panniers very large, their heels very high, and all their appointments as elegant as possible. A young girl of fashion dressed to suit her own taste is undeniably a very artificial and composite creature, and doubtless not an especially edifying spectacle. She has largely compromised her natural freedom of movement. The most that you can say of her is that she is charming, with a *quasi*-corrupt arbitrary charm. She has, moreover, great composure and impenetrability of aspect. She practises a sort of half-cynical indifference to the beholder (we speak of the extreme cases). Accustomed to walk alone in the streets of a great city, and to be looked at by all sorts of people, she has acquired an unshrinking directness of gaze. She is the least bit *hard*. If she is more than this—if she is painted and touzled and wantonly *chiffonnée*—she is simply an exception, and the sisterhood of "modern women" are in no way responsible for her. She would have been the same in the good old times of our great-grandmothers. The faults and follies that can be really fastened upon the younger women of the present day are, in our opinion, all caused and explained by the growing love of luxury and elegance. The standard in these matters is so much higher

than it was thirty and forty years ago that a young girl—even when she has money—needs a great deal more time to maintain herself at the proper level. She has frequently no time left for anything else—for study, for reflection, or sentiment. She is absorbed in the care of her person. A young girl given up to dress is certainly a very flimsy and empty creature, and there is something truly ignoble in the incessant effort to gratify and stimulate the idle taste of a host of possible "admirers." But between this sort of thing and the sort of thing described by the Saturday Reviewers there is a very wide gulf—a gulf made by that strong conservative element in the feminine nature of which the writer in question seems to have so little notion. Women turn themselves into painted courtesans for two reasons—as a means of gaining a subsistence which is impracticable in any other way or because they have a natural taste for the business. The first motive is common, and the second is rare; so rare that where the first does not exist, the *rapprochement* of the Saturday Reviewer is a wanton exaggeration in the interest of sensationalism. The whole indictment represented by this volume seems to us perfectly irrational. It is impossible to discuss and condemn the follies of "modern women" apart from those of modern men. They are all part and parcel of the follies of modern civilization, which is working itself out through innumerable blunders. It seems to us supremely absurd to stand up in the high places and endeavor, with a long lash and a good deal of bad language, to drive women back into the ancient fold. Their extravagance is a part of their increased freedom, and their increased freedom a part of the growth of society. The lamentable results—the extremely uncomfortable "wreck" society would be sure to incur from an attempt to fasten again upon womankind the tether which was sufficient unto the aspirations of Miss Hannah More and Miss Edgeworth, the authors of these papers would be the first to denounce. We are all of us extravagant, superficial, and luxurious together. It is a "sign of the times." Women share in the fault not as women, but as simple human beings. As women, they strike us as still remarkably patient, submissive, sympathetic—remarkably well-disposed to model themselves on the judgment and wishes of men. They reflect with great clearness the state of the heart and imagination of men. When they present an ugly picture, therefore, we think it the part of wisdom for men to cast a glance at their own internal economy. If there is any truth in the volume before us, they have a vast deal to answer for. They give the *ton*—they pitch the key.

## THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW FOR OCTOBER.

Two Englishmen, Mr. Leslie Stephen and Mr. R. D. Osborn, an Indian officer, do the best writing in this number of the *North American*, which, by the way, is neither so large nor so good as usual. Mr. Osborn's account of the siege of Delhi is very graphic and interesting. It was well enough known before how it is that the English maintain themselves as masters of the millions of India, but it is a vivid flash of light on the subject when we are told of John Nicholson's having been adopted as a god by a new sect of fanatics which arose at his death and which to-day pays divine honors to "Nikkulseyn." Nicholson was an officer of cavalry, and, like hundreds of other English soldiers who have made themselves famous in the annals of Hindostan—or who have gone unknown to the grave—was a prodigy of hardihood, activity, and all the qualities that enable men to fight long and hard—"bodies of iron and souls of fire." He was the reality of which our friend Royston Keene Lawrence is the brummagem. But Royston Keene or Mr. Guy Livingstone would not have written anything with the tone of this:

"'Fancy,' he writes, 'a wretched little Wuzeeree child, who had been put up to poison food, on my asking him if he knew it was wrong to kill people, saying he knew it was wrong to kill with a knife or sword. I asked him why, and he said, '*Because the blood left marks.*' And again, in the same letter: 'Before I close this, I must tell you of the last Bunnochee murder, it is so horribly characteristic of the bloodthirstiness and bigotry of their dispositions. The murderer killed his brother near Gurwalla, and was brought in to me on a frightfully hot evening, looking dreadfully parched and exhausted. 'Why,' said I, 'is it possible you have walked in, fasting, on a day like this?' 'Thank God,' said he, 'I am a regular faster.' 'Why have you killed your brother?' 'I saw a fowl killed last night, and the sight of blood put the devil into me.' He had chopped up his brother, stood a long chase, and been marched in here; *but he was keeping the fast.*"

"In the character of this wild people Nicholson in a very brief time effected wonderful changes. Murder, burglary, and highway robbery became things of the past; and 'the Bunnochees,' writes Sir Herbert Edwardes, 'reflecting on their own metamorphosis in the village gatherings under the vines, by the streams they once delighted so to fight for, have come to the conclusion that the good Mohammedans of historic ages must have been just like 'Nikkulseyn.'"

Of these same people as they appeared at the time of the mutiny Mr. Osborn speaks as follows:

"How they fought for us at Delhi and Lucknow, and on a hundred other battle-fields, ought never to be forgotten by Englishmen; and, whether as infantry or cavalry, we feel assured that, under officers they admired and trusted, these gallant soldiers would hold their own against the best disciplined armies of Europe. It was pleasant to see the thorough good understanding which existed between them and the English soldiers, apparently in no way hindered or diminished by their total want of any common language. The English soldier would stroll down to pay a visit to his friend, the Sikh subahdar. The latter, delighted to see him, would at once offer him his stool, sitting himself, meanwhile, on his bed. The subahdar, with all the finished courtesy of a native, would then proceed to enquire after his friend's health in excellent Pushtoo; the other, nothing disconcerted, replies, maybe, in the Yorkshire dialect. The conversation becomes general, and has been known to extend over considerable spaces of time. Unlike the Hindustani, both Sikh and Ghoorkha have a strong taste for rum; and the mere fact that they could take their 'grog' like men raised them immeasurably in the estimation of the British soldier."

Mr. Stephen's article—as vigorously written as anything of his which we have seen—is upon "The Political Situation in England," and may be taken as the views and opinions of an enlightened, advanced Liberal—views and opinions which we accept with hardly the least reservation, and which we commend to the attention of all persons who take an interest in the revolution, of world-wide importance, now going on in social and political England. We should say that, perhaps, something ought to have been said about what seems to us the essential egotism of Mr. Gladstone's character; but, after all, it is not Mr. Gladstone who is leading his party so much as it is the party that is leading him, and the thing can be understood without giving too much study to him personally. The following sentences from this clever essay, with their humorous characterization of the Britisher's "native" and "foreigner," are a specimen of happy writing:

"John Bull, it is generally supposed, is a tolerably self-satisfied old gentleman. He has a profound contempt for that large class of two-legged animals which he describes summarily as foreigners or natives: the natives representing the more dark-colored varieties; and the foreigners, those who affect a certain semblance of civilization. And doubtless he possesses a vast fund of self-complacency, which is not the least evident in his moments of self-depreciation. His proverbial phrase, that they manage things better in France, implies a rooted conviction that, however well they manage things, they are Frenchmen for all that. Yet he does depreciate himself at times with surprising vigor and success. For some time past he has been in one of these fits. He has found no names bad enough to throw at some of his pet objects of veneration. As a savage will sometimes thrash his favorite idol for not bringing him luck, John Bull has been heartily belaboring things of which in his ordinary state he is more inclined to brag."

Far enough from being happy writing is Mr. Wasson's screed concerning "The Epic Philosophy." Not that his main idea is not to be accepted. On the contrary, it has long been fully accepted. And in many of the details the work is well done; nobody will, for instance, say no to the author's remarks on the "Iliad;" and, bearing in mind the definition of the epic which the writer insists upon, it is a more than usually good stroke of criticism to speak of the "Faust" as a half-epic or demi-epic. But that repellant, repulsive style which no man who keeps himself decently in hand could consent to write, Mr. Wasson, like many of the less distinguished transcendental writers, luxuriates in offensively. There is a better way than this of saying what Mr. Wasson wants to say in the words following: "Not by dead similarities, but by the living, flowing fellowship of heart-language do the unlikes of voiceful nature blend and sympathize in his thought." In fact, there are many better ways of saying it, as any one is well aware who is conversant with the critical commonplaces of the last half-century. It is, indeed, one of the dangers of an habitual practice of this inflated sort of writing, that it is with more than necessary difficulty that one makes sure one is not parading truisms—which remark is itself a truism that ought not to have escaped Mr. Wasson's attention. Still—or rather all the more on account of this fault—we advise the careful perusal of his article, which contains so much better thinking than writing that it is capable of instructing many and will disgust but few—and those few will be much displeased only with some of it.

Mr. George B. Woods is, we think, a new contributor to our more elaborate periodical literature, though he is well known to the world of journalism. His letters from Washington to the Boston *Advertiser* during the impeachment trial were excellent, and much the best of all the correspondence that was then sent out from the capital. His paper on "The New York Convention" is pretty well done, though it appears he has fallen into some errors of fact—as in attributing patriotic and valuable military services to the General McCook who mismanaged the Ohio delegation, and was therefore made to yield the leadership to Mr. Vallandigham. Had General McCook been in the field at all, it is possible that he might have been on the Federal side. His services in civil life were

about as patriotic and valuable as those of Vallandigham himself. We think, too, that much might be said, which would be important to a full understanding of the inner workings of the convention, concerning the machinations of Messrs. Tilden and Green and the other managers of the New York men. Mr. Seymour, we are now inclined to believe, was honest enough, as politicians of his stamp go, in his intention to carry out the bargain with Mr. Chase. Perhaps there are tears in onions nearly as full of real feeling as some, at least, of those that he shed when he had lent himself to the violation of that bargain; but an appreciable part of his grief we take to have been quite sincere. We have not, however, been able to believe that some of Mr. Seymour's old companions in politics ever, from first to last, intended that anybody but he should be the nominee; and it seems to us reasonable to think that but for the plotting of some of our New York manipulators of State politics, Vallandigham's plans, on the success of which he is allowed to felicitate himself, would have turned out as perfectly futile as most of that gentleman's scheming.

Mr. Henry Brooks Adams talks learnedly and, to our mind, sensibly, though we do not wholly follow him, in his review of the tenth edition of Sir Charles Lyell's "Principles of Geology." He shows the unconclusive nature of the results already attained, but perhaps is a little long in doing it —or lengthy, to use a term somewhat more fully expressive. Mr. H. T. Tuckerman is to be trusted, we suppose, in his statements of the facts of D'Azeglio's life; and so, let us hope, is Mr. F. E. Abbot in all that he says of Mr. Herbert Spencer. "Harvard College Library" is the title of an article by Mr. Cutter, one of the assistant librarians in that institution, and, being his, is painstakingly accurate. It is not a pleasant picture that he presents to the graduates of our oldest university, and it will not be long, we imagine, before some of the alumni will be moved to do something to bring about a better state of things. An easy way, and one of some value, would be for each to subscribe for the *Advocate*, which offers to give all its earnings to the library fund. The class secretaries might even take the responsibility of doing so. But the State Legislature, knowing that Massachusetts without Harvard would not be the Massachusetts that she now is, but a Massachusetts that the world would respect far less, might possibly be induced to give something—the gift being made contingent on the raising of a certain sum by the college itself. It is a pity that Mr. Agassiz, with his nice knowledge of the legislative nature, does not—naturally he could not —take as much interest in the growth of the library as in that of the other collections at Cambridge.

The strictly literary part of this number of the quarterly is done by Mr. Henry James, Jr., in his review of George Eliot as a poet, and by the writers of the "Critical Notices." Mr. James's judgment in the matter of "The Spanish Gypsy" appears to us entirely sound. We were reduced to incredulity for comfort when we heard that the author was very much pleased with the reviews of her poem which had, some time since, been published by the English press. They almost all seemed to us rather to show how much the English literary world esteems and likes George Eliot than to display anything like a just appreciation of the performance which the critics had in hand. We ourselves imagine that her second thought will be to forswear henceforth the writing of verses.

The shorter critical notices are, without exception, good; though we should say—if it is not impertinent to give his name where he has not given it—that Mr. Lowell did well to keep to general disquisition in the case of Mr. J. J. Piatt's poems rather than to dwell long upon the poems themselves. It is fortunate, too, that antiquarians have several ways of proving their usefulness to mankind at large; the Popham controversy troubles few souls except by its existence.

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*Mildred:* A Novel. By Georgiana M. Craik, author of "Leslie Tyrrell," "Faith Unwin's Ordeal," etc. (New York: Harper & Brothers. 1868.)—As novels go, "Mildred" is a good novel—although it is far enough from being so in any sense in which one would speak of "The Newcomes" or "The Mill on the Floss" or "On the Heights" as good novels. With books like those it stands no comparison whatever, nor, to go a step lower, with Mr. Trollope's novels, nor with "John Halifax," or certain other stories of that class. Its merits as a work of art, that is to say, are not positive but relative—they appear plainly enough when the book is contrasted with the host of third-rate novels that glut the market, but dwindle rapidly when it is measured by severer standards. It is, however, very pleasantly and unaffectedly written, has a well-conceived heroine, and a hero who, though he may possibly have prototypes in nature, certainly has none in recent fiction. The book would have been better for a wise condensation in some places—the conversations, for instance, are nearly always unnecessarily long—and for more elaboration in others. Its chief fault is, it seems to us, that the author either failed to appreciate the use that might have been made of the materials at her hand, or had not skill enough to manage them well. The real problem which lay before her, the eleven years' of waiting and heart-breaking which her heroine is made to undergo, is passed over with a weak precipitation which settles Miss Craik's place in literature rather as a pleasant narrator of love stories, than as a skilful analyzer of human life and passion. So few writers present any claims to this distinction which are worth taking into account that it may be thought needless to make a formal denial with regard to Miss Craik's; and it would be so if she did not show through all her shortcomings a laudable ambition to do better and more artistic work than she has yet accomplished.

---

*Natural History of Birds.* Lectures on Ornithology, in Ten Parts. By Grace Anna Lewis. Part I. (Philadelphia: J. A. Bancroft & Co. 1868.)—Miss Lewis, of Philadelphia, has published a specimen number of "Lectures on Ornithology," in the hope that there will be encouragement for the whole series. In this we trust she will not be disappointed. Her work is vouched for as being, what it bears the marks of being, grounded on original and faithful study; one of the fruits, we may pronounce it, of the impulse given by Agassiz to the study of natural history in this country twenty years ago. The lecture form is not that best adapted to a complete treatise, because the ordinary conditions of time imposed upon the lecturer forbid such an arrangement and proportioning of his subject as he might choose for other reasons; besides that the style of the lecture-room is not—at least ought not to be—that best suited for reading. It has appeared to us that there are in the lectures before us some passages, aimed at hearers, which readers can very well dispense with. A still greater, and perhaps unavoidable, fault in the lecture style, when published without alteration, is that what the speaker makes perfectly clear by gesture, emphasis, and inflection is frequently obscure in the printed page. It is so occasionally in these pages—although this may not always be due to the cause mentioned, but to the frequent neglect of original investigators to point out distinctly every one of the steps of their investigation. Thus, in the sub-class which she styles Primores, it is not clear to us precisely what she considers to be the rank and affinities of the ostrich; on page 23 its class is spoken of as occupying "the lowest position among existing birds," while on page 13 it is said to "approach most nearly to the Mammals," which would seem to be the highest rank. The whole treatment of the second sub-class, "Terraquatiles," is exceedingly clear and interesting; the third, the "Insenores" (in which she follows Agassiz in placing the Raptores and Scansores), is obscure—we suspect because the exigencies of the lecture hour made it impossible to give the subject the full space which it needed.

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*Little Women; or, Meg, Jo, Beth, and Amy.* By Louisa M. Alcott. Illustrated by May Alcott. (Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1868.)—Miss Alcott's new juvenile is an agreeable little story, which is not only very well adapted to the readers for whom it is especially intended, but may also be read with pleasure by older people. The girls depicted all belong to healthy types, and are drawn with a certain cleverness, although there is in the book a lack of what painters call atmosphere—things and people being painted too much in "local colors," and remaining, under all circumstances, somewhat too persistently themselves. The letterpress is accompanied by four or five indifferently executed illustrations, in which Miss May Alcott betrays not only a want of anatomical knowledge, and that indifference to or non-recognition of the subtle beauty of the lines of the female figure which so generally marks women artists, but also the fact that she has not closely studied the text which she illustrates.

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BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

| *Authors.—Titles.* | *Publishers.—Prices.* | |
|---|---|---|
| Aimard (G.), The White Scalper: a Tale, swd | (T. B. Peterson & Bros.) | $ 0 50 |
| Boasting Hector | (Roberts Bros.) | |
| Cooley (T. M.), Treatise on Constitutional Limitations | (Little, Brown & Co.) | |
| Craik (Miss G. M.), Mildred: a Tale, swd | (Harper & Bros.) | 0 50 |
| Foolish Zoe | (Roberts Bros.) | |
| Gallagher (Rev. M.), The Primitive Eirenicon | (Hurd & Houghton) | 1 50 |
| Garrett (E.), Occupations of a Retired Life: a Tale, swd. | (Geo. Routledge & Sons) | 0 50 |
| Hayes (Dr. I.), Cast Away in the Cold: a Child's Story | (Ticknor & Fields) | 1 50 |
| "I Will," and Other Stories: for Children | (P. S. Wynkoop & Son) | 1 00 |
| Macdonald (G.), The Seaboard Parish: a Tale, swd | (Geo. Routledge & Sons) | 1 00 |
| Mischievous John | (Roberts Bros.) | |
| Packard (Dr. A. S., jr.), Guide to the Study of Insects, Part III, swd | (Essex Inst.) | 0 50 |
| Paijkull (Prof. C. W.), A Summer in Iceland | (J. B. Lippincott & Co.) | |
| Patie Durant: a Tale | (Virtue & Yorston) | |
| Potter (Geo. A.), The Instrument of Association | (Hurd & Houghton) | 1 25 |
| Pressensé (E. de), Jesus Christ: Times, Life, and Work | (Scribner, Welford & Co.) | |
| Rogers (J. E. T.), Speeches on Questions of Public Policy by John Bright, 2 vols. | (J. B. Lippincott & Co.) | |
| Scott (J. F.), Brudder Bones's Book of Stump Speeches | (Dick & Fitzgerald) | 0 50 |
| Scott (W. L.) and Jarnagin (M. P.), Treatise on the Law of Telegraphs. | (Little, Brown & Co.) | |
| Smiles (S.), Life of George Stephenson, revised edition | (Harper & Bros.) | |
| Townshend (J.), Treatise on Slander and Libel | (Baker, Voorhis & Co.) | 6 50 |
| Warren (C. E.), General Problems in Linear Perspective | (John Wiley & Son) | 4 00 |
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## The Week.

THERE is plenty of partisan murdering still going on at the South, although the people are of course aware that the Republican party, with a Congress very well disposed to make thorough work and a President very well disposed to use the veto power only when it is necessary, and the executive power whenever it is necessary, are going to be in power for the next two years, and probably for the next four. But registration is going on, and that is an exacerbating process. A Mr. Scott, a judge of election in Missouri, was called to the door of his house in the town of Harlem and killed on the threshold. He was a Republican who had given information to the board of registrars. In Monroe County, Arkansas, the Honorable James Hinds and the Honorable J. R. Brooks, the one a member of Congress, the other of the State Legislature, and both Republicans, were attacked by a gang of men, and Hinds was killed in the road, while Brooks was dangerously wounded. A day or two previously there were "more Democratic gains"—we suggest this phrase to the *World* as a good one—Mr. James Coolsey, a well-known Republican of the same county, having been shot for political reasons. At Boston, Texas, on the 7th inst., a Bureau agent died of murder. In Madison County, North Carolina, on this day week, at a mass meeting of Conservatives, a riot occurred, which resulted in the flight of the negroes without loss of life, but with some bruises. But on Saturday last New Orleans had a riot which resulted in the death of some ten or twelve men, of whom the majority were colored. The negroes were compelled to betake themselves to the shelter of their houses. Even the colored members of the police force were removed from their places, and told to keep themselves out of sight; and the whites filled the streets, listening to speeches from Steedman and other speakers. Meantime another riot occurred in the adjoining parish of St. Bernard, and troops were sent from the city, when immediately armed bands of the whites attempted to leave for the scene of action, and a self-constituted white police offered to preserve the peace of the city. General Rousseau had the sense to send these people about their business; but Governor Warmoth has had to ask him to take the government into his own hands. Practically, Louisiana is in complete rebellion against the acts of Congress, and will be ruled by rebels or by the military for some time to come. Whether or not there will be any election is uncertain. Mr. Johnson meantime "discoorses" on the finances with the tongue of an enchanter.

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The naturalization mill has finished its work for this election, having ground out 35,000 voters in this city alone. Of these, 10,000 are perhaps rightly admitted, 10,000 have passed through the machine without having been here five years, and the other 15,000 have never, at any rate, been near the court-room; indeed, from 5,000 to 7,000 of these latter are non-existent. This is what one of our "upright judges"—he was upright at the moment—did one day last week. He invited a friend who happened to be in his court-room to sit by him while he played a little joke. Then he left off calling the names from the list before him and proceeded to call off a long string of purely imaginary names invented by himself on the spur of the moment: John Smith, James Snooks, John Jones, Thomas Noakes, and the like. For every name a man instantly answered, and took a certificate! Finally, seeing a person on the other side of the room scratching his head, the judge called out, "George Scratchem!" "Here!" responded a voice. "Take that man outside to scratch," said his honor to the usher; and resumed the more regular manufacture of voters. Yet there is not a single Democratic lawyer of any weight in this city who dares to come out and run for a certain one of our judgeships against this audacious ruffian, who might as well as not be defeated had any of his nominal party associates the nerve to face him and his backers. It is notorious that even among the nominating leaders, whom he purchases with services such as we have been speaking of and with money, he has not one friend and many enemies. At least 10,000 certificates of naturalization have been issued for the use of "repeaters," and scattered through the State. The total number of certificates fraudulently obtained, in this and other cities, is at least 25,000 to 30,000. This is a heavy load for Grant to carry in this State, and may be too much for him. Although, had we known the dimensions of the fraud perpetrated, our tone in predicting the result in this State might have been even less confident than it has been, we are still reasonably hopeful that this enormous wickedness will fail to achieve its purpose. Thousands of Democrats have been disgusted by the shameless conduct of their leaders, and Hoffman will lose more votes than he suspects, even in this city, as a consequence of the means which are used for his election.

---

The Democrats have been long endeavoring to enlist Andrew Johnson in the canvass, but he has, for some unexplained reason, until now given them no open assistance by any public expression of his "views." He has, however, at last taken the field. He commenced operations last week by a telegram to Mr. Seymour, urging him to enter the canvass in person against "the despotic power now ready to enter the very gates of the citadel." He also expresses his "trust that Mr. Seymour may speak with an inspired tongue," which Mr. Seymour certainly will, if he be allowed any choice in the matter. Mr. Johnson's greatest contribution to the literature of the campaign is, however, his letter to General Ewing, "on the subject of the finances." It is not long, and yet it gives a history of the national liabilities from the foundation of the Government to October 24, 1868. After this comprehensive survey, he comes to the deliberate conclusion that if the debt is allowed to become "permanent and increasing," forty millions of people will become "slaves" to "bondholders and tax-gatherers." The letter contains many striking and impressive passages, but on the whole the one most worthy of quotation is this, which we commend to the attention of all thoughtful Radicals: "In 1776 our national independence was proclaimed, and, after an exhaustive, bloody struggle of seven years, was, in 1783, acknowledged by the parent Government." A captious critic might raise doubts as to the accuracy of these dates, but we suspect Mr. Johnson rarely ventures on statements of this kind without having carefully examined his ground.

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"Warrington," a well-known Boston correspondent of the New York *Tribune* and Springfield *Republican*, filled nearly two columns of

the former paper last week with a defence of General Butler and bitter denunciation of his enemies. The Springfield *Republican*, the *Nation*, and various other papers, oppose the general's re-election, and the reason is, we learn, that he is "a radical." We are unable to say whether we oppose him because he is "a radical," because we do not know what a Butlerite means when he uses the word "radical." If to be a radical is to be like General Butler, we are unquestionably the enemy of radicals, and our special reasons for disliking him we have given on various occasions in detail. Butlerites, however, use the term "radical" now in such a way that their saying that we denounce him because he is "a radical," explains about as much as if they said we denounced him because he was a "rumptyfoozle." Of the "rumptyfoozle" we know nothing, except that Thackeray described it in a short Latin poem as a strange beast brought over to England from foreign parts in two ships, and which immediately on landing was claimed by that rapacious tyrant and conservative George the Fourth. But the proprietors of the animal made answer in a noble verse, which we commend to the Butlerites for quotation in their stump speeches:

"Non, Georgius Quartus, non tibi dabimus rumptyfoozlum nostrum."

There is a fine spirit of defiance to arbitrary power breathing through this line which must commend it to the general's followers.

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What the character of the general's defenders as politicians is, is well illustrated by the utterance of this very "Warrington" in the Springfield *Republican*, three short months ago, before the Worcester Convention sat, and of which, let us add, he was a member—indeed, if we are not mistaken, a secretary, or some such dignitary. Says he, talking of his master's little scheme of taxing the bonds:

"The *Tribune* quotes the Chicago Platform, but there is nothing in that against taxing the bonds, and it would have been impossible for the Chicago Convention to adopt anything contrary to that policy. It has doubtless been very cheerful reading for the European bondholders—our gratulatory articles about our own honesty at Chicago. But *all the men inside of politics* know that the resolutions on the subject of finances were as meaningless as it was possible to make them. Nothing can be more mischievous than to denounce all projects for the taxation of the bonds as 'repudiation.' What is the use of giving a wicked name to acts which neither the public nor the private conscience deems wicked? I venture to say that Gen. Butler cancarry the Essex district on this issue *alone* if he chooses, and any other smart man any other Massachusetts district, and I say Essex and Massachusetts because we are not behind any other community in moral sense. You cannot persuade a man who pays a tax of two hundred dollars every year on his house and quarter of an acre of land and income of a thousand dollars that it is wicked to tax the rich old bachelor who lives opposite, and who has his hundred thousand dollars in bonds, *his* fair proportion of the expense of the Government. He ought to be made to pay."

This is a funny illustration of the sense the mechanical politicians, the party scene-shifters and stage-carpenters, entertain about their own profundity, and the contempt they feel for the popular understanding, as well as of their peculiar mode of "serving the party." There, we see, is the whole question settled—Chicago platform "meaningless," intentionally "meaningless;" the forcible reduction of the interest on the public debt perfectly justifiable; poor man who does not like to stand by his bargain not to be asked to stand by it because the other party is a rich man; General Butler, or "any other smart man," sure to carry any Massachusetts district on this very swindle. The Convention, however, settled it the other way. Yet the school to which this writer belongs—and he is the only one of the disciples who can write with any force or ability—actually administer "moral" rebukes to Fessenden, and roll their eyes when the New York Irish elect John Morrissey, and ascribe the lowness of American securities in foreign markets to "aristocratic hatred of our institutions."

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General Hawley, we see, has addressed a most creditable letter to Mr. R. H. Dana, commenting severely on Butler's financial heresies, and encouraging Mr. Dana in the stand he is making, under all sorts of difficulties, against the flood of unscrupulousness which seems to be threatening to submerge the Fifth District. General Hawley says that only two members of the Committee on Resolutions favored the Butlerite view of the nation's obligations, and "the strong tide in the right direction was not conscious of their resistance, if they made any. In the Convention itself, covert repudiation made no sign. That body itself asserted its opinions with vigor and clearness, *and, as it supposed, with unmistakable clearness.* It takes much ingenuity and more violence to make its declarations sanction, or in any degree cover, those of the Tammany Convention." What do those cunning, 'cute creatures, "the men inside politics," say to this? General Hawley adds that General Butler, as regards financial matters, "is in deadly opposition alike to true radicalism and true conservatism;" and that one consequence of considering bond-taxation and greenback-substitution "non-essentials" would probably be "an immortality of shame." Finally he tells Mr. Dana that "he admires and respects his course" in "standing out for sound principles against the pressure of old friends and great majorities," and "bids him fight it out on that line." We are heartily glad to see that he is doing so. No matter whether Butler be elected or not, the opposition to him is every day awakening the conscience of the country, both as regards the value of character in public men and as regards the moral obligations of great communities. The rough and ready "moral reformers" and clergymen who are now showing themselves in the Butler ranks, will live to be as thoroughly ashamed of their conduct as a good many of their prototypes now are of ever having defended or been lukewarm about slavery. The kingdom of heaven may not be at hand, but neither is the reign of unmitigated and unblushing rascality.

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We are very sorry to have to recur once more to Mr. Reverdy Johnson's performances in England; but it would be useless, even if it were right, to attempt to conceal the fact that he is causing the judicious of all parties to grieve deeply. Of the speech-making in which he is indulging we shall only say that, in the first place, it needs more discretion than he seems to possess to prevent its doing mischief; and, in the second, that no diplomat who knew England would expect it to do any good. There is no country in Europe in which, in spite of the popular form of government, oratory is of less use to a foreign minister. But we might forgive Mr. Johnson's speech-making if it were not for his fraternization with notorious enemies and revilers of the United States Government. Considering what kind of stuff after-dinner oratory is, we are, as a general rule, indisposed to hold a gentleman who is replying to a toast responsible for anything he says, as in nine cases out of ten he doesn't know himself what he is saying; but an American diplomatist who cannot keep from singling out Lord Wharncliffe and Mr. Roebuck and their like for expressions of friendship and esteem, even in after-dinner speeches, had really better come home. In doing this, as we have said two or three weeks ago, he is not simply wounding American susceptibilities, but he is violating all the proprieties of diplomatic life. His last performance in this line has been a public and cordial hand-shaking with Mr. Laird, at Liverpool. It may not be generally known that Mr. Laird was not simply the builder of the *Alabama* and other Confederate ships—for this he might have been in the way of trade—but that he built them joyfully and put feeling into them, and boasted in the House of Commons of his share in sending out the *Alabama* as the act of his life in which he felt most satisfaction. He was one of the most truculent and insolent advocates in Parliament, also, of the recognition of the Confederacy; and one of the last occasions, if we are not mistaken, in which he opened his lips in public about the war was in July, 1863, when he gleefully and tauntingly predicted that the next mail would bring the news of the destruction of the Federal armies in Pennsylvania and the capture of Washington by Lee, and thus force the ministry to acknowledge the independence of the Confederacy. We suppose Mr. Johnson has by this time completed his negotiations with Lord Stanley. If so, we hope Mr. Seward will have the grace to recall him. Where is "McCracken" all this time? Those who opposed Mr. Johnson's appointment, however, because he is a Democrat, need not attempt to take any comfort from these admissions of ours about him. He has failed not because he is a Democrat, but because he is—well, something which a good many fine young Radicals are also.

In 1864 General Grant found that General Lee was receiving surreptitious supplies from within the lines of Butler's army. He ordered Butler to "report at Lowell," which Butler did, but he wisely took with him certain records of the proceedings in certain courts-martial. Grant sent General George Gordon, a man whom he entirely trusted, to look into the affairs of Butler, his brother-in-law, Fisher A. Hildreth, and other agents and subordinates of the latter. Gordon has gone down into Butler's district and is making a speech, in which he charges Butler with having taken out of the department without leave the records above mentioned; with having on his way North prepared a fraudulent endorsement (without date) on the findings and sentence of a court in the case of one Whitlock; with having withheld this endorsement because Whitlock had consented, while under arrest, to give a great interest in his business to Hildreth, the brother-in-law; with having lent himself to the firm in question—Renshaw & Co. it called itself—and to three or four other firms engaged in selling supplies to rebel agents and getting cotton in return. Of course Butler "covered his tracks." All these charges, and more, made with the utmost particularity, Butler has utterly failed to meet. He of course quotes affidavits got from the men who are accused of having been implicated with him in the practices above mentioned, and of course his talent as a jury lawyer makes it very easy for him to handle these accusations in such a way before a large audience that they do not make at once their full impression. They have not the less ruined him, or at least sensibly shortened his rope, which has not now so very many months to run. We observe that he has declared that if Charles Sumner will declare that his (Butler's) election would be an undesirable thing he will withdraw. He would not; but still Mr. Sumner, of whose "courage" we used to hear something once, owes a duty to himself, and it will be interesting to see if he dares to perform it.

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The Hartford *Post* asserts positively that the stories which have been for some time afloat that Mr. Charles Francis Adams favors Seymour and Blair, and is ill affected towards the Republican party, are "entirely false," and that he says that "he came home to obtain that rest to which he thinks his age and long public services entitle him, and that he shall not again mingle in politics and in public life." This statement, combined with the *Post's* opposition to Butler, makes it painfully evident that that paper has gone over to the Conservatives, and is now in league with the enemies of human freedom. It requires very little perspicacity to discover, as the world would admit if we mentioned the class of people who have discovered it, that Mr. Adams's professions of a desire for repose are simply intended to cover his participation in the most fiendish plots for the betrayal of the negro. If the telegraph offices were examined, and his communications with T——ll seized, and if his conversations with the man in the mask and long cloak, who meets him every night in his back kitchen, and who is believed by his neighbors to be F——den, were overheard, a good many dainty, kid-glove politicians would be astonished by what is going on "in our midst." Our advice to the faithful "dailies" and "weeklies" who are keeping watch on the crags of freedom is, to send out a very impudent and unscrupulous reporter to Mr. Adams's house, to have an "interview" with him, and get the whole story of his baseness from his own lips. Delicacy in such cases is treason to humanity. Whatever the hardened creature won't confess ought to be evolved from the moral consciousness of some right-minded editor. Mr. Adams's retirement and repose have, in our opinion, lasted about long enough. "The people" want to know what he is up to, and if the press is too corrupt or too weak to gratify them, we hope a Congressional Committee composed of the right men will prove more loyal to the great interests, etc., etc.

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The *Church Union*, which has amongst other merits that of speaking out its mind freely, declares that the article which appeared recently in the *Nation* on the Water Street revival "was doubtless written by one who knows nothing about God's converting grace, and cannot write from an inside view of the work, which is now quietly and sweetly progressing in that part of the city." The spiritual condition of the writer of our article is, to use the popular phrase, "neither here nor there," and is not a proper subject for newspaper discussion; but this much we may say about it, that it is such as to cause him to rejoice heartily that he has not been obliged even by a sense of duty to take "an inside view of the work" in Water Street, for he has known enough about it all along to know that it was neither "sweet" nor "quiet." Moreover, it has, "humanly speaking"—and none of its promoters have any right to talk about it otherwise than "humanly"—proved a total failure. The Gospel is no longer "in Allen's den," but Allen is, and his harlots are, and the whole party are tenfold more the children of the devil than ever, and the net visible result of the movement—about the invisible results we shall take nobody's word—is that the community has been thoroughly disgusted, and great scandal brought on religion and decency, and the reformation of the Water Street brutes rendered more difficult than ever.

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Affairs in Spain continue to look bright. There are occasional rumors of intrigues and counter intrigues amongst the revolutionary leaders composing the Central Junta, and though tranquillity reigns everywhere, and the new Government found the treasury well filled, and has been able to meet its obligations promptly, there will doubtless be no real feeling of security and confidence till a constituent assembly—to use the European phrase, or a constitutional convention, to use the American one—has met and framed a government. It will take some months for this, and, in the meantime, the country has nothing to rely on but the wisdom and moderation of the Prims and Serranos and the other chiefs of the new régime. The great danger of the crisis has, however, been touched on by our English correspondent on another page, namely, that the leaders of the revolution and the town populations, who are as yet its mainstay, are in advance of the mass of the population, and that, consequently, the sweeping reforms just made may not only not stand, but eventually bring about a reaction, such as occurred in so many other countries on the Continent after 1848. In the meantime, however, there is more "movement" in the Spanish funds than there has been for many a long year. They are not yet quotable on any of the leading European exchanges, but there are signs of a feeling in commercial circles that the three per cents. at 33 are not a bad investment. The Papal party everywhere, as might be expected, treat the revolution as the triumph of atheism. Archbishop Manning, in a recent lecture in London on the approaching Œcumenical Council, talks of Spain as a fallen angel, and even the Queen, whose moral infirmities are notorious, though the Pope did give her the Golden Rose, has found a defender in Sir George Bowyer, the well-known but somewhat too acute canon lawyer. Sir George says that Father Claret and Sister Patricinio, the monk and nun who have enjoyed the repute of directing the Queen's conscience, were two simple-minded persons who lived in blessed ignorance of, and indifference to, politics, and could not, therefore, have led her Majesty astray.

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The death of M. Walewski, an illegitimate son of Napoleon I. by a Polish lady, and one of the present Emperor's most trusted advisers, has deprived the Imperial dynasty of the last of the three supporters and councillors who were really devoted to it, and who really commanded popular respect and affection. The other two were Messrs. Fould, the banker, and Count de Morny. Fould was "the man of business" of the Empire from its foundation in 1852, and whether in or out of office was listened to respectfully at the Tuileries, and prevented a thousand financial follies by his sagacious counsels. De Morny might have been called its "popularity man." He was a thorough Frenchman; and it was well said of him, that he had only to interrogate himself to know how the French public felt. He was hospitable, generous, kind-hearted—and, in fact, did more than any other man to give the new court a good footing in Parisian society and to feel the Parisian pulse for his chief. The rest of the Imperial *entourage*, such as Fleury, Persigny, St. Arnaud & Co., have never had any reputation or weight, and have always done the dirty work of the régime. The loss of the last of the three former must, at his age, make the Emperor feel that the shadows are thickening around him before the roots of the dynasty have struck into the soil.

## WHAT MAY BE EXPECTED FROM GRANT'S ADMINISTRATION.

One of the unfortunate but inevitable accompaniments of a canvass, or in fact of all government by popular agitation, is that a measure cannot be carried without exciting extravagant expectations as to its result. It is impossible, for instance, in the present or any probable condition of the human faculties to elect a President by a party vote without leading the majority to look for a much greater improvement in the condition of the country as the reward of their exertions than is in the nature of things possible. Consequently, few Presidents ever pass through even one term without greatly disappointing their supporters. Of course there would be some disappointment even if an archangel were put in the chair, for it would not be in the power of an archangel to reward everybody who took an active part in the canvass, according to the applicant's own estimate of his deserts. But there is also sure to be a good deal of disappointment for which the hack politician is not responsible. No man can have ten or fifteen eulogistic "lives" written of him, or have several hundred orators and newspapers devote themselves for half a year to extolling him, and making light of his defects, without suffering from the cold criticisms of later and calmer days. Moreover, there is no man out of office, and who has never held office, who can ever have his fitness for office weighed accurately, even by the acutest observer. The number of those in every state of whom it may be said, with slight modification, what Tacitus said of Galba, that they enjoy a reputation for statesmanship the continuance of which depends on their never being called on to govern, is necessarily very great. Moreover, we have had a good many Presidents whose elevation was not even due to an untested reputation for administrative capacity, but simply to accident or intrigue.

The very best and ablest man must, therefore, owing to causes which have their root in human nature itself, expect to see the lustre of his name considerably dimmed by the time his first term of office has closed. We have little doubt this will prove true of Grant as of others, though none of his predecessors since Washington has gone through, under the eyes of the nation, before assuming office, such a severe trial of all his qualities, mental as well as moral, as he has. His enemies have tried in vain to represent him as a mere soldier, and to warn people against him, for reasons that would apply to St. Arnaud or Pelissier and Windischgratz; and the reason they have failed is, that the man who succeeds at the head of an American volunteer army can never be a mere soldier. A mere soldier could not and cannot command such an organization, because it is not and cannot be made the perfect military machine which is all set in motion by touching a single spring, as the Austrian or French army is. Even when in its best state for military purposes, it retains very largely its civil character, and has to be managed and manœuvred with a very large amount of that civil prudence, that power of persuasion, respect for prejudices and peculiarities, and skill in judging of individual character, which go to make a statesman's success. An American general who maintains good relations with the Federal Government, good relations with the governors of the States, retains the confidence and respect of the troops, and the good opinion of the public during arduous and difficult campaigns, such as Grant's have been, has passed through an ordeal such as no foreign general is ever called upon to encounter, and must possess many of the highest qualities of a civil ruler.

Within a very few days Grant will, we believe, be elected. While, therefore, perfectly aware that the triumph of the Republican party and the installation of Grant in the White House will not bring or even materially hasten the millennium, we believe there are certain things of the highest value which a man who is neither sanguine nor excited may, after due allowance has been made for the froth of the campaign, count on as all but certain to result from it. It will, in the first place, we will not say put an end to crimes and outrages at the South, but it will greatly diminish their number—so far diminish it as to produce what will be—for the South—a condition of peace and security; and this not wholly, or even in great part, by the application of force, for Grant will not have at his disposal the means of policing the South. But he will have the means of ending the flagrant disorders, partly by the supply of aid to the civil authorities in bad cases, and partly through the effect on the Southern imagination of the fact that the malcontents have neither sympathy nor support to look for at Washington. It must be remembered that order is not preserved in any community—not even in conquered communities—by the direct use of force. A reasonable apprehension of punishment, and a tolerably clear apprehension of the uselessness of resistance, is all that the most turbulent community needs to reduce it to something like tranquillity. Even in the worst districts of the South, the great bulk of the people desire a quiet life, and it only needs the belief that the state of things now established is not to be changed by assassination or arson, and that attempts to change it in this way will be repressed with the strong hand, to produce as close a semblance of order even in Texas as is possible in the existing moral condition of the population. The election of Grant will, in fact, be the approval by the country, after four years' deliberation, of the plan of reconstruction adopted by Congress. The most sanguine or flighty Southern politician will hardly continue to hope for the reversal of such a judgment as this.

In the next place, although we do not flatter ourselves that Grant's election will completely remove all danger to the public credit, it will give all the weight and influence of the Government, and of a formal expression of public opinion, to that portion of the Republican party which advocates the honest payment of the public debt. It will not silence the Butlerites; it may not prevent a split of the Republican party on this very question, and the return of its chief knaves and a large body of its more recent recruits to their old places in the Democratic ranks. But it will certainly cow, and may silence, the repudiators until the finances have been reduced to order, and something like a settled policy adopted with regard to revenue and taxation. That this is the general expectation both at home and abroad is shown in the rise in the value of greenbacks and Government bonds since the recent State elections. That is to say, the mere prospect of Grant's triumph has carried us nearly a fifth of the way towards specie payments without any cost to the country. His election will carry us still further, and then an economical management of the Treasury, and the suppression of War-Horses in the House and Senate, will, it is to be hoped, speedily do the rest.

Though last, not least, Grant's election will afford the best chance that has ever been offered of a reform in the civil service. It is only lately that the necessity of this has become fully apparent to the public. While population was small, society simple, and the work of government comparatively light, the evils of the existing system were not very striking. Since the war they have assumed proportions which it is no exaggeration to call awful, for they positively threaten the existence of the Government. From Presidents taken from the ranks of the regular politicians, bred under the influence of party usages and traditions, it was useless to expect any assistance in the work of reform. Even to Mr. Lincoln, honest and well-meaning as he was, the present plan of appointing public servants wore the appearance of a portion of the natural order of the universe, and there was something pathetic as well as painful in watching him devoting the first three precious months of his first term of office—when the enemy was literally at the gates, and the Government apparently in the throes of dissolution—to the distribution of "the spoils" in such manner as to "satisfy the claims of localities" and reward the various hack politicians of all degrees who had taken part in the canvass.

Now, Grant is not a regular politician. He will be the first President the country has had for many a long day on whom old party doctrines, as to "spoils" and "claims," will have no influence. He has been bred in a very different and a very much better school—a school in which honor and merit are still words that mean something, and that stand for forces in human affairs. He has shown, too, in his administration of the army, that he knows a good man when he sees him, and that as soon as he sees him he clasps him to him with hooks of steel. He is by education and temperament the foe of jobbers, intriguers, and blatterers, and will undoubtedly apply to the civil service, in so far as he can, the rules of selection and promotion by the aid of which he has given such splendid illustration to American military annals. We may therefore look for, at his hands, in the first place—if he gets a fair amount of support from the Senate—the formation of a cabinet in which knowledge and ability will count for a great deal, and the

"claims of localities" and party usages for very little. We should not be surprised, for instance, and should be very much pleased—though we know nothing whatever about the probabilities—to see him put Mr. Sumner in the State Department and Mr. Wells in the Treasury. In the next place, the attempts to reform the whole civil service in which Mr. Jenckes and Mr. Patterson are engaged, and which will be renewed when Congress meets, will undoubtedly receive from him an amount of hearty support such as no regular politician would give them. He, like all military and naval officers, will, when brought into actual contact with the diplomatic, revenue, and postal service, be sickened by the spectacle of disorder and corruption which they offer, and will do what he can to make them what the army and navy are—a credit to the country instead of a shame and scandal.

## THE REPUBLICAN PARTY AFTER THE ELECTION.

As we go to press, the reports which reach us from all quarters indicate that, although Mr. Dana's chances of election in the Essex District are by no means desperate, General Butler will very likely be successful and the Fifth Massachusetts District unfortunate. What we shall say in the present article is founded on the assumption of that probability, and if the assumption is incorrect, falls to the ground. Assuming, therefore, that General Butler succeeds in defeating Mr. Dana, what effect will the result have, not upon the members of the Butlerite sect of moralists, but upon the Republican party—upon the party which, for the past eight years, has held the reins of government—upon the party which has defeated the South and reconstructed the Union?

With the election of Grant and Colfax, the conflict about slavery, negro suffrage, and reconstruction must come to an end. For this election assures us that there shall be no re-enslavement, that in the States still disorganized the forces of the United States shall be used to the extent of the power of the Executive in protecting citizens at the South, whether black or white, in the exercise of all their rights, political as well as civil, and that the reconstruction acts shall be considered valid by all departments of the Government. More than this, as we have frequently pointed out, cannot be done. Military government of the South for the next twenty years—which, were it only possible, would be by far the best means of fostering the growth of peace there, accompanied as it would be by instruction for the negro and poor-white, and affording, as it would, protection to Northern emigrants—is unfortunately totally impossible. Unfortunately all parties are with rare unanimity agreed that the Southern States must, for the future, be left to themselves. A limit is already set to the Freedmen's Bureau, both by act of Congress and by common consent; and the minor theoretical topics of disagreement between the two parties—as, for instance, the criminality of treason and the question whether the Southern States at the end of the war were in or out of the Union—cannot very well any longer form substantial ground for difference. In other words, the chief points of dispute between Republicans and Democrats will be settled; the war which began forty years ago with the publication of the *Liberator* will have been ended in the complete triumph of the *Liberator's* cause. The Democrats will have been beaten, and the victorious hosts of the Republicans will be looking about them, uncertain in what fields to display their activity.

The Republicans will then find themselves composed of several small parties, different in aims, different in origin, different in destiny. We do not propose to enumerate them all, but some of them are these: In the first place, the old abolitionists, a party resting its claims to existence solely on the vigor of its conscience; in the second place, what may be called the later school of abolitionists, who began life by believing slavery to be not the most crying evil in America, but who were persuaded sooner or later into admitting that it was; in the third place, the majority of the party, who joined it to put down the rebellion with the simple feeling of patriotism; in the fourth place, the new negro voters, a body about which almost nothing is known, except that it is a docile body; and, in the fifth place, individual men of ability and distinguished unscrupulousness, who left their old party at the last moment to take sides with the stronger forces, and who are willing to do the same thing again. This fifth class is represented by, if not composed of, General Butler. The aim of the first class is the reign of "truth," a vague and unsatisfactory aim, because each one of them has his own notions of the proper definition of the word. The aim of the second class is simply good government and the application of the laws of reasoning and the deductions of experience to affairs of state. The third is quite as vague in its views as the first, and quite as much under the influence of its feelings. The object of the fourth is simply to be led to do what will make a tolerable life possible; while the fifth merely desires personal aggrandizement. Four of these classes were united by the war in the pursuit of a common enemy; the termination of the war and reconstruction leave them without any well-defined plan of action. One of them has just been called into existence. Meanwhile, it is necessary to observe that, though four of the classes are divided at hap-hazard into bondholders and non-bondholders, the limits of no one of them coincide with the limits of the bondholding and non-bondholding classes. The negroes, for example, are practically entirely non-bondholding. On the other hand, the Democrats also find their occupation gone, for slavery is abolished and the South is reconstructed. They are demoralized utterly.

Now, one of the two great parties being in a thoroughly disorganized state, and the other being undecided as to its future policy, a question of vital importance arises as to the payment of the debt. It is generally assumed that this question is settled by the announcement by the Democrats of their intention to pay the debt in greenbacks and to tax the bonds, and by the Republican declaration at Chicago that the debt is to be paid in good faith and that repudiation is a national crime. But although we are disposed to agree to the proposition that this might have been so had not the question of electing General Butler been made so prominent and interesting a one, by the refusal of a very large and respectable body of Republicans to support a man pledged to violate the honor of the country, it seems to us more probable that if General Butler is elected the five-twenty question will assume new and alarming proportions. And our reasons are these: The eyes of intelligent men all over the country are at this moment turned upon the Fifth Massachusetts District as one in which a test-case is trying, in which the question how much stretching the Chicago Platform will stand is being determined. It must not be forgotten that Butler himself has taken that platform as his, and has, in a letter to the *Tribune*, already long since stated his intention to pay the debt according to "good conscience," a phrase which does not differ essentially from "good faith," but which he interprets in his own peculiar fashion. Again, General Butler is, according to all received authorities, the great (Republican) apostle of the greenback plan,

> "That he who has sha'n't keep;
> And he shall get who can."

It was General Butler who received it from Pendleton, and who improved and perfected it. It is known as Butler's policy, and the question is whether Butler can, in the teeth of an active opposition, solely through the advantage which a regular nomination gives him, make the "payment of the debt in good faith" mean "payment of the debt in depreciated currency."

Only two or three State conventions have had the boldness yet to advocate in set terms the payment of the debt in gold and silver coin. Massachusetts has done so; but a vast majority of the States have made platforms which are only verbose amplifications of the maxim that "honesty is the best policy." The great question is, What do you mean by "good faith," and what do you mean by "repudiation?"—and the fact is that the Republican conventions have not generally dared to say what they do mean. Individual Republicans, like Secretary Stanton, have no objection to say what they think. But neither has General Butler. The conduct of Senator Morton shows the prevailing unsteadiness upon this and kindred points. Six months ago he said that he was "in favor of one currency for all," and used other expressions from which the public derived the impression that he thought the 5-20s should be paid in greenbacks, and that the currency should be paper. He has recently said that by "one currency" he meant "gold and silver," and that as for the payment of the 5-20s in greenbacks—"Why, gentlemen, breathes there a man with soul so dead," etc., etc. And what will he say six months hence? There never

was a time when it was so curiously easy to misunderstand the plainest English words, and to misconceive wholly the political objects of statesmen. In the ordinary affairs of life, people generally know when other people mean gold and when they mean paper—or iron pyrites, as Mr. Atkinson would say—but in the present position of public affairs, the only thing one can find out, at least from conventions, which are the constituted organs of party expression, the organs of speech, the very tongues of their constituents, is that the love of "honesty," and "good faith," and "honor," and "equity," and "national integrity," and hatred of "baseness," "repudiation," and, let us say, all other forms of crime, has reached a development that, in any nation so young as this, must be regarded as highly gratifying, of course, but perhaps too precocious. When a great party, by its authorized agents, finds itself able to say nothing about the most important question which will agitate the country for the next generation but this, that it hates "vice," we cannot believe that there is any real union, any settled determination as to the particular form of "vice" which it is necessary to attack. Now, has the Republican party irrevocably made up its mind that the five-twenty bonds are to be paid in "gold and silver coin?" Has the Republican party irrevocably made up its mind that the bonds are not to be taxed? Twenty Republicans voted to adopt the report of the committee to which this subject was referred, and this was after the making of the Chicago Platform and that manly denunciation of the criminality of such proceedings, of which we hear so much. We believe that in the incoherent mass which will compose the Republican party after the election of Grant, a number of men, sufficiently large to exercise important influence, will be found ready to pay the debt in greenbacks, if only they can find a leader who calls himself Republican. If General Butler goes back to Congress, these men will reason in this way: The convention did not declare in favor of "gold and silver coin," except in a few cases; and in Massachusetts, where the strongest kind of resolutions were passed, they care so little in reality about it, that the chief repudiator of them all, the man who gave repudiation all its energy and living force, is sent back here, after a most active canvass—after a canvass which had its origin in the determination of the best men in the district that the five-twenty question should be made a plain one, and which was headed by one of the ablest men in the country. It is evident that the real power for the next two years is in Mr. Butler's hands to a most dangerous extent. The next Congress will contain more Democrats than the last, and they will vote solidly for repudiation in any form, as they did to tax the bonds in July.

We have discussed the question only as it bears upon the 5-20s; but there are a thousand other ways of bringing about what General Butler has so long advocated and apparently advocates now. For example, a sudden cry may be raised that we are over-taxed, that the corrupt native and the selfish foreign bondholder are forcing us to tax ourselves for their benefit, and ruining the country. Under this plea we might "pass" the semi-annual interest once or twice. Railroads managed by the smaller Butlers do such things with their dividends; why not governments? And surely no one—however inclined he is to suppose that the five-twenty question is really settled—will say that all other schemes of repudiation have been so thoroughly discussed as to preclude the possibility of a swindle. Let us repeat, that the Republican party has no settled policy for the years to come after the election of Grant; that both parties are in a loose, disorganized state; that at such moments unscrupulous men have a double power; and that if General Butler goes back to Congress, the party which sends him there will find itself split by the question of the debt into two factions which may never reunite. *Harper's Weekly* said the other day, that if the Republican party threw moral principle overboard, the party and the country are doomed. We do not agree as to the country, but we feel very sure about the party.

## INJURIOUS WORKS AND INJURIOUS CRITICISM.

Miss Anna Dickinson has recently written a book, and Mrs. Stowe and Mrs. Lydia Maria Child having found it full of good feeling, have praised it lavishly on the ground that, whatever it may be as a novel, it is, as "a deed," a noble deed and a brave one. We are not going to quarrel at all with the way in which this critical opinion is worded. It is proverbial that to quarrel with the burning words of the poetical fraternity, if it is always easy, is very often very foolish, and shows a small and captious spirit which surely no one would like to make himself suspected of possessing. And we may say, without being cynical in the least, that we, for our part, frequently accept proverbs as true; the mere fact that many people habitually say a certain thing is not always conclusive proof of its entire or even of its partial falsity. So we are not unwilling to allow that "What Answer?" may rightfully be described as "a deed," though we confess that that would not have been our own way of speech if we had been trying to praise Miss Dickinson's novel, and most assuredly would not have been the way in which we should have spoken had we been intent on merely giving an honest, unimpassioned description of it. But people must talk as they can. And if the novel of "What Answer?" moves anybody to making the assertion that it is "a noble deed"—why, we may keep up a good deal of thinking, but we are not, on this present occasion, going to say anything in the way of verbal criticism. We are more inclined to beg the people who have said so, and who think so, to allow us to put upon their expression the meaning that it was the writing and publishing of "What Answer?" that was a noble deed, rather than that the book itself is such. If they will grant us thus much, then we will go on a step and say that they are wrong in many ways. This will become clear, we think, after a little of that honest consideration which the real importance of the subject ought to command from every person who tries to do his duty, and to enlighten his conscience from all possible sources before he takes the responsibility of action.

To talk of morality in the abstract is not nearly so easy as to act it in the abstract. We will, therefore, confine ourselves, for the present at least, to the concrete case before us. A thoroughly bad novel is put upon the market. Whatever a novel should have it lacks, and whatever a novel should not be it is. There is not a character in it. Its incidents are absurdly threadbare in all essentials. There is no plot. A chief difficulty of the very question—that of caste-feeling—which, as it pretends, is its chief concern, is in very great part shirked by the author's taking as the representative of a race despised on account of its color a most lovely and lovable woman, so entirely "white" that not even her lover suspected that she was "black" until he was told so. It is not true, as some have said, that there is anything approaching strict adherence to truth in the facts of the story. The style in which the book is written, if it is not good, is yet better than the school-girlish general conception would lead one to expect. Still, in each chapter, or in many of the chapters, there is more or less of that inflamed newspaper English which some people describe as being eloquence, but which, one day—for we are hopeful concerning her—Miss Dickinson will, we feel confident, be very sorry to have ever written or spoken. This eloquence is emitted in behalf of a certain "cause" about which it is now proper, and for some time to come will be proper, for almost all of us to keep silence till certain laborious ethnologists and physiologists—some of whom we assure our three ladies are to-day lean and pale from conscientious labor through many years—reach the conclusions which, as yet, elude them, but which they hope may yet be reached, and about which Miss Dickinson talks as if she had entirely settled the question. The novel, then, is emphatically a bad novel—without interest, even possessing some positive qualities which inflict pain on any one who in the least values art; without thought, and even flouting the labors of some of the most conscientious and studious thinkers in the world; without goodness of style, even characterized by many vices of style which—though Miss Dickinson may not to-day fully believe it—will do something to lead more than one young writer astray, and thus will do a service she never meant to do to the cause of immorality; will put off the times when we shall all think with clearness, and hate vulgarity of tone, and value that simple honesty of feeling and justness of thought which are the mark of the best natures, and which find all but inevitable expression in the best form as well as the best matter of literature.

This being the question, whether or not to praise such a book because one respects the author and has unbounded faith in the goodness and even the admirable greatness of her intentions—what answer? The question is at bottom quite the same in the case of Miss Dickinson's orations; though as an orator—and this cannot be said of her as a novelist—she did good service for which we cannot help being grateful—though we feel that we ought to encourage the sentiment of ingratitude—in more than one of our hardest fought political campaigns. But ought we to praise her for her labors? We ought to admit the good of which they have been productive and that the laborer meant even more good than she did; but nevertheless, it is past hoping, we ought to condemn her with little reservation. As Dr. Holland would say, we ought to condemn her for the same reason that we

# the lord's prayer.

our father, which art in heaven, hallowed be thy name. thy kingdom come; thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven. give us this day our daily bread. & forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us. & lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. for thine is the kingdom, & the power, & the glory, for ever & ever. amen.

P. inst. for blind. boston.

ought not to praise her. Praise and blame are revelations of the feelings of the speakers, and often they describe the thing itself which is praised or blamed, but also they encourage and deter. Now, to deter Miss Dickinson from the writing of such novels as the one she has written, and the making of such speeches as she has been in the habit of making, is, we are persuaded, a duty which we owe to her, which we owe to morals, and also to art —which is never good without being an ally, often perhaps indirect, of the best morals, and is never bad—we mean artistically bad—without being good morality's subtle but sure enemy.

To speak a little more at length of Miss Dickinson as an orator, inasmuch as we have spoken of her somewhat *in extenso* as a writer. She delights in speaking. We do not at all mean that she has any special liking for publicity, or that her whole course, since she became a public personage, has not been perfectly consistent with excellent claims to the high esteem of all who respect the truly womanly and the truly manly in character. Very far from it. But it is as natural as possible for her to orate; she cannot help it, even when she is holding the pen. Often enough she deserts her writing-desk for the platform, even when thoughtfully writing a novel is the business which she has in hand, and to which she should be attending closely; or rather she turns her desk into a "stump." Her really remarkable success before the people—the people considered as audiences, partisan in character, and assembled in the evening with brass bands and glee-clubs—is alone enough to prove this. She speaks with much glow and fire, and sometimes with an enthusiasm which is not always of the merely effervescent kind, but is sometimes consequent on the vivid perception of the real truth of things, and an ardent desire to make others see as she sees. It is to her, we think, though we are not sure, that we owe the happy phrase descriptive of our first year of the rebellion, the year of Bull Run and of an utterly unorganized army, but a year of great ardor and of unthinking patriotism—that we were then making war by precipitating ourselves on the South "in town meetings." But to be capable of fiery enthusiasm of speech, though it is one, and a great one, of the orator's qualifications, and though it is always enough to lift the average audience off its feet, is not a sufficient justification for the making of speeches. The political speech-maker ought to have, beside that, some considerable political and other knowledge, and ought to have done a good deal of hard thinking. We are not saying a really unkind thing, though we fear we are offending some people whom we should be, on the whole, glad to please, when we say that many of Miss Dickinson's orations made the judicious grieve for her hearers and for herself. She constantly attempted the handling of things of which she is as entirely unqualified to treat as a peri would be unqualified to make a commentary on Wheaton's books concerning international law. Not to put too fine a point on it, she frequently was very ignorant and very illogical, and was often rewarded with plaudits of which we can only hope that she did not feel proud, for she really was as "noisy" in mind and spirit as her hearers were in body.

In her book, and in her speeches, Miss Dickinson has been content to have good intentions—and it is because she means so well that it is so disagreeable to condemn her so thoroughly as we cannot help doing—has contented herself with having good intentions, and—with not doing her best. But not to do the best one can is even more surely fatal to real morality than it is fatal to success in artistic works. By laboriously educating herself, by consenting to hold her tongue until she had properly cultivated her fine powers, by working hard for herself before she began working for even the holiest of causes, Miss Dickinson—and we hope for her own sake that she will attend to this point—might have done far better service to the work in which she was interested, might have removed many dangers from her own individual path, and might have saved herself from the pain of the reflection, which we trust she is one day sure to make, that her bad novel, and her essentially bad speeches, have really, in the long run, done something to put off the day when wisdom, intellectual and moral, which is the sole hope of the world, shall be everywhere and in all men. Mr. Hinton Helper, with his late cruel and silly books, is not a person with whom we should be willing to rank Miss Dickinson—unless, indeed, we were talking with people who have given some comprehensive consideration to certain subjects on which most people have not as yet thought. But, without making odious comparisons, it is, we must say, surely true that bad preaching on the best of texts is in the end as immoral as good preaching employed for the enforcement of the worst of texts. Audiences may say No, and hasty people, whose hearts are with the speaker, may for a moment resent the making of profitable remarks to him or her; but the truth remains that there is not yet anybody in the world who has a right to make a poor book or to talk cheap eloquence, no matter what may be the cause which it is sought to promote.

## ENGLAND.

LONDON, October 8, 1868.

OUR great occupation since I last wrote to you has been the Spanish revolution. I do not think, however, I can add very much upon that subject to what you must already have heard about it. Of all the revolutions which have taken place in Europe for the last twenty years, it has been, I think, the quietest by far; and at the present moment it has the most promising appearance. Prim goes to Cadiz, the fleet join him, the troops join the fleet, the people join the forces, and, after just fighting enough to show that the parties interested are in real earnest, the Queen steps over the frontier, curses her late subjects in good set terms, and makes an end—so it would appear, at least—of the last of the Bourbon monarchies. On the other hand, there are to be constituent Cortes, elected by universal suffrage, and charged by the popular will to do every sort of thing, possible and impossible, by which the people of Spain can be made happy and prosperous for ever. It is more like a transformation scene at a pantomime than anything else. One gets sceptical, however, as he goes on in life, as to the possibility of such triumphs as these—of the good over the bad principle. I do not profess to have any special knowledge of Spanish affairs—hardly any one has who is not specially acquainted with the country—but it appears to me quite incredible that things should have gone on as they are said to have gone on for all these years, if the Spaniards had not had a great deal in common with their queen. They never would have allowed her to act as she did, and in particular to do her very utmost for the overthrow and destruction of all the liberal measures which were carried, however hastily and imperfectly, thirty years ago—and of which, by right, she ought to have been the special representative and defender—if there had not been a great deal in common between them and her. The reactionary and superstitious party must be uncommonly strong in Spain, and I cannot believe that a mere change of government produced in this manner will weaken their strength. We shall surely hear more of all this before matters are ended.

To me the most interesting aspect of the Spanish revolution is its bearing on the rest of Europe, and especially on the great contest which is going on everywhere between the priestly party and their antagonists. You will probably have seen the Pope's various addresses to the world upon the occasion of the Œcumenical Council, and in particular his earnest request to Protestants, and to the non-Catholic world in general, to enter into communion with him. Take that letter, with the fact that the Œcumenical Council avows itself to be held as a sort of recognition of the principle that henceforth church and state are to be regarded as separate and—this is not said, but is implied—antagonistic bodies; that Austria has flown in the face of the Pope; that Italy is in open rebellion against him; that France is a most slippery and questionable friend; and the Spanish revolution will show you that at the very moment when the temporal and spiritual powers are dissolving partnership in the worst and most violent of moods with each other, the last of the faithful—the only nation which still professed to uphold the old principles in their full perfection and development —has seceded. I do not think the importance of this can be exaggerated; and I do think it possible that you in America may be specially tempted to undervalue its importance. I do not profess to know much about your ways of thinking and feeling on such subjects, but it seems to me that by a series of accidents you have been thrown into a position which prevents you from seeing how great a question the question of the relations between church and state really is, or what are the consequences of the practical solution of the question which you have been led to adopt. Your principle, as I understand it, is that religion is a matter of private opinion; that religious associations are voluntary bodies, like clubs for any other lawful purpose, and that government has nothing to do with religion, but rests on a basis of its own. I do not at all say that this is not true. I am more disposed to think that it is; but I do not think you quite see what follows from it. The inference appears to me to be that you—the American nation, in your corporate capacity—distinctly affirm that no religion is true, but that all theological systems are human speculations upon a doubtful matter, more or less plausible in themselves and containing a greater or less amount of truth, but no one of which is so probable that you will act in a matter so important as legislation upon the theory of its truth. I do not believe it to be possible to prove any other theoretical justification of toleration, or religious equality, or whatever else you call the system which treats religion as a matter of private opinion, than one which is founded on the principle that religion is matter of opinion; in other words, that the best of all religions is doubtful. The mere non-acceptance of the Koran or of the Roman Catholic creed, after notice of their contents, appears to me to amount to a denial of the truth of the claims of Mahomet and the Pope respectively. I believe that the matter is one in which it is theoreti-

cally, and practically too, impossible to be neutral, and that the eighteenth-century theories of government, which led the founders of your Constitution to think otherwise, are fundamentally wrong. From what little I have heard or read of America, I believe that in practice this is so to a greater degree than you yourselves may be apt to think. I have heard people say, for instance, in reference to the doctrine of eternal damnation for religious error, that it was morally impossible to hold it in a country where people of all sorts of creeds constantly met upon perfectly equal terms in every conceivable relation of life. I do not quarrel with your Constitution for being opposed to that doctrine; but I say that it *is* opposed to it, and that therefore it is not neutral as to religion. There is a great deal of truth in the principle that, in these matters, he that is not with me is against me.

This is hardly news, which, I suppose, is what you would like from me; but it is hard to make bricks without straw, and about this time of year our straw is running very low. We have, however, here and there a little incident which is more or less amusing. I cannot exactly call the Social Science Association amusing or little. It is, on the contrary, very big, and—as I say it in strict confidence to a trans-Atlantic public—indescribably dull. Some years ago I read a paper there on a subject of which I happened to have special knowledge, and never shall I forget the impression I received from the discussion which followed; and of the people I knew only one of the speakers, including the President, a very well-known man, had mastered even the A B C of the subject. Only one of them knew how to speak, and he knew nothing at all about the matter. The great bulk of the people I saw gave me the impression that all the writers whose articles had been refused by the inferior class of magazines had conspired together to give each other a hearing, upon the dreariest of all dreary subjects, there and then. Some man of more or less distinction had recommendations to make about matters which he really understood, and which were worth listening to; and here and there a political star—generally one just beginning to rise above the horizon—was advertising himself. I think if I were told to devise a proper punishment for Nero and Heliogabalus in a future state, I would sentence them to read each other essays alternately for a long term of years upon the Utilization of Sewage, the Dwellings of the Working-Classes, and the Statistics as to the Effects of Capital Punishment.

The only scrap of political news of the least interest is that Mr. Disraeli has published an address to the electors of Buckinghamshire, which I suppose must be taken as a manifesto as to his intentions for next session. It begins with claiming credit for himself and his colleagues for a variety of measures, and charging his antagonists with unfairness in the way in which they brought forward the question of the Irish Church; and it goes on to denounce their proposals as inconsistent with the fundamental laws of the nation, and with a variety of more or less sonorous commonplaces, which he calls principles, about the relation between religion and government. An impression prevails here in some quarters that when the next session begins he will try to repeat his policy about the Reform Bill, by bringing in a measure for the reform of the Irish Church, with securities against its disestablishment or disendowment, and gradually enlarging it into a measure designed to carry out each of those objects. Perhaps he may make such an experiment; but it is very difficult to play the same trick successfully twice running. It is more probable, I think, that he will be displaced by a vote of want of confidence as soon as Parliament meets. He has had a wonderful run of patronage. Nearly all the judgeships have been filled up since Lord Derby took office, and deans and bishops have taken to dying of late. Dean Milman, who died about ten days since, has been succeeded by Dr. Mansel. Both names, I take it, are pretty well known to you in America.

# Correspondence.

## THE GREAT "RADICAL" ONCE MORE.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: In your paper of the 15th inst. a communication of mine in the 8th October issue, upon General Butler, is severely criticised and several statements denied. My style is condemned, and I join the "Massachusetts Republican in New York" in wishing it were better, as I earnestly desire to influence the public upon several subjects. Although the charges made by me are based upon public records, I desire to substantiate them, as far as I can, without absorbing too much space in your paper. I am challenged to point to a single instance of General Butler's insubordination. I could adduce a score; but I content myself with citing his first and last acts, namely, his impudent letter addressed to his then commander, Governor Andrew, who had, in a moment of enthusiasm and good feeling, conferred upon Butler, as he then stated, "the greatest favor one man could confer upon another"—his letter, published by him in the newspapers, lecturing his commander because he declined to have Massachusetts militia, ordered to relieve the capital, diverted to suppress slave insurrections; then his insubordinate conduct in Massachusetts, a few months later, when, as major-general of volunteers, he heaped every insult upon her patriotic chief magistrate, interfered with his well-arranged plans for recruiting, and behaved in such a seditious and scandalous manner as to wring from Governor Andrew the following protest:

"I am compelled to declare, with great reluctance and regret, that the course of proceedings under Major-General Butler, in this commonwealth, seems to have been designed and adapted simply to afford means to persons of bad character to make money unscrupulously, and to encourage men whose unfitness has excluded them from any appointment by me to the volunteer militia service, to hope for such appointment over Massachusetts troops from other authority than that of the executive of Massachusetts."

Finally, his fatal insubordination in the Fort Fisher expedition, as to which General Grant testified in effect that General Butler went upon the expedition to Fort Fisher although he knew it was not intended that he should go; that he pocketed General Grant's instructions to General Weitzel, that officer never knowing of their existence till he read them in a newspaper after the return of the expedition; that consequently he had unconsciously violated Grant's positive orders to throw up entrenchments. In short, that General Butler, contrary to propriety and to orders, assumed the command of this important expedition, upon which so much labor and money had been expended, and then, in further violation of orders, retired from the fort this supplanted officer was ordered to besiege. As to his insolent oppression of those below him, General Phelps has already communicated to your readers his opinion of General Butler's character, from which I should infer that "their policy and hopes for justice to the negro were (not) identical;" and I decline to accept Mr. Parton's version of General Butler's "friendly controversy," as I do many of his statements, knowing several of them to be false. General Gillmore did not receive "simply a commanding general's expression of disapprobation of a subordinate's inefficiency," but was grossly insulted in a manner not at all justified by army regulations. A "Massachusetts Republican in New York" may think "the case of Chaplain Hudson is hardly worth comment," and may assert that he "was assigned to a tent at headquarters precisely similar in size and quality to those occupied by the staff;" but General Grant testifies that

"Chaplain Hudson was confined for *fifty-odd days in what is called the bull-pen*, near General Butler's headquarters, I understand, *put in with deserters and all sorts of prisoners.* The investigation shows that he was there that length of time without charge and without trial, though during a good part of the time he was there General Butler had a court-martial sitting right at his headquarters and could have tried him. No officer has a right to confine a commissioned officer in a prison or guard-house, except for mutiny, or for some offence where it would not be safe to trust the man at large. *This was only a case of that sort for which he should not have been confined at all, except in his own tent, under arrest.* When this came to my knowledge, I immediately ordered an examination made of all the prisoners about Norfolk, Fortress Monroe, and Portsmouth, to see if there were any more such cases. *The result was to find a great many men in prison without charge.* Some had been there for a great length of time."

So it appears that General Grant and a "Massachusetts Republican in New York" are not in accord as to General Butler's "insolent oppression of those below him."

As "to the malicious lies regarding General Butler's seizures of private property, and particularly the seizure of fifty thousand dollars in gold from Messrs. Samuel Smith & Co., of New Orleans, which rebels North and South have so industriously circulated and repeated that many of that class of 'Conservative Republicans,' who take all their opinions second-hand from whichever side on any question asserts itself by the noisiest and most persistent iteration, have accepted as facts." I have read the voluminous testimony presented to the military commissions and Congressional committees charged with investigating General Butler's administration at Norfolk and New Orleans, and either a cloud of witnesses perjured themselves, or else General Butler was guilty of prolonging the war at the expense of millions of dollars and thousands of lives by allowing his relatives and favorites to carry on an illicit trade within the rebel lines with rebel agents, and for use of rebel armies—men who (to adopt the language of one distinguished officer) "follow in the track of the army, traffic in its blood, barter the cause for which it is fighting with all the baseness of Judas Iscariot, but without his remorse."

Either all these witnesses lie, or else he sought out such men, allowed them to carry on this trade, and secured them from the law when arrested, with what motive I know not. I read in a pamphlet written by Judge Pierrepont, of New York, the counsel for Samuel Smith, "that in violation of his proclamation, and without authority of law, General Butler took fifty thousand dollars in gold from Smith & Co., in New Orleans; that it was their property; that this gold was not paid out to the troops, but retained by General Butler; that the gold was not taken or retained by any order, authority, or direction of the Secretary of Treasury or War; that so gross was the wrong to Smith & Co. that General Butler's own commissioners found Smith & Co. were the owners and advised a restoration of the money; that General Butler took the gold 10th May, 1862, and did not report it to the War Department until February of the following year; that he *hesitated* to pay it to the Government and refused to pay it to its owners, and retained it without security to the Government or to the Smiths and with the full use of it for two years and nine months, during which time gold had been at 285." This was in reply to General Butler's defence before the House of Representatives, which Judge Pierrepont characterizes as an audacious sham which ought to be exposed. As "to the contemptible insinuation that General Butler's name was received with hisses at a reunion of the officers of the Army of the James at Boston," two officers present gave me the information; one has since modified his version to "murmurs."

As "to the charge that General Butler urged on the rebels," General Craig, a member of the Charleston and Baltimore Conventions of 1860, states that Butler voted fifty-odd times for Jefferson Davis, and that at a "bolter's meeting" he made a speech in which he promised his fire-eating brethren (in the event of a war resulting from the rupture) the use of half a million Northern Democrats to slay the Northern abolitionists before they should invade a Southern State.

So much for my charges against General Butler, some of which I referred to as facts, some as reports which it behooved General Butler to refute before he proposed himself as a representative of honest and intelligent men. The fact is that General Butler had won a most unenviable reputation as a man and a lawyer in Massachusetts before the war began; indeed, Mr. Parton makes him out an audacious, impudent, unprincipled man and lawyer, "formed by nature to be an antagonist;" admits that he commenced his career at the college by saucy contentions and mock discussions with the college faculty, at the bar "by conducting suits brought by factory girls against the mill corporations," that he had great legal "legerdemain," "that he was not inclined to enquire whether his client's cause was constitutional or not," that he "was tabooed by the bar," and so on.

Leaving out the "muttering" and the "thundering" which displeases the "Massachusetts Republican in New York," General Butler seemed to have been born again early in 1861, and, as I have stated, Governor Andrew, an optimist, believing in his new birth, accredited him to the Federal Government as a brigadier of Massachusetts militia, which endorsement procured him his subsequent promotion. His career as an officer not only demonstrated his military disqualification, which would not, of course, invalidate his claims as a wise legislator, but also his vanity, his turbulence, his lawlessness, his vindictiveness, and, if we may believe the printed and spoken charges, his depravity. He commenced service by quarrelling with Governor Andrew, he ended it by abusing General Grant, earning the contempt of both. The relations of these good and great men with the rest of the world render comment unnecessary. Coming out of the war disgraced, he contrived to induce the electors of the Fifth District of Massachusetts to elect him their representative to Congress. As a Congressman he has been pestiferous, spending his time and wasting that of Congress in personal discussions and inquisitions, or, worse than that, advocating repudiation openly, or plotting for it secretly; his course has been mortifying and disheartening to every honorable patriot. He is now conducting his canvass with his usual plausibility and unscrupulousness; almost every assertion made by him has been proved to be a lie; as, for instance, that the *Nation* abused him because he opposed the diversion of any portion of a fund raised in Boston for the freedmen to the support of that paper. Now, he never was a subscriber to the fund, and never attended one of their meetings. The New York *Evening Post* abused him because Chaplain Hudson was an editor. Chaplain Hudson lives in Boston, and has no connection whatever with that journal.

The Chicago Platform insists on "honest" payment of our debts; he substitutes "possible," and asserts that it was originally so printed, and now it seems the plates have not been changed; and so on *usque ad nauseam*. If one is curious to learn how often General Butler's assertions are contradicted by unimpeachable witnesses, let him read the investigation of the "Committee on the Conduct of the War" into the Fort Fisher expedition. I have thus proved that the charges against General Butler rest on authority not to be questioned by

A Massachusetts Republican.

Boston, Oct. 24, 1868.

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["A Massachusetts Republican," let us say, has not made the enquiries, of which he reports the result, about General Butler's connection with the contribution of the Recruiting Committee towards the capital of the *Nation*, either with our knowledge or consent. We never *believed* that General Butler had any connection with it whatever, but we never gave ourselves the trouble to find out whether he had or not. His assertion that our opposition to his re-election is due to his having opposed that contribution is simply an impudent invention of his own, which nobody connected with the *Nation* has felt himself so far reduced, either in his own estimation or that of the public, as to be called on to contradict seriously. The general's explanation of the hostility of other Republican papers is about as silly and unscrupulous as his explanation of the *Nation's*; and his being able to retail such stuff, considering what his history is, to attentive audiences of Massachusetts men, is as painful and discouraging a spectacle as any friend of good government has ever been called on to witness. Since our correspondent, who is a gentleman, has deemed the general's story about us of sufficient importance to investigate it, we will now say that anybody who asserts that the editor of the *Nation* either solicited or instigated, or was in any way instrumental in procuring, the vote of $15,000 to the capital of the paper, or that he even knew who composed the committee when the vote was made, or ever heard Butler's name mentioned in connection with it, except by Butler himself within the last month, has either been grossly deceived or is guilty of wilful falsehood. We may say the same thing of anybody who asserts that the *Nation* was established "in the interest of the freedmen," in any sense in which it has not advocated the interest of the freedmen, or for the purpose of serving the freedmen in any character but that of members of a free community, especially ill-fitted to detect the real character of politicians like General Butler. A paper exclusively devoted to the interests of the freedmen *as* freedmen undoubtedly was projected before the *Nation*, and out of that project the idea of the *Nation* grew; but no such scheme was ever submitted to the editor of the *Nation*, nor would he ever have participated in its execution, as all who are acquainted with the origin of the enterprise well know. The persistent mixing up of the two projects, in which a great many busybodies indulge, probably amuses them, but it does the *Nation* no harm. We have more than once seen insinuations in "organs," both secular and "religious," to the effect that this journal has departed from its original programme, but we have never thought it worth while to notice them. It is with great reluctance that we now depart from our rule of not troubling our readers with any reference to its private affairs. We shall probably never do so again. Nobody knows half as well as its conductors what its original programme was. That it has adhered to it faithfully and well we find abundant proof in the fact that there is not a quack, jobber, charlatan, knave, pretender, or blatterer in the country who has ever heard of it—and we hope before long to bring it to the notice of every one of them—who does not instinctively and cordially detest it.—Ed. Nation.]

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## THE PHILADELPHIA FRAUDS.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: The charges brought by you against Mr. Justice Sharswood are wholly without foundation, though, in view of the libels daily published in our local papers, your mistake was not an unnatural one. I enclose a copy of the opinion delivered by him, from which it will be seen that the method of naturalization in the Nisi Prius this fall was the same as has always been followed in the other courts of this city and county, and that for the first time in that court he introduced the system of examining the papers himself.

It may be added that, during the months of September and October, there were about six thousand naturalizations in the Supreme Court, where

the Democrats were naturalized—the Prothonotary being a Democrat—and over three thousand in the other courts. Of the six thousand, about one thousand were from adjacent counties, so that only five thousand Democrats were naturalized in a city polling a vote of nearly 120,000; nor is the proportion of two Democrats to one Republican very extravagant. Of these, a very large number were entitled to their papers in 1864, and many others obtained their certificates from having served in the army for one year and upwards. Their names have all been published in the *Evening Telegraph;* but though the League has offered large rewards for the detection of frauds, I do not know that any have been arrested—the police, too, being all active politicians. On the other hand, Judge Read, who wrote the letter to Chief-Justice Thompson of which so much has been said, has been on the bench nearly ten years, and it was his habit, while naturalizations were going on, to leave the court-room altogether, entrusting the work entirely to Colonel Snowden; and at the very time so much was said in the Republican papers as to the manner of naturalization in the Supreme Court, I took part myself in arguments, both before the District Court and Common Pleas, when at the same moment the clerks were mumbling over the questions and affidavits in the corner of the room in so low a tone as not to disturb judges or counsel. And further, it should be said that the only wholesale fraud exposed was one headed by the "King of the Lobby," who brought down fifty or sixty men—many of them grey-headed—from Cattasauqua and had them naturalized on "minor's papers" in the Common Pleas, and when as many as could be arrested were sent down to the county jail District-Attorney Mann ordered their discharge, and they were all released—and certainly not to vote the Democratic ticket. Of course, this is only the "*tu quoque* argument;" but that is always good as far as it goes, and in this case it goes a good way to prove the entire propriety of the conduct of a judge to show that it has been sanctioned by a practice of thirty years, and by the conduct of his chief assailant. And I can say further, upon the authority of Mr. McMichael himself, who first brought the forged certificates before the court, that Judge Sharswood not only treated his application, irregular as it was, in the most considerate way, but himself suggested the plan afterwards adopted, and the best plan that could have been devised, to bring Devine before the court as a witness. As to the Prothonotary himself, no one questioned his integrity, and it was frankly conceded in argument. Indeed, he is the only Prothonotary in any of our courts that attends in person to the duties of his office. In the other courts they always act by deputy, and very few members of the bar have ever seen one of them. It can hardly be said, then, that Judge Sharswood "reluctantly ordered an examination." And, finally, as to the charge that he "declared the court adjourned *sine die*," it needs only to be explained that our Supreme Court consists of five judges, one of whom is assigned, in rotation, to hold the Nisi Prius for one month. When that month is up his power is gone, except as to cases already begun before him. When his opinion was finished, therefore, *his* court of Nisi Prius was adjourned *sine die, ex vi termini;* but Chief-Justice Thompson was sitting in the next room, and if the Attorney-General had anything to say, he knew where to go to. It was this rule, too, that kept Judge Read off the bench and compelled him to decide his cases, with the aid of Mr. Justice Agnew and Judge Williams ("not yet *a full* judge," as he phrased it in his letter), in his own study.

Under all the circumstances, then, it is not thought by Judge Sharswood's friends that it is *his* name that points the moral against an elective judiciary; but what they think of the course of Judge Read may be inferred from the fact that when Mr. Scofield introduced his resolution for the impeachment of Judge Field, on the ground of having expressed an opinion as to cases not yet argued before him (see *Congressional Globe*, January 30, 1868), the Democrats in the House of Representatives expressed their willingness to vote for the resolution if Mr. Scofield would vouch for the allegation, and the Democratic press and bar throughout the country held the same doctrine, and declared that if Judge Field had, in fact, so spoken in reference to questions then pending or likely to come before him, he should be impeached and removed.

I am, etc., A Philadelphia Lawyer.

Philadelphia, October 19, 1868.

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[We have taken some pains to ascertain the truth of this matter from an impartial source, and, as well as we can make out, this is what is asserted, conceded, and cannot be denied by fair-minded men, Democrats or Republicans: They do not find fault with Judge Sharswood's decision, as regards the matter of it, but the honor of his court was at stake in the Devine case; and he showed in his decision more eagerness to vindicate the authenticity of the six thousand papers issued by his Prothonotary, and Devine's credibility, than the honor of the court. Devine acknowledges himself a drunken loafer, and Colonel Snowden's counsel pronounced him an irresponsible idiot; and yet the judge virtually undertook his defence, and professed to believe his worthless story. His opinion was undoubtedly a political document, but it must be admitted that it was intended to neutralize Judge Read's more irregular, equally partisan, letter.

It is a suspicious circumstance, to say the least, that Colonel Snowden's subordinates, when examined, with scarcely an exception, testified that they had been employed in his office but for a few days or a few weeks, and one of them, it turned out, had already served a term in the penitentiary for fabricating papers. We do not suspect Colonel Snowden of being personally concerned in the frauds; but it looks as though, under party dictation, he had cleared out his office in preparation for the political campaign, and allowed it to be manned by those who were plotting the wholesale manufacture of voters. It is a physical and moral impossibility that the requirements of the acts of Congress could be complied with when seven hundred and twenty naturalizations were granted in one day of five hours; and on the day when this took place a legal friend of our informant's, having business with the Supreme Court, found no judge on the bench, while naturalizing was going on briskly in two rooms. If Judges Read and Agnew have shown partisanship on the Republican side, Chief-Justice Thompson made an even more lamentable exhibition of it on the other side when the fraudulent naturalization papers were first brought before him, and Colonel Snowden professed himself unable to say whether the signatures were his own or not, and the judge descended from his judicial position to promptly pronounce them forgeries, thus becoming a witness in his own court. The comparison between Judge Read and Judge Field fails in this, that the complaint against the latter was for the assumed prejudgment of a case to be brought before him, while the former was merely remonstrating with a brother justice against vicious practices in his own court for which both justices were responsible before the public. It was irregular, however, and the whole matter cannot but exercise a most unfortunate influence on the confidence heretofore reposed by the community in the courts, and furnishes a very proper argument against an elective judiciary.—Ed. Nation.]

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## A CORRECTION FROM MR. CRANCH.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Dear Sir: In the *Nation* of Oct. 15 I find honorable mention of a poem of mine, entitled "The Nineteenth Century," published in the *Atlantic Almanac* for 1869. Your critic, however, says: "But we do not like

> 'Mysterious forces overawe,
> Absorb, suspend the *natural* law.'

For in the first place, they do not overawe or absorb or suspend the natural law; and in the second place, the inaccurate statement is prosaically made."

I do not wonder at his not liking the lines as he has quoted them. If he had read the poem a little more carefully, he would have seen that I did not write "natural," but "usual":

> "Mysterious forces overawe,
> Absorb, suspend the usual law."

All laws are natural, but all laws are not usual or common. In the image of the magnetic storm and its mysterious power over the electric fluid of the wires, I endeavored to present the action of the grand Providential laws that overrule for a time the acts of individuals. But the substitution of the word *natural* for *usual* makes me out a supernaturalist, which, in the customary theological sense, I must protest against.

Begging your insertion of this correction,

I remain, very truly yours,

C. P. Cranch.

Fishkill-on-Hudson, N. Y., Oct. 16, 1868.

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[There is nothing for us to do but acknowledge that by one of those accidents from which, as it seems, even weekly journals are not exempt, our critic got "usual" into his head when a part of Mr. Cranch's fine little poem fixed itself in his memory, and that thus the criticism was thrown away. It would have been excellent criticism, however, if the poetry had not turned out as it has.—Ed. Nation.]

# Notes.

## LITERARY.

"PAR ORDRE DU ROI," M. Victor Hugo's new novel, or rather old novel, for it has been on the stocks, we believe, some twenty years or more, is to be published in Paris by M. La Croix, who paid its author 300,000 francs for it, and in this country by the Messrs. Appleton, who have bought advance sheets. The translation will have a translated title—"By the King's Command."——Messrs. Hurd & Houghton announce a work by Mrs. Murray, entitled "The Modern System of Painting in Water-Colors from the Living Model." In November the volume may be expected.——Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth utterly disclaims all intention to charge the "distinguished authors (Mr. Boucicault and Mr. Reade) with any real *foul play*," but still for her own credit's sake desires to state that a forthcoming book of hers, which she has rechristened "Fair Play," appeared in the New York *Ledger* in 1865, and was copied into the *London Journal* in 1866. We do not of our own knowledge assert, but Mrs. Southworth of her knowledge does assert, that there is much resemblance between the two novels, and particularly, she says, quoting Mr. Reade, we think, that the likeness may be found in "that which has been called the most beautiful and original part of each story, and describes the strange situation of the shipwrecked lovers on the solitary island." Of all this it is only necessary to say that we must wait till "Fair Play" is published next month by Messrs. T. B. Peterson & Brothers before it will be possible to tell whether there is anything but the slightest and most casual similarity between the two books.——Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co. have nearly ready a new work by the amusing but somewhat untrustworthy Mr. Naphegyi. Its title is "Ghardaia; or, Ninety Days among the Bni-Mozab: A Narrative of Adventures in the Oases of the Sahara."——The Catholic Publication Society, with a desire to spread Catholic literature among the people, have resolved to make cheap books, and propose to publish very soon a work entitled "Gropings after Truth," in which Mr. Joshua Huntington, once a Congregationalist minister, relates how he became a convert, or pervert, or "vert"—as the mild-mannered say who strive to keep themselves impartial—from Protestantism to Catholicism. These "Gropings" are to be sold at twenty-five cents a copy. Father Hewit writes the preface.——Messrs. Leypoldt & Holt have in hand a new Danish novel: "The Fisher Maiden." We call it Danish, because it was written by a Dane and originally in his native tongue; but Leypoldt & Holt are translating it from the German, in which language the author had a simultaneous edition issued. Björnesterne Björnson is the author, and there is good German authority for calling him a charming one. "The Fisher Maiden" is a girl of low birth but of strong artistic tastes, who has a passion for the stage. To show how her art study and her natural traits of character reacted on each other, and what their interaction made of the heroine, is the design of the poet—he may be called a poet. He does not, however, show her to us after her histrionic life has been fully entered on, but while she is pursuing her study. The book ends with the ringing of the prompter's bell on the evening of her first appearance, and with the words: "And so the curtain rose."

—The last number of the *Law Review* is of about the usual value, and we are glad to be able to repeat our commendation of it. The present number is, perhaps, of rather less than usual interest to the merely general reader; but two things in it will please him. Mr. Ellis's essay on Brougham struck us as being a fair and judicious summing up of the life and labors—a life all labors—of that most remarkable—we do not know why we should not say so—of modern Britons. There is an immense fund of anecdote and "secret history" afloat concerning him, but it has not got itself into print yet, and may never. When it does, there will be a prize subject for two or three review essays by somebody. The article on the "Erie Railroad Row" is by far the clearest and fullest account of that extraordinary affair which has ever been published, and deserves to be universally read. Yet the writer (who is evidently a Bostonian) appears not to be aware of some facts which are a material part of the case, and, in his anxiety to be impartial, does injustice to some of the few upright judges who remain in New York. An ordinary reader would infer from this article that Judges Clerke and Gilbert, who granted the injunctions which tied the hands of Judge Barnard, were greatly to blame, and perhaps influenced by corrupt motives; whereas no one in this city, who knows anything about the bench, doubts the perfect integrity of these gentlemen, or the good faith in which they acted. It is true that the charges upon which they proceeded were not carried to trial, but it is notorious that this was the result of a private arrangement with which they had nothing to do. The lawyers also receive much of the reviewer's censure, and we think without any good reason. The insinuation that any of Mr. Drew's counsel attempted to bribe the judges is unjustifiable. There was no impropriety in seeking to retain Mr. Haskin as counsel; and the $5,000 offered to him was the smallest fee received by any counsel on either side of the litigation. Boston lawyers may think this a large fee, but it is not so esteemed here; and no member of the bar, if he were knave enough to offer a bribe, would be such a fool as to offer a judge $5,000 in a case of such importance. We can assure our Boston friends that our New York judges are not so lost to all self-respect as to take such grossly inadequate bribes. They know that the laborer in this, as in any other vineyard, is worthy of his hire. The sum that *was* thought worthy of notice—and which was fixed upon without the knowledge or participation of any lawyer—was $50,000. The moral sense of the reviewer seems also to have been shocked by the fact that detectives were employed on both sides, and that an affidavit made by one of them was read in court. This affidavit proved that the chief of a gang of kidnappers, bent on carrying off Mr. Drew by force from another State, had reported his proceedings to the judge before whom the cause was pending. The detective had never been employed by any lawyer engaged in the case, but Mr. Drew's counsel used his affidavit; and this the reviewer thinks a shocking offence! We suppose a gentlemanly lawyer must then submit to the robbery, and even the murder, of his client rather than use evidence of a detective; but if so, clients who have to deal with New York judges will unanimously dispense with gentlemanly lawyers.

—Messrs. Robert Clarke & Co., of Cincinnati, are putting American literature under obligations by the work which they have undertaken of publishing their "Ohio Valley Historical Series." Of this enterprise we have once before spoken, and are glad to speak again, and are glad, too, of the occasion of our present speaking. It is the reception of the first volume of the set—"Historical Account" (we should have the article before "Historical")—"Historical Account of Bouquet's Expedition against the Ohio Indians in 1764," with a preface by Francis Parkman, and a translation of Dumas's biographical sketch of the general. Bouquet was a Swiss officer in command at Philadelphia, who, with a good deal of skill and courage, defeated the Ohio Indians in several pitched battles, and conquered a peace, welcome enough at the close of Pontiac's war. Mr. A. R. Spofford, the librarian of Congress, not long since discovered in the Force Collection a letter which makes it plain that Dr. William Smith, of the Philadelphia College, was the author of this readable little account of the expedition. The plans and illustrations of the original work Messrs. Clarke & Co. have had reproduced by the photo-lithographic process known as Osborne's Process—and very well indeed it does reproduce Bouquet's plans and President Benjamin West's magniloquent old pictures. The second volume of the series is to be a "History of Athens County, Ohio," which is that part of Ohio first settled by the whites. This work will include the history of the founding of the University at Athens, the oldest of Western colleges; of the settlement of the towns of Marietta, Athens, and many more; biographical sketches of the famous Tom Ewing, Bishop Ames, and other men of mark; and, besides these things, much incidental matter of a good deal of local interest and of very considerable value to the future historian. We Americans of the present generation wander to the points where our history touches that of the Old World, or we go abroad in search of themes, or we write the stilted, "dignified" history of our Revolutionary struggle, with its obvious "historical" availabilities. Only in rare cases, like those of Upham and Palfrey, do we try to write our own history. Let us, by the way, not forget the name of Mr. Parkman, with his episodes; there would be the less excuse, as he has a few pleasant words of preface in the volume we have been mentioning. But our children, some of them, unless Mr. Eugene Benson's worst fears are realized, will possess the genius which will grapple with the difficulties of writing the true American history, and every one such child of the future will surely rise up and call men like Mr. Moore and Dr. Smith blessed. Messrs. Clarke we must praise for the typographical excellence of their works, but we think our taste in the matter of tints for book paper differs a little from theirs.

—We usually allow Mr. R. G. White to talk without interruption when he takes people to task for their errors of speech, and, perhaps, do not give him too much attention. The vulgarisms that cause him such grief we, we desire to thank heaven, are entirely free from. But as he was laying down the law the other day in the *Galaxy*, on "Words and their Uses," he seems to have hit out right and left in a way which

has brought him into contact with ourselves among others. It is to be hoped, as we believe we have once before remarked, that Mr. White is well learned in philological knowledge, for he is abundantly peremptory in all that he says, although, to be sure, he escapes the pertness and laborious dulness and triviality of the Moons and the Goulds. But to the matter in hand. Mr. White wants people to say "presidental" instead of "presidential." Now, as this is a word that we shall have to keep on using for more years than we can say, we should be obliged if Mr. White would inform us and the audience which he instructs what he does with "tangential," and what vestige of authority he has for what he says, and why he reasons from analogy as regards English orthography, and why he finds fault with so good a metaphor as calling a "canvass" a "campaign," and what "blatant Americanism" there is in a word so long known to English on both sides of the water as "presidential?"

—One who wished to keep the run of European affairs would probably, other things being equal, choose a German rather than any other newspaper: either the Augsburg, the Cologne, or the Weser *Gazette*. If he read only French, the *Indépendance Belge* would be preferable, for general news, to any paper published within the limits of the empire. The daily edition of any one of these, however, is rather expensive, besides demanding a good deal of leisure for its perusal. *Le Nouveau Monde*, a weekly journal just started in this city, undertakes, for a moderate price, to give a pretty full summary of foreign news, in addition to an unpartisan account of American politics, the irrepressible *feuilleton*, literary articles, agricultural information, etc., etc. We have seen only the second number, which certainly abounds in news, and contains foreign and domestic correspondence of its own. Prof. Blot appears to be contributing a series of *menus*, with directions for cooking; and the famous Baron Brisse promises to furnish immediately a series of articles on household economy, meaning by that term the art of living well in the cheapest possible manner. He intends to describe each week "two simple dishes appropriate to the season, easily prepared, and calculated to afford a varied nutriment." *Le Nouveau Monde* contains sixteen quarto pages, and is handsomely printed.

—Very pleasant reading is to be found in the thick volume (nearly four hundred pages) of Rev. Wm. Dunn Macray's "Annals of the Bodleian Library, Oxford, A.D. 1598–1867; with a preliminary notice of the earlier Library founded in the 14th century"—published by Rivingtons. The book is beautifully printed, and shows great care, industry, and research. It is delightfully indifferent to all the rules of scientific bibliography, and talks with about equal praise of the great prizes of the Library and of the odd collection of useless treasures that have been gathered there, from the Tartar Lambskin Coat, with its apocryphal history, to the illustrated Clarendon and Burnet, which, under the fostering hand of Mr. and Mrs. Sutherland, grew from the six volumes of the folio editions of Clarendon's "History of the Rebellion and Life," and of Burnet's "Own Times," into sixty-one elephant folio volumes, illustrated with nearly 20,000 portraits of every person and views of every place in any way mentioned in the text or connected with its subject matter. Of the late acquisitions, great stress is properly laid on a possibly genuine Shakespeare autograph in a copy of Ovid's "Metamorphoses," printed by Aldus at Venice, in October, 1502, and bought by the Library in January of 1865, at a sale of Sotheby & Wilkinson's, for nine pounds! A still more curious story is that told of the copy on vellum, with illuminated initials, of the first volume of the Vulgate Bible, printed by Faust and Schœffer, in 1462, which was bought in 1750 for two pounds ten shillings. The volume was imperfect at the end, ceasing at Job xxxii. 5, and seven leaves followed in contemporary and beautiful manuscript, which also ended imperfectly at Psalms xxxvi. 9, with one leaf wanting at the end of Job. In 1817 the Bodleian Library became the purchaser (for more than five thousand pounds), of a large collection of manuscripts formed by Matteo Luigi Canonisi, a Jesuit father, who died in Venice about 1805. His manuscripts were received at Oxford in 1818, and among some fragments which were found in one of the boxes were fourteen leaves of a manuscript Bible, which were at once recognized as being part of those wanted to complete this book, and which left only four still deficient. The volume came to the Library from the collection of N. J. Foucault, but through how many hands the missing leaves had passed in the seventy subsequent years ere they were thus marvellously restored to their place, it is impossible to tell. Apart from the charming tid-bits of bibliographical and personal histories which are told in the recital of the three centuries of the life of the Bodleian Library, the book has its own especial merit in showing how the fact that a library exists, and is meant to be always a safe and sure home for books, is of itself a standing invitation—sure sooner or later to be accepted—to all book collectors to make it the final receptacle of their life's labors. The list of donors and benefactors, beginning, of course, with Bodley himself, and coming down the long line of names of men famous for their devotion to the loving labor of book-hunting, is wonderful to look upon; Sir Walter Raleigh, Selden, Sir Christopher Hatton, Sir Kenelm Digby, Laud, "Anatomy" Burton, Selden, Hearne, John Locke, Rawlinson, Gough, Malone, Douce, were all large benefactors; and the name of almost every man famous for knowledge or learning, is in some way connected with the Bodleian during its long and useful career. The wheel of time worked to a good end when, in a turn of only seventy years, it brought back the missing leaves of the early Fifteener Bible. It had even more curious results in the contrast between 1649 and 1829; in the former year the Jews proffer six hundred thousand pounds for St. Paul's for a synagogue, and for Oxford Library to sell abroad—and only a little difference of a couple of hundred thousand pounds prevented the bargains; in the latter year the Bodleian began the collection of Hebrew literature which now makes one of its chief ornaments, by a purchase of five thousand volumes—the library of a Jewish Rabbi. There is a mention or two of American affairs that show how universal is the reach of such a vast library in its hold upon the affections of all who dedicate themselves to any class of literary labor. In 1749 a "Clavis Linguæ Sanctæ, or explanation of all the Hebrew and some Chaldee roots found in the Old Testament," was presented to the Library by Thomas Frankland, who wrote that "My wife's grandfather, Judge [Nicholas] Trott, Chief-Justice of South Carolina, desired on his death-bed that his forty years' labor relating to the Hebrew roots might be presented to the publishing library at Oxford." In 1861, Mr. George Livermore, through Archibald Cotton, presented his reprint, on vellum, of the "Souldier's Pocket Bible." There is a foot-note, in which is gravely "embalmed in amber" an extract from an account of a visit to Oxford by an American tourist, which appeared very recently in the New York *Times*, that recites with evident pride the American's honest embarrassment at having to give threepence, the price of a pot of beer, to the gentleman who showed him through this noble collection. Exactly what good service it does, except to gratify the author's pride in the civility and erudition of the janitor of the Library, it is hard to see; but it is curiously characteristic of the inartificial construction of his book—not the least of its charms.

—A late number of the *Moniteur* contains an Imperial decree ordering the execution of a detailed geological map of France, and charging a board of savans, of which M. de Beaumont, senator and member of the Institute, is the president, with the superintendence of the work. Up to this time there has existed only a general geological chart of France, in six sheets, on the scale of 1–500,000, the project of which was conceived, under the first Republic, as early as 1794, but not realized till between 1822–40. After the completion of the first general survey, the task of providing more detailed maps was left to the conseils généraux (administrative councils) of the several departments. But what these bodies did, or rather omitted to do, in this respect, furnished but another illustration of the historical incapacity of the French for local self-government, and their inveterate disposition to leave everything to the initiation of the central government. It was expected at the time that all the departments would be provided with special maps at the end of six years. But although nearly thirty years have since elapsed most of them have as yet to take the first step in the matter. The consequence was that France made, as compared to other nations, but a sorry show in the department of geological maps at the Universal Exposition of last year. Especially the splendid charts—on a scale of 1–63,000—of the British Geological Survey, covering nearly the whole of the United Kingdom, made the shortcomings of France painfully apparent, and roused the Imperial Government to a full realization of this backwardness. Hence the decree mentioned. The new general survey is to be completed in ten years, at an estimated expense to the state of one million francs. The eighty-six departments are to be comprised in 286 charts. The scale is to be an uniform one of 1–80,000.

—The famous map-publisher, Justus Perthes, of Gotha, has recently issued two works of great value to classical and biblical scholars. The first and most important of the two publications is a series of seven maps illustrating the topography of Athens and bearing the following title: "Sieben Karten zur Topographie von Athen mit lithographirten Beilagen und Holzschnitten," von Ernst Curtius. Professor Curtius, who for many years was connected with the philosophical faculty of Göttingen, but during the past summer accepted a call to the University of Berlin, is doubtless well known to some of our readers as the author of "Peloponnesos," one of the best historical and geographical descriptions of the Grecian Peninsula ever written. In 1832 he was commissioned by the Prussian Government to visit Athens and make a thorough exploration of the ancient city and its

environs. In this enterprise he was assisted by Dr. Karl Bötticher and several other distinguished scholars of Germany and Greece. Ample funds were provided for the purpose of making such excavations as were necessary to settle obscure topographical questions, especially in reference to the sites of temples and other ancient edifices. The results of these researches are embodied in the above-mentioned series of maps, which in fulness and accuracy are incomparably superior to any hitherto published. Hills, valleys, rocks, quarries, all inequalities, depressions, elevations, and peculiar characteristics of the land are indicated by gradations of color and shading which have all the distinctness of relief. The second work is a "Bibel-Atlas in acht Blättern," by Menke, who seems to have made a thorough study of the subject, with the use of all the materials and information which recent scientific explorations have furnished in elucidation of the geography of the Holy Land. In mechanical execution both works are elegant specimens of German cartography.

—We have just seen an interesting little octavo of about a hundred pages, published at Naples, with the title, "Scoverte Archeologiche fatte in Italia dal 1846 al 1866." It was originally prepared in the form of a report to the Minister of Public Instruction, and is a succinct *rêsumê* of the archæological exhumations which have been made in Italy during the last twenty years, arranged in geographical and chronological order. The author begins with what, from an antiquarian point of view, is the most sterile soil of the Italian peninsula, viz., Cisalpine Gaul, and records with great care everything that has been brought to light, inscriptions, votive tablets, Carthaginian and Phœnician urns; Greek, Roman, and Etruscan statues, mirrors, tripods, candelabra; mythologic, heroic, and historical paintings; utensils of all kinds, sacred and secular, etc. The most fertile field of excavation is Rome, where more numerous and more important discoveries have been made than in all the rest of Italy combined. Here Fiorelli limits himself exclusively to what might be called classical in distinction from Christian antiquities, making no mention of Signor de' Rossi's valuable labors as contained in his "Roma Sotteranea Cristiana" (noticed in a former number of the *Nation*), and in the monthly "Bollettino di Archeologia Cristiana," which the same indefatigable scholar has published since 1863. In apology for this deficiency Fiorelli pleads the *confini prescritti* of his work. It is probably due to the same self-prescribed limitations that in the bibliographical appendix he enumerates only Italian authorities, and thus does great injustice to foreign, and especially to French and German, archæologists. Certainly the efficiency with which the Prussian Institute on the Capitol has labored in this field entitled it to some recognition; and a bibliography of Italian antiquities that omits the names of Bunsen, Lepsius, Platner, Röstell, Gerhard, Braun, Overbeck, Zahn, and Mommsen, is very far from the completeness which we deem essential in order to render such an inventory of any practical value. We trust that in the next edition of the "Scoverte," Fiorelli will revise and enlarge this appendix, forget that he is making an official report to his own Government, and remember that the scholars of every nation have an interest in whatever comes from his pen.

—The treaty of peace concluded between Austria and Italy at the close of the war of 1866 contained a clause providing for the restitution to Venice of the archives and treasures of art which the Austrians had carried away with them upon their final evacuation of the city of the doges. The Austrians clung so tenaciously to their prey that the plenipotentiaries of the two governments, appointed to carry out the clause, came to an understanding as to the works of art to be returned only in the early part of this month. According to the special convention concluded between them, the paintings carried off in 1866, to the number of two hundred, are alone to be restored to the Queen of the Adriatic. Those previously removed—their number is not small—are to remain in the Austrian collections, of which they now form part. As to the archives, only those relating specially to Venice are to be returned. The vast collection of diplomatic correspondence between Austria and Venice during the last three centuries, containing no less than three hundred folio volumes, very rich and all but unexplored material for historians, is to remain at Vienna. Altogether, it seems as though the Austrians had rather the better of the bargain.

## MANNERS OF THE OLDEN TIME.*

This portly volume is another of the admirable productions by which the Early English Text Society is earning the gratitude of all scholars. It diverges a little, indeed, from the primary purposes of the society; for its philological interest is only secondary, its main importance being historical. Mr. Furnivall, who describes himself as the "foolometer" of the society, has collected from both MS. and printed sources a number of manuals of politeness and good breeding current among our forefathers of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and has prefaced them by an introduction in his own peculiar style, in which he gives us a large amount of curious detail concerning education and manners in mediæval England. Thus, from cover to cover, the volume is full of that which enables us to reconstruct for ourselves the domestic life of our ancestors; and if in the process we lose much of the romance with which past ages are popularly invested, we can console ourselves with noting the vast improvements which we enjoy in all that lends comfort and dignity to private life.

To do justice to everything worthy of remark in this collection would require a volume not very far inferior to itself in size. We can only, therefore, enumerate the various parts of which it is composed, with an occasional extract to illustrate their quality. The "Babees Book" is a short versified code of instructions in manners for young persons, dating from about 1475. It is followed by the "A. B. C. of Aristotle"—a couple of pages of worldly advice, written about 1430. Then comes the "Tractus Urbanitatis," from a MS. of about 1460. The nature of these manuals of manners, and the ill-breeding which they were designed to correct, may be fairly shown by the following, from among the elaborate directions as to table observances:

> "To the beste morselle thou may not stryke
> Thowg thou neuur so welle hit lyke.
> Also kepe thy hondys fayre and welle
> Fro fylinge of the towelle,
> Ther-on thou shalt not thy nose wype;
> Nothur at thy mete thy toth thou pyke;
> To depe in thy cuppe thou may not synke
> Thowg thou haue goode wylle to drynke" (p. 14).

Then come "The Lytylle Childrenes Lytil Boke" and "The Young Children's Book," of about the end of the fifteenth century. Then two versions of "The Book of Curteisie that is clepid Stans Puer ad Mensam," attributed to Lydgate. Two or three minor pieces are followed by some motherly advice, "How the good Wijf taugte hir Daugtir," from a MS. of about 1430, which affords us a curious insight into the maidenly and wifely virtues held most in esteem at the period, while the faults to be eschewed can be instructively compared with the recent complaints of the *Saturday Review*. However we may have deteriorated in some things, it would be difficult to imagine a mother of the present day warning her daughter that if she gets drunk too often on malt liquors she will run some risk of disgrace:

> "And if thou be in place where good ale is on lofte,
> Whether that thou serve thereof or that thou sitte softe,
> Mesurabli thou take ther-of that thou falle in no blame,
> For if thou be ofte drunke it falle thee to schame;
> For tho that ben ofte drunke,
> Thrifte is from hem sunke.
> Mi leue child" (p. 39).

Domestic discipline was somewhat of the sharpest, though cursing and swearing at her children was not considered decent in a mother:

> "And if thy children been rebel, and wole not hem bowe,
> If any of hem mys dooth, nouther banne hem ne blowe,
> But take a smert rodde, and bete hem on a rowe
> Til thei crie mercy, and be of her gilt aknowe" (p. 46).

That the "smert rodde" was habitually laid on with no gentle hand is shown by Mr. Furnivall in his "Forewords" (p. vij.), where he quotes from the Paston Letters the treatment of her marriageable daughter by Agnes Paston, in 1454, "and she hath since Easter the most part been beaten once in the week or twice, and sometimes twice on a day, and her head broken in two or three places." This rough breaking-in lasted long and extended through all ranks of society, as is witnessed by the well-known description which Lady Jane Grey gives of her relations with her parents:

"For when I am in presence either of father or mother, whether I speake, kepe silence, sit, stand, or go, eate, drinke, be merie or sad, be sewyng, plaiying, dauncing, or doing aniething els, I must do it, as it were, in soch weight, mesure, and number, even so perfitelie as God made the world, or els I am so sharplie taunted, so cruellie threatened, yea presentlie some tymes, with pinches, nippes, and bobbes, and other waies which I will not name for the honor I beare them, so without measure misordered that I thinke myself in hell" (p. vij.)

That the relations between husband and wife were also sometimes wanting in delicacy, we may gather from a piece of 1430—"How the Wise Man taught his Sonne":

> "And thou schalt not thi wijf displese,
> Neither calle hir no vilouns name;
> And if thou do, thou art not wijs,
> To calle hir foule it is thi schame;
> If thou thin owne wijf wilt defame,
> No wondir though anothir do so,
> But softe and faire a man may tame
> Bothe herte and hynde, bucke and do" (p. 51).

To this follow some dietaries and lists of recipes of the fifteenth century,

* "The Babees Book, Aristotle's A. B. C., Urbanitatis, etc. Edited by Frederick J. Furnivall, M.A." 1 vol. 8vo, pp. cxxxvj., 406, 132. London: Published for the Early English Text Society. 1868.

and then comes Rhodes's "Boke of Nurture," reprinted from the edition of 1577, with another similar work of the first half of the fifteenth century, now first printed from MS.—John Russell's "Boke of Nurture folowyng Englondis gise." In his notes to this latter, Mr. Furnivall gives copious extracts from a hitherto unknown black-letter work on natural history, by Lawrens Andrewe, which are exceedingly quaint and curious. The notions prevalent in those days of the wonders of the deep may be gathered from such fish stories as the following: As for the "Huna," "whan he is in peryl of dethe be other fisshes than he onfacyoneth himselfe as rounde as a bowle, withdrawynge his hede into his bely; whan he hath then hounger He dothe ete a parte of himselfe rather than the other fisshes sholde ete him hole and all." The crab had the reputation of great cunning: "The creuyce eteth the Oysters, and geteth them be policye; for whan the oyster gapeth, he throweth lytell stones in him, and so geteth his fyshe out, for it bydeth than open." There was another fish peculiarly sensitive to fresh water: "Coretz is a fisshe that hydeth hym in the depe of the water whan it rayneth for yf he received any rayne, he sholde waxe blynde, and dye of it" (pp. 230–233). And yet another, which sadly puzzled the followers of the gentle craft: "Solopendria is a fisshe whan he hathe swalowed in an angle, than he spueth out al his guttes till he be quyt of the hoke and than he gadereth in all his guttes agayne" (p. 238). But we must not linger over these curiosities of nature, for we are but half through the volume, and have left ourselves space for little more than a bare enumeration of its remaining contents.

Some short extracts from several old works on hygiene follow, and then come "The Boke of Keruynge," reprinted from the edition of Wynkyn de Worde; "The Booke of Demeanor," from the edition of 1619; "The Boke of Curtasye," from a MS. of 1430–40; "Bishop Grossetest's Household Statutes," from a MS. of 1450–60; Seager's "Schoole of Vertue," from the edition of 1557; followed by a number of minor pieces, gathered from various sources, illustrative of the general theme of the volume. Then follows Part II., which consists of French and Latin poems "On the Manners and Meals of the Olden Time," together with a very copious index and an appendix of illustrative wood-cuts borrowed from Wright's "History of Domestic Manners and Customs."

The whole leaves upon us the impression that our ancestors were not particularly nice; and it was scarcely necessary for Mr. Furnivall to quote the passage from Erasmus, in which he explains, by the filthy habits of the people, the pestilences which continually afflicted England. "The floors," he says, "are mostly of clay, generally covered with rushes, so seldom renewed that the lower portions sometimes remain unchanged for twenty years, cherishing a mass of spittle, vomits, urine of dogs and men, beer, fragments of fish, and other unmentionable filth. From these, with the changes of the seasons, there arises a steam which, to my thinking, is anything but healthful." This description of the England of Henry VIII., be it remembered, comes from an ardent admirer, and one who, as a stranger, would not have troubled himself to describe habits to which he had been accustomed at home. We may, therefore, conclude that the Englishmen of those days were rather pre-eminent for their neglect of the graces and decencies of life; and yet, before we draw any farther deductions from these unsavory facts, it would be well to bear in mind the wise toleration of which Mr. Furnivall sets us the example: "Reflections on the good deeds done and the high thoughts thought by men of old dirtier than some now, may prevent us concluding that because other people now talk through their noses, and have manners different from our own, they and their institutions must be wholly abominable; that because others smell when heated they ought to be slaves; or that eating pease with a knife renders men unworthy of the franchise" (Forewords, p. lxvij.)

There is no literary publication association which does its work with so little of unnecessary expenditure, or which gives its subscribers so full a money's worth, as the Early English Text Society, and its unexampled success is simply the measure of its merits. We only wish that its list of American associates could be increased tenfold, and we can assure every student of the past that, no matter what his special line may be, he will find in its varied list of issues something every year that will richly repay him.

## THE MAGAZINES FOR NOVEMBER.

*Lippincott's* is not the best magazine of the month, but we are inclined to think that the best magazine article of the month is in *Lippincott's*. "Mahala's Drive" has rather too heavy a villain in it, to be sure, and certain other things might be said about it; but readability is the virtue of magazine articles, and "Mahala's Drive" is most pleasantly readable. We do not remember having made a young lady's acquaintance, recently, with more satisfaction. Another story, not without merit, is "Doctor Aar," but most of its merit is in the sketching of Uncle Mem, and the curse of commonplaceness lies, though not with too much dead weight, on most of the rest of it. "Emanuel Leutze" seems to have been written by somebody who either had never seen that artist's works, or had never seen works by any other artist. However, it is by some one who knew Leutze personally, and that gentleman's friends will be glad to know what is said of him. A very fair specimen of the monthly variety of poetry—in the cultivation of which we do not conceive of the Muses as being very warmly interested—is "Silhouettes." The Honorable Amasa Walker's essay on "Legal Interference with the Hours of Labor" will bear careful perusal; and there ought to be a trades-union edition of it, in paper covers, just as there is a trades-union edition of Mr. Bristed's "Interference Theory of Government." There is nothing else, we think, in this number of *Lippincott's* which it is necessary to mention, either by way of commendation or for the purpose of gratifying the critic's natural perversity and malevolence, except the review of Bartlett's "Familiar Quotations." That essay is a good example of the second-best sort of the essays which Mr. Bartlett's work has called out. The writer shows knowledge, and he shows a greater or less want of exact appreciation of the value of his particular fund of knowledge. It was not Mr. Bartlett's business to include in his book every proverb of which himself and his coadjutors might know the origin; nor to reprint every striking expression to be found in poetry, because he could learnedly trace it through a chain of half a dozen authors; nor to resuscitate dead slang. "York, you 're wanted," may have been "frequently heard in Great Britain about 1832, when the Duke of York became insolvent;" and it may even be "common among Englishmen, especially on board men-of-war;" but, nevertheless, it was nothing to Mr. Bartlett, and can only go into his manual when he puts in "How 's your poor feet?" and "All round my hat," and similar devices, which we have noticed as especially common among Englishmen on shore, and which were in use when a good many people in Great Britain became insolvent. And we do not know anybody to whom this quotation is a familiar one:

"She very imprudently married the barber;"

or this one:

"Infants in hell span-long"—

which, by the way, the Reverend Mr. Baxter, of Coventry and the "Saint's Rest," has been charged with inventing—certain of whose relatives, very distant ones, our essayist finds in Burns and in Saint Ambrose.

The *Overland Monthly* we continue to praise heartily. "The Confessions of a Débutant," in the October number, which is the last we have received, is a very agreeable account—and would be even if it were not also a most accurate account—of the feelings of a budding member of the theatrical profession. We speak as one having only a slight acquaintance with the wrong side of any foot-lights. "Old Texan Days" is likewise very good, and "The Californian Abroad"—whom we suspect to be now a Californian much at home in that region of racy humor—tells a highly amusing "Mediæval Romance" of the kind which the late moral showman, Artemus Ward, would describe as mucilaginous, its constituent parts being of several ages, including that of Mr. G. P. R. James. We fear it is the same author who did the "Angelus" which "Mr. Longfellow might," very easily, "have written," but wouldn't. Solider articles than any we have mentioned are: "What the Railroad will Bring Us," "The Vineyards of California," "Overworked Soils," "Did Drake discover San Francisco Bay?" "Porcelain," and a biographical sketch of Rosas, a little known man well worth knowing, who was not so long ago dictator in Buenos Ayres. On the whole, we do not know why we should not call the *Overland* quite as good as the best of the monthlies before us.

The *Galaxy*, for November, is to be called a good number. Much is to be forgiven Mr. Edward A. Pollard—whom we never thought to praise in this brief life—for the sake of his sensible and well-written "Story of a Hero," namely, of Admiral Bell. The new novel, "Cipher"—which, by the way, Mr. Eytinge ought to read before trying to illustrate it—goes on as it began, and is still a good magazine story. "A Talk with Mr. Burlingame about China"—China has just got into the place in current literature recently held by Alaska and previously by Crete—is by Mr. R. J. Hinton, and may be read. We wonder, let us here remark, how many persons there are in Washington who, no matter what, on this or other continents, they may happen to be writing about, cannot help lugging Mr. Walt Whitman into their discourse? Three we know of, we believe, and if they keep on they will make him as tiresome as we have no doubt Herr Freiligrath is this moment making him in the German translation; or, in fact, as he is in the American editions—or "The Editions of These States"—of "Leaves of Grass."

Mr. Eugene Benson's "Democratic Deities" we hardly know what to say about. We almost wish that we ourselves loved The Ideal so well as to be made very uncomfortable by everything real. It would be a pitch not reached by the hitherto most celebrated votaries of the veritable ideal. Another instance of a not very exhilarating inability to either take the world and use as much of it as may be needed or else to leave it alone and keep politely quiet, is furnished by Mr. E. R. Sill, in his melancholy verses —of a kind against which we are always constrained to protest. The "Picture of the World" is not a depressingly sad one, except to people who have no other world and who have not this one either, and—to give all the words their fullest sense—what thinking man is in precisely that condition? And if one is not a thinking man, what is the value of one's poetical productions?

The *Atlantic* opens with a vigorously-written article, or rather an article written with a good deal of spirit, by some woman who next month is going to put before us a scheme for co-operative housekeeping. There is a little exaggeration of tone in the writer's remarks, and the sky she paints is, we should say, a trifle more lowering than the real heavens. This article is, however, a good one, and her next can hardly fail to have still more interest. Mr. Hill's "Mayden Valley, Spinsterland" has not an exceedingly felicitous title, but the matter of it is such that we can recommend it to nearly all persons who heretofore have disliked or liked Mr. Hill's writing. It is humorous and witty, and agreeably sentimental. Of Mr. Benson's "Foreign Faces" we might, in general, say similar things to those we have said of his *Galaxy* essay above-mentioned. For a description of faces done in the same way, but with far more force and subtlety, we should refer the reader to Mr. Swinburne's essay on certain designs by various masters which he studied in his hot youth at Florence. "Sculpture in the United States" is a paper on art which seems to us to merit the praise of being thoughtful, temperate, and sound; "The Traditional Policy of Russia" is a sensible and well-informed article, which presents a side of the Russian question but little considered by Americans; "Calico-Printing in France" is instructive; "Kentucky's Ghost," by Miss E. Stuart Phelps, is exceedingly well told, and, thinking of it, we partly repent of having said so much about "Mahala's Drive." "What Five Years will Do" consists of letters all written by one person; "Bacon," by Mr. Whipple, is concluded. The poetry of this *Atlantic* is best in "My Darlings;" but what the writer of that pretty piece was thinking of when she joined the last four stanzas to the others we do not know. Not of her poem, apparently. It would not be right to let the *Atlantic* go without speaking highly of the "Literary Notices," which are sure to contain some of the most graceful, sedulously finished writings of the month, and which it is only rarely that we do not read with more pleasure than we get from anything else in the magazine. The writers of them, or rather the chief writer of them, is, however, sometimes ingeniously good-natured. But whosoever is wroth with him for having done "John Ward's Governess" may turn to the sly fun and the good sense and good feeling of the notice of Mr. Parton's last book, and forgive him freely.

*Harper's* has for its best thing of the lighter order another of Major De Forest's very entertaining sketches of the sad life of "the Bureau Major" in the Carolinas. There should be a book made of these papers and of "Parole d'Honneur"—a story of which, as we see by this index number of the magazine, Mr. De Forest is the author. We have on several occasions performed our duty of praising this vivid picture of Southern court-house-town life, and we ought, we suppose, to have known who was its author. In fact, we will make the further supposition that we did know. But the picture was so very vivid that we forgot to think of the painter. A heavy article which we read with a great deal of interest, and from which we obtained more information about the Chinese than we before possessed, is by Doctor William Speer, and is entitled "Democracy of the Chinese." How far the Celestials have carried "the town-meeting theory of government" will surprise most eulogists of the Puritans, and give them a new respect for a people who already should have seemed very highly respectable. There is really need that some San Francisco editor should bestir himself and show us the other side of the question, or our present Pacific coast system of perpetual assault and battery, and assault with intent to kill, on the handiest Chinaman will soon almost begin to appear hardly perfectly justifiable. As for the other articles in *Harper's* for November, they are well selected and as sure to be read as were the articles of the two hundred and twenty-two numbers of the other thirty-six volumes. One of the illustrated papers is on "Fish-Culture in America," another is on the "Explorations in Lower California," another, by Mr. M. D. Conway, is on the great concert singers of England (but perhaps it might have been as well if the illustrations had been left out of this one). Besides these articles there are many tales of the warmest love and a good enough account of "Mehemet Ali."

The author of "The Church of the Future"—namely, the Methodist—in the *Galaxy* of two or three months ago gives an easy triumph to an exultant writer in this month's *Catholic World*. Another of Erckmann-Chatrian's novels, "The Invasion," is begun in the number before us, and there is an article of no great acumen, though not at all ill-done either on Mr. Parsons's translation of Dante. He that believes in eloquent men will do well not to read the Reverend Father Hyacinthe's printed discourse on the text, "Misericordias Domini in æternum cantabo."

The next number of *Putnam's* is to contain a long poem by Mr. How ells. The present one has the inevitable Chinese article, a poem by Doctor Parsons, and sixteen other articles.

The Rev. Mr. George Bacon does the Chinaman for *Hours at Home*, and makes as light and easy an article as he usually makes. H. H. is agreeable company in her discourse about "The Speaking Bird, the Singing Tree, and the Yellow Water." Sometimes, we regret to say, she seems to be giving somebody a small pinch or nip, but on the whole she is pleasant and poetical. It may be wrong, but if it is it serves the author of "Storm Cliff" right, that as soon as we saw that she was the person who is writing the new story of New York life we decided not to have anything to do with it —at present, at all events. Whoever watches over the German translations that have been a good feature of *Hours at Home* manages the matter with care and discretion. This month a good story is told of Bulwer. It was well thought of, too, to insert Mr. Charles Welford's letter to the *Bookbuyer*. *Hours at Home* begins with this number a new volume, and adds a new department, which is to be called "Leisure Moments," and is to consist of brief essays after the fashion of the *Galaxy's* "Driftwood," the *Overland's* "Etc.," *Harper's* "Easy Chair," *Putnam's* "Table-Talk," and so on.

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*What Makes Me Grow? or, Walks and Talks with Amy Dudley.* By the author of "Harry Lawton's Adventures," "Good Dogs," etc. With two illustrations by Lorenz Frölich. (New York: G. P. Putnam & Son. 1868.)—This is a "juvenile" which we recommend all people in search of suitable books for children to avoid. It is intended to adapt certain facts of physiology and natural history to the comprehension of little people of six years old and thereabouts. We doubt, however, the utility of informing even readers so uncritical and immature that they "have got several kinds of juice inside of them, and one which is of a bright red color," which does not "run about loose in their bodies, but goes inside of little blue pipes called veins"—or that their lungs are "two long things inside the chest," each of which "is joined to the throat by a sort of long narrow pipe"—that the diaphragm is a "see-saw thing" which "bows up against the lungs, squeezes them together, and so pushes the air back again out of the mouth." Nor do we consider speculations on the probable attitude and modes of locomotion of the snake "before the fall," or hints that we were intended by God to hate that reptile because the devil once entered into one, altogether desirable topics for children's books. When it becomes advisable to give them any physiological information, it has happily been provided for them in a trustworthy and altogether delightful manner by Jean Macé. Such a book as this, with its unfortunate and badly illustrated statements and its painfully unpleasant style, is a positive damage to children who may be unfortunate enough to read it.

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*Gold Elsie.* From the German of E. Marlitt, author of "The Old Mam'selle's Secret." By Mrs. A. L. Wister. (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1868.)—We have taken so much pleasure in reading this book that we really cannot find it in our heart to comment ungratefully on the fact that in all the essential details of plot and characterization it is an almost exact reproduction of its predecessor, "The Old Mam'selle's Secret." The author is still fighting vigorously against her ancient enemies, hypocrisy in religion and inordinate pride of birth and social position. We find our interest in the story—which is, however, quite well enough managed—entirely subordinate to the amused admiration with which we regard its author. She is the heartiest of democrats, and much the best advocate of the woman's cause, as it appears in fiction, that we have seen. The typical German woman, fair and rotund, who "mends the papa's hose" and plays for him the part of a dutiful and overworked upper servant, and is fitly rewarded therefor by accompanying him to the family club and the festive beer-garden, has no recognized existence in Miss Marlitt's ideal world. Her heroines settle themselves firmly on the rock of their own individuality, and being unusually well provided with the weapons of personal beauty, innocence, and genuine love for truth, "moral elevation and spiritual

growth," do most sturdy battle with cant and with the aristocratic prejudices of their lovers. They come out victorious, of course, and the heroes, who combine in a curious fashion the peculiarities of Rochester and St. John Rivers, get in the end most loving and obedient wives. Really, both Elsie in this story, and Felicitas in the former one, are altogether delightful characters—and none the worse for being idealizations rather than portraits, since the idealization is of a good kind, and will give young girls who may read the books an impulse in the right direction. We commend them to all novel-readers, to many of whom the faults that interfere somewhat with our enjoyment of them—the over-fondness of their author for dramatic situations, for instance; her love for ruined castles, buried treasures, and artistically unfortunate secrets, which finally provide the radical heroine with as aristocratic a lineage as that of her oppressors—will very likely not seem objectionable.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

| *Authors.—Titles.* | *Publishers.—Price.* |
|---|---|
| Alphabet in Rhyme | (Am. News Co.) |
| Diaz (Anna M.), King Brondé: a Child's Story | (Ticknor & Fields) $1 50 |
| Everett (W.), Hesione: a Poem | (Little, Brown & Co.) |
| Fetridge (W. P.), Harper's Hand-book for Travellers in Europe and the East. | (Harper & Bros.) |
| Historical Account of Bouquet's Expedition against the Ohio Indians, 1764. | (Robt. Clarke & Co.) 3 00 |
| Picture Poetry for Young America | (Am. News Co.) |
| Smith (Sol.), Theatrical Management in the West and South | (Harper & Bros.) |
| Stephens (Mrs. A. S.), Mabel's Mistake: a Tale | (T. B. Peterson & Bros.) 1 75 |
| The Workshop, No. 9, swd | (E. Steiger) 0 50 |
| Too True: a Tale | (G. P. Putnam & Son) 1 50 |


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ROME, ITALY, June 28, 1868.

GEO. W. SAMSON, D.D.,
PRES. COLUMBIAN COLLEGE, WASHINGTON, D.C.

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## The Week.

IT is certain, as we go to press, that Seymour and Blair will have 36 votes in the electoral college, it is probable that they will have 87, and it is possible that they may get the 5 votes of Arkansas and have in all 92. Beyond reasonable doubt they have carried Georgia—intimidation got it for them—Kentucky, Maryland, Delaware, and Louisiana—intimidation again. To the 36 votes of these States probably we should add the 7 of New Jersey, the 3 of Oregon, the 8 of Alabama, and the 5 of Arkansas—where also murder has run riot for weeks—and finally the 33 of New York. How this State has been carried for the Democratic candidates, if indeed it has been carried for them, everybody knows. In twenty polling districts of this city the number of votes cast exceeds the total number registered. In other words, the Republicans have been cheated out of 33 electoral votes and New York out of the honor of giving them to Grant and into the dishonor of giving them to a plausible, dishonest, feeble politician by "repeaters" and "strikers." But for the excellent precautions of the police authorities the Democratic majority in the State would have been 30,000 or 40,000. Against Seymour's 36 sure votes and 92 possible ones we must set down 201 as sure for Grant and 239 as possibly his; Arkansas may have gone for him; and there is a bare possibility that, though the Ring candidate is certainly the next governor, Grant may have beaten Seymour. It is a possibility and hardly a probability. But he has carried all New England—unless one regards Butler's district as an exception—all the great West and North-west; in fact, if we look as we should at the Hudson County frauds in Jersey, and the shameless cheating in this city, Grant and Colfax may be said to have carried every Northern State. Take our account of the assassinations of the South, and Grant and Colfax must be considered as the choice of that section of the country also. As to Congressmen, the Republicans have had defeats in this as in the October elections. Especially in the Southern States have the Democrats made gains; but in the North also there have been Republican losses. Some of them, to be sure, were blessings in disguise. Donelly's defeat and Ashley's are honorable to the party. On the whole, it is probable that in the next Congress there will be 133 Republicans to 77 Democrats—not a two-thirds majority, and one that will keep the House more sensible than it was when the figures stood 174 Republicans to 53 Democrats. In the Senate, on the other hand, there will be more Republicans than ever. A Democrat may replace Frelinghuysen, of New Jersey; but Doolittle goes by the board, and so does Dixon, and so do Buckalew and Hendricks. We have no private analysis of the vote in Butler's district, but his majority seems to indicate that he was largely indebted to the Democrats for his "Radical" triumph. To the moral of his election, as already discussed by us, we have nothing to add, unless that, considering what the canvass developed in regard to Butler's character, his palpable failure to meet the charges against him, and the thoroughly disreputable and dishonest manner in which he conducted his own cause, the district must take far more shame to itself for his election than for his nomination.

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No election in the country was ever attended by so much fraud as the one we have just gone through. In this State, of course, the natural home of chicane and boundless rascality, the fattening-place of the corruptest of all American politicians, every variety of cheating has been practised. The naturalization mill we spoke of last week is probably the most effective of all the means of defrauding honest citizens of the control of their political affairs. Men in thousands were made citizens who have no more right to a certificate and a vote than if they were still on their native side of the Atlantic. False names in thousands were put on the registration lists, and on the strength of them repeaters went from precinct to precinct voting early and often. In Brooklyn, in open defiance of law, the officials whose duty it was to count the vote deliberately announced their intention of performing their functions in secret with closed doors. This in order to make the majority as large as might be needed. Such a proceeding, of course, makes the perpetrators of it liable to punishment on conviction, but unfortunately it does not vitiate the poll—and conviction these gentry do not greatly fear. In order that it might be learned just how large a majority it was that would probably be needed, the notorious Supervisor Tweed and his associates sent out a day or two before the election to every county in the State a circular to this effect: The recipient was to make arrangements with a shrewd and reliable Democrat in each city and in most of the towns, whose business it should be to transmit in the early part of the evening an approximate estimate of the relative vote of the two parties. "There was, of course an important object to be gained." The object was, of course, that the Hoffman ring might in turn tell their henchmen in this county and Kings how many ballots to add to the number really cast, fraudulently or honestly. The desperate lengths to which Tammany went are perhaps more strikingly shown by the harmonious proclamations of Mayor Kalbfleisch and Mayor Hoffman—whom we are asked to believe only unfortunate in his associates, though the plain truth is that the most of them are as unfortunate in him as he in them—both of which incite to lawlessness and murder. Luckily some of these rascals, and some big fish as well as some little ones, are under arrest; and unless honest citizens, with proverbial American good-nature, let them go, they will stock the penitentiary, it is to be hoped. The Citizens' Association or the Union League Club never did better work than either would do by following them up with all possible severity.

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"What more do the people of the North want?" as Mr. John Quincy Adams says; "what more have they a right to ask? What stronger and better guarantees?" etc., etc. Sure enough. The Republican club-rooms throughout New Orleans and several residences of Republicans have, within the week, been broken into and sacked; the nightly number of murders in the city has been for several nights more than a score; and, although it is not to be denied that the negroes are in some cases the aggressors, yet it is a true general description of the state of things in New Orleans, in the adjacent parishes, and in Louisiana generally, that former rebels kill Union men with alarming frequency, and that the United States soldiers under General Rousseau are no great hindrance. Rousseau, to be sure, has but 600 men in the city. The governor, Warmoth, has been obliged to keep in hiding, and so have many other Republicans who have made themselves con-

spicuous. There is simply a reign of terror throughout Louisiana, and the State will certainly have to be policed by Federal troops under a commander of a different stripe from Rousseau, or Chief-of-Police Tom Adams and his old companions-in-arms will continue to make Republicanism punishable with death.

"Only seven o' thim bites," as the Irishman said of his nine "quiet" dogs; and when we think that our erring sisters were ten in number, and that we get accounts of terrorism, rioting, and steady murdering only from Louisiana, Texas, Arkansas, South Carolina, Missouri, Alabama, Georgia, and Tennessee, there is no cause why a New Orleans and a Boston Conservative should not each take a cheerful view of the situation. As for the satrapy of Texas, we may say that we did some injustice, perhaps, in ascribing the recent assassination of Mr. Smith to the officer commanding the garrison at Jefferson. He had but twenty-five or thirty men with him guarding the jail when he was surrounded by a well-equipped mob of two hundred men bent on murder. The officer judged it right to make his men ground arms, inasmuch as they assuredly would have been overpowered. Yet it almost seems as if it was the duty of United States soldiers to go to certain death in a quarrel of that kind. Smith fought with desperate courage, and had eighteen bullets put into him before he stopped firing. General Reynolds, it is said, is to be removed from command in Texas—Mr. Johnson being dissatisfied with him for his attempts to suppress the horrors that make the State a disgrace to the country and the age. Arkansas has had a fight between fifty negroes and a party of white men, in which the former were defeated. Mr. Hinds's murderer turns out to be the secretary of the Monroe County Democratic Committee. On Saturday last a gang in ambush by a roadside in Little River County killed Captain Willis of the Freedman's Bureau, and Captain Porter Andrews of the army, and wounded the county sheriff. The same band of Conservatives killed two negroes on the same day. In the town of Crittenden, in the same State, six men were last week shot for being Radicals and two men for the reason that they tried to bury the others.

A similar thing happened in Tennessee, where a negro, discovered making a coffin for a man killed by the Ku-Klux, was whipped by a party of them, and afterwards, for having indiscreetly said that he knew who had tied him up, was taken into the woods and has not reappeared. At Huntsville, Alabama, a Radical meeting was broken up by a well-directed fire from a Conservative procession. "Judge Horton, a marked man, was mortally wounded," two negroes were killed and many wounded. Huntsville, it is to be remembered, is in a part of Alabama where white Republicans are by no means scarce. In South Carolina, Wade Hampton and his friends have put forth a circular deprecating assassination, which is a good action if it is a sad confession. Governor Bullock said, on Monday, that in Georgia "a reign of terror exists," and predicted that only one-third of the Republicans would dare to poll their votes. This was not an exaggeration. Florida voted by her Legislature and was quiet; and Governor Holden, in his private letters, speaks very hopefully of the future prospects of his State. It is almost the only State that we should feel like recommending to Northern men as a region in which they may settle in security. Its Quakers and Scotch, and its strong infusion of old Whigs, and its solid-headed, honest yeomanry—there is a good probability of a valuable colored yeomanry there—make it, altogether, a State to be honored, liked, and trusted. It certainly is now more nearly recovered from the effects of the war than any of the other members of the Confederacy; and this is directly traceable to the comparative moderation and sensible political course of its people. But with the other States it becomes clearer and clearer every day that something must be done; and we hope Mr. Garfield, and Mr. Bingham, and Mr. Jenckes, and Mr. Schenck, and Mr. Fessenden, and Mr. Wilson, and Mr. Conkling, are doing some thinking about it, and are not intending that the Gloucester sage shall have any word to say in the business. He will do better to confine himself to Grant's case.

The elections have served one useful purpose in New York, in marking more clearly than is possible in ordinary times the extent of the progress which the judiciary and the municipal government have made on the downward road. Election frauds on such an enormous scale have never been witnessed in this country. We described their magnitude last week; and more than one of the judges have participated, with divers other officials, in the issue of certificates of naturalization to fraudulent applicants, and one has done so openly, and as a good joke, with a cigar in his mouth and a glass of whiskey-and-water beside him on the bench, the room crowded with Irish and German emigrants getting their first lesson in the nature of republican institutions. At this shocking degradation of everything that is sacred in politics the whole body of Democratic leaders and officials seem to connive. The United States courts have, however, at last taken cognizance of the matter, which never ought to have been allowed to pass out of their hands, and the District Attorney, Mr. Courtney, has done his duty admirably. He has preferred bills of indictment against the leading criminals, including the judge, and the grand jury have found the bills—the whole being a regular legal proceeding, the propriety and justice of which can now only be decided by a trial. Here, however, the Mayor, who is also Democratic candidate for the governorship, and whom decency ought to have kept quiet, issues a proclamation evidently intended to encourage the fraudulent voters to resist the law, and denouncing the proceedings in the United States courts as a Republican conspiracy. Taking all these things in combination with the attempt on the life of Christopher Pullman, an indefatigable municipal reformer, and a working-man to boot, in the open street in broad daylight, and with still worse horrors which we hear every day, but cannot print, it may safely be said that we have reached a state in this city such as has never been witnessed in one of its size and pretensions, and the remedy for which must be sought outside the ordinary rules of the political art. We earnestly call to it the attention of those Radicals who have been preaching to the poor Democrats, by their support of Butler, that the character of politicians is of no question as long as they are sound on the great "issues." All our scoundrels here are, in the estimation of the local majority, "sound" on all "issues." Your definition of "soundness" does not influence them, but your disgraceful indifference to moral considerations does.

We have one more letter from "A Philadelphia Lawyer" about the election frauds in that city, which reaches us too late to print entire, and as it will not keep till next week we shall, we hope, satisfy him by saying that he denies that the Prothonotary's office was "cleared out," or that any more new clerks were employed than the business needed; that Chief-Justice Thompson offered himself as a witness in a case in *his* court, or anywhere but before Judge Sharswood. He asserts that the fact to which Chief-Justice Thompson testified on that occasion is admitted by "every one," and that the Prothonotary's hesitation about the forgeries was only momentary; that it is a very queer thing that if Devine's story was worthless, nobody has earned the Union League reward by trying to convict him; that the grand jury ignored a bill against a policeman for shooting a man "*because* the man shot was a Democrat" (this we consider rather strong on its face); that Judge Read's last performance, in delivering an opinion on the naturalization matter, with no case before him, is worse than that of which Judge Field was accused; that Judge Read's son, General J. Meredith Read, Jr., will be the next minister to England; and that the judge has stronger claims on General Grant than any other man in Philadelphia. But with this statement of the "Philadelphia Lawyer's" opinions the discussion of these particular frauds must cease as far as we are concerned.

There appears to be intense excitement amongst the Butlerites about dinners. Some meal given to somebody in times past must have given a serious shock to their nerves, and perhaps, though we hope not, has sown the seeds of permanent disease. They now shudder when they hear of anybody wanting to give a dinner to any public man they do not like. They tell you, for instance, in low, hollow tones, that R. H. Dana signed the invitation to Fessenden, or that the New York bar had invited Evarts to dinner, and look as if a criminal had just confessed to them where he had buried the body and what he had done with the watch and purse.

One of the chief members of the sect has just been elevating Butler above Grant in the moral and political scale, and the symptoms of some of the others are equally grave. There is, for obvious reasons, no use in arguing with them. In fact, it is getting to be cruel to do so. Quiet and repose are now the only things that will bring them relief.

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The telegraph operator who communicated to General Butler the despatch from Mr. Samuel Ward to Mr. Edward Atkinson, which the general unblushingly published, has been discovered; but he prudently resigned when he found that discovery was impending. The president of the company, Mr. Atkinson says, is quite ready and willing to prosecute him; but thinks it would be of no use, as a man guilty of a similar offence in this city was discharged from custody on the ground that he could not in decency be prosecuted for an act which the Butler "Committee of Investigation" perpetrated last spring wholesale. Mr. Atkinson thinks the court would have decided differently, however, had it known that the committee repudiated the acts of the chairman in seizing the telegrams. The offender in question was not discharged by the court. The district attorney, Mr. Oakey Hall, refused to prosecute, on the ground set forth above; but if he had prosecuted, and the man had been convicted, the precedent would have availed little in this last case. No jury could with propriety convict a poor young man of stealing the Ward telegram when his older confederate, for whose benefit he stole it, and who used it publicly, was at the same moment going to Congress by the suffrages of one of the most moral and intelligent constituencies in the country. We know very well that a good many Butlerites flatter themselves that they can fence off the general's "soundness on the main question" from his other characteristics, and by keeping it constantly and principally before the public eye prevent their admiration of him from damaging the morals of the community. But unhappily Providence has seen fit to make this little arrangement impossible. A man's influence on society is the result of his whole character and career, and not of his "views" on any particular subject; and when General Butler is singled out by Massachusetts from her hundreds of thousands of worthy sons for honor and reward, it is not simply "the friend of the black man," or the "foe of the Copperheads," or the hero of the march through Baltimore that the poor young men see, but the whole man, *totus teres atque rotundus*—the Lowell lawyer, the Charleston delegate, the New Orleans proconsul, the impeacher, and investigator rolled into one. The telegraph operator who stole the despatch is, doubtless, as "sound on the main question" as Butler himself. The fact is, the Butlerite classification of "questions" is not registered in heaven or anywhere else, except the offices of a few Radical newspapers, and the sect may as well reconcile itself at once to the solemn fact that any society based on such a classification would go to pieces in ten years.

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Secretary Seward made his appearance in the canvass during the past week by a speech to his friends and neighbors at Auburn, which was characterized by great moderation, good taste, and good sense. He abandoned none of the positions he has held during the past four years—this is hardly to be expected from a man of his years—but he defended them with calmness and dignity. He told the story of reconstruction according to the Johnson version of it. He said—what is quite true—that the plan Mr. Johnson attempted to act on was substantially the one devised by Mr. Lincoln; but it was a plan which involved more or less usurpation of power on the part of the President, and therefore depended for its success, as Mr. Seward admitted, on the popular confidence in the President's sagacity and good intentions. This Mr. Lincoln had and Mr. Johnson had not, or only in a very minor degree, and therefore the success which was possible to Mr. Lincoln was scarcely attainable by Mr. Johnson, even if all went well. On this point Mr. Seward was clear and candid. We therefore looked with some curiosity for his explanation of the cause of the overthrow of Mr. Johnson's plan in 1866, the sudden change in the Northern temper, and the rapid ascendency of the extreme Radical section of the Republican party. The true cause of these things undoubtedly was the revelation which was made of Southern schemes with regard to the negroes in the winter of 1865–6, and the reckless and barbarous legislation by which it was sought to put these schemes into execution; but of all this Mr. Seward, strange to say, makes no mention. To him, apparently, the triumph of the Radicals was due to an outbreak of "pure cussedness." As between the two parties now before the country, Mr. Seward prefers the Republican, and we presume has voted for Grant. "Very great crimes," he says, "have been committed in the name of liberty by the Republican party," but "no suspicion rests on its loyalty or its devotion to human freedom," and he cannot say as much for the Democratic party.

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The Water-Street "revival" has, we believe, come to an end, and the researches of the City Mission have shown that very few, if any, of the class for whose benefit the movement was set on foot, amongst whom, we were assured, it was "sweetly and quietly" making its way, have profited by it, or even attended any of the meetings. It was got up and carried through to its end by a body called the "Howard Mission;" and the time now seems to have come to ask what is the "Howard Mission?" What is the nature of the organization? Who compose it? Who are its directors, trustees, or managers; and where do they live or do business? Where are its reports and especially its accounts of receipts and expenditures? If any printed accounts exist, who has audited them, and under what conditions? In asking these questions, we are not only giving expression to a legitimate curiosity on the part of several subscribers to its funds, but we are giving the body a chance of establishing a firmer hold on public confidence and gratitude than it now possesses.

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Two very curious and interesting papers have recently appeared in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* entitled the "Préliminaires de Sadowa," giving the history of the various intrigues, negotiations, and combinations which led to the outbreak of the war of 1866. They contain a great deal of matter never before made public, and certainly make the position of the Prussians, from a moral point of view, wear a somewhat unpleasant look. There was a touch of grim humor in the opinion solemnly given by the Prussian crown lawyers that, though the title of Prussia to the duchies may not have been good before she seized them, it was perfectly good afterward, because it rested on military conquest. But the most important point brought out is that Venice was ceded to France by Austria before a shot was fired; and the battle of Sadowa was, therefore, fought merely for the honor of the Austrian arms, and with the deliberate intention of evacuating the Italian territory after it had been won. The fact of the cession was not revealed till after Sadowa. The world was then given to understand by the *Moniteur* that it had just been made. There has not been in this century a more striking illustration than this affords of the wild, romantic, and therefore cruel, way in which aristocracies carry on war; and it helps everybody to understand how it is that aristocratic armies are being driven out of existence by the growth of the democratic plan of conducting war on business principles. The presence in Bohemia of the army which was fighting for "honor" in Venetia would probably have saved the aged empire, to say nothing of thousands of lives.

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The report of which we recently spoke, that the French Emperor's mind was more inclined to peace than it has been for some time back, and that M. Guizot's article was the cause of his conversion, continues to receive partial confirmation. That is, there are plenty of signs that he is more than usually desirous of peace; but of course the cause of the change is somewhat doubtful. Advancing years count for something in it; the formidable character of the enemy he would encounter, the certainty that, while one great defeat would ruin his dynasty, three defeats would probably only weld Germany into a solid mass, and turn it on France in a white heat of rage and patriotism, doubtless count for more. The revolution in Spain has contributed something toward the result, but rather by way of providing food for reflection than by intimidation. There is always something suggestive to other monarchs in the fall of a monarchy, and the treason of the army and navy makes the Spanish revolution peculiarly suggestive to Louis Napoleon. A reduction of the army is still talked of, and the general confidence in peace is about twice as strong as it was a month ago.

## THE DEMOCRATS AS AN OPPOSITION.

Mr. John Quincy Adams's speech in South Carolina, and the recent attempt to throw Seymour and Blair overboard, and the fact, which now seems to be well established, that there does exist in the ranks of the Democratic party a large body of persons who are sensible of the folly which has marked the course of the party during the last year or two, seem to furnish some foundation for the hope that the party will, during the coming four years, if it can do nothing else, at least furnish the country with something like a decent opposition. We are not, as our readers know, amongst the number of those who looked on in unmixed admiration at the Republican performances in Congress since 1865. They were undoubtedly marked by many follies and absurdities. The party in power was guilty of some foolish legislation; of many foolish attempts at legislation. Its leaders said a great many wild things, and for a while the control of the organization seemed to be put up at auction, the men that said the wildest things being treated as the highest bidders. People who talked to it of reason or experience, of possibility or impossibility, were denounced as traitors or idiots. So things went on till 1867, when undoubtedly the country was pretty well disgusted with Republican rule, and bore it solely because of the magnitude and importance of the interests the party had in its keeping, and which in no other keeping would have been safe. With the impeachment the critical point in the party fortunes was reached. The process, properly conducted, the country was perfectly willing to submit to, but it was not prepared for the scandals and excesses by which it in fact was marked. However, by good luck rather than by good management, it came out of it without serious damage. We have no hesitation now in saying, however, that it was saved from utter ruin by the votes of the seven senators. Whether they were corrupt or honest in their decision, it prevented the accession of Mr. Wade to the Presidency and the predominance of men like General Butler in the councils of the executive, and probably the nomination of Mr. Wade at Chicago. Now, there is no doubt whatever, in view of what the majorities have been at the late elections, both State and Federal, that the happening of either of these contingencies would have killed the party and delivered the country into the hands of the Democrats. Three or four months of the rule of Wade and Butler might have established the reign of pure "truth," but it would also have determined the country to bring that reign to a close at the earliest possible moment, and that moment would have been the 4th of March, 1869. These are not simple speculations of our own, nor are they things which anybody will hear at mass meetings; but they are things which nine out of ten thinking Republicans will tell you in a private room. The party has been saved, as we have said, first of all by the result of the impeachment process, and secondly, and proximately by the opportunity to follow the dictates of its sound and sober judgment which that result afforded the Chicago Convention.

But when one compares even the most foolish of the Republican leaders to the wisest of the Democratic leaders, one begins involuntarily to excuse the Republican vagaries. The Democrats in Congress, to be sure, were small; but they had nearly half the population of the North at their back. They were but a handful; but they, in reality, represented nearly as many voters as the majority. The knowledge of this fact would have made men possessing the least skill in their art a powerful and dreaded enemy. It could not, of course, have given them the victory, when heads came to be counted, but it would have given their criticisms weight and edge; would have made formidable breaches in the Republican ranks out of doors; would have held the more reasonable and intelligent portion of the Democratic party firm in their allegiance; and would, perhaps, only have been prevented from driving the Republicans from power by making them sensible of their danger and opening their eyes to the value of wisdom and discretion.

As things went, however, the Democratic members in Congress during the past three years have perhaps supplied the most comical and pitiable chapter in the history of legislative bodies. In the first place, in their parliamentary tactics they imitated Thaddeus Stevens, in acting rather like prophets who had a message to deliver to a stiff-necked generation than like politicians whose business it was to win men over to their way of thinking. One would suppose, to watch their performances, their dilatory motions when the final result was perfectly clear, their bombastic protests, their small parliamentary tricks, their personal attacks, their grotesque and absurd resolutions; their persistent opposition to everything good, bad, or indifferent which the really good men of the Republican party advocated; their readiness to league with the dregs of the Republican party in the prosecution of any scheme likely to embarrass the majority, no matter what its effect might be on the nation at large; their wild and reckless exaggerations of the really weak points in Republican rule; their ostentatious indifference to the public credit, as if the fate of the national debt could be anything but a matter of the deepest importance to any inhabitant of the country; their ostentatious indifference to the fate of the negroes, as if the condition, mental and moral and physical, of four millions of persons out of a population of ten millions could be a small concern to any honest and intelligent man appointed to legislate for it; their unwillingness to admit that there was any good motive whatever at the bottom of the prosecution of the war in which three hundred thousand of their own friends and neighbors had laid down their lives—in short, the concentration of their wits and energies during three long years on the one petty and disreputable task of impeding the path of the majority, a task to which the feeblest wits and energies were, of course, equal,—one would suppose, we say, that the sole object of their constituents in sending them to Congress was to act as a kind of light cavalry and make the enemy feel uncomfortable.

Their mission was, however, not to beat the Republicans in the vote, or wear them out by filibustering, or surpass them in badinage, but to present to the country and the world regularly and temperately, and as ably as they could, with as little exaggeration as possible—exaggeration on the part of minorities being the equivalent of the military offence of being drunk on duty—that other side of every question that came up which it was naturally the tendency of the majority to overlook or conceal. But they presented no side of anything. They ranted by the hour. Not one of their speeches was of any more use in elucidating any point under discussion than the crackling of thorns under a pot. They did not even protect freedom of debate; they made it ridiculous. They talked so much nonsense that when the majority was gagging them, the public laughed and said it served them right. The discourses of their ablest man (leaving out Reverdy Johnson), Senator Doolittle, were wild statements of doctrines, both social and political, which everybody knew were dying or dead, and with which there was no chance whatever of influencing the drift of public opinion. Their weightiest men in the House never produced anything more formidable than dry essays on "the negro's place in nature," and one of them had the candor to acknowledge that his essay on this subject was the composition of an obscure Ohio doctor. Their political economy was not a whit better than Thaddeus Stevens's, and such as it was they did not understand it, and seldom produced it; and, when they did produce it, handled it as a savage might a gun. On the currency and taxation they gave no evidence of possessing any fixed views whatever. Sometimes they were for greenbacks and sometimes for gold, and were opposed apparently to all taxation; but whether they preferred greenbacks or gold became more and more uncertain as the years rolled on. Their last proposal on the matter of finance is to make the currency as bad as possible for the purpose of annoying the party that suspended specie payments.

They have now once more a chance of regaining a little respectability. They have four years in which to prepare for the next election, and during that period some of the weightiest questions in political economy and jurisprudence will come before Congress. They can, by a very small amount of exertion in the discussion of these matters, win back a considerable amount of popular confidence. Suppose they were to take up even one reform, and advocate it with temper, and knowledge, and discretion. They helped General Butler in deranging the plan of the Committee of Ways and Means; suppose they were to help Mr. Jenckes in preparing the Civil Service Bill. This would commit them to nothing inconsistent with the position they now hold on reconstruction and would certainly win popular respect. Suppose,

too, they were to make themselves the champions of what Burke calls "civil prudence" in their treatment of the Southern question, accept all accomplished facts, admit the negro's right to security as well as liberty even while denying his right to vote, and denounce all outrages on him or oppressive legislation directed against him. Suppose they were to take hold of some theory of revenue and taxation which has some basis in facts and derives some support from human experience—say hard money, or free banking, or free trade—and preach it zealously and consistently; do something, in short, to win back for Democrats the credit of thinking and reasoning. Suppose, in short, they were to substitute some line of action for mere abuse of the party in power, would they not speedily win back some of their lost ground? Has any opposition ever succeeded in preserving a shadow of authority or a particle of weight after it had ceased to have anything to propose or affirm, and had begun to rely wholly on negation and invective?

## SLANDER AND LIBEL.

A NEW law-book, by Mr. John Townshend, designed to present the profession with all about the law of slander and libel which a lawyer can expect to find in a single volume, and which does present it with great conciseness as well as completeness, and which nevertheless supplies instructive as well as entertaining reading for laymen, suggests some reflections worth noting touching the effect of the changes in modern society in lowering the value and interest of the law of libel. We do not mean to say that the time has come, or is even near at hand, when it will make no difference whether a man can or can not bring an action or get out a warrant against his fellow-man for the use of language injurious to his peace or reputation. A legal remedy for the wrongs of the tongue there will doubtless always be, and always should be; but there seems to be little question that it will be hereafter less and less resorted to. Not only is the world growing less and less sensitive to personal abuse or depreciation, but personal abuse and depreciation do people much less harm than they used to do. It is not very many years ago since a man of average respectability, and not a clergyman, was expected, in nearly all civilized countries, to kill or wound anybody else of average respectability who said unhandsome things about him and refused to retract or apologize. If a man said I had lied, although I might have a character for truthfulness of thirty years' standing, I was obliged to try to murder him, and to give him at the same time a chance of murdering me. Or, if he said I had on a certain occasion behaved in a cowardly manner, I was obliged, although I might have led the van on a dozen famous fields, to wash out the imputation, as the phrase was, in his blood. It does not seem in those days of sensitiveness to have made any difference whether the slurs thrown on one had any foundation or not, or whether people believed them or not; he was obliged to act as if they did believe them, and to feel or feign the greatest indignation, and show it by risking his life. Even men whose age or profession or principles prevented them from exacting "the satisfaction usual amongst gentlemen" were forced either to go to law for "the vindication of their honor" or to undergo social reprobation, more or less severe according to the moral and mental condition of the society in which they lived. This extreme sensitiveness, too, was not confined to the upper classes of society. Suits were brought by persons of all ranks for the punishment of charges which could have done no damage except to the feelings, and which would now simply excite laughter. The slanders recited in some of the older recorded cases are uncommonly amusing. Actions have been brought for calling a man a "thieving puppy," a "bankrupt knave," a "bankrupt skrub," a "cuckoldy rogue," a "hog thief," or a "rebellious knave," and for saying that he "got drunk on Christmas Day," or that he was "an enchanter" or "a varlet." Judges have gravely ruled that it was *not* actionable to call a man a "thievish knave," or "a cheat," or "common filcher," or to say that he had "thievishly taken" some money; but that it *was* actionable to call him a "thieving rogue" or a "thieving pirate," or to say that "he deserved to have his ears nailed to the pillory." In fact, the books swarm with the results of solemn deliberations of the great masters of the law upon the precise force and effect of epithets used in a passion by pairs of foul-mouthed and uneducated disputants, who probably never in their lives had weighed a word they uttered.

In England, during the latter half of the last century and in the early part of this one, the attorney-general's time was largely occupied in prosecuting printers and authors for saying naughty things about men in authority and about the Christian religion and the general principles of morality. The attacks of a "news-writer" or pamphleteer, however absurd or extravagant or pointless, set men in the highest positions nearly wild. The letters of Junius are mostly a mass of turgid and pompous abuse, which few editors of good newspapers would now be willing to print, and yet they convulsed English society in their day, and in consequence of their doing so still furnish materials for one of the dullest bits of contemporary speculation. The European dread of libels was felt in America by the statesmen and clergy in mostly the same degree, and it led shortly after the formation of the Government to the passage of an act providing for the punishment of editorial attacks on persons in authority. It really seemed to good people at that time as if a writer could break up the framework of society with epigrams and sarcasms and epithets. One of the most curious relics of the old state of feeling as regarded spoken or written imputations on the character, is the practice of "posting" persons who refused to fight a duel—that is, sticking up a bill on a post or gate announcing to the world that A. had been guilty of certain base acts and was, in the estimation of B., "a liar and a coward." It has completely died out in England, and we doubt if it was ever known on the Continent; but one hears of it occasionally still in that great museum of antiquated observances and exploded theories, the Southern States. The last person of whom we have heard as resorting to it was, as might have been expected, Mr. Pollard of the "Lost Cause," who made his appearance not long ago, in some public place in Richmond, armed with a long gun, and majestically kept watch while a negro, carrying a paste-pot, a brush, and piece of paper bearing a defamatory composition from the Pollard pen, "posted" one of his enemies on a suitable wall or paling. There was a time when this ceremony, which was usually performed with great solemnity, was supposed to inflict ineffaceable infamy, being the equivalent of the unavenged "soufflet" of the French code. It was the rod by which cowardly slanderers were whipped to the field of honor or driven from society, and was, therefore, really a terrible penalty. The newspapers would, of course, have supplanted the bill-sticker, even if the practice of exposing one's enemies to the scorn of the world still lingered amongst us; but what more than anything else has driven it, and all things like it, out of use is the decline of the idea of conventional "dishonor"—that is, of the belief that one's character can be really affected by what other people say apart from the truth of what they say. We might express the same thing more accurately by ascribing it to the growth of realism, in our way of looking at all the social relations. It is the application of the utilitarian test which has killed the duel, and this same test is doing much to make the action for libel an obsolete remedy. Rationalism has done much the same work in this field as in others. People have found by experience that, as a matter of fact, it does a man no harm to be libelled, unless the charge made is one that, if true, or if generally believed, would affect his fitness for his calling. To charge a clergyman with licentiousness, or a doctor with malpractice, or a lawyer with selling his client, must always be an injury, as real as robbing his house or assaulting him, and in such cases, doubtless, the law will always be appealed to for protection. In fact, the legal theory on which the action for libel is based, is that a man suffers pecuniary damage in every case in which he is libelled. It is only, of course, by the aid of a fiction that this is applied to a great number of cases, in which the person libelled suffers simply distress of mind or loss of consideration on the part of his neighbors. But people find that verbal attacks on them nowadays, which do not cause them specific damage—that is, damage in money—really seldom cause them any damage whatever, and, consequently, are growing more and more careless about such attacks.

One reason of this, and the greatest one, is the growth of population and the multiplication of the objects of popular interest and attention. In the old days before steam and electricity and the daily press, when towns were scarce, books and periodicals few, and news scanty and long in coming, the opinion of one's neighbors had a weight of which we can now form little idea. Everybody in all but the largest cities knew everybody else and all about him, and a difference with a fellow-townsman seriously interfered with one's comfort, because it furnished the community with an exciting subject of conversation and reflection. If a man's enemies took it into their head to go about calling him a "rogue" or a "cuckoldy knave," and posted up a bill pronouncing him a "coward" and a "liar," which he would probably have to pass twice a day, and which every person in the place would read, it naturally made his life miserable, although his business and his credit remained as good as ever. How much the smallness of a place and the narrowness of interests have to do with increasing the intensity of quarrels, is well illustrated even in our own day by the bitterness of the contentions between the editors of newspapers in country towns in remote districts. When one sees one's foe every time one leaves one's house, and hears his epithets on every breeze, even the most successful "action on the case" seems a very feeble and imperfect consolation.

In our time, however, everybody is so much occupied not only with what is passing in the immediate neighborhood of his own abode, but all over the Union and all over the world; everybody's interests are so diversified and so numerous, he reads so many books and papers, has so many schemes in his head, knows, on the whole, so little and cares so little about his neighbors, has so little certainty whence they came or how long they will remain, that few charges against them are sufficient to make him raise his eyes and listen. Knowing how he feels about libels on other people, he is not concerned much about libels on himself. If anybody "posts" him he knows so well that the bill will either be speedily covered up by a picture of the gathering of the priceless Buchu in the forests of Araby, or by an account of the miraculous cures of the Mandrake pills, that he never troubles his head about it. Even the assaults of the newspapers are deprived of most of their power by the frequency of their appearance, and their multiplicity. Twenty or thirty years ago, when New York was a comparatively small place, and it had only one morning paper of any note, people felt it necessary to go down and horsewhip the editor whenever he threw dirt at them. There are far more names called and more dirt thrown now, in the aggregate, than there was then; but there are so many engaged in it, and the noise is so loud and so incessant, that nobody is much troubled by it. There are no horsewhippings or bloody noses or torn clothes, in consequence of "newspaper slanders;" and, on the whole, it is seldom anybody is hurt by them. A curious illustration of the way in which the common law adapts itself to the wants of human nature is afforded by an English case cited by Mr. Townshend, in which it was ruled that publishing of a newspaper that it was a "vulgar, ignorant, and scurrilous journal" was not actionable, but that to say of it that it was "low in circulation" was actionable. Now, as we remarked in speaking of newspaper quarrels the other day, a newspaper might bring the former charge against a great many other papers in this city and elsewhere without breeding irreconcilable enmity. It would probably get repaid in kind, but the matter would blow over, and the two combatants might hope speedily to be engaged once more in the interchange of "journalistic amenities." But if it said their circulation was declining, gentle peace would quit the scene, shrieking, and with veiled face, and without the smallest hope of return: so that the legal principle here meets the demands of the community with remarkable accuracy.

There is, however, one bad feature, and it is a very bad one, in the growing indifference to libellous attacks, and that is the small influence which the utterance of libels has in damaging the character of those who utter them. It is one thing to refuse to sue a man for assailing your character, imputing bad motives to you, loading you with abuse, and holding you up to scorn and contumely, in the mere wantonness of power and for the purpose of helping "a cause" or a party; but it is another thing to treat him as if he had done nothing wrong, and as if these were legitimate weapons of public discussion. A platform or newspaper ruffian may be too insignificant or too harmless a person to be worth an action, but a person whom he assails, and who, nevertheless, embraces him when he meets him, not only shows himself wanting in self-respect, but does a serious injury to the cause of morality. A brutal press and brutal platform are as great curses as can afflict a free country. Even if they cannot damage an individual character, they do blunt the moral perceptions of the community at large, they rob reason and judgment of their legitimate influence on public opinion, they obscure or hide the real issues in great controversies, they give ignorance and impudence an undue prominence in politics and society; and even where they help on the work of social or political reform, the help is like the aid of mercenary troops, purchased at a price which deprives the result of half its value.

## TURKEY AND GREECE.

ATHENS, October, 1868.

THE efforts made by the Turkish Government to mislead public opinion in Europe and the United States might, properly directed, have served to justify a good opinion; and no more satisfactory evidence is needed of the utter rottenness of the whole Ottoman organization than the systematic substitution of seeming for being, diplomats clever at lying for governors capable of justice, wholesale bribery of public men and newspapers for reformation. It is understood here that a great effort is being made now to control the public sentiment of the United States, and some people, whose sympathies have no channel to run in, in that direction, are said to have been gained, while the friends of the crescent make no secret of their belief that they have gained the good-will of our naval dignitaries; and though no one of us will believe that any of our officers could be gained *à la Turque*, it is not to be denied that the general feeling of those who have recently been here was strong in prejudice against the Greek and good-will for Stamboul. This is easily explained. Our navy, as a general thing, likes respectable people and stations where is much entertainment, established governments, and especially those who make their seaports agreeable by little attentions and civilities, and dislikes poor and dirty people and stations where are no parties or theatres; and this especially when those people imagine that the origin and character of the American nation give them the right to demand its sympathy and aid. All men have an instinctive dislike of people who demand help as a right—they prefer those who sit humbly in the dirt and silence, waiting in patience what crumbs may fall to them; a right to ask implies an obligation to give, and when we don't want to give, the easiest way to get out of it is to deny the right to ask. The Greeks have the fault of asking as if they had the right to ask, and especially of Americans, as if they conceived that liberty and prosperity induced sympathy and a desire to aid those who are deprived of these blessings. Both great mistakes, and the first a double mistake. The Greeks have no right to ask anything from anybody, for though we are, in common with mankind, under immense obligation to the Greek race, those obligations have no legal character, as not involving any form of property known to the law; and, moreover, if we were under obligation, who does not know that any man "would rather give than pay?" Again, the possession of liberty does not give the slave a higher place in our pity, as is shown in that we ourselves protected slavery until we were obliged, in self-defence, to kill it, while all the world knows that the poor are infinitely more charitable than the rich; or if any man doubts it, let him station himself near one of the legalized beggars on one of the bridges over the Seine, where blind and lame are allowed certain places to appeal for charity, and make note of how many and what people stop to give the unfortunate alms. If I take an example from Paris, it is because in New York or Boston we are not addicted to that mistaken practice of alms-giving to public beggars.

The above considerations don't come home to us in America, but to our sailors who may be obliged to go to meet them they have their full weight; and especially when it was proposed to employ our elegant and picked ships in the dirty humanitarian service of transporting suffering Cretans, it was speedily ascertained by the entire service how much we were interested in the discouragement of insurrection and how much we were bound to non-interference in the affairs of these people—since which a growing respect for the rights of the Sultan and the integrity of the Ottoman Empire may have been observed in the navy, as well as an increased dislike of the Greeks as a knavish, presuming people, bombastic, bragging, and intrusive. (How long is it since *we* ceased in the estimation of most European nations to appropriate these epithets exclusively?)

I admit the force of these motives as sufficient to account for the hostility of our naval officers to the Cretan movement, without in the least impeaching their incorruptibility as a body, and should repel as a personal insult any allegation to the contrary. I do not even deny entirely the accusations against the Greeks. I do not myself like the national characteristics, and in general I may say that I don't like Greeks (in *general*, I don't like Americans or mankind)—I don't like negroes, but I don't see what my antipathies have to do with their inalienable rights or my duties towards them. I can't say that I should enjoy being a member of a Cretan community, but I don't see what that has to do with my obligation to do to them as I would have done to me were I fighting for my inalienable rights against a system of oppression more galling than Southern slavery. *We only cease to be responsible for the vices of others, or their woes, when we have done all in our power to help them to get rid of the causes of them.*

But in our politicians and our civil functionaries, as well as a portion of the press, I do not feel the same confidence as to incorruptibility as in the navy. We know very well what is bought and sold in Washington, and I do not think it idle to fear that the Sultan's money will find slaves there other than those he sent. I know that there is much anxiety felt as to the effect of public opinion in America, and that great efforts will be made to turn it, by the two capital dodges of false news representing the insurrection as suppressed, and the urging of our international obligations—as if all our international obligations were with the oppressor rather than with the oppressed; as if we, whose fundamental principle is that there is no right to govern without the consent of the governed, should affirm the eternal right to misgovern without that consent, wherever we ourselves are not concerned.

"But," the Porte lawyer or newspaper advocate will say, "we are giving to the Cretan rebels what we did not permit other powers to give our own." We were obliged to submit to popular and official sympathy carried to an extreme, to loans of money and arms, to the opening of ports for blockade-running, and the open justification of all this; and we could

only make a pretence of diplomatic quarrel at the undisguised fitting-out of a fleet in English ports. "But the Sultan was our friend, and forbid the entry of rebel privateers into his ports." I should like to see—no, I 'd rather not see—a man simple enough to believe that the Sultan or the true Turk of any rank could be a friend of a republic of our kind, or ever gave himself a thought of us. He had clever ministers who saw that, finish how it might, our war would leave only one maritime power, the North, the only one it was worth his while to conciliate. We had a shrewd representative at Constantinople who knew how to make our case and show how it accorded with his interests. That was all. And because a despot flattered us, we must forget the principles to which we owe our own existence and the friendly foreign aid to which is due the completion of our independence. To the arguments drawn from our Southern rebellion to be applied to the Cretan insurrection, there can be no reply but contempt for the intelligence or honesty of those who use or accept them.

The dissemination of false news is much more likely (I flatter our national common sense in believing) to do the Cretans harm in America. It is employed with immense effect in Europe, where the majority of people are persuaded that the insurrection has ceased to exist. Up to a recent period the foreign ministers in Athens may be supposed to have believed that the insurrection was declining, though the consular despatches from Crete were unanimous in describing it as unchanged; but I have good grounds for saying that the ministers are satisfied that the Porte has no immediate prospect of subduing it, and that, in consequence, a new pressure has been put on the Greek Government to withdraw the aid afforded the Cretans, but that the new advance has been met by unqualified refusal to change the Hellenic policy. This refusal and direct antagonism to the English policy, which was before so favored by Bulgain, may be in part attributed to the unmasking of what has been known as the "English intrigue" in Crete, the movement in favor of a principality urged by English agents, and without doubt encouraged by the Bulgain ministry. It has become evident now to Bulgain, as it has been long to clear-headed people, that this movement was intended rather to make the Cretan cause seem weak in the knees, than to effect a result in the direction of a principality, which Mr. Elliot well knew would not be granted. What was really intended was rather to arrest the *élan* of the insurrection, and make the world believe that it was failing in courage and willing to make terms with the Turk. The first step in this intrigue was to persuade one of the chiefs to petition England for her mediation. This taken and the petition made, it was rejected on the ground that it had n't sufficient authority, and the English consul informed the petitioner that the petition must be made by the Assembly of the Cretans, and represent the general desire. The next petition then was transmitted by the Assembly, and *was to have* placed the insurrection at the discretion of the English Government, but the war party inserted a clause modifying the petition, so as to insist on the popular aspirations, *i.e.*, asking the English Government to annex the island to Greece. This spoiled the whole thing; and now the English Government, after having induced the Assembly to favor the petition, refused to receive it on the ground that it did not recognize the existence of that body! And yet, though I have the most certain knowledge that the English agent in Crete and the legation here are thoroughly satisfied that the Porte has no prospect of reducing the insurrection, *in all material points stronger than it was a year ago*, we shall see the English newspapers maintaining, in the interest of the Sultan, that the affair is as good as over.

English diplomacy here has met an utter defeat, and the Greek Government will henceforward make no attempt to control the Cretan movement in an unfavorable sense. Of this I have the highest assurance. An expedition of 500 Cretans sets out to-night for Crete to rekindle the war in a section where it was supposed to have died out. This is in accordance with a policy determined long ago, to abandon the western districts temporarily and induce the Turks to concentrate their forces in the central districts, when the insurrection would break out again in Kinamos and Selinos. A more important organization is projected and will soon be landed in Crete, and the Turkish army, already weakened so as to be really incapable of the occupation of the island, supposing it temporarily conquered, will find itself beset by new terrors and a resuscitation of the insurrection such as this year has not seen, when it will be evident that I speak the truth when I say that the troops hold less of the island than they held a year ago.

Mr. Canfield, late United States Consul at Piræus, has turned up as part of the revolutionary expedition of one O'Reilly in Syria, near Damascus, and has been taken prisoner with several others, according to the Turkish account. A conspiracy with extensive ramifications has been discovered to have been in progress at Constantinople. The Bulgarian affair broods and grows, and we shall soon hear of a new insurrection in Lebanon. The rotten old fabric of Othman seems to have touched bottom somewhere. There is but one place fit for it, and that has no bottom, they say.

# Correspondence.

## CREEDS AND RELIGIOUS ORGANIZATIONS.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Dear Sir: In an article entitled "Religious Conventions," issue October 18, you make this statement, namely: "Mere intellectual sympathy, or sympathy of any kind, is too subtle a thing to hold a religious organization together."

Placing the high value we do upon the editorially expressed opinions of the *Nation*, and appreciating the weight they carry with them to the *thinking* minds of the reading public, we were sorry to find this statement, unqualified as it should have been by some proper explanation, thus going abroad to the prejudice of a glorious work begun.

We should agree substantially with the main idea advanced, that some creed was necessary to a proper church organization, but differ very materially in regard to its relative importance in the same. We think that the great mistake of the Christian church, from the Papal degeneracy down to our own day, has been this very elevation of creed, so-called, to an importance Christ and his apostles never taught, nor intended it should have, in the Christian ἐκκλησία. You say that a school of philosophy, or a society of speculative enquiry, may be founded upon *sympathy*, but not a "church militant, a growing and aggressive church." We believe that just the opposite of this is true, and this conviction we apprehend to be the only true exponent of Christ's life and teachings. We believe that if Christ had intended to found his church upon a creed, he would have stated it so explicitly that there could have been but *one*, instead of the many there are now. It seems to us plainly taught throughout the whole Gospel that Christ intended his church should be a *brotherhood*, united by a bond of divine as well as human *sympathy*, not an organization shut in by the narrow bonds of an intellectual "credo."

Protestantism made as great a mistake when it founded its hopes upon *belief* as Catholicism did when it rested in *works*. We are told that the devils believe; and we apprehend that a person may assent to *any* creed with just as little of the spirit of Christianity as the devil himself. We think we are correct, too, in saying that the principal object of theological schools and speculative enquiry has hitherto been to find out and teach creeds; but, God be praised, there is one man in this age (Dr. Bushnell) who has apprehended what a school of theology should teach, and has dared to say it—said it, too, as no other man will be able to say it for another fifty years.

Πίστις has too long been translated belief. Trust is an attitude as different from belief as light from darkness. I may believe without sympathy, but I cannot trust without sympathy.

We spoke of a glorious work begun. We referred to the *sympathy* which sprang up so wonderfully at the time of the great universal revival of 1857 and 1858; a sympathy which brought the churches of all *creeds* so much nearer together in *feeling*, and so promoted harmonious action; a sympathy which has been increasing ever since, inaugurated by the individual sympathy and heart-work of such men as Robertson and Bushnell—a heart-work which we wish to see go on until creed shall sink to its true insignificance in Christ's ἐκκλησία, and all who love Christ shall be bound together in one sympathetic union of heart and life.

It seems to us that the cause of Christ and humanity demands that you should at least set yourself right in the matter, if misunderstood, as it is possible you may be.

Very respectfully yours, Chas. Gardner.

University of Chicago.

[Professor Gardner's hostility to creeds seems to be based on their abuse. What we say is simply that a religious organization without a creed you cannot have. If the whole Christian church were melted into one "brotherhood" to-morrow, and were animated by the deepest "sympathy," divine as well as human, the brotherhood would still be based on a creed—and that creed would consist of at least two articles: "There is one God; and Christ's origin or mission was divine." Nobody who denied either of these propositions could or would belong to the brotherhood and share in the sympathy of Christians *quâ* Christians. The necessity of a creed as the basis of a human society is, in fact,

a consequence of the constitution of the human mind. I cannot league myself with people or sympathize with them unless their aims and my aims are identical, and what our aims are can only be ascertained by throwing them into the form of propositions. This done, you may call the propositions a platform or declaration, or anything you please, if you do not like the term "creed," but the thing remains and cannot be got rid of. In matters religious no association can be formed for worship unless the members put on paper some statement of the view they take of the great problem of human existence. It may be a narrow or a comprehensive statement, but statement there must be, and the association will be successful or unsuccessful in proportion to the earnestness and tenacity with which the leading affirmations of the statement are held by those subscribing to it. It matters little, for the purposes of this discussion, how πίστις is translated. You cannot "trust," any more than "believe," without having formed some definite conception of the thing you trust in, and nobody can share your trust unless you describe its source; but the minute you do this you publish your creed. All this seems to us so plain that we confess we are surprised at being called on for an explanation. It must be remembered that we have been discussing simply the nature and bases of "religious organizations"—that is, human societies called churches, sects, denominations, formed for common worship or mutual edification. Of the effect of creeds on individual churches we have said nothing, and say nothing; we know very well that a very high type of character—such as that of many Stoics—has been formed without creeds or religious associations; but we know that in the past no religious association has ever existed or flourished without definite, sharply traced, positive belief, and we believe that all attempts to dispense with them in the formation of religious brotherhoods in future will fail, because it seems to be a law of human nature that great and protracted exertion of the will, called energy or earnestness, is only possible as the consequence of a distinct conception of the object aimed at. A general and vague desire, for instance, to promote the happiness and prosperity of mankind may make a benevolent man or an active philanthropist, but it will not make a good church-member. Our illustration, in fact, explained our meaning. We think Unitarianism unlikely to succeed *as a denomination*, because there is no point, not even the doctrine of the immortality of the soul, at which all Unitarians will stand and affirm. This cannot be said of any other religious body.—Ed. Nation.]

# Notes.

## LITERARY.

Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co. have nearly ready, "The American Juror, being a Guide for Jurymen throughout the United States," by H. B. Wilson, and a book of physical geography, entitled "The World We Live In." They also have in press an edition of a valuable work not well enough known, though it contains good criticism, namely, Campbell's "Specimens of the British Poets," which, as it has numerous steel engravings, will be a good holiday present from steady-going people to people who like their presents to be at once not dear and really valuable. "Dallas's Letters" is a series of letters written from London by Mr. Dallas, when—between '56 and '60—he was American minister in England; they are edited by a daughter, Julia. We mention by their titles these other native works and reprints which may be expected from Messrs. Lippincott & Co.: "Deep Down: a Tale of the Cornish Mines," by R. M. Ballantyne; "The Gospel in Enoch," by Henry H. Tucker; "The Apostolical and Primitive Church Popular in its Government," etc., by Lyman Coleman, with an introductory essay by Neander; "What I Know about Ben Eccles," by Abraham Page; "The Old World: Palestine, Syria, and Asia Minor," by Dr. J. R. Freese; "Recollections of Persons and Places in the West," by H. Brackenridge; "Incidents of the United States Christian Commission," by the Rev. E. P. Smith; "The Wife's Messenger"—an anonymous novel—and two "Juvenile Libraries." Books, by the same house, which we have not, we believe, previously mentioned, are these: "Specimens of the Greek and Roman Classic Poets, in a Chronological Series from Homer to Tryphiodorus," which is a republication—to the extent, at any rate, of having an American imprint—of a translation, in three volumes, by Charles A. Elton; a cheap edition in paper of Maurice Hartmann's novel, "The Last Days of a King;" a "Book of Elegant Extracts," with seventy illustrations; and "Chambers's Miscellaneous Questions." This work contains questions and answers on matters of literature, art, science, and so on. Messrs. Lippincott & Co. announce as beginning in the January number of their magazine a story of the present day—American, we presume—entitled "Beyond the Breakers."

—The present generation of readers of good literature probably first made the acquaintance of their favorite publishing house when its name and style was Ticknor, Reed & Fields. That was some fifteen or twenty years ago. The house was then a pretty old one, as houses go in America, having been founded in 1833, when its style was Allen & Ticknor. Mr. John Reed having retired, the firm name became that one with which we are all familiar, Ticknor & Fields, and continued the same after Mr. William Ticknor's death in Philadelphia—where he and Hawthorne were together, if we remember right—in 1864, when Mr. Howard Ticknor nominally took his father's place, though Mr. James T. Fields was really the head of the firm. At that time, also, Mr. J. R. Osgood was admitted to partnership and infused new life into the business. It is to him, we believe, that *Every Saturday* owes its foundation, and to him, too, doubtless, is due some of that popularizing of the *Atlantic* which, though good from the point of view of business, has not overmuch pleased its former admirers—and some of that popularizing of the *North American* which has pleased everybody—unless some of the aged country graduates of Harvard, who have not yet been heard from, are dissatisfied. The Dickens tour, also, was made such a success as it was by his sagacity and good management. The firm, as it is now constituted, has in it all the elements of success. It inherits the good relations established by the old managers between themselves and many of the leading literary men of Great Britain as well as of this country. Nobody would expect a new book of Tennyson's, or Browning's, or Dickens's, or Longfellow's, or Lowell's, or Emerson's, or Holmes's, or Agassiz' to make its first appearance before an American audience unless with the imprint of Fields, Osgood & Co.

—We had occasion, some months ago, to point out a number of errors in Messrs. Leypoldt & Holt's edition of Miss Yonge's "Landmarks of History"—to criticise it severely, as may have been thought by our readers. Time was (for we are glad to say it happens much less frequently nowadays) when a similar notice would have brought from the publishers a complaint of our harshness, and probably an intimation that the reviewer must have been actuated by feelings of personal unfriendliness to the author. Or, still seeking a motive other than the pure love of truth and desire to promote sound scholarship, they would have surmised that the reviewer had endeavored without success to persuade them to publish a book for him, or to print an article in their magazine, and now sought this opportunity of revenge, either with or without our connivance. They might even have gone so far, with the help of the indignant author, as to fix upon the person who undoubtedly wrote the review—an attempt, we need hardly say, which uniformly failed of its mark. We should, at the same time, have been treated to homilies on the dreadful consequences of such discouraging and repressing criticisms; "there would be no literature if the aspiring author were thus to be chilled in his first efforts to get a hearing." And, finally, a more or less permanent coolness might have arisen between the publishing house and the *Nation*, indicated by a diminished advertising patronage or a withholding the works of the firm from the paper. None of these things, we are happy to say, did Messrs. Leypoldt & Holt. They immediately prepared to issue a second, revised edition of the "Landmarks," which has now appeared, and which bears opposite the title-page a "special notice" to the effect that, certain inaccuracies having been exposed by the *Nation* in the former edition, "the volumes were placed in the hands of the same careful scholar to whom was entrusted the ultimate revision of the historical portions of the 'New American Cyclopædia.' He not only gave them a thorough revision, but added a very full chronological table of events, from the fall of Napoleon to the present time. The present edition contains these alterations." To which is added, in conspicuous capitals: "Any one detecting an error in any of our educational publications will confer a great favor by reporting it to us immediately." We submit that this conduct is in the highest degree praiseworthy, and deserving to have attention called to it as exceptional. Rarely enough do we find publishers who prefer the interest of the public to their own profits or the feelings of an author, and who, therefore, are thankful for honest criticism from whatsoever source. We could mention, indeed, a firm, in one of our great cities, which makes it a principle to correct on the spot any error, however trivial, in the plates of works it has already published, and that, too, even when there is a great improbability that another edition may be called for. This conscientious-

ness has no worldly reward, we may be sure, but it is that which, after all, constitutes and maintains the high—perhaps relatively the highest—reputation which the house we allude to enjoys at this moment.

—The most interesting feature of the *Riverside Magazine* for November is not the opening fable by Hans Christian Andersen—for the subject-matter of which one had better consult Mr. James Greenwood's "Purgatory of Peter the Cruel." The first place is rather to be assigned to the "Negro Fables," given subsequently, which are a positive contribution to the literature, if it may be so called, of the American Africans. They were taken down as they are reproduced, verbatim, from the lips of slaves or freedmen, and are specimens of a countless number of similar inventions. So far as we know, the Rabbit is the Reynard of them all; he appears in three of the four contained in the *Riverside*. The first, by the way, sounds so familiar to us that we cannot help thinking we have seen it in print before. However, this is what Br. (Brother) Rabbit says to "de tar baby," which is Br. Wolf's device for catching his cunning enemy. Both hands are stuck fast with slapping "de little girl," but Br. Rabbit hardly comprehends the seriousness of his position:

"He raise his right foot, and say, 'Gal, see dis foot? if I hit you wid dis foot, you tink horse kick you.' And he hit her wid his right foot, and it did stick; and so he up wid de odder foot, and say, 'See dis foot? if I bit you wid dis, you tink tunder roll over you.' And he hit her, and dat foot stick; so he say, 'Little gal, I won't say nottin' to you at all; I have knock down many a man wid my forehead, and if I happen to hit you wid it, I split your head wide open.' And he butt her wid his forehead, and *dat* stick."

Br. Wolf catches him next morning and makes a big fire to burn Br. Rabbit:

"As dey was passin' de brier-bush, Br. Wolf daughter say, 'Pa, you better trow him in dat brier-bush.' Br. Rabbit say, 'Do, Br. Wolf, trow me in de fire, 'cause if you trow me in de brier-bush, I done.' Br. Wolf say, 'Well, Br. Rabbit, you is a mighty tricky fellow; I want de whole race of you to die away.' Br. Wolf tink Br. Rabbit didn't want to go in de brier-bush, so he trow him dere. Br. Rabbit jump about and laugh. 'Br. Wolf, you couldn't trow me in a better place, for I was born and raise here.'"

In number two Br. Wolf is badly humiliated by Br. Rabbit, plots one revenge which fails, and tries another:

"Br. Wolf den made a bargain, and play dat he was dead, so dat he could catch Br. Rabbit. One cold day Br. Wolf was laid out before de fire on a table. Br. Dog send round to Br. Rabbit, to let him know dat Br. Wolf is die. Br. Rabbit come up to de door; it was berry cold, and he say, 'Gentlemans, is Br. Wolf dead, *in fact?* I am sorry to hear he is die.' Br. Rabbit step up by de fire and warm his hands, and he say, 'Gentlemens, we must hab someting for setting up, and bury him to-morrow morning.' As he step from de fire, he say, 'Look here, gentlemens, someting ain't right. I mus go and look at Br. Wolf face.' As he raise up de sheet, he say, 'Look here, gentlemens, did Br. Wolf grin after he dead?' He had de sheet in his hand, but didn't put it down. De gentlemens said, 'No, he didn't grin.' Br. Rabbit say, 'Well, man *can't* dead, less he grin.' As he say dis, Br. Wolf, wid his stupidness, *grinned*, and Br. Rabbit jumped out de door, and said, 'Neber see dead man grin yet.'"

The art of these tales is shown very well in the foregoing extract, in the non-essential particulars about the cold, the fire, etc. So a little before, when Br. Dog is engaged to catch Br. Rabbit for Br. Wolf: "Br. Dog leave his fiddle and eberyting to de guard-house, and tell de guard man to mind dem, and he would call back for dem on Friday." The story goes on, but Br. Dog never goes back for his fiddle.

—As not many of our readers had an opportunity of witnessing the scene in Printing-House Square on Tuesday night last when the returns were received, and as not many of them, we trust, read the *World*, we may as well borrow from that journal an account of a precisely similar scene which took place on the night of the 13th ult., after the Pennsylvania and Ohio elections:

"Long before that time" (nine o'clock in the evening) "the vicinage inhabited by H. G. and his satellites had become far noisier and more dangerous to a good citizen than Water Street at the height of the prayer-meeting at John Allen's, the Wickedest Man in New York. That wretched purlieu and every infamous haunt in the metropolis seemed to have rendered their vilest, most depraved denizens to swell the assemblage in and about the *Tribune's* door. A villanous class, for whom the editor of the *Tribune* invented the false name of 'the low Democracy,' herded there to plague the inventor by behaving in a manner that the Democracy of this city in the flush of their greatest triumph never would think of emulating. The shouts of this worthy set turned out to be for 'Grant and Colfax!' and it was as much as a respectable person's life was worth to appear within billingsgate or pistol-shot of it at those times when an aged servitor in the office ministered to the passions of a depraved mob by hoisting an exaggerated array of figures, indicating Republican majorities, on the inner walls."

Luckily, "up to the time of this writing," our informant says, "no overt act had been committed on the *World* office or its visitors," and he seems to think that the cause of this moderation on the part of the gang of ruffians whom he has been describing was due to their abject fear of the immense number of bankers, merchants, clergymen, lawyers, and cultivated ladies who thronged the office of the *World* and the adjacent streets. The fact of the matter, however, is very different. As the "H. G." above-mentioned says, "Let us nail that lie at once." The fact really is that the notorious slowness of the *World* in getting in the returns, and a deep-seated, popular distrust of its mathematicians, caused its own proper crowd to invade "the slum on Spruce Street"—as it falsely calls the *Tribune* office—while the *Tribune's* friends were compelled, unless they chose to consort with these creatures, to betake themselves to the *World* and get such news as they could, or to the *Democrat*—which latter paper, by the way, with the immense multitude that besieged its doors on the night in question, is not once mentioned by the *World's* reporter. But the jealousies among newspapers are very intense. As we have seen, they lead to wilful perversion of facts such as we have just been reading. Then for days the *Tribune* is obliged to defend itself from the maliciousness of such attacks by calling the *World's* attention to various arrays of figures, by allusions to Mr. Pomeroy and to the small circulation which a "certain concern" enjoys in comparison with other Democratic journals. Seriously, whatever the *World* may enjoy in the way of circulation, it enjoys the services of an almost inimitable rascal of a low humorist. His work is often very excellent in its way; hardly equalled by anything of the kind that has ever been done for our city journalism of late years. The *Herald* once was very good at it; indeed we imagine that we used to find in the *Herald* traces of the hand of this same gentleman from whom we have been quoting, but it is now some time since, in our perusal of that esteemed sheet, we have been delighted by his grave and outrageous lies; his choice vocabulary, composed of words a little too large for him mixed with bits of slang and bright inventions of his own; his cheery approval of infractions of all law; his unmeasured smiling abuse of the Radical demons who afflict this country; his evident belief in personal honor. It is all, we regret to say, highly pleasing to us, though we should have to make sad work of him if we put ourselves to considering him as a morally accountable being with a character to keep and transmit or lose. He does the *World* good service, though; its more refined persiflage is often trivial stuff, evidently manufactured, and by some hand momentarily loath to labor at the grinding machine; and the wit of the *World* is often impudently bad morality as well as poor wit, but the low-comic man is pretty unfailingly good. We hope, though the elections are over, that he will not lose sight of "H. G." nor of the German Republicans nor of our prize-fighting friends.

—A St. Louis correspondent would like to know the name of some periodical which gives the titles and prices of all books published in English, and of some others which do the same thing for French, German, and other European literature. Messrs. Scribner & Company's semi-monthly *Bookbuyer*, which is given away to any one who will pay the postage on it, contains a very full list of English works, and so does Mr. Childs's *American Publishers' Circular*. But these serials derive a part of their information from the English *Bookseller* and the *Publishers' Circular* (London), and both are comprehensive and accurate. Mr. F. W. Christern, of this city, and Mr. L. W. Schmidt, respectively, issue catalogues of French and German works, and their monthly lists may be had on the same terms as the *Bookbuyer*. *Trübner's American and Oriental Literary Record* will give our correspondent the titles of the latest South American and Asiatic books, and of most of those published in the various languages of the European continent.

—Some passages in the official and private history of Counsellor Richard O'Gorman, the Honorable Mr. Fernando Wood, Judge George G. Barnard, Judge Albert Cardozo, Mr. Godfrey Gunther, and several other well-known citizens suggest to a writer in *Putnam's Magazine* (Supplement) the question which he says is every day more and more discussed among honest citizens, whether "a vigilance committee for the city of New York after the pattern of that of San Francisco" is not an absolute necessity. The tale he has to tell is that of the famous "Wood Lease" case—a piece of litigation which had for its object the prevention of payment by the city of $180,000 to the Honorable Fernando Wood for ten years' rent of premises whose total value is a small fraction of that sum, which were unfit for the particular purpose for which our Common Council hired them, which, finally, not being accepted by the municipal law officer for whom they were chiefly hired, were occupied by other tenants from whom Mr. Wood got a second rent. The pamphlet—a most interesting one, we cannot say an astounding one—will be read with avidity on the other side of the water as

well as on this. Mr. Parton's revelations of the secret history of the Common Council is nothing to it, and the question above-mentioned is indeed suggested by it. The state of things depicted is simply frightful, and that the picture is veracious no one will for a moment doubt. The book itself, with its minuteness and vividness of detail, and the evidence it gives of having been prepared by some one who knows perfectly well the persons and things of which he is talking, of itself carries conviction of its truth.

—In a work entitled "Chaucer in seinen Beziehungen zur italienischen Literatur" Herr Alfons Kissner revives the question so ably and ardently discussed by Warton, Tyrwhitt, Wright, Craik, and many others, of Chaucer's indebtedness to Italian literature. Craik, as is well known, speaks of these "supposed obligations" with a scepticism verging upon contempt for those who maintain such a theory, and even affirms that the Father of English Poetry was entirely ignorant of the Italian language. This assertion (of which no proofs are given either direct or implicit) will seem strange to those who remember how frequently and fondly Chaucer alludes to his Italian compeers in verse, to "the wise poete of Florence, that highte Dante," whom he also calls "the great poete of Itaille," and to Francis Petrarch,

"whose rhetoricke sweet
Enlumined all Itaille of poetrie."

It is difficult also *not* to regard the "Decamerone" as the model of the "Canterbury Tales," so marked is the resemblance between them, both in general plan and in phraseology. Craik's suggestion, that both poets may have drawn from an older source, is hardly sufficient to explain the almost verbal identity of passages like the following from Boccaccio's [II] "Filostrato," II. 5:

"E or fussi prima pur venuto al porto
Al qual la mia sventura ora mi mena,
Questo mi fora grazia e gran conforto;"

and the following from Chaucer's "Troilus and Cresseide," I. 76:

"God wolde I were arrived in the port
Of death, to which my sorrow wol me lede;
Ah! Lord, to me it were a great confort."

But it is foreign to our present purpose to discuss this point. The student of English literature who has read Craik's plea will find in Herr Kissner's volume an able presentation of the other side of the subject, and will thus be furnished with all the data essential to the formation of an intelligent and independent judgment.

## HORACE GREELEY'S ACCOUNT OF HIMSELF.*

PERHAPS there is not in the United States a better known name than that of Horace Greeley. There can be no doubt, therefore, that these "Recollections" of his busy life will have readers in good store; and with better reason than many books multitudinously read. For it is much of it very readable, and what is not is readily *skippable*, so that it is fairly on a level with the capacities and the convenience of all kinds of readers. The many admirers of Mr. Greeley will find much in this story of how bravely, through early privations and later discouragements, he fought his way to fame, fortune, and influence, to confirm their enthusiasm for their "guide, philosopher, and friend;" while they who may not put so high an estimate on his talents and services as his more ardent partisans, may remark in this candid narrative the original defects of character and deficiencies of education to which are due those errors of method, those eccentricities of action, and those imperfections of manner which, to their thinking, have hindered his attaining the great usefulness which the great opportunity he had won for himself justly demanded at his hands. Such a career as this volume describes, conducting its hero up from the depths of an extreme though not a sordid poverty to the eminent position in the world of politics and journalism which he achieved, might well make a wiser man than Mr. Greeley think more highly than he ought to think of his own share in effecting the great changes he had witnessed, and to over-estimate the importance of the part he had had in them.

The personal narrative is well told and full of human interest—egotistically told, if you please, but egotism is the essence and the charm of autobiography. The opening passages describing the Scotch-Irish of New Hampshire, yet racy of the soil from which they came, their odd customs, their eccentric ministers, their marriages redolent of gunpowder, their funerals consoled by rum, their Calvinism tempered by wrestling, boxing, and dancing, their simple, laborious, cheerful lives, make a Puritan idyl very pleasant to read. His own early acquaintance with poverty, and his childish part in the battle for life, waged by the stout-hearted New England yeoman, his father, with the rocky soil of the Granite State, to be defeated at last, is all simply and touchingly told. One rainy Saturday night, towards the end of August, the father being away, the good mother "gathered her little ones around her and delighted us with stories and prospects of good things she purposed to do for us in the better days she hoped to see." The next Monday the farm and farm-house and all that belonged to them were levied upon and they "were as bankrupt a family as well could be." Thence they removed to Vermont, and "made the acquaintance of genuine poverty—not beggary, nor dependence, but the manly American sort." While the family were wrestling manfully with their fate in Vermont, the future editor entered on his apprenticeship as a printer at Poultney. Not long afterwards his father abandoned New England and set forth to hew out for himself a new home in the northwestern corner of Pennsylvania, then little better than a wilderness. The young apprentice walked over from Poultney to spend a Sabbath and bid his family farewell. "It was a sad parting. We had seen hard times together, and were fondly attached to each other." He was tempted to go with them, but he would have thus broken faith with his master, and he returned to him. Still, "a word from my mother might have overcome my resolution; but she did not speak it, and I went my way." On his way he again felt and resisted the temptation to return, "and my walk back to Poultney was one of the slowest and saddest of my life." In the new home in Pennsylvania his father spent more than forty years, dying very lately at a great age; and though his latter days were clouded by disease, they must have been cheered by the celebrity and, we may be sure, though it is not said, made easy by the filial piety of his son.

Mr. Greeley, as is so generally the case with men who have made a mark in the world, had a mother above the average of the women of her condition, and his education began at her knee. The "abundant store of ballads, stories, anecdotes, and traditions" which she had learned from her aged grandmother, who had emigrated from the North of Ireland early in the last century, "was daily poured into my willing ears." "I learned to read," he goes on, "at her knee, of course, longer ago than I can remember; but I can still faintly recollect her sitting at her 'little wheel,' with the book in her lap, whenever I was taking my daily lesson, and thus I soon acquired the faculty of reading from a book sideways or upside down as readily as in the usual fashion." Possibly, some of the severer critics of Mr. Greeley's course might trace some of the wrongheadedness of his conduct, and the extravagance of his language, to this knack of oblique and topsy-turvy reading, applied to the living page which reflects the events and characters of daily life. His other schooling was of the slenderest kind which the schools of very poor New England districts could afford. His real education, after leaving his mother's knee, he gave himself. While living with his father in Vermont, he was liberally furnished with books from the house of the employer of the family, who thus made some amends for the loss of a part of their poor wages through his insolvency. At Poultney, young Greeley had access to a town library, doubtless well supplied with the solid reading such collections contained forty years since, and on this he fed, with a good healthy appetite, in the intervals of his daily toil, none of which were given to any common recreation. He says on this subject: "I have never since found books and opportunity to enjoy them so ample as while there; I do not think I ever before or since read to so much profit."

With this amount of preparation the young journeyman set out to seek his fortune. Of course we have no space to follow him in detail from Erie and its *Gazette* to New York, and from the *Morning Post* and *New Yorker* to the *Tribune*. All this is good reading, and we can recommend it to all who enjoy the spectacle of a hard struggle with adversity and difficulties finally rewarded with great material success. All that is strictly personal to Mr. Greeley in his personal and political narrative, diversified by episodical excursions into the realms of temperance, Grahamism, Socialism, and Spiritualism, is well worth the reading. The recital of the various presidential elections, the points on which they turned, the character of the candidates, and all the matters pertaining to them or to politics in general, will be interesting or not to the readers according to the degree of their knowledge or ignorance on the subjects. But then there is no difficulty in abstaining from reading it. The work is not particularly well arranged, and one is sometimes carried forward beyond the point at which the narrative has reached and sometimes he has to go back to pick up some fact which had been anticipated and put it in its right place. But desultoriness is a venial offence, if it be not a positive virtue, in a personal biography of this sort. Perhaps the best works of this kind are such as are made up of random recollections—"whimwhams and opinions"—and incidents great and small set down as they came to mind and hand without being carefully digested and set in order. The nearer such a work approaches to a *narrative*,

* "Recollections of a Busy Life. By Horace Greeley." New York: J. B. Ford & Co. 1868.

or a relation of facts and opinions by word of mouth to an interested listener, the better story it is. And this is no bad example of the egotistical, self-complacent, gossipping, rambling, miscellaneous medley of failures and successes, of joys and sorrows, of opinions, good and bad, and their issues, which we all of us like to read, because it gives us a glimpse at a human being in some measure divested of his accidents, and because "we have all one human heart."

Mr. Greeley, it will be seen from what we have said, is emphatically what is called a "self-made man;" and he is evidently proud of the fact, as indeed he has just reason to be. We would not in the least derogate from the high honor he deserves in having made himself what he is when we say that he is not one of the few exceptions to the general rule that self-made men are seldom made well. It is very rarely that a man appears in the world able fully to supply by the energies and from the resources of his own mind the power, the intelligence, the discipline, the insight, the sagacity which are usually the result only of eminent talents laboriously trained by careful processes of education. One of the effects of a thorough education is that it teaches a true self-knowledge and a distinct perception of the proportions of things and of the relations of men to them. In these particulars, as it seems to us, Mr. Greeley has suffered from the want of a wider culture and a stricter intellectual discipline than fell to his lot. By his professional experience and excellent natural abilities he has been able to establish a journal of very wide circulation and of great influence over a large and excellent class of minds. This gives him great power for good, which, we think, the uncertainness and eccentricities of his course always hinder him from exercising to its most beneficial extent, and which he most signally failed to employ to the best advantage when it was most needed. The *Tribune* might have been the controlling force of the nation during the rebellion had it been in the hands of a wise, far-seeing, and sagacious man, instructed by the experience of the past, and capable of applying great principles to new events and of helping to shape and guide them. It need not be said that it was impotent to fill this great office. Its editor was not strong enough for it. He was overpowered by an overweening sense of his responsibilities—which a truly great man never is. It has been reported that he really believed what his pro-slavery enemies affirmed, that he was the main cause of the war and all the calamities that attended it! And really, extravagant as the statement is, it affords the best explanation of the strange vagaries and unaccountable backings and fillings which marked his course in his paper and out of it. A better trained mind would have known that he was but one of the multitudinous forces which combined to produce the war, and that it would have been brought about had he never existed; and a more cultivated taste might have saved him from the intemperate violence of counsel and language which has marked the more recent course of his journal. Though, indeed, we must confess that he may cite the example of the organs of the vilest Copperheadism, and of the extremest *soi-disant* philanthropy, to show that talent and education are no preservative against the most profligate unscrupulousness of statement and the most frantic scurrility of phrase. A better training, we are sure, would have saved Mr. Greeley from the Niagara negotiation—a blunder which very narrowly escaped being a crime—and from his being one of the bondsmen of Jefferson Davis. This last act, though merely a piece of insensate folly, has done more to damage his prestige than the former one, though that was of so much more grave a character. He admits that it has cost him thousands of subscribers to his "American Conflict." It has cost him much more than that.

But our space is exhausted. We will only say to the American boys born in poverty, to whom Mr. Greeley dedicates his work, that, while they may well be alive to the encouragement his life affords them, they should not fail also to mark the faults of character and the deficiencies of preparation which hindered it from being crowned with the highest success.

## LUTHER AND THE REFORMATION.*

THERE are men of whom the world never gets tired, and Luther is one of them. With a single exception, probably no man ever lived about whom more has been written, and will continue to be written. And one need not look far for the explanation. It would be saying little to say that he is a representative man; he is one of the vital forces of modern civilization. Blot Luther from the sixteenth century, and the historical development of the last three hundred and fifty years would have been impossible. He it was who spoke the solvent word. In him the work of preparation culminated. By him the seething elements of progress were fused, forged into a thunderbolt, and hurled against the one power which obstructed the march of civilization and led mankind captive at its will.

It was not the least part of the greatness of Luther that he understood the age. At every emergency he seemed master of the situation. His inconsequence and conservatism, for which he has been so soundly berated by "radicals" from his own day to the present, and at which Roman Catholic writers were so fond of sneering, were the salvation of his cause. "The history of modern times," says a great writer, "moving slowly over a broad arena, disappoints no expectations more than those of fiery spirits concerning the time necessary to the completion of reforms already in progress." That Protestantism in religion and republicanism (by no means convertible with democracy) in politics are correlates there can be no doubt; but the Reformation in Germany was at first necessarily monarchical in its character. Rome demanded (as she still demands) absolute subjection to her will, both in the church and in the state. There was not the slightest hope of making a successful stand against the hierarchy in matters of religion, unless the princes could be enlisted against the Pope. To have made enemies of both at that juncture would have been madness, and would have resulted in certain destruction. "Divide and conquer" is the motto of minorities; *festina lente*, the motto of history. This is the key to Luther's relation to Thomas Münzer and the revolt of the peasants. His conduct towards them is generally regarded by the friends of progress as a dark and ineffaceable stain upon his memory. This is the superficial and plausible view of the matter. But the careful student of history, who looks deeper, and does not at every turn allow his sympathies to run away with his judgment, who does not insist on measuring men and events by his own subjective standard, will not be likely to concur in their verdict. Certain it is that the peasants of that time were subject to the most galling oppressions, and that the demands made in the celebrated "Twelve Articles" were moderate and just no one will now attempt to deny. That Luther deeply sympathized with the sufferings of the common people is beyond all question. He defended them, and earnestly desired and sought to better their condition. He boldly told the nobles and princes that they were the executioners and spoilers of the poor; that they had nobody to thank for the insurrection but themselves; that they had sacrificed everything and everybody to their monstrous selfishness and pride, until the people neither could nor would endure it any longer. He exhorted them to comply with the reasonable and equitable demands of their subjects, and warned them in the sternest language against any resort to violence. "You may conquer and crush these poor peasants," he said, "but God will raise up others who will crush you in the end." He besought the peasants, on the other hand, to prosecute their demands with moderation, conscience, and justice. It was only when they threw off all restraint, burnt, plundered, and butchered by wholesale, that Luther cast the whole weight of his mighty influence against them, and called upon all good men to exterminate them from the earth. It was the moment of the utmost peril, and Luther knew it. The temporary success of the peasants, in the spirit which then animated them, might have been the defeat of humanity for centuries. It would have resulted in the instant coalition of the rulers and the hierarchy against them; church and state would have been consolidated as never before; the Reformation would have been extinguished in blood throughout Europe, and what is known as modern civilization would have been strangled in its infancy.

But Luther's conservatism manifested itself in matters of religion as well as in politics. In the beginning of his reformatory work he touched a single point at the periphery of the polity of the church, and to his astonishment the whole vast system trembled to its very centre. In the attempt to bring about an inner-ecclesiastical reform of certain abuses he was led to the enunciation of principles which, carried to their logical consequences, would have utterly destroyed the church as it then existed. They were principles which demanded centuries for their historical unfolding. The process of history, as of nature, is "first the blade, then the ear, and afterwards the full corn in the ear." But there were men then, as there are in every age, who were bound to have them all at once. They saw the prophecy in the seed, and could not wait for its fruition. They did not know that the seed must be put into the earth at a season when the grown plant, with its ripe burden, is impossible. They rushed to the instant realization of the hidden purposes of Providence. Luther was alarmed, and especially at the fact that the extremists in religion were also the levellers in politics. At first he reasoned with them, and attempted to convince them that everything could not be done at once. "Not everybody," he said, "must do what he has a right to do, but must have an eye

* "Dr. Martin Luthers Briefwechsel. Mit vielen unbekannten Briefen und unter vorzüglicher Berücksichtigung der De Wette'schen Ausgabe herausgegeben von Dr. C. A. H. Burkhardt." Leipzig. 1866. Verlag von F. C. W. Vogel.
("Dr. Martin Luther's Correspondence. Edited with special regard to De Wette's edition, with many unpublished letters. By Dr. C. A. H. Burkhardt." Leipzig. 1866. New York: L. W. Schmidt.)

to the advantage and furtherance of his brother; just as the mother gives her child at first milk and then afterwards more solid nourishment." But these men were not to be reasoned with, and it must be confessed that Luther had no great faculty for calm debate. The whole cast of his mind was dogmatical, rather than dialectical. He doubtless saw, too, that the mass of men at that day were not much influenced by sound argument. Thus the exigencies of the case drove him to dogmatic utterances which were not only at variance with his fundamental principle, but also with his previous express declarations. He became reactionary, and certainly went further in this direction than would have been necessary had there been no opposite tendency to counterbalance. The reaction crystallized in the Confessions of Faith, and, for the time being, the progressive movement was at an end.

Justifiable as the reaction under the circumstances undoubtedly was, it nevertheless placed Luther in a false position and made him a riddle both to his contemporaries and to later ages. It involved him, furthermore, in personal quarrels and animosities, and developed in him a measureless violence of spirit and a persistent wrongheadedness which the utmost stretch of charity can scarcely excuse. It is true that with this great personality everything became personal. He decided no question on purely objective grounds, and was no lover of abstractions. He endowed everything with flesh and blood, and the devil of his imagination often stood in bodily form before him. His whole life seemed to him a warfare against the powers of darkness. Whatever went wrong was done through the personal instigation of Satan. Any estimate of the character and conduct of Luther which leaves this out of sight will be sure to be false.

It is a remarkable fact that there is as yet no adequate history of the Reformation, nor any complete and satisfactory life of Luther in any language. The celebrated work of D'Aubigné, besides being thoroughly vitiated by the theology of its author, suffers either from a want of thorough acquaintance with contemporary history and with the literature of the period, or from a want of historical and psychological insight. Jürgens attempted to meet the want of a complete and adequate biography of Luther. He had evidently prepared himself by thorough study of the sources, so far as they were then accessible to him. But whether he was possessed of the other qualifications necessary to the work we are left in doubt, for the three large volumes (2,181 pages) published in 1846–7 are entirely occupied with the life of Luther up to the first act of the Reformation, in the year 1517, and consequently with matters about which there is little room for difference of opinions. The publication of the work was interrupted by the political events of 1848–9, and has not since been continued, which is greatly to be regretted, although the original plan would have made it so voluminous as to render it almost useless to the general reading public.

What the coming historian of the Reformation ought to be it is easy to say, but hard to prophesy when he will make his appearance. It is known that Mignet has been engaged for over thirty years in the collection and study of the sources for such a history. He is said to have several hundred volumes of manuscripts in his possession, which were written during the period of the Reformation with reference to that movement. Judging from his brilliant and philosophical history of the French Revolution, which, everything considered, is perhaps the best of all the numerous works on that subject, we might reasonably expect an adequate treatment of the great theme from his pen. But, alas! Mignet is already seventy-two years old, and there is, therefore, but little prospect that he will live to complete so great a work, even if in the immediate future the first instalment thereof should make its appearance.

In regard to a life of Luther the case is somewhat more favorable. Rare and manifold as the qualifications are which the biographer of Luther must unite in himself, the present writer is so bold as to think he could put his finger on the man who possesses them all. There lives in Germany to-day a man who is fitted as perhaps no other living man is for this peculiar work. A historian of the very highest rank, he is known wherever good letters have made the modern languages common property. With a career of nearly forty years of brilliant literary activity behind him, he has already accomplished more that will be of permanent benefit to mankind than is usually allotted even to men of the first order of ability. Nature, culture, and outward circumstances have conspired together to make Georg Gottfried Gervinus a historian in the most comprehensive sense of the word; and he above all others is the man who could give us the classic biography of Luther. We say this advisedly. The peculiar character of the long line of Gervinus's literary achievements points to him as the man who would be able to do justice in all directions to such a subject. The time and the man would both receive their due. For while he knows the force and sweep of ideas in the progressive development of mankind, he never forgets the value of personal factors, and so neither makes history an abstract power which crushes all individuality nor so emphasizes the individual as to make history the sport of personal caprice. He neither swamps the particular in the universal nor is he afflicted with that peculiar blindness which cannot see the forest for the trees. His works are so rich in subtle yet thoroughly human analyses of character that one is almost inclined to regard character-painting as his especial forte. Who that has once read them can ever forget his delineations of Machiavelli, George Forster, Shakespeare, and Schlosser? not to speak of the numberless character-pictures in the "History of German Literature" and the "History of the Nineteenth Century." But it is not mere general fitness for the work which suggests Gervinus as the biographer of Luther; there are numerous indications in his published works of a profound reverence and love for the great Saxon reformer. And now that the "History of the Nineteenth Century" has been laid aside for a brief interval, that a promise made in the preface to "Shakespeare" may be fulfilled, why might not this interval be extended for a few years so as to give us the work suggested?

The time has come when the biography of Luther can and ought to be written. There never was a period in the history of the church since the Reformation when an adequate life of the great reformer was so necessary as now; never a time when it would have exerted so great an influence. Then, too, all the preliminary work for such a life has been done; the sources have been thoroughly sifted and arranged, and they are all accessible. One of the most valuable contributions to the literature concerning Luther has recently been made by Dr. Burkhardt, in the book which furnished the occasion for the foregoing remarks. De Wette was the first to make Luther's voluminous correspondence accessible to all scholars. In the five large octavos published 1826–8 he gave us the "letters, missives, and written opinions of Luther, collected from other books and from unpublished manuscripts," with a complete revision of the text and critical and historical annotations. In 1856 this work was rendered more complete by the Rev. J. C. Seidemann, who issued a sixth volume, of over seven hundred pages, containing letters and written opinions of Luther not found in De Wette's edition. Scholars, however, have for a long time known that the collection is still incomplete and needs a thorough critical revision in the light of the results of later research. In particular, the fact that the letters addressed *to* Luther (with but few exceptions) had not found a place in the collection, made the answers to them often unintelligible. Dr. Burkhardt has, in the volume before us, attempted to remedy these defects. Himself archivist to the Court of Weimar, he has had unusual opportunities for consulting the most important archives and libraries in Germany, besides having received assistance from various other European countries (Sweden, Denmark, Hungary, and Italy), and from numerous persons whose position or scholarship enabled them to contribute to his work. As the fruit of many years of such labor as only Germans are capable of, he has given us not only the material for a thorough revision of the previous six volumes, embodied in nearly fourteen hundred annotations, containing textual emendations, corrections of dates, references to codices and to numberless works which give further information in regard to obscure passages and to persons mentioned in the text, but, in addition to this, nearly three hundred hitherto unpublished letters, together with an epitome of the contents (telling where they are to be found *in extenso*) of about the same number, which have already been published but not collected. Many of the new letters are exceedingly important, while others seem at the first glance to be of subordinate value. Those who seek only to be interested and amused will not be attracted by Dr. Burkhardt's book, but to the historian or biographer, and to the editor of a possible future and complete collection of Luther's correspondence, it will be invaluable.

## THE BACHELOR OF SALAMANCA.*

It is certainly interesting to note the predilection which Le Sage entertained for Spanish literature, and the pertinacity with which he attempted to introduce the works of Spanish dramatic writers on the French stage. He "imitated" Lope de Vega in one comedy which he brought out; it was incontinently damned. He tried another taken from Calderon; it shared the same fate. He courageously presented a third from Roxas; it was doubly doomed to follow in the footsteps of its ill-starred predecessors. Any other young aspirant for literary honors might have reasonably despaired under such discouraging circumstances, but Le Sage could not be put down; he was irrepressible. His tactics, however, were now changed; he cut loose from the Dons, and relied upon his own national and mother wit. Success immediately crowned his sensible resolution; for as soon as

* "The Bachelor of Salamanca. Translated from the French of Le Sage, author of 'Gil Blas,' 'Devil on Two Sticks,' etc., etc. By James Townsend." 2 vols. duodecimo. Philadelphia: Thomas W. Hartley. 1868.

he trod upon French ground he touched the French heart. Fugitive pieces of one or two acts each for the Opéra Comique made their appearance in rapid succession, and they were as popular and applauded with as unvarying uniformity as his adaptations had been universally unpopular and condemned. But the author, with all the encouragement from the French muse, felt a partiality for his first mistress; he was still fascinated with southern literature. Therefore, in the meanwhile he essayed again to seduce his countrymen to see with his eyes the charms and to hear with his ears the tones which to him were entrancing. This time, however, the Castilian comedies were abandoned and the Castilian romances substituted; their poetry was laid aside for their prose. These romances were not produced as imitations, but were boldly proclaimed to be taken bodily, and the writer's names were in every instance announced. Still French nature was not disposed to catch the Spanish fever; Le Sage was aiming at an impossibility. As well might he have hoped to substitute the Latin-Arabic tongue in the place of the Latin-Frank; for the literature of these adjoining nations is not only dissimilar but radically unlike. The Spanish *comedia* does not mean what is understood by the French comedy; it is as different as Dante's, with the scenes laid in an *inferno*, from Shakespeare's in the "Midsummer Night's Dream."

Our author resolved on another change; he gave up the translation of both comedies and novels; he would catch the plan or leading idea of a book, nothing more. Borrowing the method of Guevara, he wrote the romance of "Le Diable Boiteux," which was a satire on public men and public institutions in France, and it met with prodigious favor. The sensation it created can only be compared with that elicited by the "Dunciad," which Pope brought out in England about the same period. But, like the destiny which has overtaken the "Dunciad," the key to the "Diable" is lost, and the two most popular works of that age are now hardly called for.

But while Le Sage was receiving felicitations from his friends on the success of his satire, he did not neglect the Opéra Comique. His dramatic compositions were plentiful, although of ephemeral merit; they were also more profitable than honorable. Yet the greater portion pleased the public, and that was enough for him. Moreover, in this mass of matter presented from time to time to the manager there was one piece with which he happened to make a decided hit. This was in the five-act comedy of "Turcaret." From its first appearance it met with universal approbation; it was greeted with unbounded applause by the Parisians; and it was equally fortunate in satisfying the more critical taste of the court. Nothing else was talked about in literary and dramatic circles; nothing else was acted in the theatres. "Turcaret" was the rage, and its author was proclaimed the worthy successor and equal of Molière. Molière, however, was dead, and could not defend the supremacy of his fame as the legitimate autocrat among comic writers. But Voltaire was living, with no humble pretensions to the first place in dramatic literature. The absence of jealousy in his character was not one of his virtues, and he could not bear to hear the praises of Le Sage trumped everywhere, until his own fame dwindled by comparison into a faint echo of former times. He became angry, of course, and did not conceal his dislike to the author of "Turcaret." To his own malignant temperament he poured out a daily sacrifice of sarcasms, biting, brilliant, and bitter, on the head of his rival; nor was his adversary and abomination slow to return corresponding compliments. The public enjoyed this battle between tragedy and comedy as mischievous school-boys witness a set-to between a snarling mastiff and a cat. Voltaire stigmatized his opponent as a pirate for ever prowling beyond the Pyrenees in search of intellectual plunder; Le Sage sneered back again that the producer of "Phædrus" was not so partial or particular about the country he ravaged; and, punning on his name, declared his was *vol terre à terre* wherever he could rob.

When "Gil Blas" was published, everybody readily surmised it was another "Diable Boiteux," but with the scenes laid by Le Sage in Spain; and thus they commenced rummaging its pages in search of satire on men and things in France. It was on all sides pronounced perfect; the "Devil" was not equal to it. In truth, "Gil Blas" is the novel upon which the fame of its author must for ever rest, and will rest for ever. But was it an original composition by him, or was it only one more of his many importations from Castile? This question has given rise to as much discussion as the famous controversy respecting the authorship of the "Letters of Junius," but it cannot here be dwelt upon. Le Sage died, and some years thereafter Voltaire, in the course of his literary publications, declared that "Gil Blas" was the work of a Spaniard, in a manuscript entitled "Relaciones de la vida del lescudero Marcos de Obregon." Although this manuscript has never been found, the world has been content to accept the unsupported opinion of the philosopher of Ferney. All Spaniards believe that none but a Spaniard could have produced it. Llorente, the last disputant on the subject, the historian of the Spanish Inquisition, in a memoir read before the French Academy in 1820, affirms that none other than one long resident in the country could have composed it, and it is well known Le Sage never set foot in Spain. Llorente further maintained that the "Bachelor of Salamanca" was originally a part of the same novel.

"The Bachelor," however, was printed separately many years subsequent, and the author announced on the title-page that it was taken from a Spanish manuscript. The book, notwithstanding the high reputation of the writer, produced no sensation in Paris; it was merely glanced at, and speedily gathered to its many brethren. To be sure, the Abbé Desfontaines, an historian of the French theatre, affected to be pleased with it; but La Harpe pronounced it to be the tamest of Le Sage's romances—a judgment which is entirely to be accepted, and which certainly buries it deep beneath a huge pile of rubbish.

Yet, among the many curiosities of literature, the "Bachelor" has one claim to attention upon the American scholar. It is evident that the second volume was written by some person conversant with Mexico under the vice-regal government. The adventures purport to have occurred in that country; the "Bachelor" writes that he was a secretary in the palace. His statements, in addition, bear the authentic ring of genuine revelations. In an historical aspect, therefore, the romance is entitled to respect as a delineation of manners and habits of that distant period in that distant locality. The great debate at present there among the learned is upon the point whether the people were more happy under a king or under a republic. Don Lucas Alaman, the most graceful of Castilian writers, the best of Mexican historians, and in his lifetime the chief of the Church party, believed they were blessed under the Spanish crown; he has painted their situation in rose color. But the "Bachelor" has thrown some dark shades into the picture, nor can the truth presented by his canvas be doubted. He, however, states that he was an official under the viceroy, the Conde de Gelvez. There was no viceroy with that title. He undoubtedly means the Marquez de Gelvez, the Conde Priego, who governed in 1862. A Conde de Galvez held sway for a short time in the next century, in 1785.

The translator has done his work well. We only wish, for the publisher's sake and the sake of the success of his laudable undertaking, that the labor had not been expended on a book so dull and comparatively worthless.

## EGYPT AND THE BOOK OF GENESIS.*

EGYPTOLOGY, so greatly enriched of late by the researches and discoveries of Lepsius, Mariette, Birch, Rougé, Brugsch, Chabas, and others, has found a new and able cultivator in Dr. Ebers, of Jena, who has just issued the first of two volumes destined, we believe, to occupy a place among the prominent publications in that vast and interesting field. Under a similar title, "Die Bücher Mose's und Aegypten," Hengstenberg, in 1841, published a work on the same subjects, with the avowed object of confirming the authenticity of the Mosaic narratives by the testimony of the Egyptian monuments, and of defending it against that testimony, in all cases of discrepancy. Dr. Ebers has no object in view but purely critical examination, comparison, and elucidation. As an Egyptologist, bent neither on assailing nor defending scriptural statements, he lends the light of his science to illuminate all of the first two books of Moses that has any reference to the history or the language of Egypt, and if the result, in almost all cases, tends to enhance our opinion of the external knowledge contained in the Hebrew records, this is by no means to be attributed to the theological bent of the enquirer, but exclusively to the convincing force of impartial research. The work is the product of extensive knowledge, as well as of conscientious labor, and, after due sifting on the part of competent scholars, it cannot but serve to fertilize and extend the field of Biblical criticism. Here we must content ourselves with acquainting our readers with its principal contents and some of its more important conclusions, without entering into a detailed discussion on the merits of single points.

After giving an introductory sketch on "hieroglyphic writing and its deciphering," and another, more ample, on the physical geography of Egypt, the author opens his dissertations on the Book of Genesis with remarks on the Gihon, one of the four rivers of Paradise, in which he, like so many others from Josephus to Ewald, recognizes the Nile, although—letting alone the geographical question—the name of the river that "compasseth the whole land of Cush" is nowhere used by either Egyptians or Hebrews as designating the river of Egypt—their Hapi or Yeor.

* "Aegypten und die Bücher Mose's. Sachlicher Commentar zu den Aegyptischen Stellen in Genesis und Exodus. Von Dr. Georg Ebers, Privatdocent an der Universität Jena und Vorsteher des Grossherzogl. Ethnographischen Museums daselbst." Vol. I. Leipzig, 1868.

Of the Mosaic ethnological table (Gen. x.), which is next in order, only the Hamitic division is examined, and that also only as far as Egypt is concerned. Ham, according to our author, in no part represents the Ethiopic or African race, though he represents dark-colored nations and sun-scorched lands. Cush, the father of tribes in Ethiopia, in Arabia, on the Tigris, and elsewhere, and Phut—whom he identifies with the Punt (Arabs) of the Egyptians, as designating some of the roving tribes of Northern Arabia—are no more African than their younger brother, Canaan. The same, he demonstrates, is the case with Mizraim, who represents Egypt.

The main—or perhaps, more properly speaking, the dominant—parts of the Egyptian people, as is proved by the shape and color of the monumental figures, by the skulls and hair of the mummies, by the early and extraordinary civilization of the Pharaonic realm, and partly also by philological evidence, could not have sprung from African aborigines. They "were of Caucasian descent, and . . . together with other tribes, whose skin likely but later assumed its dark hue under a scorching sun, they migrated from the regions of the Euphrates and Tigris, probably across Arabia, into the north-eastern parts of the African continent. Possibly a division of these emigrants separated itself from the bulk, and pitched its tents in the blessed regions of Arabia Felix. Those who struck the Nile established themselves on the banks of that beneficent stream, spreading along them upward as far as the torrid zone." Climatic influences, however, and amalgamation with aborigines, gradually so modified the complexion of the Egyptian that even his original descent became doubtful, and he could be classed by superficial observers among the blacks. Five hundred carefully classified Egyptian skulls, forming a part of the Paris exhibition of 1867, which the author had the opportunity to examine, distinctly proved the correctness of this previously established view. The ancient Egyptians looked with contempt upon negroes. Their language betrays Semitic affinities, though chiefly in the vocabulary. "Having settled in Egypt they preserved many roots and some forms of their original tongue, though in the main accommodating themselves to the dialect of the natives." The people of Meroë, as the monuments show them, resembled the Egyptians in form and color. Besides, they were not the teachers, as was once believed, but the disciples of the latter in civilization and art. These flourished on the lower Nile before the monuments on the upper were created.

The Hebrew name of Egypt, Mizraim, or Matzor (fortress), our author very plausibly proves to have been given that country on account of a defensive wall, supplied with bastions and watch-towers, which separated it from its Semitic neighbors on the north-east, having been erected by the Pharaohs of the old dynasty as a protection against Asiatic invaders, a protection which proved insufficient, however, against the Hyksos. That wall —of which Lepsius on his late journey discovered some traces—is presumed to have extended across the Isthmus of Suez, connecting the fortified towns of Pelusium, Migdol, Heroöpolis, and Clysma with each other, and, by a branch, with Heliopolis also. The shorter name originally designated only Lower Egypt, the longer, with the dual form, was applied to the whole of the country, which the ancient Egyptians, unlike the Greeks, considered as consisting of only two parts. The native name, the Kham or Kam (dark) of the hieroglyphic inscriptions, always designated the whole, having reference to the black soil of the valley of the Nile, and corresponding to the Ham of the Scriptures, of which it may have been the origin. The Greek name, Ægyptus, our author identifies, after Rheinisch, with the I-Caphtor of the Hebrew Bible, the island-country or coast-land of the Caphtorim, which, according to their view, means the Delta.

A vast amount of learning is devoted to the demonstration that of the descendants of Mizraim, as enumerated in the Mosaic table, the Ludim, Anamim, and Lehabim corresponded to the Lutu (common Egyptian people), the Amu (a nomadic tribe near the Isthmus), and the Lubu (dependent Libyans) of the monumental records; that Naphtuhim and Pathrusim designated the two grand divisions of ancient Egypt; and that the Casluhim and Caphtorim were more or less Egyptianized Phœnicians who inhabited the region around Mount Casius and the Delta, respectively, "from where issued the Philistines," or principal parts of them.

By far the amplest dissertation of the book treats of the Caphtorim—the Kaft-u, Phœnicians, of the Egyptians; of the coast-land they occupied in the empire of the Pharaohs; of their other settlements, mostly commercial, in that empire, and principally at Coptos; of their relations to the Egyptians proper; of their services as sailors and mariners; of their expeditions, in the service of Egyptian kings, to the islands and coastlands of the Mediterranean; of their share in developing the art of writing—an invention of the Egyptians—and spreading it among the nations; of the influence they exercised, through the introduction of Syrian, and chiefly Sidonian, elements, upon the mythology and worship of the Nile cities, and of a number of kindred topics. On this subject our author means to be exhaustive, regarding it as the main part of the volume, and if his arguments, in spite of all the Egyptological and classical learning and research employed in their support, fail to remove all objections and doubts, and on many a point remain entirely conjectural, we must, on the other hand, acknowledge that he has succeeded in drawing into his wide-spread critical net a multitude of interesting things, which the uninitiated will find highly instructive, and the scholar as highly suggestive.

In connection with the Caphtorim, Dr. Ebers treats of the Hyksos; of their race, which he with most other Egyptologists holds to have been Semitic, as well as of their dispersion after their expulsion from Egypt. In the following parts he discourses, among other things, of the Patriarchs, of the name Pharaoh, of circumcision among the Egyptians, and of some parts of the story of Joseph, the details of which he compares with what is known from non-scriptural sources about the domestic habits and some of the institutions of the Egyptians. His illustrations from purely Egyptian sources are here still more abundant than in other parts of the work. The whole book abounds in excellently executed hieroglyphic quotations, which, together with its numerous remarks on that ancient form of writing, on Egyptian words and forms of speech, and on books and dissertations on these subjects, can almost serve as an elementary guide to the linguistic sources of ancient Egypt. The style of the author is pleasant and often animated, but he is sometimes too discursive, and frequently indulges in repetitions. The print, in all its variety of letters, is fine, but not always correct.

---

*Doctor Jacob.* By M. Betham Edwards, author of "A Winter with the Swallows," "Dr. Campany's Courtship," etc. (London: Bradbury & Evans. 1868.)—The scene of Miss Edwards's rather peculiar little story is laid in the free city of Frankfort, which is described with a good deal of apparently accurate detail. Her hero, Doctor Jacob, strikes us as a new acquaintance in fiction. He is a clergyman of the English Church, who comes to Frankfort for the purpose of raising funds to aid him in fulfilling his duties as a self-appointed missionary to the Jews. He is sixty years old, but handsomer than most handsome men of thirty, being possessed of "every possible physical advantage—a fine, well-posed head, six feet two inches of height, fine sensitive eyes, a clear healthful coloring, an English pair of shoulders, and the easiest, gracefulmost carriage in the world." He has also a "vast and well-stored mind," great knowledge of human nature, manners which fascinate everybody, and a "gift" in preaching which charms money out of all pockets. The actions of this aged Adonis do not in all respects conform to the received codes of either clerical or lay morality. In the first place, the reader is left until nearly the close of the book in suspense, which, considering that it is intentional on the author's part, is not too harrowing, as to the nature of his relations with Miss Macartney, the English governess in a school superintended by the Fräulein Fink. Miss Macartney is evidently greatly troubled by Doctor Jacob's advent in Frankfort; she has a horror of meeting him, and yet she loves him tenderly.

The Baroness Ladenburg, a pretty woman of forty, with a husband, a grown-up son, and numerous children of various sizes, also cherishes a passion for Doctor Jacob, which is of long standing. The doctor is "a Goethe among women." He has "only to hold out his hand, and every little warm heart drops into it." His last conquest is a little "Mädchen" of eighteen, who adores her venerable lover to that degree that when, out of consideration for the sorrows which untimely widowhood would inflict on her, he breaks his engagement to marry her, and leaves Frankfort, she goes after him, is devoured by jealousy when she finds him travelling with Miss Macartney (who turns out to be his daughter), and has many disastrous adventures. Yet, notwithstanding the love which exists between him and all women, Doctor Jacob has lived a pure life. He delights in the society of modest and refined women, and takes pleasure in supplanting men who might be his grandsons—but he never abuses his easy victories. He was once, to be sure, on the point of eloping with the Baroness Ladenburg, at her earnest solicitation, but that was when he was comparatively youthful—not over fifty-three at most—and he was easily prevented by his daughter. With the only two women who had just claims upon his time and his affections he appears to have found it impossible to live. He separated from his wife after six years of wedlock, and, after his reconciliation with his daughter who had been alienated from him by some malicious intrigue of the baroness, and who is represented as a woman of fine character and great affection for him, the experiment of remaining in the same house with her failed utterly. Another peculiarity of Doctor Jacob's is a great fondness for jewels, perfumes, and kid gloves, and he runs in debt for such articles so deeply that in order to free himself he appropriates the funds collected

for his mission. He creates great scandal in Frankfort, but all his undenied and undeniable guilt fails to rob him of the love of the best men and women whom he has met there. Finally, the reader leaves him alone in his old age, meditating upon the errors of his life, doubting, disbelieving, and unhappy.

The character is a peculiar and not a very plausible one, but Miss Edwards draws it very well, as indeed she may be said to draw every character that she introduces. They are all distinctly outlined, and the story is cleverly written—which makes the fact that it is hardly pleasant reading and not specially interesting a somewhat perplexing one. We account for it in this way—that the reader never shares the half doubt that exists in the mind of the author with regard to her hero. She desired to represent a man open to influences only on the sensuous side of his nature, and yet pure in mind and in life, falling into errors not because he fails to comprehend his duties, or through wilful disregard of them, but from inability to resist gratifying his desire for the more refined pleasures of the senses. But, through some subtle, unintentional fault in her phraseology, we fancy, when he makes his first appearance in the study of Dr. Paulus, a hazy impression that he is "a fraud" occurs to the reader—his venerable beauty, his snowy hair, his complacent smile indistinctly suggest the patriarch of Bleeding Heart Yard, and one is prepared to find him embezzling missionary funds, and would not be too harshly surprised to find his hand in the poor-box. It is only when there seems a probability that he may, after all, be justly entitled to the love and respect he gains from every one, that the reader takes more than the mildest interest in him. His love passages, too, though Miss Edwards does her work skilfully, are just the least bit absurd. It was a mistake, moreover, to make him a clergyman, since there was apparently no satire intended. He is a parson quite too far 'over the line." He plays his part, too, on an insignificant stage. Miss Edwards's Frankforters would doubtless be more uninteresting in reality than in her presentation, and one is inclined to think that people who could be moved to tears and to lavish generosity by such eloquence as she gives us a specimen of in the doctor's missionary sermon deserved to have their pockets emptied and their wives and daughters innocently fascinated. The book shows thought and cultivation, and suggests that the author might do work which would be much more agreeable. Her present story forms the third of Messrs. Bradbury & Evans's Handy-Volume Series, a series which Roberts Brothers are reprinting under the same title.

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*Jesus Christ: His Times, Life, and Work.* By E. de Pressensé Second edition, revised. (New York: Scribner, Welford & Co. 1868.)—M. de Pressensé is one of the most eloquent preachers, and undoubtedly the leading scholar, of the moderate Orthodox party in the Protestant Church of France. Less conservative than the late Monod (Adolphe), who was the active head of the Conservative party, less radical than Timothy Colavi, who represents the average quality of the left wing, his position in the French Protestant Church is not unlike that which Neander occupied in Germany and Bushnell holds here in America. A man of strong feeling and stiff prepossessions, his scholarship is liberal enough to give an appearance of tolerable fairness to his dealings with his opponents. A sense of the individuality of his own position, which he not only feels but of which he seems rather proud, would naturally prove a corrective of any harsh judgment into which he should find himself enticed. His present work is a rather ponderous duodecimo, but is written in such a bright and easy style that its demand upon the mental energies will not be great, more especially as the deeper the subject the more superficial is his treatment. It is to be regretted that M. de Pressensé's talent runs to speculation rather than to criticism, as the great questions here discussed are upon trial rather upon critical than speculative grounds, and upon the issue of this trial will depend the necessity of a further trial in the courts of speculation. M. Pressensé does not ignore the critical question, but he subordinates it to the speculative, and having decided on speculative grounds that his own view is tenable, he subjects it, on critical grounds, to anything but a rigid examination. The peculiarity of his own view lies principally in insisting on the human side of Jesus's character and work. The volume is made up of five books. The first discusses the credibility of the supernatural as opposed to Hegelian, positive, and theistic speculation, and the credibility of the Gospel narratives, together with the religious state of the world at the appearance of Jesus. The second treats of the youth of Jesus and his preparation for his work; the third of "The Period of Public Favor;" the fourth of "The Period of Conflict;" the fifth, consisting of nearly two hundred pages, of "The Great Week: Death and Victory." The notes, even more than the text, indicate that the author has brought to his work the results of wide acquaintance with the literature of his subject, as well as with its localities in the East. The book is not one to excite the popular interest excited by Renan's work and "Ecce Homo," but in many circles will no doubt be well appreciated and enjoyed.

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BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

| *Authors.—Titles.* | *Publishers.—Prices.* |
|---|---|
| Bastian (Dr. A.), Das Beständige in den Menschenrassen | (L. W. Schmidt) |
| Cameos from English History | (D. Appleton & Co) $1 75 |
| Dickens (C.), Dombey and Son, Old Curiosity Shop, Hard Times, 1 vol. | " 1 75 |
| Foster (C. J.), The Trotting Horse of America | (J. B. Ford & Co.) 2 25 |
| Harkness (Prof. A.), Practical Introduction to Latin Composition. | (D. Appleton & Co.) |
| Linton (W. J.), The Flower, the Star, and other Stories for Children. | (Ticknor & Fields) 1 50 |
| Littell's Living Age, Vol. X | (Littell & Gay) |
| Marks (B.), First Lessons in Geometry | (Ivison, Phinney & Blakeman) |
| May (Mrs. C. L.), Ruth Lovell: a Child's Story | (W. H. Hill, Jun.) 1 25 |
| Nevin (Rev. E. H.), The City of God | (Jacob E. Barr) |
| Smiley (S. F.), Who Is He? | (J. B. Lippincott & Co.) |
| Souvestre (E.), Un Philosophe sous les Toits, swd | (D. Appleton & Co.) 0 50 |
| The Clergyman's Visiting List | (E. P. Dutton & Co.) |
| Yonge (Miss), Landmarks of History: Ancient | (Leypoldt & Holt) 1 00 |
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## The Week.

THE effect of the elections, so far as we can yet judge, seems to have been everywhere tranquillizing. A very large proportion of the Democratic party is undoubtedly well pleased with the result, and is trying in a clumsy and impudent but perfectly good-humored way to make out that Grant is a Democrat. We have commented elsewhere on the small conspiracy got up in Boston to put Grant under surveillance as a suspected person from the first moment, and use that eminent friend of virtue, General Butler, to harass him into favoring a new scheme of reconstruction, which has, as "the genial critic" says, "all the charm of a romance." The mere exposure of the scheme is sufficient to defeat it and amuse the public hugely. It is curious to see how the conspirators, now that they have elected their man, throw off all pretence of adhesion to the Chicago Platform touching the public credit, as well as the "enthusiasm" for Grant, of which they tried to make a show during the campaign.

From the South there is little news, and that little is mainly good news. The result of the election has apparently had the sobering and soothing effect that was hoped, although it is as yet too soon to say much on this head. We have heard of no assassination or rioting since a week ago Tuesday, and then there were disturbances—so far as we know—at only two or three places. The chief ones occurred in Georgia—at Augusta and Savannah—the negroes having their usual luck, and the white sheriff at Augusta being killed by some thoroughly overawed conservatives. The Associated Press, as is usual in all such cases, is to be almost entirely disbelieved in its accounts of the matter. The majority in Georgia, as Camilla and Warrenton foreshadowed, was Democratic, and was 40,000 or thereabouts. The negroes staid away from the polls, of course. In Louisiana, however, the work of intimidation was most perfectly done; the Republicans cast 300 votes out of about 24,000—a result which will probably make General Sheridan reflect when he hears of it.

From South Carolina the news is not only negatively but positively good. A number of the leading Democrats of the State, among them Wade Hampton, called in a body on General Scott, and expressed their intention of "accepting the situation." They say they will henceforth give a unanimous and hearty support to the State government—and how much the State government needs support is well known to everybody who knows how the South Carolina Democrats have done everything in their power to bring it into hatred and contempt, and make it impossible for the machinery of government to move. To call the treasurer "a thief," the legislature a collection of "swindlers and ragamuffins," and the governor "bogus"—to openly threaten the subversion of the constitution—and to counsel a refusal to pay taxes, have been common in South Carolina ever since Governor Scott entered on his term of office. We have little doubt that he will find it easier during his present trip to borrow what money the State wants than he would if the Democratic leaders had not made their call—and not so easy as he would find it if people up here fully believed them.

What we get from Texas is hardly to be called news, for it consists of facts embodied in General Reynolds's October report of Freedmen's Affairs during the preceding year. He exhibits with official coolness of language the most ferocious Anglo-Saxon community that we can think of, engaged in the most ferocious work that the Anglo-Saxon race ever engages in—namely, living in a frontier country and living with a race which has no standing in the courts, and is unfortunate in the color of its skin. The general says that from the close of the war down to the 30th of September of this year, there have been 27 murders of colored people by persons whose color is unknown, and 464 by whites. There have been in the same time 11 murders of whites by persons whose color is unknown, and 253 by white persons. Besides these outrages, there have been 6 murders of Bureau agents, 214 shootings or stabbings of negroes who survived their wounds, 158 whippings of negroes, and much burning of school-houses and breaking up of schools. Many of the whites killed and wounded were, of course, Union men. It is gratifying to know that in the southernmost counties, where the negroes and planters are most numerous, the feeling between the two classes is better than in the interior and upper parts of the State. To keep Rousseau at New Orleans and to remove Reynolds from Texas, is quite a characteristic proceeding for Mr. Johnson.

The newspaper correspondents are busily occupied in recording the rumors about Grant's cabinet, and every train will now bring crowds of expectant office-seekers to Washington. The New York *Tribune* alleges, and we hope correctly, that Grant is having all written application for places burned instanter. It will be interesting to see to what extent he will be able in this matter to resist the ordinary political influences. We notice that there are two sets of rumors about the Cabinet: one fills it on the regular old plan, with Messrs. Butler, Wade, and the like; the other with Sumner and Farragut and Stanton and the like. Mr. Greeley is spoken of, and we hope truly, for the Postmaster-General. He would work at his duties savagely, and would be honest, but probably would be a poor disciplinarian, and would be apt to be surrounded and to be made the dupe of some sad fellows. Still, he would be, on the whole, a good officer, and ought to have something. With the Civil Service Bill to save him from his "entangling alliances," he and the Post-Office together would form a beautiful and efficient machine.

It seems very probable that in the House of Representatives of the Forty-first Congress the Republicans may, after all, have a two-thirds majority. They cannot have it at the beginning of the session, for, from the latest returns, it looks as if there would then be about eighty Democratic members. We imagine, however, there are several of these who will certainly not keep their seats till the middle of the session, and that the twenty-seven new Democrats—a net gain of twenty-five for that party—will be so much diminished by successful con-

testing that the Republicans will again be two to one. It will be but a bare two-thirds vote, though, and for several reasons will not be nearly so dangerous as the majority in the present House. For one thing, the Southern members whom Butler captured in a body last summer he will not have so well in hand next year, for at least ten or twelve of the seats gained by the Democrats are Southern seats. Then, the more conservative element in the Republican party, if, indeed, it is not hereafter going to rule, and even if we have not seen the last day of the Ashley and Phillips power, will at all events have to be conciliated, and cannot any longer be driven. Moreover, from the increased number of Democrats, even should it be less than one-third of the House, we may reasonably expect something more effectual in the way of opposition than we have now—though, we confess, we do not see just where it is coming from; Mr. S. S. Cox and Mr. James Brooks together are of hardly more value than Mr. James Brooks alone or Mr. S. S. Cox alone. One of the members who may very likely be unseated is Mr. Voorhees, of Indiana, whose district was undoubtedly the scene of corruption, and who probably was really defeated. Another is Mr. Erastus Wells, of Missouri, elected by a small majority over Mr. Pile, whose friends declare that he means to contest. Mr. Orestes Cleveland, of New Jersey, is charged in court with having paid $2 a-piece for some of our Rosenberg naturalization papers, and is not expected to stay in Washington till the end of his term. There are four new men from Louisiana who assuredly will be sent home again, and so, we imagine, will be the two new men from Arkansas. Should a fair proportion of these gentlemen and one or two of the Pennsylvanians be ousted, the two parties will bear more nearly their present relation to each other. We regret the defeat of Mr. Boyden in the Sixth North Carolina District, and cannot account for it, but we suppose Mr. Shober to have been honestly elected.

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The New York *Tribune*, which, though it has done nothing to help, has done nothing to hinder Butler's going to Congress "to watch Grant," has within a few days tried to increase his powers of mischief by coolly claiming for him the credit of "substantially projecting and *executing* the expedition to Ship Island and New Orleans," "the success of which gave the rebellion the heaviest and most damaging blow," etc. This, of course, means, if it means anything, that Butler captured New Orleans. The capture of New Orleans, be it remembered, consisted in the forcing of the passage of the river by the fleet, and we are here given to understand that it was General Butler did this. As Mr. Greeley tells the story in his "American Conflict," Butler's contribution to the result was his taking a large body of men to the mouth of the Mississippi; the bombardment of the forts, which he *may* have helped to plan, proved a total failure; the idea of breaking the boom and passing the forts was conceived by Captain Farragut, and decided upon "in a council of captains," and triumphantly executed by Farragut and the captains. This done, the city surrendered, and General Butler appeared on the scene without a scratch and fresh as a daisy. This pretence that he took New Orleans is a capital illustration of the excellence of his "press arrangements," to which it is due, too, that he never appears in any public place without calling forth "wild and enthusiastic cheers."

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The *Tribune* then gently chides him for his manner of conducting his canvass. He ought not, it says, to have told stories about the motives of the newspapers which opposed his election which he must have known to be untrue, and it calls this "the Butlerian fashion of controversy." So it appears the "dear delightful devil" told a few lies in his stumping. But then, why should he not? Did not the naughty newspapers irritate him, and do not the "Copperheads hate him?" Would it not be a waste of virtue for a man whom "the Copperheads hate" to speak the truth, or keep his nose out of his neighbor's writing-desk, or his fingers out of the public till? What would be the use of incurring "rebel hate" if one had to be just as decent and honest after as before? It is quite clear that some of the Butlerites have to be a little better grounded in their master's doctrines, and we respectfully advise him to open a class at some convenient place during the winter for the instruction of the ministers of "the Gospel" and the editors of "the wholesome and independent family papers" who supported him. Such articles as this in the *Tribune* will bring discredit on the denomination. The class, when in full working order, will be a pleasing sight for the moralist. We hope also Mr. Sumner will take an early opportunity of letting the world know in what writer on ethics, either political or social, he found his warrant for holding his peace when Butler offered to retire if he (Mr. Sumner) asked him. In which of his books, no matter of what age or school, does he find it maintained that such a man as Butler is a proper person for such a district as the Fifth Massachusetts to select for its representative in a legislative body? We promise to publish the passage entire when furnished to us, provided the author is not a Jesuit or Machiavelli.

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We made some enquiries last week with regard to the "Howard Mission," which got up the performances in John Allen's den known as "The Water-Street Revival," such as: Who are its managers or directors or trustees? Who is its treasurer? Where are its reports, and particularly its accounts of receipts and expenditures? If any exist, who has audited them? No answer has been returned to these questions, so far as we know, and we have looked for one closely in the daily press. We now repeat them, and take the liberty of warning all charitably disposed persons not to make any contributions to the funds of this organization until its accounts, properly audited, are laid before the public, and the names of its responsible managers revealed. Ministers who find that its agents are operating in their congregations will do well to put the latter on their guard. We say all this in compliance with the suggestion of more than one subscriber to its funds, who would like to know, but who do not as yet know, what use has been made of the money.

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The latest telegrams from England give ground for believing that the *Alabama* question and all similar ones are in a fair way of settlement. All claims are to go before a mixed commission, and all classes of claims concerning which the commissioners shall not be unanimous are to be referred to an arbitrator, to be previously chosen. That arbitrator will, it is said, be the King of Prussia—that is, of course, two or three Prussian jurists. The two whose names are guessed at by the English press, are said to take a favorable view of the American side of the present case, but this will hardly cause an objection to the selection of Prussia as the arbitrator, inasmuch as what the English Government most wants now, is not to avoid paying the *Alabama* damages, but a good excuse for doing so. It seems hardly likely that the farce of putting monarchs forward as the arbitrators in these cases, when the real work is done by lawyers, can be much longer kept up. If two German publicists, sitting in their own rooms, can settle such a controversy as that now pending between two such powers as America and England to the satisfaction of the disputants and of the world, the establishment of an international court of arbitration cannot be very long delayed. There is something absurd in the incessant quotation of the text-books by diplomatists, and the refusal to give the men who write the text-books any personal share in settling the quarrels. If Mr. Reverdy Johnson has really succeeded in providing machinery for the settlement of the *Alabama* case, he has prevented his diplomatic career from being wholly ridiculous.

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The small dose of minority representation which was introduced into the late measure of Parliamentary reform in England does not work well. The Liberals are, in those cities to which the provision applies, using all their ingenuity to find means of evading it; and to judge from the comments the matter calls forth from the Liberal press, the scheme on which Mr. Mills and Mr. Hare have expended so much admiration does not find much favor in England. The *Daily News* truly says that Parliament, or any legislature, is above all things an instrument of government, and that whatever impedes its action as an instrument of government is an evil. It is doubtless well that it should also be a "mirror of the nation," reflecting all shades of opinion, if its being so does not interfere with the proper performance of

the main function; but, in a vast number of cases, it would interfere with it. If, for instance, the Democratic party here had been represented in Congress in proportion to its numbers, the war would certainly never have been carried to a successful conclusion, and the Union would now be a thing of the past.

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Mr. Mill has got himself into a scrape with a portion of the English public by writing a letter favoring the election of Mr. Chadwick by a certain Scotch borough, and discountenancing that of Mr. Bouverie. Mr. Chadwick is best known as a social science reformer, and is a final authority on sewerage, prison discipline, and such questions; but he is unknown in political life; and Mr. Mill, therefore, gave him, at his request, a sort of testimonial or recommendation, as a good person to take the place of the present member, Mr. Bouverie, whereat Mr. Bouverie, as might have been expected, is greatly annoyed, and the papers accuse Mr. Mill of over-meddlesomeness. The fact is, that the position in politics taken in England of late years by what are called the "philosophers"—such as Mill, Goldwin Smith, Fawcett, and Harrison—is such a novelty that people are ready to resent in them a species of interference which has, until now, seemed the most natural thing in the world on the part of great landholders—an interference which journalists make a profession of exercising—namely, that which consists in offering advice to voters. Mr. Mill defends himself with much ability in a long letter, in which there is a nearer approach to humor than we have noticed in any of his writings.

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The only other incident of importance in the English news is Mr. Reverdy Johnson's persistence in his foolish courses. It now appears that Laird himself was ashamed to go to the Liverpool dinner, to which as member for Birkenhead he had to be invited, and did go with great hesitation, but Mr. Johnson relieved the poor man of his embarrassment by advancing briskly upon him and shaking him cordially by the hand, whereupon Mr. Laird cheered up and sat down to the banquet. Mr. Johnson has the satisfaction of knowing that he has not only disgraced his own Government in the eyes of foreigners, but has revived on this side of the water the animosity towards England which time and the prospect of a peaceful settlement of outstanding differences have done much to allay. A kind of silly and ridiculous satisfaction with the small pomps of his position seems, in fact, to have taken possession of him as completely as if he were only twenty years old.

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The Bohemians, who think themselves just as much entitled to their ancient autonomy as the Hungarians, and have, besides, been harrowed up into excitement by the Pan-Slavic manœuvres of Russia, have been giving the Austrians a world of trouble. They won't assimilate, and will be turbulent, and things have at last reached such a pass that the Government has been obliged to proclaim martial law in Prague and its vicinity, and to quarter troops in great numbers of the small towns, with the threat of quartering them gratis on the inhabitants if the disturbances continue. Many of the bishops, too, in Austria Proper are recalcitrant, and, having set the law at defiance, prosecutions against them have been ordered. The revolution in Spain is likely to help to bring them to reason, however.

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Prussia is, in the meantime, busily engaged in assimilating her new acquisitions, and finds it hard work. The stern Prussian régime, full of duties, responsibilities, taxes, but also full of noble anxieties, interests, and aspirations, is a terribly hard one at first for the inhabitants of some of the small states recently annexed, and which enjoyed under their old rulers great physical comfort in combination with much political and moral degradation. The Frankforters, on whom an enormous forced contribution was levied during the war, and who now find the national taxes added to the old municipal taxes, which were all they used to have to pay in the days of their independence, and who hate the Prussians like poison, are still muttering curses not loud but deep against their new rulers. In Hanover, many of the old army officers and courtiers still play at privy conspiracy and rebellion, and occasionally get into the hands of the police. In the Grand-Duchy of Nassau there is a dismal wail over the increase of taxes and the approaching abolition of the gambling at Wiesbaden. In fact, there does not seem to be thorough satisfaction with the change anywhere except in Hesse-Cassel, where the Elector was literally an old ruffian who united the morals of "John Allen" with the manners of the mediæval baron. He used to steal the wives of his subjects and sell his signature to his own state papers, and was apparently only prevented from robbing on the highways by laziness. No such potentate has been seen in Europe for over three hundred years.

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The embassy of Nubar Pasha in regard to mixed courts for foreigners in Egypt has so far been crowned with success that England, Prussia, and lately Italy, have admitted the urgent necessity of reforming the present system, and have agreed to send representatives to a diplomatic conference at Cairo to consider the Viceroy's proposition. If this body should report that the mixed courts offer sufficient guaranties to Europeans, they will undoubtedly be established; nor can any reason be assigned why France should not give in her adhesion to them, though she has declined to assist in discussing them. The Suez Canal lends a prospective importance to the question above what it has already; and if France feels secure in her control of the transit between the two seas, Italy is interested to stand well with Egypt, having a mind to compete for the carrying trade between Europe and the East, and make Brindisi the rival of Marseilles as a port of departure. The Viceroy, on his part, continues his efforts at *rapprochement* with European civilization, and is instituting a municipal government for Alexandria, to the great delight of the European colony there. He narrowly escaped, however, being cut off in the midst of his work by some would-be assassin, who, on the Viceroy's recent entry into the city, aimed a couple of missiles at him from an upper window.

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The latest news from British India is, in many ways, interesting and important, as it shows that the old framework of Hindoo society is in a fair way of being broken up through the agency of material progress. The Government is at last making a serious attempt to supply a body of reliable statistics, throwing light on the mental, moral, and physical condition of the population of each province, and, we may add, rendering the articles on India in the existing cyclopædias well-nigh worthless. Some of the incidents recorded in the reports are very hopeful. The Chumars, or workers in leather, are despised and oppressed by other castes, and a large body of them have accordingly quitted their old abode in the northwest, and emigrated to some vacant lands down on the plateau of Chutteesgurh, near the head-waters of the Mahanadi River, where they have nearly all, 400,000 in number, abandoned their old calling, taken to agriculture—abandoned, too, their old faith, and say they are waiting for a new God, and in the meantime have constituted themselves into a monotheistic sect, of which the sole rites are prayer and purity of life and charity; and the "Thoughtful Teetotaller" will be glad to hear that they prohibit smoking or drinking spirituous liquors. An able missionary of the Scotch Church is at work amongst them; but, unlike the Water-Street "Revivalists" and some of our street-preachers, he does not confine himself to preaching religious doctrines: he is acting as a teacher of civilization. Another large body of low-caste people in the same region have repudiated Brahmin rule and are clamorous for schools, not only paying a heavy school-tax but making voluntary contributions for the same purpose. In six years the schools amongst them have increased from 4 to 95, and the scholars from 241 to 13,276. Mr. Maine, the eminent jurist, so well known for his book on "Ancient Law," and who fills a high office in India, also reports an interesting negotiation he has had with another sect called the Brahmos, composed of high-caste Hindoos, who have abandoned Brahminism, but will not accept Christianity, and, in the meantime, as they belong to no existing religious sect, find no provision made for their legal marriage. Mr. Maine has accordingly draughted a bill, authorizing their marriages to be celebrated before a civil registrar, without any religious ceremony.

## THE ELECTION AND ITS FRAUDS.

THE result of the Presidential election has not, on the whole, differed materially from what every intelligent observer has anticipated for a long time past. General Grant is elected by a majority which has never been equalled at any contested election in which the Southern States participated. His majority in the Northern States is greater than even that of Lincoln in 1864. The North has thus, in four successive Presidential elections, shown something of the same tenacity, perseverance, and determination which have had such a splendid illustration in the character of its chosen leader. The line is unfortunately broken by the defection of New York; but the Republican gains in other States are more than sufficient to counterbalance the loss in this. New England once more presents a solid front, Pennsylvania exceeds any majority which she has cast since 1860. Ohio returns to the standard of 1866. Illinois maintains the wonderful vote of that year. Iowa far excels any former majority; and the West generally does nobly. The large majorities for equal suffrage in Iowa and Minnesota are also gratifying evidences that the contest has been decided upon principle and not upon mere personal issues.

The general result of the election has been sufficiently commented upon in anticipation. But it has had two peculiar features which demand attention, for they threaten the whole system of republican government. Two States, at least, have been carried for Mr. Seymour by organized assassination, and two more by organized fraud. We leave out of account Alabama, which has been carried for Mr. Seymour (if carried at all) by the force of social proscription, by the threat of starvation, and by widespread violence. But no reasonable man can fail to see that Georgia and Louisiana would have certainly voted for Grant had not the minority organized themselves into armed bands of murderers, who, by frequent assassinations at various points, made a sufficient number of the majority comprehend that they could only vote for Grant at the peril of their lives. The unanimity of the vote at New Orleans and Savannah, immediately after the anti-negro riots there, would alone be sufficient demonstration of this fact; but it is confirmed by hundreds of other incidents, such as the Camilla massacre, the murder of Col. Pope, the numerous murders of Northern men and negroes, and the diabolical complacency with which the most respectable organ of Democracy in this city records the killing of "another carpet-bagger" from time to time.

There is reason to believe that the accounts of these events which reach the Northern papers, horrible as they are, are not merely free from exaggeration, but they are far from conveying to our minds an adequate impression of the real state of things. It is very easy for Mr. Adams, on a visit to the South, to find a pleasant side of society. There is no society within the pale of nominal civilization which has not its pleasant side. The dens of New York where sailors are lodged, robbed, beaten into insensibility, if they cannot be made to drink themselves into it, and then sold to the first outward-bound ship, are kept by men who have a genial element in their nature. The judges who have been accustomed daily to receive bribes from such men, and the prosecuting officers who generally save the judges from that trouble by taking the fee themselves, have often been men of attractive dispositions, whom innocent philosophers like Mr. Adams could never believe to have been guilty of such crimes. The empress who watched from her window while the tongue of her rival was pulled out by the roots, her body stripped before a vile crowd, and her back torn into stripes by the knout, was a charming woman, lavish of affection to her friends, unwilling to punish her male enemies with severity, and too tender-hearted to sign a death-warrant for any ordinary murderer. Facts are not to be overcome by the sight of amiable faces and polished manners. The single fact of Wade Hampton's circular, advising the Democracy of his State to make no further assassinations, outweighs ten thousand such sights as those which convinced Mr. Adams that the South was peaceful and orderly.

The monstrous frauds by which New York and New Jersey were carried against Grant, and which were intended to carry Pennsylvania also, are perfectly notorious. Their magnitude is such as to make it difficult to believe in their existence, and almost impossible to overcome their effect. Their existence is not, however, seriously disputed. Mayor Hoffman denounces those who attempt to punish or prevent these frauds, but carefully abstains from denying that they have been committed. He could not look any man in the face while he did so. No politician pretends to deny them. These frauds may be briefly summed up thus: 50,000 persons were naturalized in this city, of whom 20,000 to 25,000 never went near the courts, and not more than 10,000 to 15,000 at the outside were ever sworn, or were entitled to their papers. At least 20,000 fictitious names were registered in the cities of New York and Brooklyn; the number was probably greater than this, but could not have been less. In a single ward votes were cast upon more than 2,000 fictitious names. To deter Republican challengers, one of the most conspicuous was knocked down in the middle of the day, and as nearly murdered as it was in the power of his assailants to do. Seven thousand of the vilest roughs in the two cities were appointed by the sheriffs to arrest challengers and to force in fraudulent votes. The fraudulent naturalization papers were scattered over the State of New York, and greatly reduced Grant's majorities in the interior counties. Votes upon fictitious names, however, could only be cast in the large cities, where it is impossible to know all the faces at a poll. Without these, the State could not have been carried for Seymour, although the majority for Hoffman is probably large enough to dispense with this aid.

It will naturally be asked why such acts are not punished by legal process. The answer is simple. The district-attorney, who alone can prosecute, and the local judges, who alone can try charges of this nature, either are directly concerned in organizing these frauds or are indebted for their positions to those who are thus concerned. The few decent judges who are left on the bench have nothing to do with such crimes in the regular course of their duty, and they rightly abstain from going out of their regular course to reach such offenders, for if they did, the party managers would speedily supply their places with the right men, and justice would be utterly unknown in the city. The result of the whole situation is that election frauds, committed for the benefit of the dominant party, are absolutely unpunished and unpunishable, except where they happen to violate a statute of the United States, and thus come under the cognizance of a Federal court. With impunity thus guaranteed to them, the amount of fraud committed by the Democratic politicians is limited only by their lack of ingenuity or the want of time.

The Tammany Ring have now achieved the principal object for which they have carried on the Presidential election. They have the governor of the State, and they hope to buy up enough members of the Legislature to carry through all their merely financial schemes. Next year they believe that they will be able to secure the Legislature, so as to break down the laws which now keep the police out of their hands; and this being done, New York City will be wholly at the mercy of Tammany. Law will be administered by perjurers, property will be guarded by thieves, and life will be protected by assassins. These may seem extravagant expressions, in the judgment of persons who are not familiar with this city; but they are not a whit too strong to depict the probable future of New York. We have now judges on the bench whom no man would believe under oath. We had, under the rule of Fernando Wood, a police notoriously in league with the principal burglars of the city. We have a district-attorney who, in a case where all the evidence that was published showed a deliberate murder, accepted a plea of manslaughter, and a judge who fined the murderer *six cents*. We see a tremendous scheme of fraudulent voting carried on without disguise, and a respected citizen stricken down in broad day for daring to interfere with it. We know active politicians who have done their best to murder scores of men, and we know that they are never punished unless they happen to attack a man of greater political influence than themselves. The police are the only protection remaining to the honest citizens of New York; and now the loss of the Legislature for a single year would throw the police into the hands of Tammany Hall. When that is once done, it can never be undone, for New York city will ever after give 150,000 majority as easily as it now

gives 50,000, and the governor being thus secured, his veto will prevent any change.

Much anxiety is naturally expressed for the future prevention of such monstrous frauds as those which have just been perpetrated. Our hopes in this direction are very moderate. The governor elect cannot, of course, sign any bill which would injure those to whom he owes his election. The Legislature cannot pass any party measure over his veto. There can, therefore, be no change in the law, and its administration in this city will be in the future what it has been in the past. Congress, however, has it in its power to put an end to one large class of frauds—those which are connected with naturalization. It is absolutely necessary that jurisdiction over this subject should be confined to the Federal courts. It is a purely national matter, and ought not to be left to any mere State officer. The provision allowing aliens, arriving here while under eighteen years of age, to become citizens without a previous declaration of intentions, ought also to be repealed. *All* aliens come here in their youth, if we may believe the records of the courts at election time. A young man of eighteen can declare his intentions just as well as if he were twenty-one. A record should be kept at Washington of all naturalizations, and all certificates should be countersigned there. The certificate of final naturalization should always contain the record of the previous declaration of intentions, and should itself take effect at least a year after its date. All this might be done without extending the term of residence required for a single day. There would then remain only the risk of forgery; and this, when every certificate was numbered in its order, and recorded at Washington, would be an improbable contingency. Congress must take hold of this duty with firmness and courage, or else remove all restrictions upon naturalization, and declare every man a citizen upon his arrival in the country. Under the present system, all honest foreigners are kept out of citizenship for five years, while all the unscrupulous ones are admitted forthwith.

## SPANISH AFFAIRS.

The Provisional Government in Spain has turned out, as everybody expected, very liberal indeed. Its leaders are naturally men of advanced ideas who have lived much abroad, and know by how large an interval Spain lags behind other nations in all that constitutes modern progress. Consequently, the very first use they have made of their power has been to institute great reforms, likely to prove of incalculable and immediate benefit, if the mass of the population are ready for them; but likely to do some harm now, and good only remotely, if the people are not ready for them; and it is the almost complete ignorance of the outer world as to the mental and moral condition of the people which has rendered it so difficult to form an opinion of any great value about the policy which the Serranos and Prims have been pursuing. Travellers in Spain have been few in number, and the condition of the country is such that these few see nothing but the great towns and the picture-galleries. Of the peasantry and artisans and small traders less is probably known by the European or American public than of the same classes in any other country on this side of the Black Sea. The experience of 1848 has satisfied most close observers of European politics that revolutions based on ideas which have not got firm hold of the body of the population postpone, instead of hastening, the triumph of liberalism. The days are gone by when nations could be dragged along the road of progress, whether political or social, by aristocrats, whether "gentlemen" or "advanced thinkers," and the Spanish liberals have not had the opportunity of preparing the popular mind for what they were going to do, either by agitation or other process of education.

One very good test of the political condition of the Spanish people has been applied, however, and the result, we are bound to say, has been exceedingly satisfactory—much more so than a month ago we should have ventured to hope. As soon as the Queen's Government was overthrown, the administrative authority was seized upon at the capital and in all the provinces by bodies for which the only equivalent known in America is the "Vigilance Committee," but which in Spain they call *Juntas*. One junta, composed of local notables who either planned the revolution or knew it was coming, and sympathized with it, assumed the central authority at Madrid; and "the people" of the capital broke open the arsenals and armed in support of its authority. Now, in France when a movement of this sort occurs in the capital the provinces remain perfectly tranquil, and the local authorities, the préfets and sous-préfets, transfer their allegiance to the new power, and all goes on as before. But in Spain, centralization not having yet triumphed, things did not go in this way at all. On the contrary, each province and town, and even village, as soon as the royal reins were seen to slacken and drop, formed a junta of its own and set to work to administer the government within its own limits—so that a few weeks ago Spain was ruled by a series of vigilance committees exercising high and low justice, each maintaining friendly relations with the central vigilance committee at the capital, but still reserving to itself the right to say what it would or would not do in the existing emergency. Now, if there had been any want of common sense amongst the masses, if they had been wanting in civil prudence, or had been afflicted with any political or social crazes, most assuredly they would have seized this opportunity of putting their crude imaginings into practice, and of trying to remodel society on their own peculiar basis. But there has not been the slightest indication given in any quarter that the Spanish people, taken as a whole, dreamed of any other freedom or progress than historic freedom and progress, based on the national traditions and the national habits. The local juntas made no attempts to bring society suddenly to perfection, except in one village near Cadiz, where the committee set about an equal division of property both real and personal, and were rapidly putting an end for ever to poverty and its attendant inconveniences when the appearance of two hundred soldiers from the city at once restored the old social system with all its imperfections. Moreover, as soon as a good provisional government was formed at Madrid the central junta laid down its authority, and the local juntas all followed its example and handed over the administration to the regular officials. It must be confessed that a people which passes through such a crisis in this way gives proofs such as but few peoples have ever afforded of the possession of the political sense.

Another test of the political condition of the country and of the quality of the Spanish mind has been afforded by the discussions on the form of government which is to permanently replace the Bourbon monarchy. There has been no attempt made by anybody or any section of politicians to forestall the national decision by a *coup de main* or *coup de théâtre* at Madrid. No attempt has been made either to set up a republic or a particular monarch "by acclamation," as the custom is in Paris. The "armed people," who took the muskets from the arsenal and who patrolled the streets and maintained order during the first days of excitement, have, now that the Government has been organized, given back the weapons to the authorities without expressing any opinion whatever on the great problems of human society. The question whether Spain shall be a confederated republic, or a "republic, one and indivisible," or a monarchy, and, if a monarchy, whether Victor Emanuel's son, the Duc d'Aosta; or the King of Portugal's father, Dom Ferdinand; or the Duc de Montpensier, shall have the crown, are being slowly and calmly debated in the press and on the platform, the leaders openly declaring their opinion to be in favor of monarchy, but all parties, including the red-hot democrats, agreeing to leave the matter to the decision of the Constituent Assembly, which will meet in two months. The tone in which General Prim and Marshal Serrano utter their opinions, too, and the arguments by which they support them, are in the highest degree calm, moderate, and statesmanlike.

Of the reforms on which the Provisional Government has ventured without formally consulting the country the most important are the release of education from the hands of the priests, and the expulsion of the Jesuits and the destruction of the convents. Until 1812, the work of education was wholly monopolized by the Church; it was then thrown open to laymen, and continued to be so till June of this year, when Isabella, as part of her reactionary policy, issued a decree again committing it to the clergy exclusively. The Provisional Government has now declared it absolutely free to everybody who pleases to open a school. All monasteries founded since 1837 are abolished;

all founded before that date are to be reduced by one-half, and are forbidden to receive novices. These seem harsh measures, and in their practical operation will doubtless cause a good deal of individual suffering, but in dealing with an evil of such magnitude as Spanish ecclesiasticism no reform is possible without the infliction of great individual suffering. The Jesuits have been driven out of the kingdom altogether and their property confiscated, they having been, as they always are when they can get near the central authority, active politicians. They are taking refuge in other European countries, but the largest flight of them seems to have descended on unhappy Belgium, out of which they and their confrères seem in a fair way to eat the vitals. At Antwerp, one of the local papers says that the area which the religious corporations are covering with buildings is equal in extent to that covered by new dwelling-houses since the levelling of the old fortifications; and another adds that the sum expended in erecting churches and convents during the last ten years equals that expended during the same period on private dwellings. In fact, one of the most curious phenomena of the political and religious crisis through which the civilized world is passing, is the wrathful expulsion or spoliation or overthrow to which the priests have been subjected in every country in which they have long held sway, and the necessity under which they find themselves of taking refuge and making their headquarters in those countries in which all influence on political affairs has been for a long while carefully denied them. Perhaps the most singular phenomenon, too, of the Spanish revolution is the consideration which the Queen—a notoriously immoral woman, whose last favorite, Señor Marfori, an ex-actor, has accompanied her into banishment—managed to secure from the Pope, who not very long ago presented her with the "Golden Rose," the great ecclesiastical certificate of piety and fidelity. But His Holiness probably felt, like some of our American moralists and sages, that as long as she was "sound on the main question" her vice and tyranny were matters of small moment.

Slavery in the Spanish colonies seems undoubtedly to be doomed; the question now under debate seems to be that of gradual or immediate emancipation, and the usual sophistries are being employed by the planting interest, in the teeth of the West Indian experience, to secure the indefinite postponement of the absolute extinction of this great "peculiarity." But it is safe to say that after what has happened here, and considering what the public opinion of the world is on this subject, it will not be possible to touch the prison-house at all without pulling it down altogether. Of the establishment of religious liberty we do not speak as a reform, for that is but the natural consequence of the great reform involved in the overthrow of the priests. Taken for all in all, the Spanish revolution, as far as it has yet gone, has been one of the most hopeful victories liberalism has won, and if it continues as it has begun will furnish a new and splendid guarantee that "government of the people by the people and for the people shall not perish from the earth."

## "WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH THE NEGRO?"

During the first few months after the war this question was very frequently put by a great many people, who asked it simply because they did not think it could be answered; in other words, used it rather as a good conundrum than as a means of getting information. Their opinion clearly was that the negro was an insoluble problem, and they hoped and believed that he would bring to shame and confusion everybody who had ever done anything to help him. Frederick Douglass, who shines amongst his school of politicians by the possession of a shrewd common sense and a keen and incisive tongue, answered the question at a meeting of the Anti-Slavery Association, and with a good deal of force, by requesting everybody to "let the negro alone" as the very highest benefit his white neighbors could confer on him. Now, though this answer really contains in it the key of the whole negro difficulty, of course it has to be interpreted in a large and liberal way, and with a due regard to surrounding circumstances. It would not have been right to "let the negro alone" immediately after the war. To make emancipation a blessing and not a curse to him special means had to be provided for his protection and education, until he had become familiarized with the machinery of free society, and had learned to play his part in working it; until the ruling race had given some satisfactory indication of respect for his rights, or he had been provided with the legal means of asserting them, and the knowledge necessary to use the means effectively.

The Freedmen's Bureau was one most powerful and beneficent agent in making the transition from slavery to freedom easy, and it has been maintained up to the point where there was danger of its preventing the growth of self-reliance and prudence among those for whose benefit it was established, and danger of its becoming a prey to jobbers and professional politicians. Its labors were admirably supplemented by the American Freedman's Union Commission, which was established four years ago, by the voluntary efforts of private individuals, to do for Northern charity toward the freedmen what the Sanitary Commission had done for Northern charity toward the soldiers—that is, organize it, conduct it through proper channels to the quarters in which it was most needed, prevent waste from want of concert and concentrated responsibility, and prevent its being cursed by the spirit of sectarianism or localism. It has succeeded in doing all that it set itself to do in a remarkable degree, its main efforts being directed, since the first year or two pending the assumption of the work by the State governments, to the supply of the freedmen's greatest want, education. It has established and kept going thousands of schools all over the South, and has, during the past year, devoted a large portion of its funds to sowing the seeds of schools—if we may use the expression—by training white and colored teachers; and it is a remarkable fact that Union majorities at the South are in the ratio of freedmen's schools—that is, the more schools you have, the more votes you get for peace and quietness, for the maintenance of the United States Government, and for the payment of the United States debt, and the equality of men before the law. In short, the story of the influence of education on politics at the North is the story of the influence of education on politics at the South.

The Commission now propose, after providing funds for the maintenance of their schools one year longer, to dissolve and leave the work they have begun to be carried on by the Southern people themselves, and they do this because they have been made sensible by many signs that they are just nearing the point where persistence in treating the freedmen as an object of commiseration or as the pupil or ward of the community would not only bring into ridicule all that has been done for him, and all the arguments on which the claims made for his political equality have been based, but would seriously interfere with the growth of his own character. In stopping their work now, they stop it while it still retains the public sympathy and respect, and thus render a valuable service to the general cause of charity; for if charity have any formidable enemies, it is they who keep philanthropic "movements" going after the intelligent portion of the community has ceased to see the necessity of them, and after they cease to have any visible basis but rhetoric, sophistry, and exaggeration.

The action of the Freedman's Commission may, and we hope will, furnish a useful lesson to legislators and political agitators in the stage of reconstruction on which we are now entering. If the negro is what so many of us have been asserting that he is, a man who has only been kept by a gross abuse of the power of the majority from taking his full share in the work of progress, both moral and material, he must be left to win his way to his proper place by the use of ordinary means. The value of difficulties in strengthening and elevating white character is now an old and trite subject of remark. The most energetic and successful white communities are those for whom Providence has apparently done least, as far as outward circumstances are concerned; and the same proposition is true in a vast majority of cases with regard to individuals. Wherever the industrial field is fairly free, the "self-made man" is getting the better of the man whose father supplies his capital; and though education is an equipment which always gives its owner an immense advantage, the educated man who has nothing but his own brains to look to for aid in the struggle of life almost always beats the educated man who enters the arena with his material future provided for by others. The thing which has probably most contributed to make New Englanders "the bosses" in nearly every undertaking in the country, and has placed South Carolina conquered at the feet of Massachusetts, is the fact that New England

hills are bleak and bare and the New England soil stony and unproductive. Of course, everything must be done that can be done to make the difficulties with which the negro has to contend no greater than those with which poor white men have to contend. He ought to have security, and he ought to have education, in so far as it is in the power of the Government to supply them; but the great burden which weights the negroes in the race is one which neither Government nor philanthropists can remove, and that is the want of all the ordinary claims to social respectability. These claims, in the case of a race, are based on a history rich either in great deeds or great men, and in the case of individuals either on wealth or professional or commercial success, or learning or genius. No white race, or white man, who wants these things is thought much of. The negro race must, in short, win a good social position in the way other races have won it; and when it has its roll of poets, orators, scholars, soldiers, and statesmen to show, people will greatly respect it; but not till then, no matter how many novels are composed in its honor or how many sermons are preached against "the sin of caste."

So, also, as regards individual negroes, it may be confidently asserted that as soon as a tolerable number of them have conquered the difficulties which prevent so many of us from being great lawyers and orators and poets and statesmen, they will soon come to be valued, like other men, for what they are, no matter what may be the color of their skins or the size of their facial angle. Prejudices, of course, are hard to conquer, and happy is he who when he enters on life finds none in his path; but there is only one way of conquering them for black or white, and that is—performance. People won't dare to sneer at a black skin when they have become familiar with the spectacle of a black skin covering sages and heroes and jurists and millionaires. Therefore, those who wish the negro well should preach to him incessantly the lesson of self-reliance and self-deliverance; should spend all they can for books and maps and teachers for him, and as little as possible on gaseous lectures about his political rights; should, whenever they feel an irrepressible desire to stump for the negro, or vote for Ben Butler or his like for the sake of the negro, expend their zeal in packing up their valises and going to the South, and there doing, as hundreds of admirable Northern men and women are doing at this moment, a little honest—unnoticed here, but we may be sure not unnoticed everywhere—*work* for the negro, by opening schools for his instruction in letters, in industry, in morals, and in politics, and affording him an example of unostentatious devotion to duty.

## THE DANA-BUTLER CONTEST.

The history of the contest in the Fifth Massachusetts District is a profitable subject of study in various ways. It furnishes an excellent illustration of the vile uses which may be made of party machinery and also an excellent indication of what the Republican party is coming to, if a certain section of its politicians are to have their way. As we enjoy the blessed privilege of being as indiscreet as we please—a luxury of the delights of which no journalist who has not tried it can form any idea—we shall begin at the beginning by saying that with this section General Grant was not, and is not, a favorite. They opposed his nomination as long as they possibly could, and supported their opposition, as their amiable custom is, by spreading damaging stories about his personal character, either inventing them or passing them on without enquiry, as best suited their convenience. The dislike of him had two grounds, one rational and the other irrational. The first was his extreme reticence about his political opinions. He determined not to be examined against his will, to ascertain his fitness for an office which he did not seek; and besides this, he has strong views as to the impropriety of political partisanship on the part of military men, and therefore, whenever the emissaries of the enthusiasts came to talk politics with him, he "talked horse." This was, of course, unsatisfactory; but the difficulty was finally removed by Grant's quarrel with Mr. Johnson, which was looked on as furnishing the required evidence of his soundness. Moreover, Chief-Justice Chase, after whom they had had hankerings, about this time began to show symptoms of *un*soundness, and it was becoming tolerably clear to all thinking men that without Grant for a candidate, and a more sensible platform than the enthusiasts were likely to supply, the party would go to the wall at the election. The enthusiasts, therefore, with unusual good sense, temporarily subsided and accepted Grant. During the canvass they produced in his praise a fair amount of the ordinary campaign cant, but it was hollow, unctuous, and mechanical, and never completely disguised the fact that they looked on him with dislike and suspicion.

Their second ground for disliking him was his character, meaning his temperament and mental constitution. He is a kind of man whom they not only do not take to, but hold in abomination. Silent, reserved, scrupulous, thorough, exact men, respecters of law and experience and distrustful of gab, they look on as limbs of Satan. A man who keeps quiet and attends to his business they always entertain the darkest suspicions of, and imagine he must be "up to something;" and for *character*, apart from rhetoric, they have not the smallest respect. All the men whom they admire and consider really "great" rarely leave the stump except to snatch a hasty meal, which, however, must not be too savory or well served, because that would give it the air of a "dinner," and to "dinners" they seem to trace most of the evils which afflict mankind.

They are accordingly still very doubtful of Grant. Their programme—and they do not now conceal it—for the next session is one of a peculiarly Radical character, and consists in treating the South once more as a *tabula rasa* for a totally new experiment in social and political reorganization, in which all that has been done and which we have all been supporting for the last two years shall be set aside as null and void. To carry out this scheme they are ready, if necessary, to throw the public credit overboard, and to swamp the judiciary or so arrange matters that judicial decisions, as some of their organs gravely proposed with regard to the Senate during the impeachment trial, shall, on all important political questions, be previously arranged at prayer-meetings, mass-meetings, and other assemblies of right-minded citizens, and sent by mail to the court with instructions to deliver them on pain of "infamy." For this policy it is hardly necessary to say there is no chance of any support from Grant, and it is now hardly a secret that warfare against him in Congress is being already organized, and General Butler, as an old and bitter enemy and a thoroughly unscrupulous partisan, has been selected to lead the attack, and the campaign pretence of enthusiasm for Grant is already thrown off.

General Butler had carefully prepared "a regular nomination" for himself long before the convention met in the Fifth District, and, of course, he got it "unanimously" the moment the convention met. The important point for Mr. Dana and his friends to make then was, that, in spite of his regular nomination, he was not an orthodox Republican, and that therefore he was not entitled to the aid of the *moral* force of a nomination. This was undoubtedly proved by the resolution of the Chicago and Worcester Conventions, and by the record of Butler's career in Congress. The Republican press throughout the country, too, were unanimous in saying so, and two such sterling Radicals as George William Curtis and General Hawley proclaimed it loudly.

To this Butler replied by saying that he was recognized as "sound" by all his Massachusetts colleagues and by the State Central Committee, and it is too true—shamefully and disgracefully true—that not one member from Massachusetts had ever raised his voice to protect Republican principles from him. That work has had to be done by Mr. Garfield and other representatives from other States. Two members of the Massachusetts delegation—Messrs. Boutwell and Banks—stumped the district under the auspices of the Butler club; and Mr. Sumner, when challenged by Butler to say whether he thought him (Butler) a good representative for a Massachusetts district, had not the courage to say no. Moreover, the State Committee gave its funds for the district to the Butler Committee, although they could not deny that the Republican press, and all the leading Republicans outside, considered Butler a dangerous man.

This local recognition of Butler, and the invitation to speak in Faneuil Hall, are due to two causes: First, Butler has made a considerable number of the busybodies who work the party machinery thoroughly afraid of him. They dread his tongue, and dread his unscru-

pulousness and vindictiveness. Secondly, because the State Committee is controlled by the enthusiasts, who are in favor of the application of root-and-branch Radicalism to everything under heaven—that is to say, do not believe anything to be of any value in the government of men but the noble emotions. God's great gift of reason and the inestimable treasure of human experience they treat as of no account; and they want to apply the great Radical solvent to the finances, the judiciary, appointments, and everything else in the Government, hoping to produce a great political elixir that will banish all misery and wickedness from the United States. In this great attempt of course they can count on a leader in Butler, and they have chosen him for their leader. From Mr. Dana they could hope for no sympathy or assistance, as he retains some old-fashioned views as to the value of the human mind, and the intentions of the Almighty in creating it—views which have done great things both for this nation and for the human race, and will, we confidently believe, do great things again. This will account for the bitterness of the personal attacks on him.

No account of the causes of Butler's success would be complete, however, which did not state that he has been scattering his repudiation doctrines broadcast in the district ever since 1867, and they have probably taken as deep root there now as in any Democratic district, and his personal presence on the scene, and his way of talking and looking at things, have of course lowered the tone of the young men of the better sort, and stimulated those of the worse sort into new life and activity. Still, Mr. Dana's canvass, we are assured, carried the number of his (Mr. Dana's) supporters from 500 up to 4,000. The small number of votes he actually received was due to panic caused at the close by the growth of despair as to the final result. There were, too, indiscretions and mistakes in the canvass on which it is needless now to dwell. Mr. Dana has the consolation of knowing that he had from the first the hearty sympathy, and has now the gratitude, of the great body of all the best men of the party all over the country—of all men of every party who believe that the character of its legislators is the most valuable of a nation's possessions, that no cause is good which is based on rascality, and that the general adoption of the principles and practices which have secured Butler's election would ruin, and deservedly ruin, any government that ever existed or ever will exist. In the cause of morality it is always better to have "fought and lost, than never to have fought at all," and Mr. Dana may feel sure that he is, after all, on the winning side. The future is not for the Butlerites, as their master well knows. Their capacity even for mischief is nearly gone, and it will rapidly disappear after they next produce their great "pill of health" in Congress.

## UNKIND PRAISE.

We publish elsewhere a letter from a friend of Miss Dickinson's taking us to task for our recent criticism of this lady's speeches and novel. To which we reply, first, that we have never said or insinuated that Miss Dickinson's career as a woman, daughter, and sister was not worthy of the highest admiration. Any comments on it from us, either in praise or blame, would, in fact, have been an impertinence, and consequently we have never made any. Moreover, we did not intend our remarks to be understood as expressing an objection to Miss Dickinson's or any other young person's speaking in public till she "had mastered all things." In getting at "the drift of our criticism" it must be taken for granted that we are not wanting in common sense. Everybody's earlier exertions in every calling must, of course, be imperfect; in fact, everybody's life, till nearly forty, is an experiment. Most men certainly reach that age before they do their work well, or are even sure of the nature and extent of their own powers. But any young person whose earlier efforts in any calling are for any reason exempted from the constant criticism either of judicious friends or not wholly unscrupulous enemies, is in danger of running utterly to seed long before middle life, of becoming shallow, careless, conceited, and bumptious. If we had a son or brother who was taking the stump at the age of nineteen with considerable oratorical gifts, and found that circumstances had surrounded him with people who, every time he came down off the platform, told him he was the equal of Demosthenes or Burke or Patrick Henry or Webster, and that he was likely to be led on into devoting his whole time to spouting, we should labor most earnestly to secure his withdrawal from the political arena, and to prevent his speaking too often, or even speaking at all, without having his attention called to the faults inseparable from his youth, inexperience, and ignorance. The great end of training for men and women is to make them acquainted with the degree of their own ability and the extent of their own attainments, and this is just the thing which Miss Dickinson has been prevented, by the exigencies of her position, the gravity of the political crisis, and the want of judgment on the part of her friends, from receiving.

We happened to be present at that first appearance of hers in Hartford of which "I. B. H." speaks, and can testify that on that occasion a very large portion of her discourse was devoted to topics which she evidently understood only very imperfectly, if at all; that it was very incoherent; that the most effective part of it was a very youthful description of the assault on Fort Donelson and personal hits directed against leading Democrats, which were certainly "telling," but which we, for our part, would rather not have heard from a very young lady or gentleman at a political meeting. The conclusion with which we came away was, that she was a person of very remarkable powers—that she was a person of very remarkable character we learned from other sources—and we sincerely hoped that after she had done a reasonable amount of work for the Republican party fortune would so favor her, and friends would so counsel her, that she would devote two or three years to hard and conscientious study. It appears that this was not possible, however. She has not only had no regular education, but hardly a word of judicious criticism from any quarter. We felt all along that no brain and no character could help being injured by such a career, but we have avoided saying so. The party needed her help, and she gave it without stint and with enthusiasm; and much as we regretted seeing such a woman sacrificed in such a way, we kept perfectly silent, because we were unable to say that she was not doing some good, and could not tell how far her conduct was controlled by circumstances.

Secondly, we have neither overlooked nor ignored the fact that "great good may be accomplished in the world by very imperfect and faulty mediums." We do not blame Miss Dickinson for writing a novel. We believe had she been more happily situated during the last seven years, she would either not have written this one before us or would have done it better. But, after what has passed, there is nothing wonderful in the fact that she should write an exceedingly poor novel. The present controversy, however, has been caused not by the novel so much as by the conduct of her injudicious critics in coming forward and praising it in terms only applicable to the most finished works of genius. In writing a novel she has entered on a new field of activity, in which she is a complete novice, and has produced as a first attempt a work of art both "faulty and imperfect;" and forthwith we are assured it is a magnificent success. If "What Answer?" be "a great and noble" book, what remains for us to say of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," for instance, which is a work of art of the highest order, uniting excellence in motive with excellence in execution? Of course, the effect of such criticism is to lead the unlearned and unstable to suppose that there are no degrees of excellence in "mediums," and that any piece of ill-conceived and ill-executed work, if it be only prompted by good intentions, and the "cause" be a noble one, is entitled to the highest praise. This we must say, we consider a sad lesson for masters in the art to read to young beginners. Of course it is right to "welcome young allies" cordially, but they must be welcomed in the language of soberness and truth, and not in the language of exaggeration and flattery. The cause of truth is the first of causes, and simplicity and accuracy both in speech and demeanor are amongst the first of virtues.

Of the real effect of all this on Miss Dickinson, and of her own opinion of her work, we know nothing except what we learn from "I. B. H.'s" letter. Possibly she has a character which has remained proof against the temptations by which she has been surrounded, and has acquired or retains an abiding consciousness of her own defects. But the appearance of the novel, we confess, has led us to fear the worst as to the effect on her of the unmeasured praise of her admirers. The book is not simply a work of art intended to delight the eye or refine the taste. It is put forward as an instrument of persuasion, and treats, as we pointed out in our last article, one of the darkest problems in ethnology, physiology, and morals as if it were as good as settled, and as if all that is now needed were to write a burning tale so as to open the eyes of the multitude to their wickedness in refusing to accept the solution offered by the writer. One of the most tremendous and palpable facts in history is the influence of race on moral and social and religious ideas. One of the most difficult questions in the whole field of ethics is the nature of the motives by which a man or woman should be mainly guided in selecting the person with whom he or she is to share the responsibility of producing and educating children. The considerations which bear on it are almost innumerable. But here in Miss Dickinson's book it is taken in one of its most difficult sides and disposed

of in a very slight and very sentimental fiction, and her friends pleasantly call the work "an emphatic protest against the spirit of caste," and a "great and noble work," a "beautiful and effective testimony," a "bright book glowing with light and heat," a "vehement appeal," "a story which is history and prophecy," "a faulty, noble, captivating, and brave petite [*sic*] novel," "a powerful book, full of fire and passion." Some of the critics acknowledge "it has faults," as indeed "Paradise Lost" and "Hamlet" and "Don Quixote" have, but all shout most vehemently that they are not worth notice—like the spots on the sun, we suppose. Now, we concluded from the appearance of the book, from its quality, and from its subject-matter, and from the frantic—we use this word advisedly—applause which was showered on it, that its author was being rapidly led astray, and that it was time for the friends of soberness, of simplicity and truthfulness, of thoroughness and real earnestness, to raise their voices and say their say. We are no defenders of caste; but we have our own notions as to how the spirit of caste, so far as the negroes are affected by it, is to be overcome, and we shall take an early opportunity of setting them forth. They may not be very valuable, but they have the merit of rating various other agencies in the government of the world far above stump-speaking or article-writing.

We are sensible, in saying all this, that we are saying things that will prove very disagreeable to a great many good people; and nobody is more familiar with the discomfort of doing this than we are. But we must go one step further, and add one other reflection, which Miss Dickinson's career, or rather the probable effect of her example on her weaker juniors of both sexes, has suggested. One does not need to have much experience of "movements"—that is, of the talk in the press and on the platform by which great political and social changes are brought about or accompanied—to see that they depend for all their value, for the completeness and permanence of their results, upon the individual character of the men and women of the country; in short, not upon the earnestness displayed at public meetings, but upon the earnestness displayed in everyday life. No matter what triumphs you achieve in legislation, you accomplish nothing of any use to society unless the men who execute the laws are honest, and the public opinion which is to see to their enforcement is healthy—unless the general sense of duty and the general spirit of self-sacrifice are deep and powerful—unless, in short, truthfulness, simplicity, and modesty are leading features in the national character. Now, since the cause of the negro became triumphant—since it became the cause of the majority, it has not, in our opinion, done much to promote these virtues. It has drawn to it a prodigious number of orators and poets and "fine young Radicals," whose performances not only make the judicious grieve, but are a real hindrance to right feeling and right thinking. The progress it is just now helping seems to us to be a progress in which brass-bands, foot-lights, flabby newspaper articles, "stirring poems," Ben Butlers, unscrupulous and foul-mouthed pseudo-philanthropists, play an unnaturally large part. We hail Grant's election with double joy because his career is a standing protest against these things, and a standing vindication of the simple and manly virtues, of secret alms-giving, of closet prayer, of silent tears, of obscure heroism, of hidden faith, of untrumpeted patience and fidelity.

## MR. EMERSON'S NEW COURSE OF LECTURES.

BOSTON, November 4, 1868.

THE readers of the *Nation*, who are interested in all good things, will perhaps like to hear a word of Mr. Emerson's new course of lectures now going on in Boston. The announcement that such a pleasure is coming, to people as old as I am, is something like those forebodings of spring that prepare us every year for a familiar novelty, none the less novel, when it arrives, because it is familiar. We know perfectly well what we are to expect from Mr. Emerson, and yet what he says always penetrates and stirs us, as is apt to be the case with genius, in a very unlooked-for fashion. Perhaps genius is one of the few things which we gladly allow to repeat itself—one of the few that accumulate rather than weaken the force of their impression by iteration? Perhaps some of us hear more than the mere words, are moved by something deeper than the thoughts? If it be so, we are quite right, for it is thirty years and more of "plain living and high thinking" that speak to us in this altogether unique lay-preacher. We have shared in the beneficence of this varied culture, this fearless impartiality in criticism and speculation, this masculine sincerity, this sweetness of nature which rather stimulates than cloys, for a generation long. At sixty-five (or two years beyond his grand climacteric, as he would prefer to call it) he has that privilege of soul which abolishes the calendar, and presents him to us always the unwasted contemporary of his own prime. I do not know if he seem old to his younger hearers, but we who have known him so long wonder at the tenacity with which he maintains himself even in the outposts of youth. I suppose it is not the Emerson of 1868 to whom we listen. For us the whole life of the man is distilled in the clear drop of every sentence, and behind each word we divine the force of a noble character, the weight of a large capital of thinking and being. We do not go to hear what Emerson says so much as to hear Emerson. Not that we perceive any falling-off in anything that ever was essential to the charm of Mr. Emerson's peculiar style of thought or phrase. The first lecture, to be sure, was more disjointed even than common. It was as if, after vainly trying to get his paragraphs into sequence and order, he had at last tried the desperate expedient of *shuffling* them. It was chaos come again, but it was a chaos full of shooting-stars, a jumble of creative forces. The second lecture, on "Criticism and Poetry," was quite up to the level of old times, full of that power of strangely-subtle association whose indirect approaches startle the mind into almost painful attention, of those flashes of mutual understanding between speaker and hearer that are gone ere one can say it lightens. The vice of Emerson's criticism seems to be, that while no man is so sensitive to what is poetical, few men are less sensible than he of what makes a poem. Of the third lecture (and I have heard but three) I shall say something by-and-by.

To be young is surely the best, if the most precarious, gift of life; yet there are some of us who would hardly consent to be young again, if it were at the cost of our recollection of Mr. Emerson's first lectures during the consulate of Tyler. We used to walk in from the country to the Masonic Temple (I think it was), through the crisp winter night, and listen to that thrilling voice of his, so charged with subtle meaning and subtle music, as shipwrecked men on a raft to the hail of a ship that came with unhoped-for food and rescue. Cynics might say what they liked. Did our own imaginations transfigure dry remainder-biscuit into ambrosia? At any rate, he brought us *life*, which, on the whole, is no bad thing. Was it all transcendentalism? magic-lantern pictures, on mist? As you will. Those, then, were just what we wanted. But it was not so. The delight and the benefit were that he put us in communication with a larger style of thought, sharpened our wits with a more pungent phrase, gave us ravishing glimpses of an ideal under the dry husk of our New England; made us conscious of the supreme and everlasting originality of whatever bit of soul might be in any of us; freed us, in short, from the stocks of prose in which we had sate so long that we had grown well-nigh contented in our cramps. And who that saw the audience will ever forget it, where every one still capable of fire, or longing to renew in them the half-forgotten sense of it, was gathered? Those faces, young and old, a-gleam with pale intellectual light, eager with pleased attention, flash upon me once more from the deep recesses of the years with an exquisite pathos. I hear again that rustle of sensation, as they turned to exchange glances over some pithier thought, some keener flash of that humor which always played about the horizon of his mind like heat-lightning, and it seems now like the sad stir of the autumn leaves that are whirling around me. To some of us that long-past experience remains as the most marvellous and fruitful we have ever had. Emerson awakened us, saved us from the body of this death. It is the sound of the trumpet that the young soul longs for, careless what breath may fill it. Sidney heard it in the ballad of "Chevy Chase," and we in Emerson. Nor did it blow retreat, but called to us with assurance of victory. Did they say he was disconnected? So were the stars, that seemed larger to our eyes, still keen with that excitement, as we walked homeward with prouder stride over the creaking snow. And were *they* not knit together by a higher logic than our mere sense could master? Were we enthusiasts? I hope and believe we were, and am thankful to the man who made us worth something for once in our lives. If asked what was left? what we carried home? we should not have been careful for an answer. It would have been enough if we had said that something beautiful had passed that way. Or we might have asked in return what one brought away from a symphony of Beethoven? Enough that he had set that ferment of wholesome discontent at work in us. There is one, at least, of those old hearers, so many of whom are now in the fruition of that intellectual beauty of which Emerson gave them both the desire and the foretaste, who will always love to repeat—

> "Che in la mente m'è fitta, ed or m'accuora
> La cara e buona immagine paterna
> Di voi, quando nel mondo ad ora ad ora
> M'insegnavati come l'uom s'eterna."

I am unconsciously thinking as I write of the third lecture of the present course, in which Mr. Emerson gave some delightful reminiscences of the intellectual influences in whose movement he had shared. It was like hearing Goethe read some passages of the "Wahrheit aus seinem Leben." Not that there was not a little *Dichtung*, too, here and there,

as the lecturer built up so lofty a pedestal under certain figures as to lift them into a prominence of obscurity, and seem to masthead them there. Everybody was asking his neighbor who this or that recondite great man was, in the faint hope that somebody might once have heard of him. There are those who call Mr. Emerson cold. Let them revise their judgment in presence of this loyalty of his that can keep warm for half a century, that never forgets a friendship, or fails to pay even a fancied obligation to the uttermost farthing. This substantiation of shadows was but incidental, and pleasantly characteristic of the man to those who know and love him. The greater part of the lecture was devoted to reminiscences of things substantial in themselves. He spoke of Everett, fresh from Greece and Germany; of Channing; of the translations of Margaret Fuller, Ripley, and Dwight; of the *Dial* and Brook Farm. To what he said of the latter an undertone of good-humored irony gave special zest. But what every one of his hearers felt was that the protagonist in the drama was left out. The lecturer was no Æneas to babble the *quorum magna pars fui*, and, as one of his listeners, I cannot help wishing to say how each of them was commenting the story as it went along, and filling up the necessary gaps in it from his own private store of memories. His younger hearers could not know how much they owed to the benign impersonality, the quiet scorn of everything ignoble, the never-sated hunger of self-culture, that were personified in the man before them. But the older knew how much the country's intellectual emancipation was due to the stimulus of his teaching and example, how constantly he had kept burning the beacon of an ideal life above our lower region of turmoil. To him more than to all other causes together did the young martyrs of our civil war owe the sustaining strength of thoughtful heroism that is so touching in every record of their lives. Those who are grateful to Mr. Emerson, as many of us are, for what they feel to be most valuable in their culture, or perhaps I should say their impulse, are grateful not so much for any direct teachings of his as for that inspiring lift which only genius can give, and without which all doctrine is chaff.

This was something like the *caret* which some of us older boys wished to fill up on the margin of the master's lecture. Few men have been so much to so many, and through so large a range of aptitudes and temperaments, and this simply because all of us value manhood beyond any or all other qualities of character. We may suspect in him, here and there, a certain thinness and vagueness of quality, but let the waters go over him as they list, this masculine fibre of his will keep its lively color and its toughness of texture. I can never help applying to him what Ben Jonson said of Bacon: "There happened in my time one noble speaker, who was full of gravity in his speaking. His language was nobly censorious. No man ever spake more neatly, more pressly, more weightily, or suffered less emptiness, less idleness, in what he uttered. No member of his speech but consisted of his own graces. His hearers could not cough, or look aside from him, without loss. He commanded where he spoke." Those who heard him while their natures were yet plastic, and their mental nerves trembled under the slightest breath of divine air, will never cease to feel and say—

> "Was never eye did see that face,
> Was never ear did hear that tongue,
> Was never mind did mind his grace,
> That ever thought the travail long;
> But eyes, and ears, and every thought,
> Were with his sweet perfections caught."

J. R. L.

## THE HUMORS OF THE CANVASS IN THE BUTLER DISTRICT.

BOSTON, November 5, 1868.

It may interest your readers to hear an impartial account of the proceedings at Salem, on the day before the election of General Butler. The great difficulty for all who have been caring about the recent struggle in the Fifth District has been that the newspapers on both sides have had the usual partisan descriptions of speeches, of persons, and meetings; and it has proved impossible to get from any press in this city trustworthy news. The meeting which in the *Traveller* figured as a "paltry Dana affair," turned out, in the *Transcript*, to have been an "enthusiastic Republican rally," and the speech which, in the latter paper, was listened to with "marked attention," was received, in the other, with "shouts of derision." It was quite confidently stated last week that a few days more would give Dana the election; but how reckless this assertion was may be seen from the result, which gives Butler 13,000 votes to Dana's 1,800. Nor has it been any more easy to discover what were the real questions at issue in the canvass; whether the people were really thinking at all about the bonds and taxation, or whether they were only interested in the moral and physical deformities of the various candidates. It was evident that Mr. Dana was making speeches about finance, but it was equally evident that General Butler was not. On the whole, convinced that the real state of the contest would reveal itself to an eye-witness much more fully than to a reader of the "dailies," I took a Salem train, which left Boston at 12:15, on Monday last. Salem was the great point of interest on that day, for the following reasons: General Kilpatrick having, at the urgent request of Mr. Dana's friends, consented to take the stump, was immediately assailed by General Butler in a speech at Marblehead, and covered with abuse of the vilest kind—too vile, in fact, for repetition. On this Kilpatrick, nothing daunted, had issued a challenge to Butler to meet himself, Colonel Whittemore, and General Gordon on Salem Common at two o'clock on Monday afternoon, and repeat and prove his vile slanders to a mass-meeting of citizens, if he could. In reply to this Butler pleaded, first, a previous engagement; second, that the challenge was issued simply because his enemies knew that this engagement rendered an appearance on his part impossible; and third, that to meet such a contemptible trio as his challengers would disgrace him. Still it was hoped by the more ardent that he might change his mind.

Monday was a cold, rainy, almost wintry day, and Salem, as you know, is a quiet, conservative, almost sleepy city. But even in the cars one became aware that he was approaching a scene of great excitement. A conversation something like this took place between two men opposite me: "I hope to God he 'll be defeated, the —— renegade; why, there is n't a greater scoundrel on the face of the earth than that Butler." "But Dana 's a renegade, too," said the other, a comfortable, good-natured-looking man—such a man as may be seen at any ward meeting or caucus. "What do you mean?" "Why, he do n't live in the district; he lives in Cambridge; he 's a renegade just as much as Butler is." This information was received with much disgust, and the man replied with an emphasis which I can only describe as apparently arising from a desire to end the discussion with a friendly and impartial expression of opinion. "Oh! he 's a renegade, too, is he? Well, damn *him*."

On reaching Salem, I found that the storm, so far from diminishing, had increased to a threatening pitch, and I was glad to be able to spend the hour which must pass before the meeting began in the warmth of the little refreshment-room; and indeed I began by this time to doubt whether there would be any meeting at all. In the refreshment-room were two men, lunching and talking with vigor of the Butler and Dana canvass; they soon went out. I had seated myself at one of the tables and called for something to eat; a young fellow of twenty-five or so, evidently a native American, was sorting newspapers on the floor. Thinking to obtain some information from him, I said, "There is to be a Dana meeting this afternoon, I hear; bad afternoon for it." "Guess there wun't be no Dana meet'n *this* afternoon," said he. "Are there many Dana men in Salem?" On this he half rose from the floor, and eyed me for a moment with intense suspicion, as if discovering a possible Dana man before him, and then said, quietly, "'bout four or five." Finding that the rôle of inquisitive stranger did not bring me much success, I tried another: "I am sorry to hear that there 's not much chance of Butler's defeat." "You 're sorry?" said the man; and now I found I had touched the right spring.

"You 're sorry? Why, ain't he the reg'lar nominee? These Dana men think they can come down here and impose a candidate on us. No, sir; we 're goin' to 'lect old Ben Butler. Did n't he hold New Orleans? Th' ain't a rebel in the South but what hates him worse 'n poison."

"What do you think of the loyal papers in the North that oppose his re-election?"

"What do I think? I think they 're bought. I 'll tell you what, sir, it 's money 's at the bottom of this Dana movement. Kilpatrick 's paid $1,500 for every speech."

"But you do n't suppose that such a paper as *Harper's Weekly* is bought, do you?"

"Well, I do n't know about that; I know why the *Boston Advertiser* supports Dana, though. They published a libel on a young lady, and she employed Butler to prosecute them. That 's why the *Advertiser* supports Dana. These papers go and say they oppose Butler because he 's in favor of repudiation; but that ain't it; why, do n't he say he goes for paying the debt all fair'n square, letter and spirit, 'cord'n to conscience? 'Tain't no such thing as repudiation; money 's at the bottom of all this fuss."

Notwithstanding the wretchedness of the day, the streets were full of people, for, in addition to the mass-meeting on the common, there was a "regular" meeting at Mechanics' Hall, where a certain General Gibson, of Ohio, was to speak. Through the principal street of the town a man was driving a caryall, on the outside of which was a poster announcing this meeting and another for the evening, while inside, the driver, stopping every few steps to clash together two pieces of sheet-iron or some other metal, shouted "Great Ree-publican meeting this afternoon at Mechanics' Hall; ád-dress by General Gibson, of Ohio. Great Ree-publican meeting

this evening at Mechanics' Hall; ad-dresses by Dr. George B. Loring and ex-Governor Boutwell. Three cheers for Butler—one." These cheers he then proceeded to give himself, to the delight of the crowd, after which he drove a little further, and then *da capo*. If any one will read Hawthorne's description of Salem in the "Custom-house," he will fully know what a Bedlam Essex Street seemed.

Workmen were by this time busy getting ready a huge tent on the Common, and two stands had been brought into the field in order that General Butler's last remnant of an excuse for non-appearance might be taken from him. Meantime the "regular" rally was going on at a great rate, and after having a short conversation with a New Jersey Democrat, who assured me that if Butler came to reply to Kilpatrick's challenge the shedding of human blood would not be at all surprising, nor, I think I may add, displeasing, to him, I went to Mechanics' Hall, heard the end of General Gibson's speech, and reached the Common again just after the tent had been raised and as the crowd began to gather for the "regular" meeting. This crowd, small enough at first, was before long swelled to an enormous size by the Butler men who came over from the hall to hear Kilpatrick, and make an afternoon of it. The little boys were uproarious with joy, and shouted "three cheers for Ben" till they were hoarse. In a short time a brass-band drove up, and the crowd, seeing the speakers' carriage in the distance, amused itself with crying out, "There they come! there they come!" and "Got them mules with 'em?" which latter cry was variously interpreted by different bystanders, some inclining to the opinion that it referred to a caricature recently circulated in the district, in which General Butler appeared to great advantage driving a fine span of horses, while Mr. Dana made rather an ignominious figure as the humble possessor and driver of one mule; while others as stoutly maintained that it referred to the charge brought by General Butler against General Kilpatrick, that he had made a dishonorable use of the opportunities afforded him by his position as general of the Union army by stealing animals of this kind. I am inclined myself to adopt a middle opinion and to believe that while some were actuated by the recollection of the caricature and others by that of the Marblehead speech, there were still others who joined in the shout without knowing anything about it, from the mere "joy of being."

At last the chairman (Willard Phillips, of Salem, I think) introduced Mr. Dana, who was greeted with derisive shouts, requested to take off his gloves or put them on, I hardly remember which, and he began to speak amid loud cheers for the opposing candidate. He spoke for five minutes—or rather he and the crowd spoke for five minutes—in the following manner:

Mr. Dana: "Fellow-citizens"—

The Crowd: "We ain't yer feller-citizens."

Mr. Dana: "Fellow-citizens of Essex"—

The Crowd: "You ain't from Essex—three cheers for Butler."

Mr. Dana: "I come from"—

The Crowd: "Cambridge—Cambridge."

Mr. Dana: "Well, now, what county is Cambridge in?"

The Crowd: "Middlesex."

Mr. Dana: "And what county is Lowell in?"

The Crowd: "Middlesex."

Mr. Dana: "Very good—I come from the same county from which your present representative comes."

The Crowd: "Three cheers for *him*."

It was evidently of little use to attempt to make a financial speech, so Mr. Dana contented himself with saying a few words and reading a "telling" letter written by Butler some time in 1867, in which he urged that Grant should not be nominated to the Presidency, because he "had no head and no heart" and was "impotent to govern." The letter, however, produced no effect other than more cheering for Butler, and Mr. Dana good-humoredly sat down to give his audience an opportunity to enjoy the "richness" of the afternoon in General Kilpatrick's oration. Kilpatrick rose and began to address the crowd, reminding them in no very mild language that this was not Texas, but Massachusetts, a State which he had always been taught to respect as the home of free speech, and that if they did not want to hear him they should have stayed away, but as they had come they had better listen to what he had to say; that he had been foully slandered by General Butler, and had challenged him to appear before the meeting that afternoon and prove his charges. Now he wished to know why General Butler was not present.

By this time the audience had forgotten their previous disgust with the "renegade," and had become quite interested in the young cavalry officer and his slandered reputation, and some one of the anti-Butler men plucked up courage enough to cry out "good;" after which the crowd vociferously applauded the orator to the end of his address. To give you even an abstract of his remarks would be impossible. But I can give you at once a very good idea of the general character of them, and of the general character of the questions popularly considered at issue in the last days of the canvass, by one or two specimens. General Kilpatrick said: "General Butler, in his speech at Marblehead, accused me of being an infamous liar, because I reported that on my voyage home from Chili after the Arica earthquake I saw five hundred mummies thrown up on the sand. General Butler says I am an infamous liar, because I said that. Now, I did say so, and I say it again; and what is more, I am going to prove it." He then took up a book by Squier, whom he called the "greatest living authority on the ethnology of South America in the world," and read a statement by the author—the audience listening the while in rapt attention—showing that the story about the mummies, so far from being of necessity an "infamous lie," was perfectly credible.

Continuing his speech, he showed that the charge brought against him by Butler that "he had raided round Richmond but not into Richmond" was a slander, because the reason was not properly given; which reason, indeed, was unlikely to be given by the Marblehead orator, inasmuch as it was this—that arrangements had been made at the time of the expedition referred to according to which Butler was to meet Kilpatrick and support him, so that together they might rescue the Libby prisoners; but that, unfortunately, when Kilpatrick reached the assigned point, General Butler was eighteen miles away; and this explanation was received by the audience, which by this time was grown very magnanimous, with great enthusiasm. The orator then showed that the charge brought against him by his enemy that he was an intemperate man was untrue, because he never drank intoxicating liquid of any kind; and having made a telling hit by a vivid representation of General Butler's "devious eye," and requested the crowd to recollect that the personal controversy to which they were now listening had not been begun by him, who had endeavored to remove all personal considerations from the canvass, but had been driven into a defence of his own character by the unmanly attacks of his malignant foe, he sat down. The chairman then put this question to the crowd: "Has General Kilpatrick refuted the vile slanders uttered by General Butler in his speech at Marblehead?" a question which was answered by an enthusiastic "Aye," after which the meeting adjourned.

"A Progressive Man."

# Correspondence.

## MISS DICKINSON'S NOVEL.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: In your issue of October 29 appears a criticism of "What Answer?" which I desire to comment upon if you will grant me a column or two for the purpose.

Three considerations of importance seem to me to be overlooked by your critic in his notice of Miss Dickinson and her friends, Mrs. Stowe and Mrs. Child: 1, Every beginner is necessarily to a certain extent an infliction upon the public. He must have practice, and the world must bear with him while he is young in his business. The tailor, the mechanic, the lawyer, the clergyman, the artist, the editor, all do a good deal of imperfect and clumsy work before they become either very successful or very useful; and the orators and book-makers are not exempt from the same law of inexperience. All that we ought to ask in any case is that each shall cultivate himself in all his faculties just as far as he is able while keeping himself and those dependent on him supplied with food and clothing, and that he shall teach by example and precept according to opportunity all the moralities that tend to godliness.

Let us look at the life of this young girl and see wherein she has failed in duty to herself or the public. At fourteen, waking to the realization that her mother was overtaxed in body and spirit by the care of five fatherless children, of whom she was the youngest, she determined to be a burden to her no longer. Accordingly she procured employment as a copyist, and worked at whatever her hand could find to do by day and by night, giving up with an anguish of disappointment at once and for ever her studies at school. She afterward taught district schools in the country, once resolutely refusing a good salary secured to her by a friend until the admirable mistress of a neighboring school, who was paid only one-half what the former male teacher received for the same service, was put upon equal terms with herself. About this time, and while under sixteen, she attended a meeting of Progressive Friends in the City of Philadelphia, and

there, under the excitement of the moment, flamed out, to the surprise of herself and every one else, in a little speech in defence of women, who were being sorely handled by a gentleman of the old school. Soon after a Society for the Reformation of Fallen Women, in Philadelphia, persuaded her to speak for them, and a crowded hall in the great city was filled and electrified. Then came more school-keeping for low wages, and months of hard work in the Mint, where wages were better; then loss of place there, because of patriotic utterances distasteful to the ruling powers, and at last an invitation to work among the hills of New Hampshire in the critical campaign of 1863. After weeks of continuous labor there, rewarded by kindness and devotion but by small returns otherwise, Connecticut, being in desperate straits, also sent for the young missionary with fear and trembling—and one motherly woman, of the best that the city held, taking the young girl by the hand, walked alone upon the stage with her before a cold, critical audience in conservative old Hartford. At the close of the speech there was one enthusiastic movement toward the stage of men, women, and children, and such words of welcome and blessing from young and old were showered on that young head as brought it low in humility and gratitude; and for many weary days and nights after, up to the last day of that memorable struggle, some of the severest work of the campaign was entrusted to this girl of nineteen. No one who was present on the Saturday evening preceding the election and heard her speech to the working-men of Hartford, of whom there were supposed to be a thousand present, will ever say that she spoke then of what she did not understand. By the kindness of friends in Hartford and the faith of one of the presidents of your Loyal League in their testimony, she at last was promised Cooper Institute and one hundred dollars for the night, whatever the sale of tickets. This seemed a large sum to one whose labors of love had for so long procured her little but love in return; but though a part of the profits (one-half, I think) were given to the soldiers, she received something over two hundred dollars for this one night's work and was thereby fairly launched upon a remunerative business. Since that day her venerable mother has lived restfully in a home of her own once more, and has been able to entertain there children and friends as in the good old days of her early prosperity.

During all these years Miss Dickinson has been, of course, utterly unable to give herself to close study, such as a mind like hers would naturally crave; and the tendency of such success as hers has been to encourage faults of style, in both speech and writing, peculiar to her temperament, and incidental to youth and inexperience; but if in all these years she has lived a true womanly life, and brought only honor upon her sex in her efforts at self-maintenance, and has battled for the cause of patriotism and womanhood with all the power that God has given her, how ought we to judge her and her works? In what spirit should we criticise them? Hopefully, I should say, in the spirit of hearty praise and encouragement, and of that divine approval, "Well done, good and faithful servant: thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many." Yet the whole drift of your criticism is, "Thou shouldst never have spoken a word, young woman, till thou hadst mastered all things; let us hear no more from thee till thine eyes are turned from the vanity of making a living, and thy lips, in perfected utterance, drop only wisdom for the multitude."

2. A second consideration omitted is this: that the difficulties which beset a woman in earning an ample maintenance, such as young men desire and are encouraged to seek, are left entirely unnoticed, and the rather severe criticisms upon both her speeches and books are such as would hardly be applied to any young man of twenty-six, who had given himself from boyhood to the maintenance of his mother's family and the service of his country in the field. One does not often meet with a perfectly parallel case, I am aware; few young men have ever earned for themselves, under the most favorable circumstances, an income such as she has earned; but it is not difficult to conceive the tenderness with which the early efforts in print of those brave boys would be handled by the wise and good, especially if put forth in behalf of a despised cause.

3. The fact is entirely overlooked or ignored that great good may be accomplished in the world through very imperfect and faulty mediums, and that a great deal of good that is sadly needed must be left undone if such mediums may not be employed. "A novel without a plot, without goodness of style, without interest (that is, interest to the critic), is going to put off the time when we shall all think with clearness," etc.; when, in spite of all its defects (and no one regrets these more keenly, doubtless, than the author), it is the most emphatic protest against the spirit of caste that has appeared in American literature; and those two ladies who, having given the best part of their lives to the cause of freedom, knew well its present needs, and were generously moved to welcome publicly this zealous young ally, are treated with a species of mild contempt such as seems to your critic best adapted to their superficial and inartistic attempts at criticism.

Lest it should seem to your readers that there really has been, according to the apprehension of your critic, a convocation of ladies for the simple purpose of upholding Miss Dickinson in her apparently harmless desire to do a little more good and make a little more money, allow me to state that Mrs. Stowe happened to be at my house just after Miss Dickinson had left it on a certain Monday morning, and being full of a genuine sympathy with the book, which she had read an evening before at one sitting, and much drawn toward the writer, whom she declared herself anxious to meet, "now that she knew her heart," I begged her to write the young lady a word of encouragement, since I knew her to be a good deal solicitous as to the fate of her first venture in print. She accordingly sent her a kind word of greeting from her "grandmother in the good old cause," bidding her be of good cheer and not mind what the papers might say of her book; and then she volunteered for one of our local papers the unoffending little notice which seems to have drawn down upon herself the ire of your critic in a preceding *Nation*, and to have brought to her young friend a more downright condemnation than might otherwise have been measured out to her. I had the pleasure of enclosing the letter and the printed paragraph to Miss Dickinson, and received in reply a modest little note from which I make an extract, begging pardon of all concerned, for I do assure you, Mr. Editor, that no human being knows that I am about to do this, and I alone am responsible for the breach of confidence: "Dear Mrs. Stowe—how good and kind and generous of her to write that notice—it has done and will do me so much good; with myself as much, if not more, than with other people; it makes me feel more earnest, unselfish, better in every way, to have the approbation of so great and heroic a soul. People say a great many kind things about the book; indeed, I think the judgment of the public is, and will be, a great deal kinder than that of the papers. I am sure—I hope for a great many reasons—that it will be widely read."

And to widen the breach of confidence a little, let me quote, in reply to the assertions that "there is not a character in it;" that "it is not true, as some have affirmed, that there is anything approaching strict adherence to truth in the facts of the story," a following paragraph which reads thus: "S—— did not know at all that I put her into the book, and when she found herself there she said it struck her in such a strange, almost awful fashion, that she had to put it down and lie all night, the book in her hand, but not reading it. She said, 'You have put *me*, the internal me, into that book so completely that I feel as though I had parted with myself—in some moods as though I had died and come to life again.' Well, God speed it."

I have spoken, Mr. Editor, mainly of Miss Dickinson's book; your critic condemns alike her book and her speeches. Of the latter it is sufficient to say that no public speaker draws larger audiences, or is more in demand in all parts of the country, and not least in our centres of education and intelligence. He alludes also to the factitious aids of brass-bands and glee-clubs as one secret of her success. All such help ceased more than two years ago, with the excitement of the war, and yet her success has continued undiminished to the present time.

I am, respectfully yours, I. B. H.

HARTFORD, November 2, 1868.

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[We have discussed elsewhere the principal points raised in this letter. It contests the judgment we have passed on the literary merits of Miss Dickinson's book only on one point—her failure to create any characters. "I. B. H." asserts that the book does contain at least one, and calls as a witness a person who was "put into the book" and recognized herself immediately. To which we reply that such testimony is, in the critical forum, of no value whatever. A very few light, unskilful strokes are always sufficient to remind vividly of himself a person not accustomed to the analysis of his own mental impressions, particularly if he finds them in a book written by a friend. His imagination at once fills up the outline, and he fancies that what were only faint suggestions—of no use to anybody but the original, or his intimates—are a full-length portrait, life size. A "character" in a novel is something very different. It is the presentation to any reader whatever of a distinct and fully drawn personage, whom the imagination can at any time call up without the assistance of a model. If we suppose ourselves having to call some London tapster, who suggested

Sam Weller to Dickens, as a witness that Sam Weller was really a "character," we shall see how useless for purposes of criticism "I. B. H.'s" rule is.—Ed. Nation.]

## "YORK, YOU'RE WANTED."

To the Editor of the Nation:

In your issue of October 22, 1868, mention is made of Bartlett's "Familiar Quotations," reviewed in *Lippincott's Magazine*, and you bring the critic to book—I dare say very justly—for the way in which he has handled the subject. But I was somewhat startled when I came upon the following: "Nor resuscitate dead slang." "'York, you're wanted,' may have been frequently heard in Great Britain about 1832, when the Duke of York became insolvent."

Now, if the Duke of York had ever become "insolvent," it must have been prior to that date, for by that time he had long paid his debts by paying the great debt of nature, dying in 1827. If living in 1832, he would have been king, being the heir presumptive to George IV. after the death of the Princess Charlotte.

The slang expression of "York, you're wanted" never had any reference to the Duke of York; it became familiarized publicly from the musical drama of the "Slave," wherein it is applied to a knowing character, "Matthew Sharpset," a wide-awake Yorkshireman.

C. J. H., A Subscriber from No. 1.

Philadelphia, November 9, 1868.

## THE NUMBER OF THE SPIRITUALISTS.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: In the Boston *Commonwealth* of October 7 the following sentence occurs in an article of some length and ability on Spiritualism:

"Do we know that of these thirty millions of thinking inhabitants of our land from three to five millions are Spiritualists?"

Now, what I wish to ask is, Does anybody know this? Indeed, are there any statistics whatever on the subject beyond the vaguest guesses? When it was currently announced two or three years ago that the Spiritualists numbered nearly a million believers, it struck the thoughtful reader as something too marvellous for easy credibility; but now we have it soberly stated by a writer who—though favorable to its beliefs and doctrines—writes about the Spiritualistic movement and its shortcomings with apparent candor, that the number is three times, and perhaps nearly five times, as great. This estimate, at its lowest point, would make the number of Spiritualists larger than the three most important of our Protestant denominations, each of which has its church edifices and visible monuments in almost every township of the land, while there are no outside indications hardly anywhere out of the large towns and villages—in which they hire halls for their progressive lyceums—that such a body as the Spiritualists exists at all.

Does it not seem apparent upon the very face of them that these statistics originate more in enthusiasm than in figures? If they be true, however, then one out of every ten white persons, both North and South, is a Spiritualist.

Hoping the enquiry in this note may be worth the place it will occupy,

I am, yours very truly, Joel Benton.

Amenia, November 2, 1868.

## THE BUTLERITE SECRET.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: The honorable energy with which you arrayed yourselves in the interest of true Republicanism against the brummagem article which Mr. Butler has so unfortunately succeeded in foisting upon the voters of Essex County, induces me to address to you a few remarks showing the true motive which, now that the struggle is over, every one may see lay at the lowest foundation of the movement. Since it is no longer worth while to conceal the fact, those who have been in the secret from the beginning are now content to acknowledge that the purpose which General Butler is to serve in Congress is simply that of a watch-dog upon General Grant. It is a painful fact that a clique of extremists in this State, skilled in wire-pulling and fond of office, and through a small success in these branches of petty local politics deriving a certain degree of power for themselves, have been from the beginning very unfriendly to the project of raising General Grant to the Presidency. The *Commonwealth*, a sheet by no means of the first rank, is the organ of these men. Until swept away by the stream, this paper would fain have stood out against General Grant's nomination. Its final yielding was reluctant and ungracious. A pretty programme of this set is reported to have been spoiled when impeachment failed, and it is whispered that part of this programme was to send Mr. Butler as minister to England—a statement which is so absurd as to sound almost like a joke, but which I am well assured is quite veracious. The editor of the *Commonwealth* has been an active supporter and canvasser for General Butler in the Fifth District. General Butler himself has apparently feared to trust even his own marvellous audacity and control of expression, if he got upon the dangerous ground of his feelings toward General Grant. He has generally kept aloof from the subject. Once at a late date in the contest he allowed himself to say that if the next administration should seek to interfere with his disposition of the patronage in that (the Fifth) District, this unwary executive would find its hands full for the rest of the term in taking care of Mr. Benjamin F. Butler. Now that the election is over talk is more freely heard among the extreme Butlerites to the effect that General Grant's future is still problematical, that he may be a second Johnson, and that it is utterly essential to the safety of the nation to have General Butler in Congress *to watch him!* Such, then, is clearly the grand object which the representative himself and those who are really in sympathy with him and really know his sentiments have in view, and have had in view from the beginning. This fact was so carefully concealed while the contest was going on that it was difficult for the opponents of the general to make that use of it which it deserved; it is only now that it begins to be popularly known, when it is too late for the knowledge to have its due effect.

Yours, etc., Anti-Butler.

Boston, November 9, 1868.

# Notes.

## LITERARY.

We are requested to say that on Friday, the 13th instant, in the rooms of the Chancellor of the New York University, there will be a meeting to discuss the feasibility of organizing and sustaining an American Philological Society. A number of the linguists of this and other cities have promised their attendance, and all others will be welcomed. The hour of assembling is three o'clock in the afternoon. — We have to announce a new magazine for the young folks, to be edited by Captain Mayne Reid, and published by Mr. G. W. Carleton & Co. "The literature of this magazine is intended to be of the highest character known to the pages of a periodical," and this for the reason that the experience of its conductor "tells him it is not necessary *to write down* to the youth of America." Perhaps experience should tell all authors that it is never necessary to write down to the youth of any nation; we don't recall any very successful instances of book-writing in which the author was not his best self. *Onward* is to be the title of the magazine—that is, the prospectus says, *Onward* "along the track of civilization; on towards goodness and glory," etc., etc. It is not a very taking prospectus, we must say; and the work of the artist is hardly more pleasing than that of the writer: a figure which strongly suggests a young woman with stuffed legs escaped from the "White Fawn" or the "Black Crook" stands on the north pole and points off into the heavens at her left to a diminutive eagle, which must have been taken from a nickel cent of the first unfortunate issue.——Prof. J. D. Whitney announces that Messrs. B. Westermann & Co., of this city, have for sale some, and soon will have all, of these works relating to California: Vol. I. of the "Geology" (pp. 525); Vol. I. of the "Palæontology" (pp. 263), which is ready, and Vol. II., of which a part is nearly ready (sect. 1, part 1) and the remainder is in press; the "Ornithology," which will be confined in two profusely illustrated volumes. Indeed, all the books above-mentioned are enriched with plates. Besides these, the following works on kindred subjects, and which may be said to belong to the same set, will be, or already are, in the market: "Mining Statistics, No. 1," containing a tabular statement of the quartz mines and mills which, in 1865, were between the Merced and Stanislaus Rivers; "Geographical Catalogue of the Mollusca west of the Rocky Mountains, between Latitudes 33° and 49° north;" "The Yo Semite Guide-Book;" "The Yo Semite Book" (photographically illustrated, sold by subscription, and now all sold); and finally, "A Map of the Vicinity of San Francisco Bay." These are the publications of "The Geological Survey of California," and they are the work of Professor J. D. Whitney himself, aided efficiently by Messrs. W. M. Gabb, George G. Meek, A. Remond, Doctor J. G. Cooper, Professor S. F. Baird, and others.——Mr. Carleton announces, besides his magazine, "A Life of Mark M. Pomeroy," known as "Brick" Pomeroy. Mrs. M. E. Tucker prepared the book from materials chiefly furnished by Pomeroy himself. The author of "Liffith Lank" and "St. Twelmo," who apparently is not in love with the work of publishing for himself, gets Mr. Carleton to

stand sponsor to his new satire, which will be entitled "The Wickedest Woman in New York." "The Arts of Reading, Writing, and Spelling" s another of Carleton's announcements.——Messrs. Roberts Brothers will publish translations of Auerbach's "Edelweiss" and "Dorfgeschicte" —already once translated in this country—and republications of Richardson's "Clarissa" (Mr. Dallas's abridged edition, we presume); of "Tales of School Life," by Mr. Ascott R. Hope, whom readers of his other works will be glad to meet again; of Miss Luyster's translation of "Life and Works of Thorwaldsen;" of Miss M. Betham Edwards's "Kitty;" and of the "Tallants of Barton."——Sheldon & Co. announce "The Child Wife: a Story of Two Spheres," by Captain Mayne Reid, and "Gleaning among the Sheaves," which we take to be sermons, by Mr. Spurgeon.——Messrs. G. P. Putnam & Son will publish "Blindpits," a novel by a new author, and "Astronomy without Mathematics," by Mr. E. B. Davison.

—A Baltimore correspondent brings two complaints against these "Literary Notes." The first is that we frequently speak of works "sold only by subscription," or "to be had only of the agents," without further particulars. The subscription paper, he says, never comes along, the agent never makes his appearance. As to this, we can only reply that in general we design to give all the information that we possess, and we think our correspondent will find that in the cases alluded to mention is almost always made of the publishing firm, to whom a letter of enquiry might be addressed by the person interested. But the second complaint is that we do not tell where books published in Europe—as, for instance, at Gotha—are procurable on this side the water. This omission has weight, to be sure, with country readers, and all such we may as well inform here that foreign works noticed in the *Nation*, or in any other periodical, can be obtained either directly or mediately of any importing bookseller; thus, to name those of this city alone, of Scribner, Welford & Co. (English publications especially); or of F. W. Christern (French especially), L. W. Schmidt, B. Westermann & Co., and E. Steiger (German especially). And any local bookseller would undertake to procure, through these or kindred houses in other cities, the remotest publication in any country of the world. In further answer to our St. Louis correspondent of last week, it may be well to call his attention to these works of bibliographical reference: For absolutely complete lists not only of French books and pamphlets, but of maps, engravings, and music, he may go to the *Bibliographie de la France*, published weekly at 20 francs per annum, and containing over 11,000 titles each year. It is based on information furnished directly by the Minister of the Interior. A similar list of Italian books, entitled *Bibliografia d'Italia*, is published at Florence; price 5 francs per annum. This periodical is now in its second year. The Germans think their *Allgemeine Bibliographie für Deutschland* (1 thaler 2 groschen per annum) is in some respects superior to the French *Bibliographie*. It appears every week at Leipzig, is republished in a classified form every three months, and again in one alphabet of authors, with a classed index, every six months. These can all be obtained through any of the foreign booksellers in this city. As it is going beyond our correspondent's question, we will merely mention here the *Nederlandsche Bibliographie*, the *Svensk Bibliographi*, the *Dansk Bogfortegnelse*, and the *Boletin Bibliográfico Español*.

—A very good specimen of the educated pioneer of fifty years ago was Judge James Hall, who recently died in Cincinnati at the age of seventy-three years. Born in Philadelphia, in 1795, Hall received a common-school education, or rather a part of one, for he was not slow in conceiving a disgust at the routine school teaching of those days; but the defects of his early instruction he made up for by a wide course of desultory reading, by pretty steady writing for various periodicals, by a study of the law and of the military profession, and by the acquisition of the Latin and French languages. At the age of nineteen he entered the volunteer service, and took part in the first campaign of the war of 1812. Afterwards he served under Scott, Brown, and Ripley, as a lieutenant in a battery of regular artillery, and distinguished himself so much as to be designated one of the five artillery officers to accompany Decatur to Algiers. He was twenty-five when, having been admitted to the bar, he resigned his commission, and two years afterwards, in 1820, he wandered down the Ohio, which then flowed through a country almost a wilderness, and settled in Shawneetown, Illinois. The inevitable newspaper divided with the law the young counsellor's attention, but before he had been in his new home a year he was made circuit attorney and became an efficient prosecutor of the horse-thieves and regulators which infested his nine counties as well as the West and Southwest generally. For four years he carried his library in his saddle-bags, forded rivers, traversed bridle paths for hundreds of miles, slept where he could, fed on Indian meal and pork, and under all sorts of difficulties did what he could to bring criminals to justice. That all his difficulties were not outside of the court-rooms will be readily inferred by readers of this sentence of death passed upon a notorious villain by a popular judge, who desired to maintain and extend his popularity, and was willing to conciliate the freebooters as well as the other classes of his acquaintance: "Mr. Green, you have just been found guilty. Will you have the kindness to stand up, Mr. Green? I really would not trouble you, Mr. Green, but such is the established custom of the court. As I was saying, Mr. Green, you have just been found guilty by the jury, Mr. Green, of—of—I believe you called it murder, Mr. Foreman of the jury; yes—murder. You will please take notice, Mr. Green, that it is the *jury* who find you guilty; not I, Mr. Green. I express no opinion on the subject, but I am compelled by the law—it 's a mere formality so far as I am concerned, Mr. Green—to sentence you to be hung by the neck till you are dead—dead. At what time would it be agreeable to you to be hung, Mr. Green?" Making due allowance for the latitude of after-dinner discourse, we have little doubt that Mr. Hall, when he told the story of this solemn sentence, departed not at all from the truth of the facts. Only a caricaturist, as we Eastern people count caricaturists, could have done justice to the state of society in our Western country half a century since. Immediately after his four years of practice as circuit attorney, Mr. Hall was elevated to the bench, and made a very good judge for the place and times, though his decisions have no very authoritative weight, we dare say, in the courts of to-day. In 1833, Judge Hall took up his abode in Cincinnati, in which city he resided until the day of his death, editing a magazine which his countrymen, in mercy to him and themselves, have forgotten, writing for the newspapers, and acting as president of a bank. He was all his life more or less interested in literary labor, and he produced one work which the quarterly reviewers of the day abused bitterly, and one he produced which even now is worth some attention. The "Letters from the West" which the English critics fell foul of was a youthful production which was put on the English market, without its author's consent or knowledge, by an injudicious friend of Mr. Hall's, a good many years after he had ceased to be a youth, and, of course, furnished a text from which were preached a good many truly British sermons, which had for their burden the general baseness of Yankee judges, who, it was said, evidently did nothing but attend barbecues and horse-races and dances—the fact of the matter being that the writer, when his letters were written, was a young man seeking the fortune which when they were published he had found and for some eminently respectable years enjoyed. Those, however, were the days when nobody read an American qook except an ignorant and malignant, or at best an ignorant, quarterly or monthly reviewer. The more valuable of Judge Hall's two principal works is a "History and Biography of the North American Indians" in three folio volumes, illustrated by more than a hundred portraits of celebrated Indians and filled with information derived from traders and settlers. It was always an expensive, and is now a rare, book, found in public libraries and hardly anywhere else. Mr. Hall's life was a very busy one, and the immense mass of materials for a pioneer history which he must have had in his head has never been adequately presented to the public. This is a pity, for the pioneer days are hopelessly over. Besides an infinitude of newspaper and magazine writings—among which is a manly and courageous defence of the Catholics against an attack on them by Dr. Lyman Beecher—Judge Hall published in the course of his life these among other books: a "Life of Harrison;" "Border Tales;" "Harpe's Head: a Legend of Kentucky;" "The West, its Commerce and Navigation;" "Tales of the Wigwam and the War-Path;" "Sketches of the West;" "The West, its Soil, Surface, and Productions;" "Legends of the West." Nobody who would understand how the people of the great Valley became what they are should neglect Judge Hall. Our facts in regard to his life we owe to a memoir of him prepared for the Cincinnati *Commercial* by "J. F. M.," who, it is no harm to say, is Colonel Meline.

—We do not know if it is Postmaster-General Randall who is responsible for the infliction upon us of the new set of postage stamps; if it is not, we wish that he in the exercise of his authority would do something to secure a tolerable set of designs. What we have at present are not good; indeed, the present two-cent stamp, with the head of Jackson, is to be called villanous, but what we are going to have will be execrable. On the three-cent stamp there is to be "a finely engraved locomotive. This is surrounded by lines of lightning, indicating the speed with which the letters are carried on which this stamp is used." The five-cent stamp is to have a portrait of Washington, which, by right, ought, we should say, to be kept on the stamps most frequently used, and we can see no good reason for

making any change. The ten-cent stamp is to have "an excellent microscopical copy of the painting of the signing of the Declaration of Independence, bringing in the Rotunda at Washington." The copy may be good; but the more excellent is the copy of a picture that is detestable, the worse for the people before whose eyes it is constantly set. Again, on the thirty-cent stamp, which, fortunately, is little used, there is to be a copy of another strenuous effort of bad art, "The Surrender of Burgoyne," which hangs in the Capitol. The twelve-cent stamp has a picture of a steamer at sea; and inasmuch as the letters costing two cents for postage are generally sent by a carrier, the stamp for them has a figure of a post-boy at full speed. We suggest a picture of a Brooklyn ferry-boat blocked in the ice, "indicating the speed with which the letters are carried on which this stamp is used." Not many people will say that it is the business of governments to teach art, but nobody will say that it is the business of governments to give false teaching of any kind, and it is decidedly to be regretted that all the hundreds of thousands of people who are going to see these stamps every day are going to get more or less accustomed to deformity, when it would have been nearly as easy to set beautiful conceptions and forms before them.

—A year and a half ago, says the *Advertiser*, a Boston physician, Dr. S. A. Green, saw exposed for sale at a stall in Paris on one of the quays—which are the Parisian Nassau Street, the mart for second-hand books—a manuscript written in French. Turning over the leaves he discovered references to events in our American Revolution, and for that reason, to say nothing of his general interest in historical study and research, he purchased the work without knowing exactly what it was. It proved to be an interesting autograph military journal of Count William de Deux-Ponts, who served in this country as a colonel under Rochambeau, and was actively engaged in the campaign which resulted in the surrender of Cornwallis to the united forces of Washington and our French allies. Dr. Green has printed "Mes Campagnes d'Amérique" and the author's notes, without the slightest change. He has appended a translation which is described as being excellent both as a translation and as a piece of English, and has prefixed an introduction containing all that he could learn concerning the count—who, by the way, is usually confounded with his elder brother, Count Christian—and concerning the regiment which he commanded with so much gallantry. The book is an interesting contribution to the mass, which yearly grows larger, of materials for American history.

—Besides the many public and private reasons which excite regret for the death of the late Mr. Octavius Pickering, in Boston, on the 29th of October, there is the special one that it leaves unfinished a valuable work, well begun—the life of his father, Timothy Pickering, of which the first volume was published by Little, Brown & Co. about a year ago. The succeeding volumes were to embrace the post-Revolutionary career of this interesting character, and promised to be of rather higher historical and political value than the first. Mr. Pickering was undoubtedly engaged in preparing them at the time of his death, and it is to be hoped that he had accomplished enough to make it practicable for another—perhaps his own son—to complete his undertaking, and thus still further enrich a department of our literature which is distinctively and honorably American.

—At the February meeting of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences a paper was read by Mr. Lewis H. Morgan, of Rochester, upon "The Origin of the Classificatory System of Relationship." As the entire work, of which this appears to be a summary, is to be published by the Smithsonian Institute, it will be sufficient to call attention to the most prominent points of the discussion. As a contribution to what has been termed "Comparative Jurisprudence" Mr. Morgan's researches have the greatest value, and by strong presumption, if not actual proof, carry the historical enquiry at least one step further back than the firm ground upon which Maine's treatise rests. Mr. Morgan does not give us any new facts with regard to the Indo-European, or Aryan, family; but he evidently believes that this family passed at one time through the remarkable social stages which he describes in the Malay, Turanian, and Ganowanian (North American Indian) families. The Malay system, as represented in the Hawaiian language, he considers an earlier stage than the others, by reason of its greater simplicity, not always good evidence in discussions of this nature, but very probable here. The peculiarity of all these is that the classification of kinship is by *generations;* nephews and nieces are not distinguished from children; uncles and aunts from parents, and so on. This usage prevails in its entirety among the Malay tribes; its origin is explained by one Hawaiian custom quoted from Judge Lorin Andrews: "The relationship of 'pinalna' is rather amphibious. It arose from the fact that two or more brothers, with their wives, and two or more sisters, with their husbands, were inclined to possess each other in common." Of course in this state of society no distinction was possible between sons and nephews. But in what Mr. Morgan considers the later stage of development found among the North American Indians, this principle holds only half-way; brother's children rank as one's own, while sister's children are called nephews and nieces. This appears to mark the commencement of the tribal development, in which all the descendants of a common ancestor—usually in the male line, but sometimes also in the female—rank as one whole; the children of daughters or sons, as the case may be, belonging to the tribe of the other parent. It is a remarkable fact that this North American system exists with very slight modification in Southern India, and, indeed, with further modifications among other Asiatic peoples. Of course, the importance of these facts lies in the inferences drawn from them as to the growth of the family idea in the human race. In the Indo-European race, as Mr. Maine has shown, the family is the primitive institution, so far as has yet been traced; and perhaps it will never be found possible to supply the missing link between the Turanian family system and the Indo-European, any more than between the languages. But Mr. Morgan enumerates the various stages through which he thinks it probable that the human race naturally passed, beginning with promiscuous intercourse, and ending at last in the modern family. Whether all his conclusions are to be accepted or not, he has certainly led the way in a most interesting and fruitful investigation, which he has the merit of conducting in a thoroughly scientific method. It should be remarked that, besides his personal observations among the Indians, he has been aided by the most zealous co-operation of the Department of State, the Smithsonian Institute, and the various missionary boards; and that his tabulated schedules will cover four hundred and fifty pages of the Smithsonian contributions.

—The many persons for whom geographical explorations have a charm, and who do not subscribe to "L'Année Géographique," would be interested to read the survey of the lustrum 1863–68 in the address of Dr. Adolph Bastian, delivered last April on occasion of the fortieth anniversary of the Berlin Geographical Society. This address has been published in pamphlet form—not translated, so far as we know—and is a monument not only of the author's comprehensive knowledge and masterly power of condensation, but of his lively sense of the services which geography renders to human brotherhood, to comparative science, to commerce, emigration, and international industry. Scarcely a name that has distinguished itself in the past five years in any quarter of the globe is omitted in this retrospect, while especial honor is paid to those explorers who have perished in the pursuit of their disinterested aims. The address opens with a just tribute to the memory of Carl Ritter for his acute and original apprehension of the importance of geographical studies, and then follows the roll-call of those who, in the period mentioned, have sought to extend our acquaintance with the earth's surface and inhabitants. Mr. E. G. Squier is the only American whom we have observed on this list, reference being made to his investigation of Peruvian antiquities, with the announcement of his forthcoming work ("ein grosses Werk")—of which several papers were recently published in *Harper's*. Dr. Bastian takes a very deep interest in the human side of geographical discovery, and he gives some significant *aperçus* of the extent to which the Chinese are spreading over the islands of Polynesia, supplanting the savage aborigines, and establishing themselves, or allowing themselves to be established, in Australia, Peru, Cuba, and California. A considerable work of Dr. Bastian's, which is, however, merely preliminary to one still larger, entitled "Das Beständige in den Menschenrassen" (The Constant Element among the Races of Mankind), from the press of Dietrich Reimer, at Berlin, has just reached this country, and we hope in due time to give our readers some notion of its contents.

—Another contribution to geographical knowledge is to be found in Dr. Petermann's supplement to his "Geographische Mittheilungen," relating to the Trans-Vaal Republic. In the north of that country, of which we have our latest accounts in the travels of Chapman, a German, Karl Mauch, has recently discovered rich gold deposits; and the interest thus awakened in South Africa and the country of the Boers—an interest which may have the most important and far-reaching results for all that region—has induced Dr. Petermann to publish a description of the Trans-Vaal by Friedrich Jeppe, its postmaster-general; together with not very encouraging extracts from Dr. Wangemann's book of travels. The latter is director of the Berlin Mission, and in 1866–67 visited the remains of the colonies founded in British Caffraria by the survivors of the German Legion in the Crimean War. He found there "Berlin" and "Potsdam" and "Charlottenburg" in most beautiful locations, but in a deplorable state of decay, and spiritually

as destitute as their neighbors the Boers. The latter are, of course, touched off somewhat rosily by Jeppe, and would seem to be not so badly in want of religious and secular education as Chapman has painted them, himself friendly to the people. Of the climate and natural productions of the country Jeppe speaks by the card, and enumerates a long list of abundant minerals worth the working. The population of the Republic is put down at 25,000 to 30,000 whites, and about 250,000 natives, the whites being mostly born on the soil, of German, French, and especially Dutch emigrants, the founders of the state. Their simple government is described in detail: a constitution of 269 articles, supplemented where defective by Dutch-Roman law; an executive council of five members, of whom only one bears the title "Member of the Executive Council," the rest being officers of state. The present President is Marthinus Wessel Pretorius, whose name points to a German origin, and is, in fact, borne by the editor of the St. Louis *Westliche Post*. The map which accompanies the supplement is by far the most complete and accurate of any heretofore published, and we owe it to the combined labors of Mauch, Jeppe, and Merensky.

—Renan, in the preface to his "Questions contemporaines," declares it was not primary (or popular) education that triumphed at Sadowa, but the university, rather. "The University makes the School;" the higher culture gives strength to the lower; and Austria was defeated "by German science, virtue, Protestantism, and philosophy—by Luther, Kant, Fichte, and Hegel." Since he goes on to contrast France and Germany in respect of their universities, there is for the former an unpleasant inference to be drawn, which is not diminished when one compares the intelligence of the French and North German armies. In the Prussian military and naval service there were enlisted during the fiscal year 1867–68, 88,607 men, of whom 3,295, or 3·72 per cent., had had no education (*ohne Schulbildung waren*). The states and provinces which contributed this total showed percentages of ignorance ranging from 14·72 (Posen) to 0·17 per cent. (Nassau and Frankfort). The Prussians proper had 1,427 uneducated men out of a contingent of 11,365 (12·56 per cent.) Now, in 1857–61, of the conscripts from Brittany and Central France, and from several departments of the South, 66 per cent. were so illiterate that they could neither read nor write. They represented in all twenty-five departments, and were properly marked "black" on Manier's *Carte éducationelle de la France*. The "white" were four in number, viz., Doubs, Bas-Rhin, Meuse, Haute-Marne; but 5 per cent. of their conscripts being wholly illiterate. We have before us the "Record of the Service of the Fifty-fifth Regiment (colored) of Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry," printed privately in Boston last July. The regiment consisted of men drawn from all parts of the country; more than one-half were pure blacks, three-eighths were natives of the slave States, and two-eighths had been slaves. Yet there were but 51 per cent. that could neither read nor write, and only 67 per cent. that could not write; figures which make the negroes a shade lighter than the "blacks" of Brittany. We may note further that one of the men is stated to have been born in Africa, and is classed in another list as a "student." He is, we believe, the one of whose learning such accounts reached the North as to make it proper to style him a "pundit."

—A work bearing on this subject of popular education in Europe is named in Mr. L. W. Schmidt's catalogue for October: "Die Fortschritte des Unterrichtswesens in den Culturstaaten Europas," by A. Beer and Fr. Hochegger (Vienna). The second volume has just been issued, and relates to Russia, Belgium, and Switzerland. Other works that may be noticed in the same catalogue are: Proost's "Recherches sur la législation des jugements de Dieu," referring chiefly to Belgium, but incidentally to the principal countries of Europe (Brussels), which might be bound up with Mr. H. C. Lea's "Superstition and Force;" and these two medical works, of which the need of the first, in France, may be presumed from the fact of its appearance a century after Rousseau exhausted the subject, while the value of the second is not problematical: (1) "De l'allaitement maternel étudié aux points de vue de la mère, de l'enfant, et de la société. Conseils aux pères et aux mères de famille," by M. Brochard (Paris); (2) "Le rôle des mères dans les maladies des enfants, ou ce qu'elles doivent savoir pour seconder le médecin," by J. B. Fonssagrives (Paris). "Die Alterthümer unserer heidnischen Vorzeit" (The Antiquities of our Heathen Past) may possibly throw some light on the lays of Roland, so ably discussed at Bremen by Dr. Hugo Meyer. There are thirteen lithographic plates of objects in public and private museums. "Four Letters on Mexico," by the Abbé Brasseur, are published in Paris, and treat of the Mexican hieroglyphics, the close of the age of stone, the temporary glacial epoch, etc., etc., after ancient Mexican documents.

—We desire to call attention to the fact that Germany has once more produced a book "destined to create an entirely new era in the science of antiquities, more especially with regard to the Mosaic books and the Bible"—whatever the last six words may mean. This time the subverter, though he issues his book in Germany—in Erlangen—is by birth an American, namely, Mr. George Brown. Does any one know him? Though he is deceased, we believe, and is now not to be known. Worth knowing he certainly would have been, by some people at all events—for example, by the man or woman puzzled to know "why it is that neither America nor Oceania are once mentioned in the Scriptures." Such person's mind Mr. Brown would at once have cleared up; and his book, we should suppose, can be recommended for the same purpose. Mr. Brown saw clearly that it was precisely in Oceano-America that every scene and event of Biblical history is laid. From ignorance of this fact rise most of the difficulties of Biblical critics. We copy from the *Pall Mall Gazette* the headings of some of the chapters of this dangerous volume, and advise our readers to shun it: "The Bible among the American Aborigines; The Paradise in the South Sea; Eve in America and Oceania; Noah in Cuba; Nimrod and his Empire in America; Sodom and Gomorrha in America; Abraham's War and the American, chiefly the West Indian, Circumstances of the Period; The Idea of the Trinity in the Americo-Hebrew Antiquity, as found in the History of Abraham; Moria, the Places of Worship of Americo-Hebrew Antiquity; Jacob and his Sons in America and India; Esau; Edom in the Brazils; Reuben in America; The Egyptian 'Narrow Sea' in Isaiah, or the Behring Straits; Egyptian names explained from the Indian with relation to America; The Stations of the Israelites; Jews and Spartans; Ireland and Wales in America; Gog and Magog in America; Biblical Oceania."

## MR. PARTON'S SMOKING AND DRINKING.*

"THAT was the time when bread was an article of diet, and the devil had not invented hot biscuit." A writer who says things so sharply cut and recollectable as this saying is, is sure of readers, and Mr. Parton says such things pretty often. And whenever he says them, he is talking on some topic of current popular interest; in fact, he never talks on any other—except, to be sure, in his "Humorous Poetry of the English Language." Clear and incisive, addressing the average man as average men, if they could, would address "self and friends," or "our noble selves," he has been admirably successful as a writer. Yet, his success has its drawbacks too. Take, for example, the successful sentence we have just been reading—it is as good as almost any other sentence of his for the purpose of showing what our author is. It asserts the badness of "hot biscuit," and truly hot biscuits are probably not good. Also, it contains, implicitly, the rather sweeping assertion that honest wholesome bread is an article of diet which now is hardly to be found. The author being an American, and engaged at this moment in talking about American things, we are to understand him as saying that America is almost or entirely given over to the reign of unwholesome hot bread. Unfortunately, however, facts are decidedly in the way of any social philosopher who seeks to reach such a conclusion as that. In other words, it is not wholly true, nor nearly true, that to-day more "hot biscuit" than good bread is eaten in our beloved country; and a statement such as Mr. Parton lets himself make could only be made by a somewhat hasty, somewhat self-confident generalizer, who is in the habit of thinking more about his writing than about what he says.

"Smoking and Drinking," then, although we are rather in sympathy with the author's intentions, we have read without getting too much pleasure from it. For reasons just now hinted at, we were unable in perusing it to feel any strong confidence that our instructor knew quite enough of what he was talking about, and we confess to having had a fear that, whether he knew much or little, he would still talk on with equal courage. So far as an intelligent unscientific training enables one to judge of him at the times when matters pertaining to science are his theme, we should say that one distrusts the truth of almost every word he says, and wishes that he had said less and had said it in a less downright manner. There is, of course, the spiritual and artistic dissatisfaction besides; and also the dissatisfaction that is felt when a disputant whose ability to appreciate the value of evidence is not quite clear offers for consideration his substitutes for arguments and proofs.

Mr. Parton may not improperly be described as a highly magnified newspaper reporter. He has, in a greater degree than most of its members, all the good qualities of that respectable confraternity. His industry is exemplary; he knows with what seems an instinctive knowledge what the ordinary reader is momentarily interested in; he fastens on facts with an avidity which is not surpassed by any Washington servant of the tele-

* "Smoking and Drinking. By James Parton." Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1868.

graph; apparently, he spares no labor in collecting his materials; he is thoroughly at one, in feeling and opinion, with the public for whom he writes; his phraseology is, if not strictly classical, vigorous and taking; he is not the slave of qualifications and limitations; on the contrary, he puts forth without any fear whatever he conceives to be true; he is not only more industrious and intelligent, but he is better informed than his audience. But it is true, too, that some of the not altogether admirable qualities of the newspaper reporter are also his. Apparently it seldom occurs to him to think that possibly there may be, outside of his experience, beyond the bounds of his study, but within the lines of other men's experience and thought, truths which might, if he knew them and had carefully pondered them, modify half his opinions and keep him, even as a magazine writer, judiciously silent concerning many things. More than this even; it seems as if it had not occurred to him that a popular belief in the veritableness of particular facts very often says nothing, or not much, for their real veritableness.

We shall not be telling news to any of our readers when we say that the three articles before us—"Does it Pay to Smoke?" "Will the Coming Man drink Wine?" and "Inebriate Asylums"—belong in the front rank of things readable for once. They are almost totally without imagination, indeed, as all their author's works are, as even the best of them is—his book of brief biographies, namely; but they substitute for this quality a presentation in so vivid phrase of such facts as the writer wants to use, that while one is in the act of reading for the first time, he hardly perceives that he is assisting at a mere skilful manipulation of facts. We speak more particularly of this defect because it is a fruitful source of evils to Mr. Parton, as a worker in literature and as a thinker. It gives him his faculty of seizing separate views and theories with a firm grasp, and not seeing that they make only bits of the truth; it is the cause, we suppose, of that curiously contented contempt of others with which he seems to hold the opinion that what he does not know at the moment is not worth knowing; it is, therefore, at the bottom of his round assertions on all manner of subjects, from religions down to the complexions of the four thousand Bremen tobacconists. But, readable as they are, these articles are, as we have suggested, readable only for once. Dealing, as they do, with matters of opinion, and laying down, as they do, with little or no qualification, the notions on disputed matters of an unimaginative man, incapable not only of weighing and measuring and making allowances, but even incapable of stating such facts as shall not mislead—or of stating any facts in a manner not misleading—they are, on the whole, scientifically, artistically, and morally, pretty often unprofitable reading.

## LIFE IN THE ARGENTINE REPUBLIC.*

The second, which was also the original, title of this work, "Civilization and Barbarism," expresses the motive of the author as the catch title by no means does. Señor Sarmiento proposed to himself to explain why the Argentine Republic had, up to the time of his writing (nearly twenty-five years ago), failed to become free, united, homogeneous, powerful, progressive; to maintain and develop in the New World the highest achievements of the Old. To do this it was necessary to describe the geographical position of the country, its physical features, its population and customs; and the picturesque manner in which the author has accomplished this portion of his task cannot be too highly praised, while at the same time it is subordinate to his main object, that of bringing into relief the "irrepressible conflict" between the pampas and the cities, the gauchos and the citizens. Nor is Mr. Seward's famous phrase inapplicable to the dissensions on the La Plata. We have been struck, in reading these pages, with nothing more than with the close resemblance of the gauchos, as a class, to Southern slaveholders as a class. The latter, to be sure, were purely agricultural, the former cattle-raisers only—yet almost equally scattered, equally idle and averse to profitable exertion, equally lawless.

"Imagine an expanse of two thousand square leagues, inhabited throughout, but where the dwellings are usually four, or even eight, leagues apart, and two leagues, at least, separate the nearest neighbors. The production of movable property is not impossible, the enjoyments of luxury are not wholly incompatible with this isolation; wealth can raise a superb edifice in the desert. But the incentive is wanting; no example is near; the inducements for making a great display, which exist in a city, are not known in that isolation and solitude. Inevitable privations justify natural indolence; a dearth of all the amenities of life induces all the externals of barbarism. Society has altogether disappeared. There is but the isolated, self-concentrated, feudal family."

This is not, of course, an exact picture of the South, yet it corresponds very nearly with Mrs. Stowe's account of Legree's plantation, with what Mrs. Kemble has told in her Georgia Diary, and with what we do not need to be told about Southern society. Let us pass to other common features. Sarmiento wrote at a time when Rosas, having, with the aid of the gaucho element, subdued the cities, ruled them with the most atrocious and humiliating despotism.

"He knew how to use words and forms which satisfy the indifferent, such as—*the savages; the bloodthirsty creatures; perfidious, wretched Unitarios; the perfidious minister of Brazil; the dirty money of France; the iniquitous claims of England*—words thus sufficing to cover the longest and most frightful series of crimes that the nineteenth century has witnessed."

Of the subserviency of the North to the South while slavery ruled the nation, we need not speak; the very memory is shameful. But the perversion of language which attended that demoralizing sway, and still lingers in the mouths of the Democracy, was not different from that induced by Rosas. Do we not seem to hear, for the words italicized, these phrases: *the incendiaries, the fanatics, the cut-throat Abolitionists; British gold; the d—d black disunion Republicans!*—words that sufficed to conceal the iniquity of human bondage and to cloak the purposes of conspirators against the Union? And, not to follow the parallel further, may we not, *mutatis mutandis*, apply this statement to the attitude of South and North before and since the war?—

"Two distinct forms of civilization meet upon a common ground in the Argentine Republic; one, still in its infancy, which, ignorant of that so far above it, goes on repeating the crude efforts of the Middle Ages; the other disregarding what lies at its feet, while it strives to realize in itself the latest results of European civilization: the nineteenth and twelfth centuries dwell together."

All of the author's own part in this volume is admirable reading; a more able pen never shed clearness and interest on the tangled history of South American politics. A few broad and charming touches, to make us familiar with the soil and its inhabitants, precede a study of Facundo Quiroga and the brothers Aldao—upland slopes to the pestilent volcano, Rosas—which leaves them vividly impressed upon the imagination as real characters, and yet suggests an artistic reserve in the painter, who cannot forget that he is coloring his enemies. This restraint, partly philosophical, partly magnanimous, is everywhere visible in Sarmiento's narrative. In revising his work he has pointed out, with the utmost candor—citing the severe criticism of another—passages in which imperfect knowledge and partisan heat made him do injustice to one portion of the Republic. On the other hand, in describing men whose laurels might have cost him his sleep, he is an unselfish witness to their merits. And fortunately the page which is stained with the record of the tyrants already named lights up with the mention of Rivadavia, Barcala, and Paz—counter-actors upon the checkered scene.

The translator leaves little to be desired in the performance of her special work. Her appendix, however, and preface are ill digested and unmethodical, though we cannot but thank her for all the information she has collected concerning the now President Sarmiento, and the extracts from his autobiography. His many-sided character, broad sympathies, and cultivated intellect not only elicit our deepest respect, but, in connection with those of his compatriots, fill us with encouragement as to the future of his country. After a thousand services in prison, in exile, in office at home and abroad, he now returns to receive a more spontaneous and unanimous suffrage than has fallen to most statesmen from any people. At the head of affairs we may be sure that his interest in popular education, as the basis of free government, will not abate, while we may hope that his present authority will last till the Republic is irrevocably established in ways of peace, order, and progress, according to the spirit of the age.

*The Magic Spectacles.* By Chauncey Giles. Illustrated by Chapman. (New York: Joseph R. Putnam. 1868.)—This is one of those utilitarian fairy tales with a moral and a plain interpretation, which he who runs may read, which are written by people without imagination for children who, having never known the dear delights of the Arabian tales, nor made the acquaintance of such pleasantly unmoral and unscientific fairies as Rumpelstiltskin, say, fancy they are being amused when they are only being insidiously instructed and preached to in the basest manner. It is rather a shame to practise in this way on the innocence of childhood, and it makes people who remember the pleasure they took in fairies, who cast no reflections on naughty boys, and would have scorned to inveigle them into long division or a comprehension of the nominative absolute, look with sincere pity on their own children, for whom so much improving reading is pro-

* "Life in the Argentine Republic in the Days of the Tyrants; or, Civilization and Barbarism. From the Spanish of Domingo F. Sarmiento, LL.D., Minister Plenipotentiary from the Argentine Republic to the United States. With a biographical sketch of the author, by Mrs. Horace Mann." New York: Hurd & Houghton. 1868. Pp. xxxv., 400.

vided. The didactic fairy tale is a sorrowful failure as far as entertainment, which we take to be the legitimate business of fairy tales, is concerned. It might, however, be interesting to authors who have taken up this line of literature to consider some of the remoter consequences of their work. When children look up from a story like this of Mr. Giles's, and say, "Oh! but there are no fairies, you know—he means your brains," the little rationalists have hit on a method of interpretation which may some time lead them into thorny places. It is never safe to weight ethics with supernaturalism—to join fact and fancy in an unnatural union, even for children. The faith which accepts Bluebeard without scruple, and receives Aladdin's lamp as the most natural thing in the world, recoils and becomes scepticism in the presence of a magician who rebukes one's easily besetting sins and talks like a schoolmaster.

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*The Unconscious Truth of the Four Gospels.* By W. H. Furness. (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1868.)—There is something almost touching in the persistency with which Dr. Furness returns to his favorite theme: The naturalness of the life and acts and character of Jesus. The present volume is the sixth which he has devoted to this subject. As its title approximates to that of the first, perhaps this is the last. The first was published thirty-two years ago, under the title "Remarks on the Four Gospels." Then came "Jesus and His Biographers," which, all things considered, will probably be regarded as the best expression of his thought. This was followed by "The History of Jesus," and this by "Thoughts on Jesus of Nazareth." Still later came "The Veil Partly Lifted," and now another volume is before us. The later volumes have been in the main called forth by a desire to reconcile his main idea with the results of recent criticism. The present volume does not seem to us to add enough to the force of his argument to justify its publication. Dr. Furness's conception of Jesus is unique, and it is beautiful, whether it can be established or not. His method is more akin to that of the German rationalist, Paulus, than to any other, but is more delicate and tender. A wonderful refinement characterizes it throughout. His confidence in the internal evidences to the truth of the Gospels is perfectly intense. He returns to it again and again. But if the credibility of the Gospels is to be established beyond cavil, it must be on less subjective testimony.

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*About Women, Love, and Marriage.* By F. Saunders, author of "Salad for the Solitary," "Salad for the Social," "Mosaics," "Festival of Song," etc. (New York: G. W. Carleton & Co. 1868.)—The best we can say of Mr. Saunders's new literary venture is, that it violates few of the rules of syntax, and never counsels infractions of the rules of morality. But, considering how largely the book is made up of quotations, its unvarying triviality becomes rather remarkable. A quotation in Mr. Saunders's hands, drawn from what source soever, loses all its value—is at once "hidden under a bushel." To adopt one of his own most engaging pleasantries, we "file a bill of impeachment against him in the high court of" literature, "requiring him to show cause why sentence should not be pronounced against him" for committing high crimes and misdemeanors of which inanities like these are fair examples:

"Love has been compared to debt; it keeps its victim awake at night, or disturbs his repose with nocturnal visions; and, during day, haunts him with perpetual phantoms. Love has been appropriately named the tender passion, from its softening effects on the brain; some authorities, however, suppose it is so designated because its influence is derived from the softer sex. The disease is highly infectious—it attacks all classes alike, old and young, the poor as well as the wealthy; for Cupid is ever on the alert, seeking whom he may ensnare."

"The young are always enthusiastic on the subject, and entertain the most exalted ideas of the estate connubial. You may suggest to them that there are thorns as well as roses growing upon its banks and borders, and that its skies are not always bright, but your suggestions will be little heeded, for marriage is their bright ideal, their goal."

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*The Amazon.* By Franz Dingelstedt. Translated from the German by J. M. Hart. (New York: G. P. Putnam & Son. 1868.)—One of his German critics says that Franz Dingelstedt is "not merely a poet by nature, but he is also a brilliant fellow." As to the validity of his claims to the poetical nature we have no means of judging, the "Amazon" offering no evidence that he possesses any. It deals in a clever but superficial way with certain phases of German society, with artistic and theatrical life principally—Dingelstedt being the director of the Court Theatre at Vienna, and writing in a style very suggestive of his thorough adaptation to his profession. As to his brilliancy, if the reader good-naturedly chooses he may concede it, but we fancy nobody finds it very dazzling. Certainly his brilliance is not that of the diamond; it resembles more that of those Japanese fireworks which, when one carefully extinguishes all the surrounding lights, coruscates, if one is fortunate, for half a minute and sputters out into darkness. It lies in his expression, not in his thought; for which reason we fail to see the resemblance to Heine which another of his critics has discovered. The "Amazon" does not compel perusal, but is clever enough to repay it if the reader likes to look at life under the glare of the footlights, and has plenty of otherwise unoccupied time on his hands.

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BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

| *Authors.—Titles.* | *Publishers.—Prices.* | |
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| Amy Hall Books: for Children. 6 vols | (Pres. Pub. Committee) | |
| Banning (Dr. E. P.), A Rational Treatise on the Trunkal Muscles. | (W. A. Townsend & Adams) | |
| Barnum (Rev. S. W.), Comprehensive Dictionary of the Bible: Smith's abridged and improved | (D. Appleton & Co.) | $5 00 |
| Beecher (Rev. H. W.), Sermons, 2 vols | (Harper & Bros.) | |
| Comedy of Canonization, swd | (Pott & Amery) | 0 50 |
| Dalgairns (Rev. J. B.), The Holy Communion | (Catholic Pub. Soc.) | |
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## The Week.

GENERAL GRANT may be fairly said to have entered on the duties of his office, although he has not yet been sworn in. The interval between election and inauguration has usually been passed by Presidents elect, since Jackson's time, in arranging the distribution of offices, and satisfying the "claims" of campaign orators, wire-pullers, bill-stickers, and the rest of the great army of patriots who do the work of the canvass. The usual flood of letters began to pour in on Grant as soon as he returned to Washington; and the "managers" and other wise men began to take the trains, in all parts of the country, for the purpose of showing the innocent soldier how the thing ought to be done. He has, however, proved not so very innocent after all, and has begun his work by a stroke which none of the "practical politicians" ever dreamed of. He has ordered all applications for office to be burned without being shown to him, and announces that whenever he wants anybody for an office he will be sure to send for him. We feel satisfied that politicians themselves will be the first to recognize in this arrangement both Grant's sagacity and goodness of heart. Persons who want office can now stay quietly at home following their usual avocations, if they have any, be saved all the expense and annoyance of a journey to Washington, and at the same time have the satisfaction, which they have never enjoyed before, of knowing that the minute places are ready for them they will be summoned to fill them. We have no doubt hundreds of thousands of dollars will be saved in this way, in labor and travelling expenses.

As important a piece of news as any from the South is to the effect that the committee of five whom the Mississippi Constitutional Convention made final judges of the vote have declared that the constitution at the election last spring was ratified. This, we suppose, gives the Republicans five new members in Congress. It is not explained, so far as we have heard, how it happens that it has been so long believed by everybody in Mississippi and out of it that the Constitution was defeated; yet, as things look now, a little explanation is desirable. Probably Alabama has been carried for Grant, which more than offsets the loss of Oregon; the white vote among the hill people must have been considerable, though in one of the northern counties—Marion—no election was held. At any rate, there must have been a pretty general refusal to vote for Seymour. This is the most encouraging sign that Alabama has made for some time, if it means, as we suppose it does, that some of the Conservatives are a little frightened at the excesses of some of the others. Louisiana, which apparently is content with her glory, has for the moment ceased killing Republicans. The Republican Committee are out in an address in which they fully account for the overwhelming Seymour majority. Just before the election the conservatives, having resolved on carrying the State, killed 200 negroes in St. Landry; in that parish, therefore, out of 2,000 registered Republicans not one voted. In peaceable parishes, "where employers greatly needed the labor of colored men," the Republicans cast nearly all their votes; in Saint James, for example, 2,389 Republicans registered and 2,161 voted. New Orleans was put under a martial law of popular manufacture (General Rousseau not objecting), and out of 18,000 registered Republicans 276 went to the polls ostentatiously protected by Democrats—who would have killed them if they had come in sufficient numbers to make killing worth while. If it seems unnecessary to talk about this, it should be recollected that our Minister to England writes to an English paper that Louisiana and Texas are quiet and orderly, and will find plenty of stupid people to believe him, and plenty of wilfully stupid people to pretend to believe him. Texas, like Louisiana, is, for the moment, at peace; but the Republicans are sighing for Sheridan, whom they believe Grant means to appoint.

After leaving the South-west, we find everything encouraging until we come to Florida, where factions of Republicans are squabbling with great virulence and noise. Florida was not lucky in her importation of political Northerners, though she got some very good non-political ones. We think nobody need care—so far as Reed or Gleason or Jenks or Alden is concerned—whether Reed beats them or they him. They are all "sound on the main question," of course. Florida, by the way, is soon to receive a colony of forty or more cultivators and mechanics from Auburn. Georgia talks, since the 3d of November, of rescinding the late disqualifying action of her Legislature, or at least submitting it to the judgment of the courts, and abiding peaceably by their decision. In South Carolina they have had the charter election at Charleston, and after a day of great excitement they elected, by a majority of 17, Mr. Gilbert Pillsbury to be the mayor. He is an old Bureau agent and he is a brother of the renowned Parker Pillsbury, who once used to be heard of as a political philosopher, but probably he was, personally, rather unobjectionable than objectionable to the white residents of the city. There is talk of contesting the result on the ground of frauds, but we do not understand that there is any intention of wading in vandal blood or doing any other of Mr. Gilmore Simms's things. North Carolina, it is believed, has sent to Washington one more Republican than was thought, it being now said that Mr. Jones has beaten his Democratic competitor. Virginia seems to be in profound peace.

We trust all our readers are familiar with the late Mr. Artemus Ward's account of a fearful thrashing which he once administered to a very powerful man with whom he had an unpleasantness at some railroad station. Mr. Ward grappled with his antagonist, and violently dashed him to the ground, himself underneath; then he got his enemy's hand firmly twisted in his hair; the foe still showing some signs of activity, Mr. Ward inserted a piece of his cheek between the foe's teeth, and kept it there some time; after which, if we recollect the affair in its details, his antagonist slunk off, having ineffectually, as a last resort, jumped up and down several times on the triumphant Showman's stomach. The horrible outrages committed by the negro at the South are done in plain imitation of Ward, and result in victories of an entirely similar character. At Huntsville, in Alabama, just before the election, a harmless band of disguised men rode into the town, round the square, and "disappeared without a word." There was a gang of negroes holding a Republican or Voudoo conclave in the court-house at the time, and they at once rushed out with hideous yells, demanding the lives of the "damned rebels," and urging a "charge on the Ku-Klux." They were completely successful: "Just as the negroes rushed through the gate, some one of them fired upon the crowd on the sidewalk, and in a moment as many as thirty shots were fired by

both parties, when the firing suddenly ceased, the negroes running off"—in triumph—"in all directions." One negro was killed and three dangerously wounded. The defeated whites are dangerously unwounded, and greatly demoralized and much overawed, and great fears are entertained of another black outbreak, and the negroes are in the adjacent forest—probably planning a bloody slaughter.

The question of an increase of the President's salary has come up for discussion, and the increase, if made at all, for Grant's benefit, must be made by the present Congress. $25,000, the present rate, had about as much purchasing power in Washington's day as $100,000 now has, and the New York *Times* therefore proposes to raise the salary to that latter sum. Some papers oppose it on the ground that $25,000 is as much as any man needs to live decently—a proposition which depends for its value on the point of view from which you look at a man's needs, and who the man is; others oppose it on the ground that Grant knew what the salary was when he took the office, and, if he does not like it on the terms, somebody else can be got to fill it for the money; but this argument tells as strongly against $25,000 as against $100,000. We can get the office fairly filled for $1,000 a year by scores of "gentlemen of fine talents and dignified manners;" and Grant knew when he took the office that the present Congress might *reduce* his salary if they chose. The *Tribune* objects on the general ground that, to be just, the salaries of all officials would have to be quadrupled as well as that of the President, which the country cannot now afford; and the *World* points out that an increase of salary made for a determinate person—made, that is, for the benefit of a President elect—and not for that of unknown Presidents in general, is virtually, though it may not be literally, a violation of the Constitution, and would in practice produce all the evils against which the provision of the Constitution is intended to guard. Both these objections are weighty, and the last one, it seems to us, insurmountable.

A strange story is told this week of the condition of the "Civil Service," which we hope has not escaped Mr. Jenckes's attention, and the like of which, we venture to say, can only be found in the records of Oriental courts. First of all, a young man named Binckley, who has been various things in his life, but never a lawyer, appears on the scene as an assistant attorney-general, of all things in the world, engaged in the investigation and detection of frauds, but is withdrawn. Then a man named Belknap, who has been dismissed from the navy for defalcations in his accounts as paymaster, appears on the scene as a "Special Treasury Agent," accuses an ex-collector of frauds, but agrees to let him off for $30,000, and gets the money; then, emboldened by success, accuses another collector, Mr. Bailey, of a similar offence, and supports the accusation with a cloud of witnesses, but in Bailey catches a Tartar; for he turns on his pursuers, has the cloud of witnesses arrested for perjury, and in jail they confess their guilt and reveal the amount they received for their crime. The scales are now turned on Belknap, and the triumph of the righteous and the confusion of the wicked seem certain; but here some wizard touches a secret spring, and all again changes. The district attorney, Mr. Courtney, who is to bring the knaves to justice, finds his arm arrested by orders from Washington, and he himself summoned to that city to answer charges of fraud preferred by whiskey thieves whom he is actually at that moment prosecuting. The reports of the Divan of Haroun Al Raschid contain nothing like this; of the judicial records of Christian states we need not speak. Mr. Courtney has been honorably acquitted, but the tumult still rages, and every hour new thieves and perjurers, and new combinations of thieves and perjurers, appear and vanish like scenes in a diorama. The Civil Service Bill is clearly not a "practical measure." It would deprive us of as moral and edifying an entertainment as was ever offered to a civilized community. Barnum's "Christian drama" was nothing to it.

A correspondent, whose letter we have unfortunately mislaid, takes exception to the language we used three weeks ago in commenting upon the fact that during the great Erie Railway war last winter the company sought to engage the services of Mr. John B. Haskin, a particular friend of the hostile judge. Our correspondent thinks this action deserving of severe censure, because he can see nothing in it but an attempt to purchase influence over the judge. But this view of the case, if correct, would make it wicked to engage the services of any lawyer who was on terms of friendship with the judge before whom he was to practice. Such a rule would shut out the most eminent and honorable members of the bar from business, because these are on terms of comparative intimacy with every respectable judge. In the case now under consideration Mr. Haskin was asked to render a purely professional service, the nature of which was entirely unexceptionable, and such as the most upright lawyer might properly have undertaken. This service being *ex parte*, however, its success depended greatly upon the belief which the judge would put in the statements of fact made by the counsel. Mr. Haskin was not asked to state anything that was not strictly true, and therefore no attempt was made to abuse the judge's confidence in him. Finally, he was offered the lowest fee that was paid to any counsel engaged by either party to that suit—a fee so small that it would be absurd to look upon it as intended for a bribe to the judge. These are the facts, as stated by Mr. Haskin himself, at a time when he was anxious to put the worst possible construction upon them. No opportunity was given for any explanation or contradiction. Taking them, however, as true, but assuming, as it is only fair to assume, that they are stated in the worst form that could be given to them, it seems to us that there is nothing in them to warrant the censure of our correspondent. We were at the time liberal in our censures of the general course of the Erie Railway Company, and have seen no reason to improve our opinion of its managers; but indiscriminate condemnation destroys the value of all criticism.

One of those shocking scenes, "a dinner" to an infamous traitor, took place in this city on Tuesday evening. To use the language of the carnal heart, the bar of New York entertained Mr. William M. Evarts, the present Attorney-General of the United States, and it was one of the most hopeful and creditable things the New York bar has done for a long time, because, in honoring Mr. Evarts, they honored an honest man, a gentleman in the best sense of the word, and an able lawyer, whose career is, in short, one of the few remaining glories of the profession in this city.

The news from England is unimportant. The elections are literally "raging." The Liberals have, as far as known, gained 45; the Conservatives, 22; but Mr. J. S. Mill has been defeated. He will, however, doubtless secure a seat elsewhere. Mr. Reverdy Johnson continues his banqueting and speechifying. One of his latest wise acts was to give an emigration company a certificate that Texas was a quiet and orderly place. Mr. Bright is making a "progress" too, and now carries round his head the prospective glory of a cabinet minister. He, however, begins to be slightly suspected by the working-men of retrograde tendencies, which is partly the effect of his belonging to the employing class.

In Spain, the whole country is still occupied with the discussion of the form of government, but the monarchists gain most ground, though the republicans make most noise. Probably no new government was ever founded amid so much uproar. Victor Hugo has discharged at the Spaniards one of those humanitarian screams with which he loves to rend the air at great political crises, and which probably contain a greater proportion of sound to sense than the productions of any other stump orator. Nor are the other democratic chiefs and reformers silent. Mazzini gives the Spaniards the mysterious advice "to give the baptism of reality to the grand idea of the epoch, and achieve the most glorious of initiatives while making a large stride in the path of civilization." He adds threateningly, "that if she dares not do what the world" (*i. e.*, Mazzini himself) "expects of her, she condemns herself to a period of inferiority and anarchy." M. Mazade says, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, that morning and evening the Spaniards receive republican advice from all quarters of the globe, "in historical consultations, dithyrambs, proclamations, manifestoes, and demonstrative allocutions;" but there is trouble amongst the counsellors themselves, for the democratic republicans are consigning the federal republicans to the infamy of traitors and idiots, and warning the Spanish nation against them.

In the meantime the Spaniards, we are glad to say, keep never minding their foreign counsellors. General Prim has declared for a monarchy, observing, in a heartless manner, that in order to make a republic you must have republicans. The supply in Spain is scanty. In fact, they are only found in the great towns, and are not very wise men. The professors in the colleges are amongst the leaders, and their type of republicanism is that which in Europe is known as "red." Marshal Serrano has declared for a constitutional monarchy also, and, what is perhaps of most importance, so has Olozaga, the most distinguished and influential enemy of the old dynasty, who has just come back after a long exile, and is now, after mature consideration, making monarchical speeches. The most complete order reigns throughout the country—the last and most dangerous "junta," that of Barcelona, has dissolved—and there is every reason to believe that the foundations of the new government, whatever it may be, will be laid broad and deep in the popular will, after a full, free, and fair discussion and vote. There is, as far as it has gone yet, no finer spectacle than this revolution in modern history. There is plenty of enthusiasm; but that glorious old machine, the human understanding, is kept working night and day, and with the best results.

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The "Eastern question," which has given no trouble in Europe during the last two years, is once more looming up. There is trouble all over Turkey—an insurrection brewing on a great scale in Bulgaria, which the Porte accuses Roumania of fomenting, and Roumania, in turn, accuses the Porte of dreaming of the reannexation of the Danubian provinces, while Russia pleasantly encourages each party not to give in. Large numbers of alleged conspirators have been captured, and are to be tried by a semi-military commission at Constantinople; troops are hurrying up to the Danube, and Baron Beust says the Principalities are "a great arsenal." The supposed leader of the insurrection is Colonel O'Reilly, otherwise Hassan Bey, an Irishman, who was at one time a private in the Tenth Hussars (English), and went into the Turkish service at the outbreak of the war of 1863 with the rank of major, having evidently influence at his back in high quarters in England. He was commonly reported to be an illegitimate son of Lord Palmerston; every young man who had "interest" with the Government at that time, and of whose origin nothing was known, used to be fathered on the lively old lord, who accordingly had an immense family of dashing adventurers all over Europe.

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The Government of the Czar proceeds with consistent earnestness and relentless vigor in its work of general Russianization. The Holy Synod of St. Petersburg having declared the use of the Russian language admirable for all purposes of Catholic worship, the Minister of the Interior has ordered the printing and distribution in the western provinces of Catholic ritual books in that tongue. That the Holy Synod, in its readiness to aid the civil authorities in denationalizing the Polish and Baltic territories, shows itself fearless of the spread of Catholic religious influences through Muscovite mediums, is owing to the fact that the Russian penal law has reserved some of its severest penalties for the slightest attempts to convert Orthodox Greeks to any other religious creed. The former kingdom of Poland, the "Vistula country," as the Russians now style it, remains stripped of its university. The Minister of Public Education, Count Tolstoy, however, at a late reception given to the professors and students of Warsaw, was magnanimous enough to console them with a chance of its restoration, as soon as the people of Poland will evince a sincere consciousness of the—to him—patent fact that the late changes, including the compulsory substitution of the Russian for the Polish language in all their educational establishments, are nothing else but benign measures of a really paternal administration—a consciousness which it will take a rather long lapse of time for the Poles to reach. In trying, by his exposition, to help his listeners to share his own long ripe conviction in the matter, Count Tolstoy alluded to the necessity of a deep insight into "the history of all the Slavic tribes, all now trembling with the expectation of the grand moment when their fate shall be decided by the Russian colossus among them," which, coming from the lips of a high Imperial spokesman, is a rather frank exhibition of official Panslavic sentiment. The Russian animosities against the Germans of the Baltic provinces, which generally vent themselves in the columns of Katkoff's *Moscow Gazette*, of the *Moskva*, and the St. Petersburg *Golos*, have recently found a more elaborate expression in a violent diatribe, in pamphlet form, by Samarin, entitled "The Coasts of the Baltic at the present moment," which is regarded as foreboding fresh persecutions of the Teutonic element.

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The Austrians have surprised the world by the announcement that their army is to be kept up to 800,000 men; that is, that that number will be at the disposal of the Government, though only 600,000 will be actually under arms. When the announcement was first made there was an approach to a panic, but it was allayed by an explanation, October 26, from Baron Beust, before the Military Committee of the Reichsrath. He said that the relations of Austria with France, Italy, and England were excellent, and that she had abandoned all thought of taking revenge on Prussia, but that as long as there was a chance of hostilities between Prussia and France, Austria was bound to be prepared to protect her own neutrality. The news of what the size of the army was to be reached Paris before Baron Beust's explanation and caused a slight panic on the Bourse, which the *Moniteur* tried to stop by pronouncing the Austrian intentions pacific, and declaring that the debate about to open in the Austrian Parliament on the army would be one of "a purely technical character." The fears of the French public are, however, still not allayed, and even the new political "map" which the Government has got out, showing the present state of the Continent and the safety of France in spite of all that has happened, produces little effect. The Spanish revolution and the increasing political discontents are generally believed to be the only real guarantees of peace, as far as France is concerned. A new crusade has been begun against the newspapers in Paris, and the severity of the sentences passed by subservient judges is exciting an amount of feeling which causes the Government to take extraordinary military precautions. There is no danger of an armed revolution, but it seems as if all hope of the perpetuation of the dynasty was fast disappearing.

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What is causing a good deal of the trouble is that the French Government, by its liberal tendencies a year ago, roused expectations which, now that it has got frightened and wants to retrace its steps, it cannot extinguish, and the feeling of discontent is becoming so general that it is even frightening the majority of the Corps Législatif. One of them, hitherto a devoted servant of the Government, M. Haentjens, in a recent speech expressed frankly his opinion that the personal government of the Emperor could not last much longer, and that the only remedy for the evils of the situation is a responsible ministry. But if the Emperor were to concede this, the great justification of the existence of his dynasty would be gone, for he himself would then be of no more value to the state than Louis Philippe was, and he is nearly twice as expensive.

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The Secretary of the French Academy of Sciences, at a recent meeting, suggested the propriety of publishing once more the decision of the Academy in 1775, never to give any attention to solutions which might be sent in of the following problems: "The duplication of the cube, the trisection of the angle, perpetual motion by means of a machine, and the quadrature of the circle." It appears there is a popular belief in France that the Academy has at its disposal a large sum of money to be used in rewarding persons who may succeed in solving any one of these problems, and weak-minded persons, ignorant of mathematics, are thus frequently led to waste their time and even to destroy their reason in working at them. When one reads this one cannot help regretting that it is not easy to mark out the limits of the possible in the same way in sociology, and thus prevent the enormous waste of labor, health, and happiness which now takes place every year in the trial of political and social experiments, for some of which human nature is not yet fitted, and for others of which it never will be fitted. One hears every day of the trial of schemes of human improvement which rest on the assumption that certain human instincts can be artificially rooted out of great bodies of persons, and men and women made to "go" like clocks, and no amount of experience of failure seems to diminish the number of inventors and discoverers.

## THE "GREAT CITY" QUESTION.

About this time every year the moral and political condition of this city is debated by the press with great vigor. Every fourth year the country press and the press of other great cities take part in the discussion, owing to the bearing of the New York vote on the Presidential election, and then the discussion takes a wider range, and the relation of all great cities to American polity passes under review. Every year the political condition of this city and of all the large Eastern cities, perhaps with the exception of Philadelphia, is admitted to be worse, and every year the critics speak about the remedy with less and less confidence. Every year one meets with a larger and larger number of thoughtful men who, having lost all hope of improvement, cease to trouble their heads about the matter any further, and let each day take care of itself, charge their taxes to the inevitable expenses of their business, like office-rent or coal, and if they are involved in litigation pay whatever is necessary to bribe the judge, with the same nonchalance with which they pay their lawyer his fee. The city press is agreed upon nothing, except upon the horrible nature of the situation. The *Times* apparently relies for improvement upon the general progress of society, but apparently entertains no expectation of any speedy change. The *World* thinks all would be right if the Republicans were overthrown at Albany, and the control of city affairs were restored to the city majority, a view in which the *Evening Post* partly concurs; but the *World* thinks the majority would do right from the first moment, while the *Post* thinks it would only do right after it had fully realized not only the misery of sin, but its own power to reform. The *Tribune's* views are not very clear as to the remedy, but they are substantially the same as those of other papers as to the cause.

A "Citizens' Association" has been laboring at the work of reform for a good while, but with very little effect. They now and then expose a fraud, but most exposures of this class of frauds are dull reading; therefore few read them, fewer still understand them, and those who alone could put an end to the abuses, *the majority of the voters*, neither read nor, if they read, would heed them. In fact, the public which is reached by our reforming newspapers, pamphlets, and speeches has no more influence on the government of this city than on the government of Cincinnati. The gigantic frauds at the late election have brought a reinforcement into the field in the shape of a committee of the Union League Club, which has been charged with the task of seeking out the perpetrators; and as these perpetrators are well known to be spread through every branch of the city government, including the judiciary, the enquiry must, if successful, lay bare the whole system of iniquity which pervades municipal administration. There are those, however, and we are of the number, who do not expect the committee to accomplish anything of much value. They may collect a good deal of evidence and lay it before the public, but it will share the fate of the documents of the "Citizens' Association;" that is, about twenty good citizens will make themselves acquainted with the contents of the report, while the knaves of the City Hall will laugh at it over their whiskey-and-water. The place, and the only place, in which these men can be reached is in the United States courts. The only thing they will feel is the policeman's hand on their collar; and the place of good citizens who want to stop election frauds is at the elbow of the United States district attorney and of the United States marshal. The knaves have at this last election violated a United States statute, and there is, therefore, now a chance, such as seldom offers, not of "exposing them"—for that they do not care—but of bringing them to justice.

The Union League committee have published a manifesto addressed to the people of the State, setting forth what they expect to accomplish, which is a very sensible document. It is apparent from it that as far as the late frauds are concerned they do not expect to accomplish much, but they certainly hold very just views as to the gravity of the crisis, with which not the good people of the city only but the good people of the whole country are called on to deal. They say in substance, and say truly, that the corruption witnessed in this city is but an aggravated form of a disease which pervades or begins to pervade the body politic everywhere. Their address mentions as one of their objects

"5. To awaken the people not alone of this State, but of the whole country, to the imminence of our danger from the increasing demoralization of our politics, and to induce good citizens of all parties to combine for the common protection against political fraud and corruption."

Now, the committee has our heartiest sympathy in their undertaking, but we must call their attention, and the attention of all reformers, to the fact that there is little or no chance of their efforts in favor of possibly producing any results, when put forward only after elections in which they have been defeated, unless they have been defeated *as reformers*. There is nothing mysterious about this matter of corruption. It is not a dragon or a wild animal or a bad man or a bad corporation, or even a self-existent or self-derived evil. When we say that corruption reigns in New York we simply mean that the public officers are thieves, and that the majority of the electors put and keep them in their places either because they do not care whether they are thieves or not, or because they place more value on other things than on honesty. Of some electors the one thing may be said; of others, the other. When, therefore, you begin to preach against corruption, what you really are doing, or ought to be doing, to make your preaching effective, is trying to convince the electors that the officials steal; that stealing is a bad thing; and that nothing is so important as an official's character. In this particular case, there is no doubt about the facts of the stealing. What is wanted is to convince the electors that his character, and not his political opinion, is the principal thing in a public officer; and in this work the Republican party will not succeed unless it applies to its own practice the rule it offers to the Democrats, and convinces the Democrats that it does so by striking examples. We say deliberately that it does *not* do this; it does *not* make character the first consideration in its nominations, and opinions the second; and the Democrats, and especially the corrupt Democrats, know and see this, and accordingly Republican homilies on purity, immediately after a defeat at the polls, produce no effect on them whatever. Republican labors in the cause of reform, to be effective, must be *constant*. They must be just as energetic before election as after it, and they must be as visible in their own caucuses and conventions as anywhere else. As long as they coolly tell the world that if "the Copperheads hate" a man charges of knavery against him are of no consequence, with what face can they ask the New York voters to disregard political opinion in the selection of the city officials?

As an illustration of what we mean, we will relate one incident within our own knowledge, and of no great importance except as an illustration. Two years ago the corruption on the judicial bench of the city was nearly but not quite as bad as it is now. It was certainly less bold and unblushing, but it was gathering strength. A bill was introduced and hurried through both branches of the Legislature putting the whole chamber business of the Supreme Court into the hands of one judge, leaving the governor to select the judge, and it was well known to those who watched the bill that its promoters intended that the judge selected should be the very one who is now accused of complicity in the late election frauds, and whose character was at that time every whit as well known to the bar and the newspaper world as it is now. The effect of the bill—which was, however, not apparent on its face, and which escaped the governor's notice—would have been to place about $20,000,000 worth of property and the personal liberty of everybody in the district at the judicial disposal of one man, without appeal—an amount of power such as has never, we venture to say, been confided to a single officer under any system of jurisprudence in any civilized country. In fact, it was a gigantic scheme of plunder of the worst kind. But this was not the worst of it. It was supported in an indirect way by the leading Republican paper in this city, and a large number of wealthy and prominent men—Republicans, too—*signed a paper urging the governor to appoint the judge* aforementioned to the place thus created, believing, with that silly confidence in other things than character, which is one of the curses of the time, that, owing to his having recently quarrelled with the "Ring," he might be depended on to use his newly acquired and enormous power against it and it only. The governor was happily made acquainted in time with the real character of the measure, and never signed it, but while it was lying waiting his decision, with this scandalous pressure in its favor weighing on him, the matter was brought before the Union League

Club by the executive committee, and resolutions were introduced denouncing it in strong terms. They were tabled almost without debate. One speech—showing that the measure had Republican friends, that the judge had Republican friends, and that the subject was not a fit one for the club to entertain, and that the resolutions, if pressed, might divide the club—killed them. Two years have now elapsed; the corruption has increased; the condition of the bench has grown worse, the men who pollute it more audacious; and at last they have taken to the manufacture of fraudulent votes, by the help of which the Republican party is defeated, and forthwith the club takes the field against "the increasing demoralization of our politics." It is right that it should do so; it is for this end that it exists; but if its labors are to be effective, it must give people no reason for believing that its zeal is party and not patriotic zeal.

We believe, too, that the danger to the Government "from the increasing demoralization of our politics" is imminent; but we see no hope of improvement until "corruption" becomes "the main question" both in this city and elsewhere; until a party is formed which is determined to have reform in the administration and will accept nothing else in place of it, and drives into obscurity the thieves and brawlers on both sides whom the slavery controversy, like all long protracted controversies, has bred. As long as a man may be a scoundrel, and yet be "sound" and valuable to his party, whether Republican or Democrat, change for the better everywhere is hopeless; and change in this city is hopeless as long as "the city question" has not become the great question of State politics. The *Evening Post's* plan of remedying the evils of the municipal government, by giving more power to the authors of them, is simply an example of devotion to logic which in politics ought to have no place.

## ONE OF THE QUESTIONS NEXT IN ORDER.

As the time for the regular meeting of Congress draws near, the public and legislative mind will revert to the consideration of several important measures left undisposed of, and some of which may not be entirely digested and agreed upon before the close of the coming short session. After the reconstruction question, the financial problem is probably the most important matter to be settled, and, next to the finances, the civil service is incomparably the most vital question now demanding the attention of the people and of the national legislature. As a branch of the civil service, that part of it embraced in the proposed regulations of Senator Patterson's Diplomatic and Consular Bill is not the least important, and it is possible that this bill and the Civil Service Bill reported to the House by Mr. Jenckes could be combined into one consistent and uniform system.

The principal object and policy of Senator Patterson's bill—the policy of making the diplomatic and consular service a more permanent office, and introducing a rational system of promotion, instead of the present system of appointments and rapid changes—would be such palpable improvements as to need no argument or defence with those who have paid any critical and enlightened attention to the nature and organization of a foreign service. The assured tenure of office and the hope of promotion, which must first be deserved, give to the foreign service of other governments an efficiency which ours has never attained, and would relieve our own of many of the official and social blunders, of some of the fussiness, and most of the *bizarrerie* which have so often disfigured it. American diplomats notoriously start off in their new career more awkwardly than those of any other nation. They rapidly acquire a good opinion by showing that they are apt learners, and are nearly uniformly relieved or forced to resign about the time they have acquired the ability to be useful to their Government.

Passing by a large number of little oddities far more amusing than important—at least only important in so far as they may have pictured our representatives to others in a light a little too green or imparted to them a social and official flavor just a little too fresh—it is nearly certain that the American diplomatic service is the only one in the world that could have produced the Ostend-Aix-la-Chapelle manifesto of Messrs. Buchanan, Mason, and Soulé, in 1854. More recently, it was reported, and we have never had any reason to doubt it, that one of the several gentlemen who have been successively appointed to Mexico said in a public speech that the French, then in Mexico, must be made to "get up and dust." Possibly the general was right. It may be that they ought to have been "cleaned up," or "shucked out," or "polished off," or "went for," or "put through," either in double quick or "so quick their heads would swim;" though there is at least room to doubt whether the final mode of doing it was not as well, and a good deal cheaper. The only point now made in the case is that the fact was not announced at the right time, or in the right place, or in the right language, or by the right man, whom all the world then thought about to start in search of his interesting and very important mission.

It has often been said, both in England and in the United States, in answer to all unfavorable comparisons of our diplomatic service with that of other nations, that the United States get as good treaties as other governments. In the main this is true, and it is susceptible of easy explanation. Our diplomats, whatever else may be said of them, have generally been shrewd politicians and good lawyers; and, at all events, they generally work by pattern, drafts and instructions, furnished from Washington. Indeed, since the Revolution, and a short period immediately following it, our treaties have, many of them, been negotiated at Washington; some of them, no doubt, under confidential senatorial influence; and the character of our Secretaries of State for learning and ability has generally been of a very high order. But treaty-making is only a small part either of the labor or the benefits of diplomatic representation. Franklin was a very great negotiator, and got good treaties; but it was his residence, his *representation*, and his reputation that gave him influence, and paved the way for those treaties which no mere skill in actual diplomatic controversy or negotiation could have achieved. Wheaton, who stayed abroad longer than any other American diplomat has ever done—some twenty years in all—and who left behind him a reputation for manners, social influence, scholarship, judicial learning, and diplomatic ability that makes it pleasant for other American diplomats to reside under the shadow of his fame at the same capitals where he lived, made but few treaties—only two which the writer can now remember; and one of them, that of the German Zollverein, was not ratified by the Senate on account of some of its commercial provisions. Mr. Wheaton, who had spent much of his time, labor, and skill in negotiating the treaty, is said to have felt keenly its rejection.

Turning to the extremely valuable services rendered by our late Minister to England, how much of those services consisted either in treaty-making or in the attempt to negotiate one? How much more we might have suffered, how disastrously, at the hands of rebel pirates and cruisers, but for the presence, influence, and protests of our ministers to the various maritime powers, will never and can never be known; but they made no treaties on that subject, and few upon any. Their incapacity for negotiating a treaty, and the vast labor often involved in such a negotiation—a labor never fully known but to the negotiators—we do not depreciate. On the contrary, we fully appreciate it; but we would insist that there is much diplomatic labor and duty besides this, and that it seems possible that the undue prominence held by this in the public mind has been in some degree reflected in the report before us. In the case cited of Mr. Bancroft's treaties with the smaller German powers, where we have no resident ministers, those powers are acting very much under the influence of Prussia's example; and in the case of Prussia the value of permanent diplomatic residence or missions and of accumulated diplomatic influence, has been illustrated. Most treaties and negotiations of importance have a private history which cannot be made public until the formal documents have themselves passed into public history—witness Lord Russell's admission, in a dinner-table speech, that Mr. Adams had converted him to Mr. Lincoln's policy of emancipation. The crust of centuries which had enveloped the feudal idea of indefeasible allegiance and obligation to military service was cracked, not quite smashed, in private informal interviews at Berlin, in which legal argumentation and diplomatic forms were not very closely followed, and in which allusions neither very faint nor entirely in jest to Monitors and

Farraguts appeared more plainly than they could possibly have been allowed to do in a formal discussion. The assertion that the men about whom the United States felt so sensitive were nearly all "a set of d——d rascals," was found to be an argument not at all alarming—perhaps partly because not new—to a Western politician; and the assurance, "I tell you frankly, count, as a friend, and as the representative of my government, that you must not expect us to stand this thing any longer," called out Bismarck's proposition to compromise on half-way ground. If Mr. Wright would have accepted less than Mr. Bancroft obtained, he yet rendered very great service, and we were saved from the future embarrassment of having yielded a part of the principle by Mr. Seward's demanding all or none; and he in turn—so the private history runs, but for this we cannot vouch—was supported if not influenced in taking this stand by senatorial opinion and advice. Thus we are indebted to Mr. Wright, Mr. Seward, some senators, largely to Mr. Bancroft, and partly to the hard, practical sense and keen perceptions of the most potent of European statesmen, for an extremely valuable treaty.

Only one more example will be given. When Sir Charles Wyke, the British minister at Mexico, did the diplomatic part of splitting asunder the tripartite military treaty by which Napoleon tried to decoy his two allies into the forced establishment of his French-Austrian-Mexican Empire, a great diplomatic service was rendered to the whole world, but no treaty made. On the contrary, the very weighty responsibility was assumed, without waiting for instructions, of advising that a treaty lately made by his own Government should not be followed, even as far as the letter of it would lead, to say nothing of the spirit. In short, Napoleon thought the treaty was violated and himself abandoned.

The system of examinations, proposed as one of the means of increasing the efficiency of the service, is now adopted by most European powers, and is plausible and full of promise. It has not, however, been found, especially in England, to produce all the good effects which were expected from it. In the English service its substantial benefits have been, in great part, missed by the artifice familiarly known as "cramming." If the examinations are conducted, or can be organized, so as to avoid this cheat, and also to prevent favoritism, they would furnish a valuable safeguard against thrusting absolute incompetence into the service, and that would be much gained. But no examination can be relied upon to ensure the unerring and uniform selection of efficient and successful agents. Experience shows that passing the examinations is not an entire guarantee of future success; the elements of success are not gathered entirely or mainly from books—though books are so necessary they cannot be dispensed with—but consist more in tact, knowledge of the world, force of character, and the confidence of others; so that the greatest students and ripest scholars are not always the best diplomats. European diplomats admit that the examinations may be so conducted, owing to the influence of family, wealth, or political favoritism, as to let in an ass or to exclude a young man of superior parts, and they more than hint that this has occasionally occurred. Still, upon the whole, they prefer the system of examination, and their Governments adhere to it. Any man of experience knows how some very competent officers might be tripped on matters they had not turned their attention to. About the time the controversy between Congress and the President had culminated, Americans abroad were often asked by Europeans who had passed their examinations, and were serving their Governments successfully, why the President did not dissolve Congress and order a new election; and during our civil troubles, an Englishman who stands well with his Government, and justly, because he has filled well and successfully all the missions in which he has been placed, asked an American gentleman if Richmond was not in Georgia, and if the cotton and sugar States were not in the same latitude with Jamaica. The true test of worth is to be found in the sum total of the manner in which duty has been performed. In its larger, and not in its ordinary or special sense, *success* is the true test, and should be made at once the measure of the tenure of office, and the only foundation, coupled with the term of past service, of the hope of promotion. In the sense of success, as here used, Mr. Adams was eminently successful, though he did not prevent the building of iron-clads nor succeed in getting a dollar for the havoc they wrought. His success was in doing ably what he had to do, and in the general effect of his representation.

## THE MOB SPIRIT.

We have received the following remarks on the election of Butler from one of the most thoughtful and acute men we know, a New Englander, and a Radical to boot, who has done better things for the negro than make stump speeches about him. We do not think them a complete solution of the difficulty, but they suggest many things which we feel sure the writer might himself have said had he pursued the subject further, and we are sorry he has not done so:

"The triumphant election to Congress of a demagogue of the worst type from one of the most intelligent districts in the country is an event so mortifying to our national pride, and so disheartening to a faith in genuine democracy, that its causes seem to deserve a more careful analysis than they have yet received. We know well enough the reasons why General Butler ought *not* to have been elected—we know his unscrupulous and selfish ambition, his disgraceful personal record, and the uncomfortable prospect of his future. Certainly it was not *because* of all these things that he was sustained by his constituents; it was in spite of them. They resolutely shut their eyes to testimony and argument against him. They were determined to elect him; and above all, it would seem, they were determined not to elect Mr. Dana.

"Primarily, of course, the cause of this was the conviction that Butler was sound on the one question which the people had at heart. In times of revolution this is the only test—who will help the great movement? And it is not always easy to judge when a revolution has been accomplished, or to recognize new issues as they arise. Here, now, is an issue that is past, settled, so far as politics can settle it, by the election of Grant. And here are new and most momentous issues plain in sight. If this man has given hard blows in the battle that is over; if he has been faithful, or at least zealous, in the great cause, it is certain that on these new issues he is not faithful—that in the new division of parties he will not be with us. But the people of Essex do not realize that the revolution is already accomplished—they do not comprehend that the next Congress will have totally different questions to deal with from the present.

"These are familiar considerations, and will perhaps account sufficiently well for Butler's being elected in defiance of all reason and honor. But they do not account for the spirit in which his constituents have supported him. There is another consideration, even less gratifying to the sense of right, but equally natural, and equally the result of a strained and imperfect perception of a real truth. The movement against General Butler grew out of *criticism* of his character, words, and deportment; and criticism—impartial criticism—is the one thing that zealots will not put up with. They can forgive any amount of intolerance, unfairness, even downright dishonesty, provided it is displayed towards the enemies of the cause; to object to these, while favoring the cause itself, is an unpardonable offence. It is a stab in the back, a secret blocking of the wheels, a piece of treachery.

"Even culture itself is looked on with suspicion, as we saw last year in the language of so eminent liberals as Mr. Bright and Mr. Harrison. These men certainly do not object to culture in itself. It is because culture often becomes fastidious, is often identified with 'a turn for small fault-finding, love of selfish ease, and indecision in action,' leads to lukewarm indifference instead of hearty co-operation, that they call it an enemy of progress. Genuine, sympathizing criticism is confounded with unfriendly and timid criticism, and any hesitation at the measures or the language thought most fit to advance the great movement is regarded with suspicion, is called cowardly and 'aristocratic.'

"This is the way that men of culture fall out of favor in times of very earnest political feeling. It is not because Mr. Dana is a cultivated gentleman that his long-tried faithfulness counts for nothing against General Butler's eleventh-hour repentance. Wendell Phillips and Charles Sumner are cultivated gentlemen, and they do not lose caste. But Mr. Phillips and Mr. Sumner do not criticise their own party—raise no objections, that is, to any partisanship which does not betray lack of zeal; while Mr. Dana has ventured to raise his voice against disgraceful performances in his own party, and for this he can never be forgiven. Just so, some years ago, Mr. Palfrey protested against what he conceived to be a dishonest coalition between his own party and the Democratic; and Mr. Palfrey was at once dropped from party favor.

"It is this impatience of criticism, even the most friendly and impartial, that has led the Republicans of Essex County to re-elect General Butler so enthusiastically, and we may say in so virulent a spirit. And there is nothing for it, for those who desire to see a calm, well-balanced, orderly democracy, but to continue just such criticisms, in the same earnest and sympathizing spirit, trusting that time and the education of events will teach a better wisdom. In the present case, indeed, there is every reason to believe that it will not take many months to open the eyes of these earnest men to the blunder they have committed; and it may well be that the election of General Butler will prove in the end a most salutary piece of political education."

There are three views of "the people" current in the world at this moment. One is the feudal theory, which prevails still amongst the Austrian and Prussian aristocracy, and which Count Buol expressed very neatly to Madame Bunsen, in London, in 1852, as recorded in the

Baron's memoirs, when, speaking of Louis Napoleon's *coup d'état*, he said: "Enfin, c'est qu'on ne vient à bout de dominer cette canaille, qu'en leur inspirant de la peur; c'est là aussi notre politique, à nous en Autriche." In this theory the people is a fierce animal, only to be kept in order by stripes and imprisonment, and whose wishes are of no sort of consequence in politics. The second is that which has found expression in Cæsarism in Europe, and in what is called "democracy" here. In it the people is an animal with good impulses, and excessively fond of physical comfort, and caring little about anything else, and absolutely without knowledge or discretion or self-control, and too strong to be resisted openly, and which must, therefore, be humored, wheedled, kept partially or wholly in the dark about public affairs, and governed by a few men who have acquired the art of imposing upon it, and who, while ostentatiously calling themselves its servants, are in reality its masters. It is on one or other of these theories that the Old World has, down to the present moment, been governed. The basis of the one is force, of the other humbug.

The third is what we consider the American theory. Under it the people is a man not, indeed, remarkable for book learning, nor yet for angelic sweetness of disposition, nor for heroic loftiness of aim, but it is intelligent, amenable to reason, inclining, on the whole, to the right, and willing to make sacrifices in pursuit of it; loving justice, loving order, loving law, and believing that in justice and order only, pursued through law, national happiness can be secured; with plenty of impulses, and good ones too, but sufficiently trained in affairs and with sufficient knowledge of history to know that in politics the understanding is the principal thing, and that impulses uncontrolled by reason are like a steam-engine without a driver, a curious, complicated, even admirable instrument of confusion and destruction—a man, in short, to whom you can speak unreservedly, frankly, about his affairs, with the consciousness that whether your tale be pleasant or unpleasant he can bear it, and can face either fortune with a clear head and a steady hand.

It is on this theory that the American commonwealth has been built up; it is on the maintenance of this theory in the conduct of the Government that, as we believe, the preservation of the Government depends. What makes the New England town-meeting one of the "sights" which foreigners go to see, and are never tired of admiring, is not that it is an assemblage of peasants who want to have good clothes, good food, light taxes, and cheap justice, and have got together to see how they may secure these blessings—this kind of spectacle you might have an abundance of in every country in Europe. It is the character of the men who compose it and their way of reaching their conclusions which make the town-meeting singular and successful. A European mob, in the first days of its rising—say such a mob as that which threw up the barricades in Paris on those awful days of June, 1849—may have, and in nine cases out of ten has, as good ends in view as any New England meeting. It wants plenty to reign, the tyrants and oppressors to be punished, the poor to be succored, justice to be evenly administered. The hearts of the mass of the poor fellows who fell under Cavaignac's grape-shot doubtless were overflowing with the noblest emotions. Nay, even the Irish mob which ravaged New York in 1863 was at bottom actuated, at the outset, by the hope of bringing about what they considered on the whole a better social state than that they found around them. The cases are rare, indeed, where any large body of men set out to commit acts of violence through simple devilish love of mischief.

In what, then, does a mob differ from a New England town-meeting? In this: that the members of the town-meeting *think* more and *know* more about the means by which society can be improved. They are not governed wholly, or even in great part, by their feelings. No matter how hot their hearts may be with indignation or desire or hope as they hurry to the meeting; when they get there and begin to discuss the means of carrying out their wishes, their reason takes possession of the whole matter, their decision is reached through discussion. They consider, not as enthusiasts, but as men who have had experience of their own, and are more or less familiar with the experience of others, what they can and what they cannot accomplish, and what will be the effect, remote as well as near, of the employment of this or that instrument on the fortunes of the society in which they live—on its morals, its manners, and its material prosperity. In other words, they do not cheer as the mob does, and rush at the enemy with empty muskets. They organize, reconnoitre, arm and equip, choose fit officers, and get hospitals ready. It is thus and thus only that a popular government can be carried on. Go where you will in America, and you will find that just in proportion to the departure from this type of government is the badness of the government, the corruption, the abuses, the ascendancy of knaves. Prosperity is, in other words, in the ratio of the reason and self-control of the community and not of its warm-heartedness.

What we charge upon the Butlerites, and what we charge upon a large body of those who, though not Butlerites properly so called, have made themselves conspicuous as "earnest Radicals" during the last two or three years, is that they are doing much to bring the reign of intelligence and of sober-mindedness to an end all over the country; that they are trying to infuse into American politics the spirit of the European mob—that is, its childish eagerness, its childish indifference about means and about practicability, its childish forgetfulness of the lessons of history and of the nature of man, its childish admiration of noisy agitators, its childish readiness to rush head down at any obstacle it finds in its path, and its childish faith in fine "sentiments" as political forces. What makes us most of all regret Butler's election is the proof it affords of the amount of mischief they have already done, of the extent to which they have succeeded, the times and circumstances unhappily favoring them, in inoculating the best portion of the community with their poison. The selection of Butler, with his career and character known to everybody in the community, as the man and the only man whom New England could find in her borders to "watch" the President of the United States, his unscrupulousness and audacity being his principal recommendation, and the loud proclamation which was made throughout the canvass that he represented "the popular heart," the condition of the popular head being plainly considered of small consequence, are unmistakable symptoms of the growth of the mob spirit in places in which we should have least expected to find it; and with it naturally comes the growing ascendency in politics of party machinists, bitter and narrow-minded partisans, who love office and victory, but care really little about principles.

## OUR CENSORIOUS AGE.

An acute social observer of our acquaintance remarked the other day that perhaps there was hardly a person within the range of his personal knowledge who was not, at least occasionally, denounced as a rascal of some sort—generally as an habitual liar. He has reasonably good acquaintances too. But the fact seems to be that there is a steady and considerable increase in the number of persons who find it necessary to do regularly what, we see, the editor of the [Kansas?] Owyhee *Avalanche* felt compelled to do not long since. "In a recent issue," that gentleman had occasion "to refer directly to a ruffian known as Captain Prescott, and incidentally to a guerilla named Al. Cage." He adds that "this we did in justice to ourselves, and to the community at large." It is hardly germane to our purpose, but we may say that the ruffian and guerilla appear to have taken a very different view of the editor's services. They probably would have described his conduct in much the same language as has recently been used by an editor further east than Owyhee, who, we observe, says of one of his contemporaries that he writes "with all the alacrity of a coward, the billingsgate of a fishwife, and the malice of a partisan." At all events, they called on him in his office at the earliest opportunity afterwards presenting itself, and violently assaulted him with a bowie-knife and a small hatchet. Apparently he is just the person for emergencies of this kind. He at once proceeded to possess himself of a long knife, which he customarily uses for cutting paper, and with this weapon—unless indeed he exaggerates his performances—he did signal execution. "They sued for mercy," if his account is correct, and he decided to spare their worthless lives. After a moment or two of deliberation he finally "told them to dust, and they got up and dusted"—a gratifying conclusion to one of the most savage attacks on the liberty of the press that we have lately had to record.

Still, no doubt the *Avalanche* was on that occasion very censorious; and as we have said, or suggested, the age generally may be described as being highly denunciatory, and as tending to become more

so. We accept the facts of our social observer above quoted as regards the private walks of life, and what the facts are in regard to the ways of public life everybody is aware. So far as we know them, all the public men of any prominence in this country and Europe have, with a single exception, long been consistent and detected liars or villains of some description. Mr. Colfax is the only unstigmatized scoundrel that we can remember, and if perhaps there is another, or one or two more, we do not know where. Disraeli is a cheat; Gladstone is an ill-natured and greedy egotist, hungry for place; all the Adamses are always on sale; Grant lied to Johnson, and has frequently been seen drunk in the streets of Washington; Beecher is a soft-headed seller of innocent blood; Fessenden is a taker of bribes; Garrison is a lukewarm friend of the negro, whom now he abandons; Seward is a drunkard, and acts the scoundrel; Seymour is a frightful liar; McCulloch is confederated with thieves; Horace Greeley let his paper be sold to Fernando Wood, and is now letting it be published in the interests of a ring of whiskey thieves; Judge Read is a hoary old villain; and there is almost nobody else, big or little, who is not as accomplished in crime as any of the malefactors we have mentioned. Even Mr. Colfax does not know what morning he will wake up, and find himself stamped as a traitorous liar who, under implied pledges to Mr. Phillips to do it, does not put himself at the head of the loyal North and hurl "the sashed and girded sphinx" from the seat which he disgraces.

Perhaps just at present things look to an American eye blacker than they really are. We have just passed through a somewhat exceptional season of extreme tumult: a period when nobody of either party had a vestige of good character, and everybody was bandying severe charges with all the energy of his nature—when indeed a great many persons were held to be cotton-thieves, manifest stealers of Shetland ponies, stolid butchers, tyrants, forgers, hard drinkers, dictators, and, above all, fools and liars, who are now recognized as citizens of more than average respectability. But though the excesses of the campaign are excesses, there is enough of normal, chronic contumely, of abuse in constant use, to justify any one who sets down the age as an abusive one. Where are we to look now for any gentlemanly quarrelling? In old times, in some old times at any rate, people who had cause or wish to fight conducted themselves, up to the moment of drilling the hole in their friend the enemy, with great tenderness and suavity of manner. To kill the body was then considered sufficient; a man's reputation, and his wife's and children's feelings, were tolerably well secured against the valor of the tongue. There never was a time when the thing happened, but there once was a time which could invent and believe the story of the French and English courtliness at the famous Battle of Fontenoy; but it would be a wild humorist or a female novelist who should depict such an imaginary scene as of our day. We lie in the rifle-pits, we Americans, and bestow choice language on each other before we fire, and we are not desirous that the other one should do us the pleasure of firing first. So also, we fear, of the Italians and Austrians, and of the business-like Prussians, and others of our contemporaries; the perusal of French newspapers, or to hear the well-bred *Pall Mall* calling Mr. Odger Mr. *H*odger, will be apt to persuade sceptical persons that our American press and people are not alone in a willingness to vituperate, but that it is done by the politest nations.

There are many reasons why this should be so, or rather there are many causes which help to make it so. Here in the United States, for example, everybody owns a newspaper, or at least writes in one, and that always produces curious effects on a person's manner of speech. Ten to one the newspaper man becomes contemptuous, domineering, and truculent. This is for various reasons. He is under the constant necessity of holding up in their true light his political opponents—a class of people continually engaged in consummating the most nefarious designs. Then again he has to spin out of his own brain in the course of a year a vast amount of "matter," and at the end of ten months, in a majority of cases, is reduced to personalities, which, of course, must be either scurrile jests or violent abuse or else little impertinences, and the contumelious slander is not only the easiest but the best liked of these. The profession has its disadvantages. Let us say, too, that what has been called the "parliamentary" or Pickwickian way of viewing things, as distinguished from the truthful seeing of things exactly as they are, is very apt to become a habit of the journalistic mind, and affects the journalist's language; he gets into curious conventional ways of pretending this and that, and talking accordingly, as if he believed them. Of course it results from this that he loses something of his hold on facts, and finds it extremely easy to speak leasing, and to use words to which, as he himself attaches far less meaning than their sound warrants, he expects other people also to attach little significance. That again is a temptation to him to be violent.

Now, we are such makers and readers of newspapers that what our papers are we ourselves must all be, or strongly tend to become, and beyond a doubt a great deal of the savagery of private conversation is to be attributed to the effect upon us of our war-whooping editors. The evil perpetuates itself, for by-and-by men become entirely indifferent to repeated attacks, and almost everybody is as ruffianly as he pleases, and is in small fear of being brought to book. This may be because a good deal of the fighting spirit has gone out among all civilized nations, has at any rate gone out of fashion. To revive the duello or the prize-ring in this country or England would be an impossibility, though there is little doubt that were the duello to be made the fashion among us, its rough influence in bettering the manners of our less reckless generation would be considerably greater than was the case when its existence and glory were the direct results of the semi-barbarism which it was meant to check.

We have hinted at some of the bad effects induced by this ill custom of ours, and anybody can easily fill out the list, can easily see how surely the perception of good and bad is blunted in the individual, and what that leads to in the mass. It would be instructive, and it would not be difficult, to trace the chain which links together the vile repeater of the Sixth Ward, the 28,000 majority for Hoffman, and the bawling of partisan billingsgate—say gems like this one:

"The Saturday *Landslide*—the most impudent of the rascally journals which infest and infect our city groggeries—thus attempts to brazen out the villanies whereby the vote of our State was stolen from Grant and Colfax."

## MADAME AUDOUARD'S "CONFERENCES."

What the difference is between a "speech" and an "oration" has, we believe, never been exactly defined. At all events we have never grasped this distinction clearly, and we are in much the same haze as regards the distinction in French between a "leçon" and a "conférence." A "leçon" is what in English we call a "lecture," such as professors give in colleges, or distinguished men give on any subject for purposes of instruction. A "conférence" is something, we imagine, more comprehensive, more elevated, more dignified—it is, in short, a "conférence." We should, for instance, if left to ourselves, describe Mr. Greeley's discourse on "Success in Life" as a "leçon," but the lectures which Mr. Emerson has just been delivering in Boston as "conférences;" but if, at that moment, an academician, or other enlightened Frenchman, should appear, and rap us over the knuckles, and assert that we were mistaken, and show wherein, we should at once succumb and never mention the subject again.

We have in our time attended both "leçons" and "conférences," and consequently it was not with the hope of getting any fresh light as to the distinction between them that we attended the opening of Madame Olympe Audouard's "conférences" the other night in the Union League Theatre. We went, of course, mainly to hear what she had to say of Victor Hugo, about whom, considered as a politician, our mind has for some time past been greatly troubled; but also to see in what way a cultivated and accomplished Frenchwoman, who has seen social life on its best side, practised the art of lecturing in public. In what way American women practise it, we know. The public appearance of women as orators may be spoken of as a new thing, and can be called common in the United States only. Those who have appeared among us have, therefore, not unnaturally thus far followed closely in the beaten male track; and, like all women who attempt any art or accomplishment supposed to be peculiarly masculine—such, for instance, as riding on horseback—aim to look as like and act as like men as circumstances will permit. When they appear on the platform, for instance, they carefully lay aside, as far as they can, everything which calls attention to the distinction of sex. They dress with exceeding plainness and in dark colors. They smooth down their hair till it is no longer their glory. They religiously eschew all the "little nothings" which, in the parlor or ball-room, help to heighten their attractions and secure for their opinions a favorable consideration. As far as externals are concerned, they do everything they can to prevent their influence being in any sense a female influence, and talk to the audience "as man to man." Moreover, in some cases, where their physical powers are good and their feelings strong, they approach more or less closely to masculine passionateness in delivery. But it must be admitted that, whether owing to their peculiarities of physique or their peculiarities of training or the prejudices of society, female orators do not succeed very well on the male model. They are not effective when vehement or declamatory; do not add anything, or not much, to the force of what they say by gesticulation; and, in fact, cut a rather sorry figure in the loftier flights of oratory. To sum up, they lay aside their own arts of persuasion, and have thus far not succeeded in completely acquiring those of men.

We have no doubt whatever that when Frenchwomen begin to give their mind to public speaking they will speedily fix the "style" for women on the platform; will decide what is the most effective dress, what the most effective attitude; in short, carry into the new field of activity that wonderful French taste which has done so much for art and for society. We therefore went to hear Madame Audouard in the expectation of getting some new light, and we were not disappointed. She dresses well, and in the last fashion; wears her hair, too, in the last fashion, which happens to be, in this case, becoming, and sits down at a desk and reads her paper with a rich, flexible voice, in the conversational tone, but with the greatest variety and skill in inflection. Nothing of literary value in the paper was lost, and yet she brought to its aid everything which makes or increases a woman's power in the drawing-room. We do not say to her American sisters to copy her; but we feel sure they might profitably get some hints from her.

Of the first lecture—the only one we have heard at this writing—there is really not much to be said by way of criticism. It consisted rather of an elaborate eulogy on Victor Hugo than of an account of him. For many, in fact most, of his recent political performances we think he needs an apologist. His screaming addresses to the radicals of the "wide, wide world" produce, we know, the same unpleasant effect on the best class of liberals in France that they produce on the best class of liberals elsewhere. Madame Audouard neither accounted for them nor defended them; and in fact seemed rather to suppose that what we consider his defects as a politician—and it is only as a politician she treated him—were amongst his virtues. She seemed to suppose, too, that it was of more importance to proclaim him and herself republicans, in order to secure a favorable hearing from her audience, than it really is. Few European radicals, especially Continental radicals, come here without the impression that Americans share their burning hatred of tyrants and aristocrats. But there is really no such feeling. People do not hate what has never troubled them, and the mass of Americans know nothing of kings and nobles except what they read in novels. They therefore, on the whole, rather admire them at this distance. Any unpleasant feeling they have about them is rather one of pity than dislike. There are few Americans who would not like to be dukes, but the idea that dukes might spring up on this soil and give us trouble is one that never enters their heads. In short, though they sympathize politically with foreign republicans, there is nothing they admire so much as sensible and good-hearted people of all political beliefs and social grades. But then, whatever one may think of Madame Audouard's opinions, the charm of hearing her utter them is undoubted, and anybody to whom it is a treat to hear a cultivated Frenchwoman speak pure French with a pure accent and a sweet voice, and see female lecturing treated as an art, cannot do better than go and hear her.

## VENETIAN GLASS.

VENICE, October 29, 1868.

YOUR readers may remember a paper on Venetian mosaics inserted in the *Nation* towards the close of 1866, and I think it may interest them to learn the immense progress attained in this and the glass-blowing department of Signor Salviati's establishment since that date. This progress is owing in part to the intense devotion of the artists educated and trained on the spot; in part to the capital invested by what is called the Anglo-Italian Mosaic and Glass Company, but in reality by Mr. Layard and a few, very few, other English lovers of art, who, fired by the idea of the revival of these lost branches of ancient art, have spared neither pains nor expense nor repeated journeyings to enable the original author of this revival to carry out his conceptions and schemes to their utmost limits. Since I last wrote, the mosaic of the Lord's Supper, designed by Clayton and Bell, and executed in Venice for Westminster Abbey; a life-size figure on gold ground of Niccolo Pisano, from Leighton's design; Apelles and Benozzo Gozzoli, Giorgione, and William of Wykeham, for the new court of South Kensington Museum; the ornamentation on the ceiling of the exterior vestibule of the Mausoleum at Frogmore; the decorations for the spandrels and tympana of the National Memorial to the Prince Consort in Hyde Park, have been completed and despatched, and the English press is loud and unanimous in their praise. These I have not seen; but judging from the portrait of Marco Polo, completed, and that of Columbus, now being executed as a present from the municipality of Venice to Genoa, its one-time foe and rival, I can imagine no verdict too favorable. The same artists are at work as I saw last time in the studio; but practice is each day making them more perfect in the handling of the tiny fragments of enamel—the manufacture of which, especially in the flesh tints, leaves them nothing to envy on a painter's palette. Seen at a distance, but for the resolutely honest lines of the gold enamel background, you would hardly hesitate—not being a critic—to pronounce the portrait of Marco Polo an oil painting by an old master; the expression of the features, the flow of the beard, the folds of the drapery, are so natural and majestic that you can't resist the temptation of going up and touching the picture to be convinced that it is really composed of bits of colored glass. Passing to the private studio, where two artists are at work, one on the face and one on the drapery of the Columbus, you are compelled to admit that the beardless face is still more expressive and the tints still more perfectly graduated than even the Marco Polo. The artist himself is of this opinion, and confesses that he never hoped to attain to such results when he first manipulated the hard, unyielding fragments. One advantage in the present over the past is, that whereas Salviati's artists were, until the present year, entirely dependent on the caprices of that most erratic genius, Laurent Radi, English capital has enabled him to set up furnaces and a manufactory of enamels of his own. It cost him much to separate from the comrade to whose skill and perseverance the recovery of the art of making enamel he freely confesses is owing, but the interests of his establishment were at stake, and he could no longer hesitate. Two of his own workmen affirmed that both the chemical combinations and technical operations were known to them, so giving them *carte blanche* for material, and shutting them up in the new workshop at Murano, he left them to their own devices, and after several failures, all very costly, they turned out cakes of enamel of every shade and hue, and blocks of rich blooded agates and exquisitely veined chalcedony, which leave nothing to be desired, and, when the first expenses are covered, will be produced for about half the sum hitherto paid to Radi. This, of course, is an immense point gained, as, for an establishment with commissions pouring in from all quarters of the world to be dependent on the caprices of one man for the very dough of which its bread is made, was to run the risk of coming some day to a sudden stand-still. One *paste* only are Salviati's workmen unable as yet to master, that is the celebrated *avventurino*, a sort of gold-specked bronze, whose success depends on the paste being fused at the precise second when the gold crystallizes. Trial after trial has been made, but the block comes out of the furnace a solid mass of lifeless bronze; so that for the time being the artists are dependent on two firms who possess the secret of the useful and capricious *avventurino*. So satisfied are the Venetian authorities with these enamels that the reparation of the mosaics in St. Mark's is entrusted to his artists, and whereas formerly he was only called upon to supply the enamel, his men are now summoned to work them out, following the old designs when possible, and replacing them with new ones where no traces remain to guide the eye. The best praise to be given to this undertaking is that competent judges are unable to detect the new mosaics from the old.

I have given the mosaics the first place, as I suppose is their due; but I confess that the glass-blowing department is to me far more fascinating. On the very eve of our arrival I was attracted by the new shop at the corner of St. Mark's Square, under the Procuratie Vecchie, glistening and gleaming with colors as soft and varied and iridescent as the necks of St. Mark's own doves; chandeliers and mirrors, vases, urns, chalices, cups, bowls, and wine-glasses—each one seemingly of varied hue and form. Here, also, progress is gloriously evident; the vases of imitation agate, the exquisite blending of opal and ruby, the *fiamma-smelze* and *avventurino*, have all gained in purity and intensity; the old forms sought for with passionate eagerness all over Europe, cheerfully lent by the Brussels and Brescian Museums, are reproduced with perfect exactitude; and, in several branches of this art, even reluctant connoisseurs admit that the descendants of the old Murano glass-blowers have surpassed their ancestors. On the morrow I crossed the Grand Canal, and, landing at the mosaic and glass establishment, stood spell-bound at the entrance of the central room, where the largest chandelier ever produced in glass is hung, awaiting its four companions, ere it goes to decorate the ball-room of the palace of Giovanelli—one of the several millionaires of Venice. It consists of three tiers of transparent, ruby-tinted branches, each tier separated by exquisite leaves and flowers. The three *flower garlands* that hide the central arrangements are a perfectly new invention, and as perfect a success. Though seemingly one united whole, the chandelier is composed of hundreds of pieces, which are taken apart and packed and put together again with the utmost ease, thus rendering their packing for foreign parts safe and of small compass. The flower-garlanded mirrors are equally beautiful; the new lamps for gas are admirably adapted for the purpose, while their price brings them within the reach of all who have imbibed Ruskin's just horror of cut-glass barbarities. The workmen have attained to such deftness in manipulating

their *paste* that the opal plates and central pieces for the dinner-table, the chalcedony urns and vases, which, owing to their size, were rarely completed without some blemish, are now turned out with a precision scarcely hoped for a couple of years since.

Quitting the establishment, I at once took a gondola for Murano; and, landing at a new and much larger building than that of 1866, found all the old artists at their posts—the best artist of that year promoted to the post of designer and director of the glass-room—together with half-a-dozen lads who promise in a very short time to become as deft and clever as their teachers. Five furnaces were alight; the head artist, a lineal descendant of the same Saguso who, four hundred years ago, was famous among his fellows as a glass-blower, was completing a table chandelier for the new Venetian Casino; the second was blowing flowers for the same; a lad of fourteen was manipulating a lovely opal vase; the rest blowing wine-glasses and chalices; the smaller urchins cutting and preparing the rods of aqua marina and smelze. Perfect silence prevailed, as usual; the bright, earnest eyes of each workman watching the forms that blossomed from their steady, delicate fingers, the director now and then suggesting the possible danger to an almost completed work, or a possible improvement in a second specimen. Although the process is now familiar to me, I cannot repress the wonder and admiration of the perfect results produced by this practised obedience of the hand to the color and form-appreciating eye; for it must be borne in mind that every object is formed by *two* men—the artist and his assistant. Let the assistant present his rod with the streaming metal at the end in too large a piece or too hot or too cold, let him withdraw it an instant sooner or later than he ought, and his master's work is spoiled; let the master himself blow too hard through his rod, or turn it in air a trifle too high, or manipulate it in the furnace too swiftly or too slowly, and failure is the result. With the best hands failure is now rare; with the lads, frequent; and years pass before they are able to make *two* objects of the same size and form.

The commissions in the glass departments are so numerous that the managers are at their wits' ends to get them executed, as they can take on *no new hands*, only the trained workmen and lads being up to the task. The pay is good—for Venice, immense—one hundred francs per week to the best workmen; twenty francs per week to even the lads of fourteen.

When I first heard of the Anglo-Italian Company I feared much that British practicality would subordinate beauty to utility; but when, on my second visit to Murano, I saw Mr. Layard as eager and intent as Salviati himself on the success of a new combination—a plate of milk-white centre and purple transparent border—my fears vanished at once. The object of this true and noble artist is simply and solely to enable the Venetians to recover, at least in this department, their lost supremacy. So far the British practicality enters that they have wisely separated the artistic from the administrative department, Salviati retaining the former and a new director the latter. The packing branch has gained considerably, as, in days gone by, purchasers of the fairy fabrics at the establishment were shocked and disheartened to receive a box of fragments packed with apparent care in sea-weed, or rather lagoon-weed, and wool. Breakages now rarely occur in the transport, so that foreigners may safely venture out orders from all parts of the world. The London trade is brisk. A branch establishment is now preparing in Paris and Vienna. Yesterday seven huge cases were despatched to Norton, in San Francisco, and I hear that the New Yorkers are beginning to appreciate Venetian enamel mosaics and Venetian glass at their full value.

# Correspondence.

## "YORK, YOU'RE WANTED."

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: Your correspondent, "C. J. H.," has pointed out an error of a word in my review of Bartlett's "Familiar Quotations," which I am glad to have corrected. Instead of saying "in 1832, *when* the Duke of York became insolvent," I should have said, "*after* the Duke of York became insolvent." The truth is, I was quoting from memory (always a bad practice), my authority being "Notes and Queries," 3d series, Vol. X., p. 355, where the editor says that the phrase, "York, you're wanted" was "in great request, in 1832, among the creditors of the late Duke of York." This assertion is confirmed by the enclosed note, just received from my learned friend, Mr. J. J. Reed, author of "Outlines of Universal History." The phrase in question is certainly a "quotation," and happening to be "familiar" to me, I mentioned it rather in the hope of affording material for a new edition of Mr. Bartlett's "attempts to trace to their source passages and *phrases* in common use," than with the desire to find fault with that excellent work.

The Editor of "Lippincott's Magazine."

Office of Lippincott's Magazine, Philadelphia, November 14, 1868.

(No. 2.)

Editor of Lippincott's Magazine:

Dear Sir: I observe in the *Nation* of November 12 a communication from "C. J. H." respecting the phrase, "York, you're wanted," in which he says that this "slang expression never had reference to the Duke of York." In this assertion "C. J. H." is wrong. I was in London from 1827 to 1834, and remember having frequently heard the expression, though not *exclusively* applied to the duke. It was, however, directly applied to his memory in several facetious ways on the occasion of erecting the granite column called the Duke of York's Column, at the top of the flight of steps leading from Waterloo Place to St. James's Park, which took place somewhere about 1830, as well as I can recollect, but I will not be positive on the point. The duke died in 1827, deeply in debt, and one of the current jokes of the day was that his friends had placed him at the top of the column to keep him out of the reach of his creditors, who might, therefore, shout out "York, you're wanted" until they were tired.

You are in error in saying he died in 1832, but in all other respects you are correct as to the origin and use of the expression in question.

Yours faithfully, Jos. J. Reed.

340 South Fifteenth Street, Philadelphia, November 13, 1868.

[We do not know what Mr. Reed does with "C. J. H.'s" statement that "York, you're wanted" became familiarized publicly from the musical drama of "The Slave," wherein it is applied to a knowing character, Matthew Sharpset, a wide-awake Yorkshireman. Apparently he believes the suggestion therein contained a mistaken one. Otherwise the magazinist cannot be "correct as to the origin" of the phrase. "C. J. H." should have given the date of "The Slave's" popularity. —Ed. Nation.]

# Notes.

## LITERARY.

Messrs. Roberts Brothers have made arrangements with the conductors of *Littell's Living Age* under which Auerbach's new novel, "The Villa on the Rhine," will be reprinted in that magazine in weekly instalments. The best of all the eclectic periodicals is just entering on its hundredth volume. A better than ordinary taste presides over the selection of the articles, and one gets in it a tolerably good view of the whole field of English monthly, quarterly, and weekly literature; the Continental literature is not so well attended to. By the way, the *Staats-Zeitung* of this city, which is printing the original of "The Villa on the Rhine" in weekly instalments, pays Auerbach a handsome sum for leave to do so; the English audience of the novelist will not, we hope, be any less honorably purveyed for.

—The Detroit *Post* makes the mistake of saying that the following paragraph appeared in the *Nation*. It sounds like a precious bit of the dreariest of feeble imitations of the London *Review's* imitations of the *Saturday Review's* social articles. Who did it we do not know, but we know that we are not responsible for it:

"Money," says the *Nation*, "is rapidly growing to be our solitary social test: at once the corner-stone and coping of that gorgeous edifice which is known as our best society. We do not at all enquire whether a man or woman is virtuous or cultivated in order to admit them to the sacred circles of our *élite*, but only if they are rich."

In our opinion, we are not so far gone, socially or otherwise.

—Professor W. D. Whitney's "Language and the Study of Language," which is in its second edition in England, and its third or fourth in this country, has been, to a certain extent, adopted as a class-book. To adapt it more perfectly to this use its author has prepared an edition which consists of a sixteen-page synopsis or analysis of the work, and which cannot fail to be of considerable value to teachers and pupils, as well as to all general readers who read carefully; for it will, so to speak, emphasize the author's style, which, perhaps, needs a little emphasizing to suit general readers, who are but a lazy breed, although scholars delight in its perfect fitness for the subject and the spirit in which it should be handled. As a specimen of the character of the addition, we give a portion of the analysis of the sixth chapter:

"LECTURE VI.

"1. Review; survey of the branches of Indo-European language; our next task a more detailed survey.

"2. Divisions of Germanic branch; Low-German group; English and its direct ancestors; Frisian; Old Saxon; their fate; Netherlandish; Flemish.

"3. High-German group; its three periods; their date, ruling dialects, and literatures.

"4. Scandinavian group; Icelandic records; their date and importance; modern Scandinavian dialects.

"5. Extinct groups; Ulfilas's Bible-version; Mœso-Gothic; its importance.

"6. Slavonic branch; Church Slavic; Russian; other dialects of the south-eastern group; principal languages of the western group.

"7. Lithuanic group; its relation to Slavonic; source of its interest; its dialects.

"8. Celtic branch; its present narrow dimensions; its decay and probable extinction; Celtomania."

Of all future American editions this new matter will form a part, and persons owning a copy of the earlier editions can, of course, be supplied by Scribner & Co. with the analysis in its separate form.

—It appears that in June last a lady—a Briton, as we understand it—on a Boston steamer then on its way to England, declared to all on board that in her they beheld the veritable "Ouida." Still further to deceive, this schemer presented to her fellow-travellers many copies of "Under Two Flags." So Ouida herself says in a letter to her American publishers, a copy of which she sends by them to various American journals. She desires also to contradict a paragraph in a recent number of the *Gaulois*, to the effect that a celebrated mask—namely, that of the admired and mysterious Ouida—had fallen on the nuptial altar when Mrs. Montgomery Atwood was married to Mr. Home Payne, at the British Embassy in Paris. Mrs. Atwood is not Ouida, and Mr. Home Payne is consequently, and we may presume entirely to his satisfaction, not the husband of the mysterious authoress. Finally, any one who knows of other instances of "this form of literary larceny" will much oblige Ouida if they will send her a letter through Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co. Ouida seems to be developing a talent for advertising, we should say.

—We have just received the last Annual Report of the President of the Michigan State University to the Board of Regents of that institution, in which he discusses two important questions: 1st, Shall a Professor of Homœopathy be added to the Faculty of Medicine? 2d, Shall women be admitted to the privileges of the university? As long ago as the year 1855 a law was enacted declaring "that there shall always be at least one professor of homœopathy in the department of medicine." This law remained a dead letter, the Board of Regents refusing to execute it, and claiming, we believe, that as an independent body corporate, deriving their existence from the constitution of the State, they are coequal with the Legislature, and therefore not bound to obey its behests. In 1867, the State Legislature failing to bring the university to terms by paper ordinances, tried what virtue there was in more substantial bribes, and offered pecuniary aid to the institution, on condition that the said law should be carried into effect. The Regents took the subject into consideration, but, owing to the violent opposition which it met with on the part of the medical faculty, attempted to compromise, but in reality complicated the difficulty, by establishing a homœopathic school "as a part of the university, but to be located in some other town than Ann Arbor." Even this concession did not satisfy the "regular physicians," who deemed themselves professionally contaminated by the remotest association with what they denounced as "dishonest quackery." The question, however, was finally settled by the Supreme Court, which decided that the arrangement contemplated by the Regents was not a compliance with the law, and would not entitle the university to the promised pecuniary aid. Thus the whole matter comes up anew. Dr. Haven thinks that the law of 1855 should be repealed, and gives several pages of reasons why the execution of it would be injurious to the interests of the university and also of true science; but, in strange contradiction to his previous argumentation, he concludes by saying "that the Regents ought to respect the will of the people, and must in the end accept the aid tendered by the State on the conditions insisted upon." Dr. Haven's discussion of the general topic we regard as far more ingenious than ingenuous. His statement that there is no such school of medicine as "Allopathy," but that this appellation is a nickname bestowed upon the regular medical profession by their enemies [see also his address, "Duties of the Medical Profession," p. 10], is not historically correct. Allopathy is only another word for *contraria contrariis*, an ancient dogma of therapeutics, which was the recognized rule of healing long before Hahnemann was born, and which suggested to him his formula of *similia similibus*. Stahl, in a treatise published in 1738, refers to the principle of healing by *contraries* as the regular medical practice, and we might cite hundreds of authorities in proof of our assertion, going back twenty-three centuries to Hippocrates himself. To speak of the regular school of physicians as "embracing the whole orb of the science and art of medicine and surgery" is as absurd as to say that the Church of Rome embraces the whole orb of theological truth and saving faith because it styles itself "Catholic." Would Dr. Haven be willing to accept a Romish priest's exposition of Methodism simply because the Papacy claims to be synonymous and coextensive with Christianity, and stigmatizes all sects as damnable heresies? And why should homœopathy be given over to the tender mercies of its avowed enemies to be interpreted and represented by them in our medical schools, merely because "regular physicians profess to embrace the whole orb of science and art," and "are, by their professed basis of action, forbidden to shut out light from any source?" Dr. Haven's own allusions (in his address) to "sweetened water as a medicine," to "the unintelligible and incredible dogma that infinitesimal quantities of our common drugs can perceptibly affect the human system," etc., indicate the spirit in which the homœopathic system would be expounded under such circumstances. We are not refuting or defending the doctrine of infinitesimal doses or any other theory of medicine; our object is to expose the absurdity and unfairness of insisting that homœopathy should be satisfied with having allopaths (or "regular physicians," if you choose; the name is of no consequence) for its authorized expounders. Such a plan would be scarcely more just or acceptable than the arrangement by which a Capuchin used to preach in the Ghetto on the wickedness and stiff-neckedness of the Jews.

— As regards the second question, Dr. Haven favors what has been called the "Epicene" system of education, or the admission of women to the university on the same conditions as men. We have always doubted, and still doubt, the wisdom of this movement, and the experience of those colleges where it has been tried is not very encouraging. Thus far it has succeeded better in Europe than in America, as regards the highest institutions of scientific and professional learning. This may be due to the smaller number of women there who enter upon such courses of study, so that the character of the university is not modified or in any way affected by their presence. In our country the applicants, being far more numerous, would give tone to the whole system of instruction. We believe that a young woman should have every possible opportunity of studying all the branches of knowledge to which she desires to devote her faculties. The only question at issue is as to the best means of attaining this end. In our opinion, the most satisfactory results can be realized by the liberal organization and ample endowment of separate schools. If there be one profession for which woman's peculiar tact and temperament render her better fitted than for any other, it is that of medicine; and yet it would be almost impossible for her to pursue this study in all its branches in the same auditorium and dissecting-room with the opposite sex. We have before us Dr. Haven's report for 1867, in which he takes very strong ground against the admission of women to an institution "originated and planned upon a different idea," and declares that it could not be done "without a radical revolution" which would "give a totally new character to the university, and infallibly be attended with a temporary breaking up of its prosperity and success." He also cites such authorities as Horace Mann and President Finney to show that the consequences of "so hazardous a step" would be "terrible." In the present report he says that "the most of what is urged against it is fanciful, and partakes of the nature of the thoughtless opposition made to what is new." If Dr. Haven has received any new light sufficient to account for his entire change of views on this subject, he certainly does not impart it to the public in his last report. We hope it is not a part of his new policy to metamorphose what has been so frequently called "the great University of the West" into a college like Antioch or Oberlin, in obedience to the clamors of "those who theorize on this matter without practical experience" (Report for 1867, p. 12). But we have no space for the further consideration of a topic which has been repeatedly discussed in our columns. As regards the literary character of Dr. Haven's report, we must say that it lacks the elegance and dignity which we usually expect to find in official documents emanating from such a source. "*Matters* have subsided into their normal condition" is not a model phrase; and the uniform orthography of "homœopathy," "homœopathic," etc., has not yet been naturalized by Webster.

—Mr. F. Kapp, in composing a work on the German emigration to this country, has judged rightly that without a knowledge of this and similar movements the history of America cannot be understood or rightly written,

To take the nearest instance: a little reflection will convince us that while the accessions to our population from Ireland added directly to the power of the Southern oligarchy, and enabled it, by means of the Democratic party, to extend its triumph, and apparently to render itself invincible, the same immigrants prepared the North for the ultimate trial of arms by helping to build up its material prosperity; and that, on the other hand, the Irish, Germans, and other European colonists together made it clear to the South that slavery must go to the wall by sheer force of numbers in the free States. Hence that methodical mania for acquiring fresh territory for slavery, and the increasing violence of the measures in support of the institution wherever planted and wherever carried or *in transitu*. Hence the rapid culmination of the conspiracy against the Union, which might have been delayed for half a century with a less populous and flourishing North. And again, thirty years ago, Brazil, which has attracted even Icelanders to leave their country, seemed likely to gather to itself an enormous immigration from Germany. Slavery and land monopoly, naturally attended by negligence and bad faith, in providing for the new-comers, caused this stream to be almost dried up; it was, in fact, diverted to the United States, and for like causes to the North only—showing what slavery in Brazil had to do with emancipation here. In this last movement one person has been especially prominent, as we once mentioned with due praise. This is Mr. Consul J. J. Sturz, of Berlin, whose life has been devoted to the welfare of his emigrating countrymen; who first led them to Brazil in good faith, then warned them against it while recommending the United States, and has never ceased warning and recommending. There is still a feeble German emigration to Brazil, for there are German colonies there; and the speculators most interested in keeping this up, meeting only with exposure and opposition from Mr. Sturz, have retaliated with personal abuse and misrepresentation. Both parties have resorted freely to the press with charges and rejoinders, and now we notice that Mr. Sturz, whose activity knows no limit, has summed up his own case in the controversy with Herr Blumenau in a book or brochure entitled "Die deutsche Auswanderung und die Verschleppung deutscher Auswanderer. Mit speciellen Dokumenten" (German Emigration and the Scattering of German Emigrants, with special documents). We have not yet seen it, but we venture to say that it is an authentic and valuable companion to any history of Brazil.

—The English lists are very full of new books. The Rev. F. Barham Zincke is one of the Queen's chaplains, we believe, and a good friend of America. He is to publish a book full of table-talk collected during a winter tour through the South and West. But Mr. Trollope's latest performance was not of a reassuring kind, nor Mr. Dixon's, nor is Mr. Arthur Sketchley's, which is worthy of his kind half a century ago. Professor Pearson has, however, been writing sensibly about us of late, and so has Mr. Leslie Stephen. But, unfortunately, men such as they are not of the tribe of bookmakers. Perhaps we should not talk; we have an ambassador in England worth a thousand of the readiest writers for bringing us into contempt. Another of Mr. Murray's announcements will be of special interest to Americans, namely, "Travels and Adventures on the River Yukon," by Frederick Whymper. Mr. Plumptre has translated the tragedies of Æschylus, which will be agreeable news to people who know his Sophocles. His publisher is Mr. Strahan, who also will publish "The Legends of King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table," a work by an anonymous compiler, and one which may be anything, but might very well be made in the interest of the public to whom Tennyson has made this great cycle of romance familiar. "The Great Russian Fabulist; or, Krilof and his Fables," translated by Mr. W. R. S. Ralston, will very likely be worth the attention of our publishers of "juveniles." Mr. Arthur Helps, we think we have said before, is at work on a "Life of Columbus," which is needed, but which he, for more reasons than one, is not just the man to give us. His "Life of Las Casas" is fair enough biography, but it is not more. Then, for another thing, he is so excellent a smallish Emerson—so far as Emerson is a "conduct of life" philosopher, a Yankee rather than a Brahmin—when he is writing "Friends in Council" or "Realmah," and is so agreeable a humorist, that we rather begrudge him to biography. Bell & Daldy are Mr. Helps's publishers, and also are Hans Christian Andersen's, who appears this time with his "Later Tales" (1867–68). "Old Burchell's Pocket" is a holiday book by Elihu Burritt, who doubtless had in mind his friend Goldsmith's Mr. Burchell when he selected his plan and title. The translator of "L'Oiseau" is going to give us "Mysteries of the Ocean," from the French of Arthur Nangin. What a "Book of Studies," by Mr. W. H. Dixon, is, we do not know, but probably it is a collection of historical sketches. We mention last some books of the special literature of sports and pastimes. They are published by Virtue & Yorston, and are by the Hon. Francis Lawley, who writes on racing and shooting; Mr. Leslie Stephen, who writes on Alpine climbing and rowing; Mr. Anthony Trollope, whose subject is hunting; Mr. Charles Mereweather, whose subject is cricket; Mr. Edward Pigott and Mr. James Bertram, who respectively treat of yachting and fishing. These will not be ordinary books of their species, but worth attention. A periodical soon to be issued some of our readers will be glad to hear about. It is to be issued intermittently by Messrs. Kent & Co., who publish it for certain club-room devotees of whist and chess. It will be mainly composed of games and problems, but not wholly so composed.

—For our religious, or rather for our clerical readers, we mention these works, not long since announced by the English houses: "The Metaphors of Saint Paul," by J. S. Howson; "Village Sermons on the Baptismal Service," by Keble; "Eleven Short Addresses" by Pusey, delivered during a "retreat" of the "Companions of the Love of Jesus engaged in perpetual intercession for the conversion of sinners;" "England's Antiphon," by George Macdonald; "Chief Lessons of the Epistles to the Ephesians, Philippians, Colossians, and Thessalonians," by J. M. Deniston; and a three-volume edition of W. Carpenter's "Introduction to the Reading and Study of the English Bible."

—Emanuel Geibel, the eminent German poet, having written a festal song for the late reception at Lübeck—the poet's native town—of King William of Prussia, in which he expressed the hope of a speedy union of the whole of Germany under the lead of that monarch, has been deprived by the young King of Bavaria of a pension of fifteen hundred florins granted him by the late King Maximilian. Geibel, in consequence of this, intends quitting the University of Munich, at which he has been professor of philosophy since 1852. The matter creates considerable indignation throughout Germany, and the Prussian Government is urged by the press to indemnify the writer for his loss, so patriotically incurred, especially as advanced age and feeble health would render it a hard task for him to sustain himself by his literary labor alone. The latest poetical production of Geibel is a tragedy, "Sophonisbe," which, a few weeks ago, was played for the first time at the Vienna Burgtheater, and received with great favor, the author, who was present, being hailed with applause on the termination of each act.—Dr. Streiter, the Burgomaster of the town of Botzen, and its representative at the Tyrolese Diet, has, under the title of "Blätter aus Tyrol," published a series of sketches of the recent political history and of the present condition of that highly interesting, but comparatively so little known, Alpine country. The book is said to shed a great deal of light on the system of clerical bondage by which the brave Tyrolese mountaineers have so long and so effectually been kept aloof from the intellectual movements of the rest of Germany, and to represent their hero, Andreas Hofer, not as a martyr to the cause of liberty and independence, but as a devoted tool of religious fanaticism. As soon as received in this country, we shall lay a part of its contents before our readers.

—The Italians appear to be less dissatisfied than we had supposed they might be with Austria's partial restitution of archives, etc., to Venice. Another city has also been fortunate in recovering similar treasures. By freeing the estates of the Duke of Modena from sequestration, the Italian Government has induced him to restore to his late subjects upwards of fourteen thousand medals and coins, mostly gold and silver; more than a thousand precious stones, of various sizes and values; and paintings which include a Giorgione, a Correggio, and a Raphael. These belonged to the Museum and Pinacoteca. The Library gets back much valuable property, fifteen volumes especially being precious; among them a Dante of the fourteenth century, admirably preserved, and adorned with a priceless miniature; three volumes of Tasso's autographs; an autograph album rich in the handwriting of ancient authors and distinguished men, embracing several specimens of Savonarola's; an ancient *Biblia pauperum*, of great antiquity and curiously illustrated; an *Evangelario Greco* of the tenth century, etc., etc. These and the Venetian materials together offer a fine field to aspiring historians. Trieste, which Italy is loth to consider foreign territory, has just bought of Dr. Peter Kandler, an eminent archæologist of the city, his manuscript history of the province of Istria, and of Trieste itself. It consists of three parts, and is in three huge volumes; the periods treated of extend (1) from the remotest times to Charlemagne, (2) from 789 to 1382, when the Commune of Trieste was surrendered to the House of Austria, and (3) from the date last mentioned to 1809. An immense number of tables and topographical maps accompany this labor of a lifetime, which sold for 7,000 florins. The city government was liberal enough to purchase at the same time, for 3,000 florins additional, a vast quantity of collateral and illustrative matter, such as parchments, diplomas, original statutes of

the Middle Ages, etc., which comprised Dr. Kandler's collection. Every one will now wish that this history be printed to preserve it from the danger of being lost or destroyed.

## THE LIFE AND VOYAGES OF CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.*

A NEW edition of Irving's Columbus has lately been presented to the public. A new edition, however, is not what the public want, but an entirely new book; another Life, by another American, is demanded. Forty years have gone by since Mr. Irving first published this work. Since then a generation has passed away, and the subject, meanwhile, has grown into colossal proportions, and into greater historical importance. It is not merely the life and adventures of the renowned navigator that attract, it is the age, with its incidents, in which he flourished that needs description. The tradition respecting the appearance of Washington Irving's work is, that it was not so much due to his desire to please readers as his wish to satisfy the interests of Mr. John Murray, the bookseller. Navarette, a Spanish writer, had recently brought out in Madrid some volumes of voyages and discoveries which contained many things new, interesting, and instructive about Columbus; and Mr. Irving proposed to translate these narratives if Mr. Murray would undertake the printing. The publisher, however, declined the speculation, but said that if Mr. Irving would write a Life of Columbus, incorporating Navarette's revelations, he would most willingly accept the manuscript.

From this negotiation sprang the Life now before us. Navarette's publication furnished the basis of the plan; the other portions were secondary, introduced to embellish the facts drawn from the Spanish source. Hence the paucity of historical illustration, but hence the elaboration in style and language. The haste in which the task was done is the excuse to cover a multitude of historical sins. The literary world was delighted with the Life; it was charmed with the new light in which Columbus was portrayed; but the entire insufficiency of the book has long been patent.

For example, the author has taken some trouble to present many instances of the ignorance existing among the monks of the fifteenth century on astronomical science and geography; but it was not the ignorance which required delineation; on the contrary, it was the true state of knowledge among the learned. This instruction might have been obtained from a careful study of the maps of Ptolemy, and from the expositions of physical philosophy as then taught by the mathematicians. It is true the manuscripts of the Egyptian were in some confusion, and the sciences, as taught by professors, were far from being exact. But Mr. Irving seems to have shunned the research, and consequently has left cosmography in as much confusion and uncertainty as he found it among the illiterate of that period. Whether the earth, in its configuration, was viewed as a plane or a sphere, the author does not undertake to decide; and yet no fact in the history of science is more easy of demonstration than that all persons of scientific attainments were then as confident of its being spherical as they are now. From this oversight or neglect in examination the author has been led into several serious mistakes.

The defective method on which the Life was constructed inevitably led to countless errors; it is only surprising that there are not more. For a proper understanding of the greatness of Columbus, and of his achievements, not only the progress of intellectual culture in Europe, but the political condition of Spain, and the general policy pervading Christendom, required a short consideration. These have been omitted. The consequence has been that the plainest facts are sometimes misstated or misunderstood. Ferdinand and Isabella have been presented as joint occupants of the same throne; whereas, although married, the one was in sole possession of the crown of Aragon and the other of Castile. No rights of survivorship could be claimed by either. When Columbus made his proposition to them to fit out an expedition, it might have been accepted on the joint account of both sovereigns, or on the separate account of one of them. At the time Ferdinand, King of Castile, by courtesy, was aiding his wife with his chivalry of Aragon to effect the conquest of the Moors of Granada. But the war was being prosecuted solely at the cost of the treasury of Castile. Aragon was too poor to afford financial assistance; and if a conquest were accomplished, all the territorial and other direct advantages would accrue to the queen's separate crown. Mr. Irving, however, states erroneously that it was a conquest by Ferdinand, and became his possession. Fortunately, by the royal marriage, the Christian realms of Spain were united in their councils and in their co-operation; fortunately, at the same time, the Caliphs of Spain were at discord and divided.

Columbus, under the circumstances, addressed his petition to Isabella while Ferdinand looked on approvingly, feeling an interest in the speculation; for if it resulted favorably in leading to important discoveries, he himself might not derive any accession of territory thereby, but his children would reap the profit by inheritance from their mother, the queen. Her royal council of Castile discountenanced the project; her kingdom was drained to the last ducat; and where was the money to come from? Nor was the news of the Portuguese explorations along the west coast of Africa encouraging. That nation had been expending funds for twenty years, their ships had reached the line, but where were the revenues in return? Nothing was to be shown for all their expenditures, and still further advances were called for. The council of Castile unanimously rejected the proposal, but they set it aside with reluctance, as business men would resist a rich temptation. Yet these are the persons who are represented in history as the mortal enemies of Columbus, and therefore bad men, while the courtiers who had no official responsibility at stake, and who encouraged him, are represented as his friends, and therefore all good men. Columbus, standing by in the suffering character of the mildest-mannered man and corsair that ever scuttled ship or cut a throat, hinted that if Castile would not hearken unto him, he must go elsewhere to close a bargain; to Portugal, to England, to France. Now, the truth was he had already tried them all, and failed. Portugal had enough of explorations on hand; England was too poor, Henry VII. pretended; and from France nothing was to be hoped for. But these facts in his frankness he somehow forgot to mention at the court of Isabella.

The queen pondered much, and was deeply perplexed what to do. There was no one she could call on to aid her. Her royal council was decidedly against the scheme; it was not within the province of her confessor to interfere; for his functions required him to be versed in casuistry and learned in civil and canon law, but not in matters of finance. A confessor to the queen was altogether another occupation from that of a confessor to a simple female communicant. In one capacity he supervised the condition of her soul; in the other he gave ghostly council of the just duties she owed to her people. In a word, he was her attorney-general. Isabella might indeed appeal for light to guide her conduct to his Holiness the Pontiff in Rome. But what advice would come of it her courtiers well knew before that step should be taken.

Alexander VI. then occupied the Papal throne. He was a Spaniard, he was a Borgia, and both Mr. Irving and Doctor Robertson before him have laid great stress upon the fact that he was also an atheist. But his theological opinions are as foreign to the question as his personal habits; whether he attended vespers with regularity, or dressed his evening salad with oil extracted from olives of his native Valentia or from the more distant fruit of Dalmatia, is an idle speculation. No one asserted that he was a saint, but no one denied that he was a statesman; and it was in his political character, not his religious, he was to be consulted. He was the great head of the Church, the guardian of civilization, the common counsellor for all Christian princes in authority, now menaced with destruction by the Turk, from the preponderating strength of his armies by land, and from the supremacy of his navies at sea. It seemed at the moment as if the sway of the Sultan would not be checked by the Balkan, but soon embrace the waters of the Biscay, the Baltic, and the German Ocean. The court of Constantinople had absolute control of the India commerce, and possession of the ports of the Levant through which that commerce had to pass in its transit to Western Europe. The tribute exacted from Christian shipping produced ample funds to support the barbaric armies and fleets. The balance of trade was decidedly in favor of the Ottoman Empire.

To counteract these advantages on the part of the infidel, His Holiness was intent on inculcating harmony and peace among Christian communities in order to ensure unity of action, and he was enforcing by vigorous measures the counsel which he gave. He was also encouraging those whose realms were in proximity with the Atlantic to seek for a new passage to the Indies by some new route, which would emancipate Christendom from the heavy taxation to Constantinople. The Pope was indifferent what kingdom should make the discovery; it was enough that it was made by a Christian potentate. Isabella therefore knew what was to be expected, and did not apply to Rome.

The queen finally referred the measure to an assembly of pious, God-fearing men convoked to meet at Salamanca. Columbus was ordered to attend to make all needful explanations. The author has presented a synopsis of the proceedings of these clergy, and of their ignorance as displayed in the discussion. They quoted from the Scriptures and from the Fathers to prove that Columbus did not understand his business. The navigator made suitable replies, and the sessions were protracted. The result was

* "The Life and Voyages of Christopher Columbus; to which are added those of his Companions. By Washington Irving." Author's revised edition. 3 vols. octavo. New York: G. P. Putnam & Son. 1868.

what the queen had anticipated; she would have been pleased if the priests, instead of citing passages only from St. Augustine and Lactantius, had proceeded to read the whole body of theology; her object from the first was to procrastinate, to keep Columbus in suspense until the siege of Granada was ended. Mr. Irving does not perceive that the council of Salamanca was a sham, but Columbus must have seen through the motive, and was much disgusted. Had Isabella seriously desired correct information, many persons in her own household, graduates of Padua, Pisa, and Salamanca, could have been found competent to give it.

Granada at last fell, and now the queen resolved to furnish the funds for the expedition. But the treasury of Castile was exhausted. In this exigency Isabella declared she would pledge her jewels rather than witness the failure of the project. The receiver-general of the ecclesiastical revenues of Aragon took her at her word. The money was forthcoming by him, and the jewels put up; for in those days the money-changer was as imperative in his demands for security from sovereigns as the tailor from Sir John Falstaff. The author represents this incident confusedly and incorrectly. It is hinted that the gems were not pledged and that the funds came from the treasury of Ferdinand. But no fact in history is better established than that of their being pawned and that the treasury of Aragon took no part in the transaction. Ecclesiastical revenues do not appertain to the state, they belong to the Church; sovereigns had no control over them. But Mr. Irving will insist that Ferdinand, the husband of the queen, was jointly interested with her in the discovery He had no more to do with it than Prince Albert of Coburg had to do with the Crimean war.

When Columbus returned from his first voyage to bring back intelligence of his success, the sovereigns took measures to secure the sanction of the Pontiff to the acquisition of the new lands. *Ferdinand*, says our author, despatched ambassadors to Rome to hint *he* was determined to maintain *his* title to the discoveries, and instructing them to state that, in the opinion of many learned men, the possession of the *sovereigns* did not require the Papal consent; still *they* supplicated His Holiness to issue a bull making a cession of sovereignty to the crown of *Castile*. A bull was accordingly issued of cession to the *Spanish* crown. It is difficult to imagine how Mr. Irving, the most elegant and careful of scribes, could have written a paragraph so faulty in its grammatical structure, of which the above is the substance. Nouns and pronouns are scattered, singular and plural, in admirable incongruity, as if stranded by a tidal wave in an earthquake. It is evident he never saw a copy of the bull, and quite possible he did not know of the existence of a written petition to the Pontiff. He was in as much blissful innocence of all knowledge about the contents of both as he was of Ptolemy's astronomical epicycles.

It was always customary for Ferdinand to sign state papers along with Isabella, even where the subject-matter pertained exclusively to the crown of Castile. They transmitted a petition through their ambassador resident at Rome, but they did not send a special embassy; history is explicit on this point. No "hint" was given of the opinion of learned men in the premises; but the fact that eminent jurists thought no confirmation of sovereignty requisite from the Pope was set out in the petition itself. It was not, however, stated as a hint, but by way of a legal protest. The occasion that brought it forth was this: For ages it had been conceded that under the power of the keys the Pope had authority to depose bad sovereigns and bestow their kingdoms on the good, to promote the spread of the Gospel and ensure the welfare of the Christian world. But Rome had so frequently abused this divine prerogative that the times seemed to demand the total abrogation of its exercise. Therefore, when a king sent a petition for the sovereignty of new lands discovered, lest it might be used against him thereafter as a precedent, the writing embodied a protest saving the right to question the power to grant what was asked for. In the present case Alexander VI. made the gift without a moment's hesitation; it was in conformity with the general usage; but it was made to the crown of Castile and Leon, not to the crown of Aragon and Navarre. It was for the benefit exclusively of the sovereign and people of Castile and Leon. The subjects of Aragon for more than two centuries were as rigidly prohibited from setting foot in Spanish America as Frenchmen.

And now were realized the dreams of Columbus and the hopes of Christendom. A new route to the Indies was opened. The face of Europe, religiously, commercially, politically, underwent an immediate change. The precious products of the East, freed from Ottoman taxation, fell to one-fourth of their former money value; the staples of the West, stimulated by the increased supply of coin from the mines of Mexico and Peru, more than doubled in price in the market. The line of travel for caravans by the Euxine and Caspian to the Orient was nearly abandoned; the ports of the Levant, deserted by Christian shipping, exhibited comparatively the solitude of the Dead Sea. Nations that had stood so long trembling on the defensive against the Turk took heart and became the assailant. The two most powerful states, and situated on the flanks, began the assault. Spain on the right, resting on the Pillars of Hercules, with her squadrons carried the war into Africa; Poland on the left, extending far into Scythia and the frozen ocean, poured her battalions down the Danube. In much less than a century the Mohammedan empire had sunk to a second-rate naval power, and was no longer formidable. In 1490 the Christian faith was in danger in Great Britain; in 1590 the Moslem was in peril on the shores of the Bosphorus. Such were some of the effects and mighty results of the genius, energy, and daring of one man. In this aspect his life, as written by Washington Irving, cannot fill the measure of just expectations. It may possess great merit as a book for ardent, ingenious school-boys, but it no longer serves as a history for men.

## ILLUSTRATED LIFE OF KATHRINA.*

Dr. Holland's poem was reviewed in the *Nation* about a year ago, and now comes a new edition printed on tinted paper and in ornamental style, and illustrated by some seventy wood-cuts. It is the first gift-book of the year, and is probably as good—we do not speak of the poetry—as any of the year's books will be, in America at least. The illustrations are all new, and have been got up with more than the ordinary care. Mr. W. J. Hennessy and Mr. C. C. Griswold have made the drawings for this three-score-and-ten of little pictures. Mr. Griswold contributes only nine of them, all of landscape subjects, and all of a certain comparative dignity, square, firm-edged, and standing firmly between the lines of text, for the army of little vignettes and head-pieces is of Mr. Hennessy's mustering. Mr. Griswold's landscapes are the best engraved work we have seen from his designs; they reproduce his well-known and easily recognizable style; the general grace of composition which he possesses in so eminent a degree, his intelligent disposition of the masses of ground, hill and valley, slope and plain, and also that meaningless type of foliage and mannered rendering of its intricacy and its general surface, which his oil paintings exhibit still more forcibly. If one compares the foliage of the large wood-cut on page 259, where the leaves are near at hand, with Creswick's work in the Tennyson or, better still, in S. C. Hall's "Book of British Ballads," he will feel how poorly the American work renders the qualities of leafage, even as reducible to wood-engraving. Mr. Griswold's somewhat sculpturesque love of form takes him as far into trees as a sculptor could go, and gives him good ramification and modelling of tree trunks and branches, as in the admirable winter scene on page 52, where, also, the foreground detail is strong; and does well by him when his trees are far enough away to be mere masses, as in the afternoon picture on page 88. And in the Amherst College on page 37, the Road on page 71, and the winter piece named above, there is really skilful use of light. This last is probably the best of these cuts, and certainly gives Mr. Griswold high relative rank in this country as an illustrator of books.

Mr. Hennessy has no trifling skill in landscape; indeed, of late he shows great aptitude in that direction, and, whether in color or in black and white, he more nearly approaches complete success when his subject contains much reference to landscape effects. His figures go better into the out-of-door scenery than they stand alone. The night piece on page 144 contains a boat and man showing as a black shadow on the water, very well managed indeed, and the boy Paul on the top of Mount Holyoke, with the Arabian-Nights-ish lamb beside him, is somehow the best Paul in the book. For actual landscape work the slightly indicated trees on page 134 are very good.

The numerous vignettes and little pictures in circles and squares are nearly all clever, even a bit imaginative, some of them. Indeed, we find nearly all kinds of Mr. Hennessy's work better than his labored attempts at complete rendering of the human figure. Not that this is a surprising result to come at, but that we regret, in view of it, that he should seem to neglect other things for that one difficult and, for most men in most conditions, unattainable excellence. For instance, the scene on page 40, where the mother and son meet, is feebly conceived and not well rendered; the perspective of the room and of the figures is in every way mismanaged; the mother is rushing with outstretched arms not toward her son, but as if behind the door, and the door, the walls, floor, and furniture do not agree with each other, and must pass for a dissolving view of an interior.

The embrace delineated on page 44 seems to be feebly copied from the feeble Faust and Helen by Kaulbach. The baptizing on page 78 is a mere

* "Kathrina: a Poem. By J. G. Holland." New York: Chas. Scribner & Co. 1868.

travestie of a rather imposing (even judged by the earthly standard) ceremony. Let us acknowledge a little power in the melodramatic picture on page 252; but it cannot cheer us much with the hope that the artist wil rise with the tragedy part of the play before the hope is dashed by the bathos of the corpse-like angels on page 263. It is with regret that we remark Mr. Hennessy's descent below himself; but it seems that in the human part of this work he has adapted himself to the pseudo-humanity of the feeble poem.

But it should be always kept in mind how much the artist—nowadays and in the modern style of wood-engraving—depends upon his engraver. It is not careful following of lines that is alone needed; in wood-engraving, done according to the true and rational way, that is all it would need, but the engraver of our time has to express "effects" as he best can, and to change and spoil the artist's conception, if that should chance to be at all delicate and rather evanescent. It is in vain, wholly in vain, for the critic to try to separate the original designer from the modifying middleman. Mr. Hennessy's drawings may have been better in spirit and in form than the engravings show—or they may have been worse—for all that the engravings can tell us about them; it is a chemical union between the artistic elements producing a new thing different from either.

## COX'S MANUAL OF MYTHOLOGY.*

The treasures of imagination contained in the Greek mythology have in all ages furnished rich material to poets, philosophers, and men of letters, whether they chose to regard it as pure fable or as the mystic embodiment of deep truths. But it was not until the creation of a scientific philology within the last century that a scientific treatment of mythology became possible; and when comparative philology became a firmly established science, comparative mythology was not long in following its lead. When one considers that the ancestors of the vast family of nations known as the Indo-European must at one time have been one united community, dwelling together under the same laws and customs, it follows, as a matter of course, that we have a right to look for tokens of this community of origin in the fundamental religious conceptions as well as in the language. It is not too much to say, therefore, that the demonstration of this intrinsically probable theory is the greatest service that has ever been rendered to the scientific study of mythology. It has at last placed that study upon a sure foundation of fact; and, next to the discoverers themselves, we owe Mr. Cox a debt of gratitude for placing Max Müller's discoveries before us in a systematic and accessible form.

It is not to be wondered at, however, that in so new and so fascinating an investigation the explorers should be carried in their zeal beyond what is reasonable and probable. It is always so with the originators of new ideas, and even more with their discriminators than with their originators. Mr. Cox would almost give us to understand that the whole system of Greek mythology was imported from the distant cradle-land of the race, somewhere in Asia. Now, surely, if the first fathers of the race possessed this creative imagination, some touches of it may be supposed to have survived in their scattered descendants—especially in a race so wonderfully endowed as the Greeks. Granting all that is fairly shown to be identical with Indian, Persian, or German myths, we still believe that the great body of Greek fable—not merely in the embellishment, but in the material—is of pure Greek origin. At all events, we should be slow to accept such far-fetched etymologies as many of those given by Max Müller and Mr. Cox as proof to the contrary.

After all, it is hardly more in the identity itself of the mythologies than in the support incidentally gained for a sound philosophical analysis of primitive religious ideas that these new discoveries have at last reduced mythology to a science. To take one example, the most familiar of all, to which we shall recur presently for another purpose: the identification of Jupiter and Zeus with the Sanskrit Dyaus, the sky (Max Müller, 2d series, Lecture X.) demonstrates, what had been before held only as a hypothesis, that the primitive worship of the Aryan tribes was that of the spiritualized powers of nature. It was a spirit, *dæmon*, possessing every animate being, nay, every inanimate object, every action and every operation of nature, that the primitive man worshipped. It is this spirit, not the block of wood or stone, that the fetish-worshipper adores; it was this spirit, not the bull, cat, or crocodile, that the Egyptian held as a god. It is hard for us, at our stage of intellectual advancement, to conceive adequately of this living belief in dæmons which exists in all uncultivated communities. Hartung, in the preface to the second part of his "Religion der Griechen," quotes an illustration from the newspapers of the day—an effigy of the Cholera, "an ugly figure with coal-black face," burned at Marseilles during the prevalence of that pest.

The vivid imagination of the Greeks led them very early to individualize these dæmons and clothe them in human form; the Romans, on the other hand, until their native religion was invaded by Greek anthropomorphism, retained the more purely spiritual conceptions in full activity. Very late in their history, indeed, we find this same mode of conception, not merely in their temples to Honor, Pudicitia, Pavor, and Pallor, nor in the recognition of the numerous spirits who presided over classes of actions—such as *Ossipaga*, who strengthened the bones of growing children, and *divus Catius pater*, who made them shrewd; but still more in such things as the temple erected to Aius Locutius, the "asserter and discourser," who warned them of the approach of the Gauls, and that to Deus Rediculus—the "god who caused to retreat"—which was erected on the spot where Hannibal pitched his camp in sight of Rome.

The examples given here from the Roman theology prove the inadequacy of the natural phenomena alone to explain mythology. "We have no reason," says Ottfried Müller, "to exclude in advance any class whatever of ideas and thoughts from mythical representation, if it is any way conceivable that it may have lain within the sphere of the spiritual activity of those earlier men." But Mr. Cox narrows down the entire Grecian mythology to the operations of nature, and, for the matter of that, almost entirely to the one fact of the succession of day and night, with its sun, moon, dawn, and clouds. We have, it is true, many startling corroborations of this view in unquestionable etymologies; one cannot but admit the truth of most of the following passage (Pref., p. 17): "Phœbus (the shining one) is born in Delos (the bright land); he is the son of Leto (the darkness); he slays the children of Niobe (the clouds which are dried up by the sun). Europa (the broad shining morning) is the daughter of Telephassa (who gleams from afar). The cattle of Helios (the sun) are driven to their pastures by Phæthusa and Lampetiê, the *bright* and *glistening* children of Neaira (the early morning). So, as the sun goes from east to west, Europa is carried westward, and Telephassa dies on the western plains of Thessaly, just as the twilight dies out in the western sky." Even here some of the etymologies are left unexplained, and in many instances throughout the book one is left to guess whether an interpretation is given on authority, from a certain proof in the meaning of words, or whether it is not Mr. Cox's own hypothesis. Especially, however agreeable the earlier stories are, one tires of the everlasting repetitions. Are all heroes nothing but the sun? Are all fair maidens the dawn? It may be the whole thing will eventually be proved; but we hope not, for we confess that, so far from gaining in beauty, the stories weary us with their prosaic monotony, and that we have no taste for the detailed identification of every incident in the life of Hercules, for instance, with the course of the sun during a day. And as to the heroes, we are much more inclined to see in many of them, with Ernst Curtius, "the actual events of primeval times embodied and made living."

There is one assumption in Max Müller's system, as laid down both by himself and by Mr. Cox, which seems to us entirely inconsistent with the fundamental principle upon which the whole really rests—that "as the Indian word Dyaus seems originally to have been a name for the one only god," the Greek polytheism, as we have it, is descended from a primitive monotheism by gradual deterioration. But what right have we to assume that this word did originally mean "the one only god?" We are told that *sky* is its primary meaning; and it is easy to see how the spirit that inhabits the firmament, that lofty, pure, and all-embracing region, from whence proceed all the operations of nature, should come to be regarded as the highest and most powerful of all gods. Nor is it hard to understand how his name became generalized into *deus*, a god (or rather, in its primitive meaning, a spirit). But it is not easy to reverse the process, and derive the meaning *sky* from the name of the supreme god, or even the general appellation for gods. We believe, on the other hand, that polytheism was an outgrowth of fetichism, and of the faith in dæmons—spirits, genii, fairies, brownies, elves, gnomes, and by whatever other name they may be called; in other words, that the religion of the Greeks was the result of growth, not of decay. "Even of the monotheism of the Hebrews," says Hartung, "it is maintained with justice that it was the result, not the beginning, of Hebrew history."

Upon the whole, we would say of Mr. Cox that he has done the work which he set himself to do admirably well, but did not have a sufficiently broad conception of what that work ought to be. In the "advertisement" he quotes Grimm's remark: "I shall indeed interpret all that I can, but I cannot interpret all that I should like." But in his preface he forgets this modest sentiment, and tells his readers "the key now placed in your hands

* "A Manual of Mythology, in the form of Question and Answer. By the Rev. George W. Cox, M.A., late Scholar of Trinity College, Oxford." First American, from the second London edition. New York: Leypoldt & Holt. 1868. 16mo, pp. 300.

will unlock almost every door;" and in the body of the book he shrinks from no puzzle, but applies his one almost unvarying interpretation to each. His book is, therefore, not a complete and adequate account of Greek mythology, as it is claimed to be, but a skilfully compiled statement of that system of mythology which may now fairly be considered the prevailing, and perhaps the accepted, one. Take, for example, the section upon Dionysus (Bacchus), which one would think, from the peculiar relations of this god to nature, would present a peculiarly rich and attractive field to an interpreter of the religion of nature like Mr. Cox. But inasmuch as the history of this god contains very little that can be forced into an identity with Vedic theology, it is dismissed in less than four pages. Ariadne is not mentioned at all in connection with him; his *thiasos* is not mentioned; there is not a word of nymphs, satyrs, or bacchantes; there is no allusion to the connection of the worship of Dionysus with that of Demeter. Under the head of Roman mythology, there is no account of the introduction of the worship of Bacchus, and of those orgies which are so important and significant a fact in Roman history. Strangest of all, in a "comparative mythology," nothing is said of the substantial identity of Dionysus with the Egyptian Osiris, nor of the connection of his worship with Asiatic rites.

Indeed, of all facts of comparative mythology, except these most remote and ancient ones which rest upon comparative philology, Mr. Cox appears utterly ignorant. Later points of identity, familiar as they are in other systems, are wholly ignored by him. No doubt these have been grossly exaggerated by many writers; but surely a connection of Greek mythology with Egypt, Phœnicia, and Asia Minor, lying almost within the range of history, is of no less importance than those relations with India which lie far back beyond the memory of man. For the matter of that, grant as much as we please to both—grant that the Greeks owed all the material that is claimed by most enthusiastic partisans to Africa or Asia, and we still believe that Ottfried Müller laid down the true principle in his "Prolegomena zu einer wissenschaftlichen Mythologie," where, after admitting in prophetic anticipation the principle which lies at the bottom of Max Müller's system, that "not merely the language remains from the common culture" of the primitive Greek, Indian, and German nations, he adds: "But the gods, forms of worship, and myths of the Greeks certainly belong, in their determined form, to a quite different age—a period of individual development."

The Indian *Dyaus* is the sky itself, or at most the spirit who inhabited the sky, as vague and impersonal a deity as the Greek Uranus. The Teutonic *Tyr* has become a god of war. The Latin *Jupiter* is a distant, majestic being, far removed from the passions and weaknesses of men—a true supreme god of heaven and earth. Each of these is significant of the national character which conceived and developed it. *Zeus* is equally peculiar to the Greeks, having nothing in common with Dyaus, Tyr, and Jupiter except the name, or rather combining all their attributes in one complex self-contradictory nature; the good god to whom Achilles prays, and whose children all men are; the being with all the commonest passions and appetites of men; and not seldom the mere dæmon of the firmament, who thunders, lightens, rains, hails, and snows. In all this he is—and every other Grecian divinity as well—completely a creation of that marvellous race which adored him.

## PHYSICAL SCIENCE IN ITALY.*

THE popularization of physical science—by which is meant the general diffusion of an acquaintance with the ascertained truths of material nature by methods attractive in form, and expositions couched in terms familiar and intelligible to persons who have not enjoyed a philosophical, and especially a mathematical, training—is one of the most marked movements of the intellectual activity of our age. It is a natural and necessary consequence, on the one hand, of the rapid spread of a desire for a wider culture, and, on the other, of an accumulation of newly discovered facts and newly deduced laws, so vast and so various as to compel men to choose between a superficial view of many branches of enquiry and a relatively complete mastery of a single one. The days are for ever gone when one human intellect could compass all recorded human knowledge; and the memory of the comprehensively learned man of the nineteenth century is less a repository of knowledge than an index to its archives.

The majority of even educated men have not the will, the ability, or the opportunity to make themselves accomplished specialists in anything, unless it be the arts *de pane lucrando*, and for the more general purposes, for even the intellectual culture and the refined enjoyments of ordinary life, it is better to taste a variety of scientific and literary viands than to confine ourselves to a single dish of stronger meat. The man who has made himself familiar with the contents of the latest Conversations-lexicon is, on the average, both a more agreeable companion and a more versatile actor than he who has devoted a life to the study of a particular science, just as he who has mastered the ordinary use of a wide vocabulary is, other things being equal, a better speaker and even writer than the profoundest theoretical grammarian.

Students who have become adepts in this or that science by laborious and exact processes are apt to denounce as quackery every attempt to make common to the many a less systematic and thorough acquaintance with the phenomena and relations of organic and inorganic being, and to deny all theoretical, if not all practical, value to knowledge communicated by more compendious methods, and acquired at comparatively small cost of time and labor.

The question of the relative worth of methods and results is as old as the most ancient Greek philosophy, and, like very many other abstract problems, is idle, because it does not admit of an abstract solution. We are, in this world of conditions and limitations, usually obliged to enquire what, under given circumstances, is practicable or expedient, and seldom left to choose what is in itself desirable. Doubtless the strong man will find the climbing of an Alpine height worth more than the view from the summit; but the weak-kneed lover of nature who could be safely whirled to the dome of Mont Blanc in a balloon would be unwise to scorn the opportunity because hardier mountaineers think it more profitable to scale the peak by the aid of hobnailed shoes, ice-axe, and alpenstock.

In the meantime, the age has dropped the argument and adopted a practical conclusion. Science, or at least the results of scientific investigation, the leading facts and laws which make up the body of our knowledge of the working of material nature, have been popularized to an extent which the last generation would have thought impossible. The demand for cheap and easy knowledge has created a supply, and the ablest theoretical and experimental philosophers have not disdained to minister to the popular craving, and to aid in the great work of leading the intelligence of the masses up to the comprehension of their own specialties. The aristocracy of science, like all other aristocracies, is divesting itself of its prerogatives and privileges, and the world of mind, like the world of politics, is becoming a democratic republic.

The conviction that a nation can become truly great and powerful, still more emphatically the belief that states which have achieved a commanding position by warlike exploits, can retain their power only by the general culture of their people, is a truth now questioned by none but the partisans of the doctrine of ecclesiastical authority; and the diffusion of such culture now absorbs the attention of statesmen in a scarcely less degree than the improvement of the cannon and the rifle.

Doubtless in this striving for culture the aim at a tangible result in the practical applications of science is very conspicuous; but all modern systems of popular education involve the recognition of a common bond and a mutual relation between all branches of positive knowledge, and there are few non-professional schools whose course of instruction does not consist, in the largest proportion, of studies which, to the majority of those who pursue them, are valuable rather as sources of general intellectual power and pleasure than as means to lower ends.

The Italian philosophers were among the earliest, and have been among the most eminent and successful promoters of the sciences of observation, and if they were not the first to formulate the rules of the experimental, or, as it is too exclusively called, the Baconian philosophy, they were scarcely anticipated by any in the practical application of them. But the power which compelled, if not by actual torture, at least by the threat of torture, Galileo to retract his stupendous revelations, has always been and still is the deadly enemy of the diffusion of all instruction which tends to make the layman a thinking being, and until the late revolutions in Italy the priesthood had influence enough to prevent the adoption of systems of popular education in all the states into which the Italian soil was divided. It is not strange, therefore, that up to 1848 Italy should have been intellectually and politically, perhaps, behind all other European countries, with the exception of Russia, the Spanish Peninsula, and Greece. Since that day she has made great strides, and if not now the most advanced, she is certainly the most rapidly progressive of the Continental states. Until recently, indeed, Italy has looked to oexclusively to a foreign people for example and instruction in all that concerns the promotion of her higher moral and even material interests; but she is now asserting her mental as well as her political independence, and her leading minds are inspired by the conviction that self-developed power is the only power which

* "Fisica del Globo. Spari, Clime e Meteore. Corso Completo di Geografia Fisica, e di Meteorologia, del Professore Garolomo Boccardo." Geneva. 1868. Imperial 8vo, 875 pp.

can entitle a people to be respected, or even to respect itself. The system of popular instruction in Italy is yet unhappily very defective and very partial in its application, but it is becoming more comprehensive and efficient, and contributions to the means and methods of the diffusion of knowledge are flowing in from many domestic sources.

Of these, one of the widest in its scope, as well as most satisfactory in its plan and execution, is the work the title of which is placed at the head of this article. The author, Professor Boccardo, of Genoa, has been hitherto known chiefly as an able expounder and illustrator of the laws of political and commercial economy. But while engaged in investigating and promulgating the principles of this great science, and their working in actual practice, he has devoted his leisure hours to the pursuit of those various branches of natural knowledge, an acquaintance with which is essential to a general comprehension of cosmical, and more especially terrestrial, physical law. The volume now under consideration is accordingly, to use the words of the writer, "not a patchwork of hasty compilation, but the meditated and laborious fruit of long and patient researches, of reflection, and of personal experiment and observation."

The work consists of lectures, forming part of a series delivered by four able professors, under the patronage of the Ministry of Agriculture, Commerce, and Industry, at the Royal Institute of the Mercantile Marine at Genoa, the whole constituting a normal course of instruction for commercial shipmasters and navigators. The lectures of the professors embrace a full course of instruction in nautical astronomy and navigation, mechanics and the steam-engine, commercial and maritime law, and geography and meteorology. It is much to be wished that our great maritime towns would supply to their skilful practical seamen the means of acquiring as complete a theoretical professional education as these lectures and the special schools of Genoa afford to the countrymen of Columbus and Garibaldi, and as, in fact, is required by Italian law of every seaman who aspires to rise to the first or even the second rank in the commercial marine.

Professor Boccardo's valuable work consists of a general introduction and a summary view of the progress of geographical knowledge, followed by more detailed expositions of the conclusions thus far arrived at by science upon the figure, magnitude, and movements of the globe; its geological and geographical revolutions; its waters, its sky, and its climate, including the laws of oceanic and atmospheric motion, a knowledge of which is so important to the interests and the security of the navigator; the theory and principal phenomena of electricity and magnetism; the relations between the internal constitution and the external condition of the earth, embracing what we know of volcanoes and earthquakes; superficial chorography and hydrography; mineral, botanical, and zoölogical geography; and, finally, the relations of action and reaction between man and the planet he inhabits.

This, it will be seen, is a comprehensive plan, and, of course, it cannot be exhaustively carried out in a single octavo. But the aim of the author was not to train specialists in any single branch of physical science, but to furnish the men engaged in an active and absorbing profession the means of acquiring some of the subsidiary knowledge which they need for the intelligent exercise of the more strictly technical duties of their important vocation. This task has been ably and satisfactorily performed by Professor Boccardo, and it would be difficult to find a volume better calculated to aid the navigator in familiarizing himself with broad views of the sciences illustrative of the principles involved in the practice of his daily duties, or at least collateral to the theory of them.

The work is, however, by no means designed exclusively for seamen, nor is it even so far professional in its character as at all to unfit it for general use as a convenient and comprehensive manual of the physics of the earth, so far as science has yet revealed the mysteries of that most important and most interesting study. It is true that a volume of this character, in a language so little known among us as Italian, cannot expect a wide circulation in the United States, but it will merit the attention of American scholars, both for its intrinsic merits and as an interesting evidence of a largeness of comprehension among Italian physicists which is another token of the *vita nuova* now rousing itself to full consciousness in the Italian peninsula.

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*Outlines of General History.* By W. F. Collier, LL.D., author of "History of the British Empire," "A History of English Literature," etc. (New York: T. Nelson & Sons. 1868.)—This is a very unpretentious and at the same time a very useful manual. In very small compass it contains "a connected narrative of the principal facts in the history of the world," from the earliest times down to 1867, grouped in a manner apt "to indicate their relative importance, and show the bearing which one event or age has upon another." In this grouping, however, which is indeed no slight task, the author has not been in all parts uniformly successful. The principal merit of his book consists in the correctness of its facts, dates, and spelling of names—a merit which cannot fail to be appreciated by those who are in any way familiar with a more or less great number of similar productions in our language. It is the greater as the book, in spite of its smallness and the unavoidable incompleteness of some of its parts, contains a very considerable number of well-selected dates. The style is plain, perhaps a little too simple. Slightly incorrect expressions or statements occur here and there, such as "the relations between President Johnson and certain leading members of the state;" "an insurrectionary movement of the Republican party, headed by Juarez" (against Maximilian); or "the ancient empire of Germany was then merged in a new empire—that of Austria" (under Francis II.) So also, in an ample narrative of our civil war, Atlanta is always called "Atalanta;" Hood is made to evacuate it on "Sept. 3," and Lincoln to issue his first emancipation proclamation on "Sept. 23." These errors are likely misprints, as are undoubtedly "Grouchow," "1862," and "Gagocire," in the concluding part of the Polish history; but even such misprints or misspellings are rare in the text. The separate chronological tables, however, admit of improvements by a critical revision. But whatever its slight defects may be, we wish and expect to see this manual widely used in our schools.

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*The Occupations of a Retired Life.* By Edward Garrett. (New York: George Routledge & Sons.)—This story has been appearing for several months past in *Littell's Living Age*, which borrowed it from one of the English magazines. It is a very pleasant story, written in an easy, graceful style, abounding in good sayings, in charity, in common sense. There is nothing in it that can properly be called a plot, and very little incident, but a good deal of character-drawing very well done and a good deal of sound reflection on manners and life. Edward Garrett is only the author's fictitious name. The story is, in a manner, the autobiography of this imaginary person, an old bachelor who has lived in London long enough to get rich, and then retired into the country and gone to housekeeping with his maiden sister, who is *the* character of the book, a somewhat shrewish person in appearance, but in appearance only, her outward sharpness masking a world of inward tenderness. She is the author of most of the good sayings in the book, Edward Garrett using himself as a dark background against which to display his sister's superior virtue and intelligence. He and his sister are no sooner settled in their new home than they begin to devise little schemes of social improvement, in the course of whose development the Ritualistic controversy is gently but firmly touched, and the author's Low Church proclivities are unmistakably revealed. Persons interested in practical village charity (the city is a different matter) may find very useful suggestions in these accounts of Mr. and Miss Garrett's refuge and hospital. Some of the minor characters of the book are very pleasant, and one of them, at least, Ewen McCallum, the proper hero of the book, and a real hero, is made by a few stray touches to stand out vividly. It is a pity that we do not see more of him. The book as a whole is calculated to do good, but less here, perhaps, than in England, because the relations of rich and poor in the two countries are so different. The patronizing attitude which the Garretts everywhere assume is one which hardly the poorest American would tolerate. But the main point, that two people bent on doing good, in almost any community, accomplish a vast deal, derive much enjoyment, keep themselves superior to *ennui*, rob "single blessedness" of its sarcastic sting, and make it blessedness in deed and truth—this may hereafter be considered an established fact, if it was not so before this book was written.

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*The Teacher's Guide to Palestine.* By Henry S. Osborn. (Philadelphia: J. C. Garrigues & Co. 1868.)—This little manual contains an alphabetic list of all cities, villages, mountains, etc., of the Holy Land, mentioned in the Scriptures, "whose sites are actually known," with the approved pronunciation and signification of their names, with notes of historical interest, references, and moralizing illustrations. A colored map, which is the reproduction, on a small scale, of a very comprehensive one by the author, is prefixed. This contains all the names given in the book, the size of the type, or of the mark which represents a place, being in proportion to the importance of the latter. Unfortunately, however, most of the names, being reduced, by a photographic process, to one-fortieth of their original size on the large map, have become almost entirely illegible by the naked eye. The print of the text, on the other hand, is very well done. The con-

tents of the brief geographical articles are "prepared from the best and latest authorities, and from personal travels and explorations," and are, with slight exceptions, correct. The names and their pronunciations are given according to the English Biblical usage, and not in accordance with the Hebrew original. Thus, the *Beth-Hakkerem* of the Hebrew text becomes "Beth-Haccerem (*Beth-Hak-se-rem*)." The significations are attached with rather too much positiveness—as if they were well established in every case—and often very strangely, probably after poor authorities. Thus, Ashdod is rendered "a wild, open place;" Jordan, "river of judgment;" Lachish, "who exists of himself;" Shunem, "their sleep"—while Gesenius translates the same names by "fortress," "river," "unconquerable," and "places of rest," respectively, and Fürst by "fortress," "river," "hill," and "uneven place." How *Pas-Dammim* can be made to signify "the hand of astonishment" we are at a loss to guess. Judah is rendered "the praise of the Lord," and Judea "praise," although the Hebrew name is the same in both cases. In the main, however, this little work is carefully elaborated.

*The Table-Talk and Opinions of Napoleon Bonaparte.* (London: Sampson Low, Son & Marston. 1868.)—This is a pretty little book of the "Bayard" Series, and appears in this country under the auspices of Messrs. Roberts Brothers. The material of it is collected from all sources, and by older readers than this series is intended for will be found familiar. The editor, in the notes appended, contradicts the Emperor whenever contradiction is necessary, and especially, of course, whenever he permits himself to tell conspicuous inexactnesses about the English. Napoleon's innate ruffianism and vulgarity are not so well displayed in either the notes or the "Table-Talk" as they might have been; but even the youthful reader will hardly go through the book without getting some glimpses of these traits of his character. It might have been well, too, to have told possible young enthusiasts that Marie Louise had, in her husband's faithlessness, quite a reasonable excuse for not cheering "his lonely exile" in Saint Helena. The Emperor's intellect is, of course, well exhibited in these pages, and in its weakness as well as in its strength.

## BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

| *Authors.—Titles.* | *Publishers.—Prices.* |
|---|---|
| Barnes (W.), Rural Poems | (Roberts Bros.) $2 50 |
| Beames (J.), Outlines of Indian Philology | (John Wiley & Son) |
| Bradley (W. L.), Miss Patience Hathaway | (H. A. Young & Co.) 1 50 |
| Brette (Rev. P. H.), Etienne Arago's Les Aristocraties: a Comedy | (J. Wiley & Son) |
| Brock (Miss A. S.), The Southern Amaranth | (Wilcox & Rockwell) |
| Bushnell (Rev. H.), Moral Uses of Dark Things | (Chas. Scribner & Co.) 2 00 |
| Cassal (Prof. C.), Théodore Barrière and Ernest Capendu's Les Faux Bonshommes: a Comedy | (John Wiley & Son) |
| Cleveland (C. D.), Lyra Sacra Americana | (Chas. Scribner & Co.) |
| Cox (E. W.), The Arts of Writing, Reading, and Speaking | (G. W. Carleton) |
| Dalton (Dr. J. C.), Treatise on Physiology and Hygiene | (Harper & Bros.) |
| Dryden (J.), Poetical Works | (D. Appleton & Co.) 1 50 |
| Flentje (Dr. L.), Das Leben und die todte Natur | (G. H. Wigand) |
| Greg (W. R.), Literary and Social Judgments | (John Wiley & Son) |
| Halleck (Fitz-Greene), Poetical Writings | (D. Appleton & Co.) |
| Herbert (Lady), Cradle Lands | (Catholic Pub. Soc.) |
| Hopkins (Rev. J. H.), Whether the Pope of Rome is Antichrist | (Pott & Amery) 1 25 |
| Larcom (Miss L.), Poems | (Fields, Osgood & Co.) 1 50 |
| McClintock (Rev. J.) and Strong (J.), Cyclopædia of Biblical, Theological, and Ecclesiastical Literature, Vol. II., C, D | (Harper & Bros.) |
| Modern Pocket Hoyle | (Dick & Fitzgerald) |
| Murray's Hand-book for Syria and Palestine, 2 vols | (John Wiley & Son) 9 00 |
| Nursery Series: for Young Children, 3 vols | (Nichols & Hall) |
| Phelps (Miss E. S.), The Gates Ajar | (Fields, Osgood & Co.) |
| Sauvage (E.), The Little Gypsy: a Child's Story | (Roberts Bros.) |
| Scott (Sir W.), Waverley, Guy Mannering, Kenilworth, Ivanhoe, 1 vol. | (D. Appleton & Co.) |
| Sherring (Rev. M. A.), The Sacred City of the Hindus | (John Wiley & Son) |
| Spinoza (B. de), Tractatus Theologico-Politicus; translated | (John Wiley & Son) |
| The Art Journal. No. LXXXIII | (Virtue & Yorston) 1 25 |
| The Cricket's Friends: Stories for Children | (Nichols & Noyes) |
| Trumbull (Rev. H. C.), The Captured Scout of the Army of the James. | (Nichols & Noyes) |
| Tucker (Mrs. M. E.), Life of Mark M. Pomeroy | (G. W. Carleton) |
| Waring (G. E., Jr.), Earth-closets, &wd | (Tribune Association) 0 25 |
| Whitmore (W. H.), Memoir of Sir Edmund Andros, Knt. | (T. R. Marvin & Son) |


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## The Week.

THE last of the squabbles arising out of the elections seems to have disappeared from the newspapers, and the journalistic as well as the political world is at this moment in the enjoyment of most extraordinary peace. There has not been a new President for a long time who has seemed to command so much respect from friends and foes as Grant. The Copperhead papers have either taken to praising him or letting him alone. The stolen tea-set and Shetland pony, and the proceeds of the cotton frauds, and the street drunkenness, all seem to be buried in oblivion. The worst charge we have seen against him of late is that he went to see a pantomime. His atrocious conduct in attending the Evarts dinner has, so far as we know, passed without notice. Even Wendell Phillips seems to feel the gracious influence of the time, and talks of Grant as of one from whom it were still possible to expect something good. He even finds that Grant *may* yet cover himself with glory, and proposes to pay the bonds in gold and issue a new loan at a low rate of interest, based on honor and fair dealing. But then he shows that his feet do not often lead him into the devious ways of the economists, for he produces a little plan of taxation which we fear will not "take" outside the Anti-Slavery Association. He wants to have capital made to pay off the national debt and labor allowed to go free; but he surely ought to know that these schemes of putting the public burdens on the rich and holding the poor harmless occupy very much the same position in political economy that the squaring of the circle occupies in mathematics and perpetual motion in mechanics. You cannot put any tax on capital that labor won't feel; and nothing can be more mischievous than telling poor men, as Mr. Phillips is doing, that the thing is possible, or, if possible, expedient.

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We have in another column endeavored to make plain the nature and extent of the recent enormous frauds in Wall Street. When it is remembered that some of the leading "financiers"—men, too, foremost in works of charity—are to be found amongst the ringleaders in this tremendous swindle, and in corrupting the judges in support of the swindle, and that several of the banks have aided and abetted in it, and that it was continued through two long weeks without shame or pause, in the presence of an indignant and astounded public, it will be admitted that it is a social phenomenon of no ordinary importance. There is nothing local about it either. However unimportant New York city may be politically, it is unquestionably the commercial capital of the country, and the commercial honesty of the country is not likely to remain very long much above the standard in use here. The Erie conspirators are not the products of the foreign vote; they are the products of decaying morality—a morality which is careful only about one small spot in the character. Every one of these rogues has a "main question" on which he is "sound" as a bell. With some it is the education of the young; with others, foreign missions; with others, negro suffrage. In fact, there is not one of them who will not adopt any "main question" you please, provided you let him indulge freely in his "partickler wanity," as Sam Weller said. But no sociologist can successfully study these occurrences in the commercial world apart from "Butlerism" in politics. They are both branches of the same tree. One Butlerite—an active and prominent Republican—announced during the past week, in the New York *Tribune*, that "any person the rebels hated for services during the rebellion would do for him." In other words, on receiving proof of this, he asks no more. Yet one has constantly to listen to these disciples talking of "the purification of our politics."

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Governor Powell Clayton, of Arkansas, has issued his private proclamation to the county officers, to the effect that the Northern elections have shown that reconstruction must stand, and that as for Arkansas she needs no outside help to maintain her present constitution, but can do it herself with her own troops. He therefore urges it on the sheriffs to see that their authority is respected, and to that end advises the immediate organization of the reserved militia. He keeps still under martial law the southern counties in which the widespread disorders of some months ago took place. On the 11th of the month a small fight took place at Sevier between a battalion of the State troops and "a body of Ku-Klux," in which the latter were defeated, with a loss of twenty or thirty in killed, wounded, and prisoners. It now looks very much as if the Arkansians would have a state of things in their country very similar to that which exists in Tennessee, the Unionists holding their own pretty well, but there being plenty of neighborhood hostilities and local disturbances and single assassinations. The troubles in the Southwest are by no means confined to Arkansas. The Homer (Louisiana) *Iliad*, a Republican newspaper, having been too free in its expressions of opinion, its printing-office was sacked by a mob, and much more effectually "cleaned out" than when it was first broken into a few weeks since. It is an instance of the influence of "the craft" feeling overpowering political feeling that the conservative "shop over the way" allowed the "scallawag who edits the *Iliad*" to use its press and type, in order that he might, before he left the town, announce the destruction of his office, and his determination to return at some future time and see if he could not say what he liked in Louisiana. The office of the Rapides *Tribune*, also, was destroyed on the 15th instant, and in that case, too, the assault was the second that had been made.

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From Alabama we get accounts of a roadside attack on two Republican members of the Legislature. It seems to have been a capital illustration of this peculiar variety of rural murder, which has always, both before the war and since, flourished luxuriantly in the South. Mr. Crossland, his fellow-member of the Legislature, Mr. Bronson, and Mr. Bronson's father, ride toward Montgomery. They reach a certain swamp, Gipsey Creek's swamp, in Tuscaloosa County, and the younger Bronson and Mr. Crossland fall a little behind their companion. Suddenly the father hears a volley, and, turning, sees that his son and Crossland have fallen from their horses. He hurries on to the town of Tuscaloosa to inform the

authorities, and, having done so, is about to return to bury young Bronson, but the town officers tell him that it will not be safe for him to do so—"against the sentiments of our people, sir," probably. As for the rest of the South, there is nothing to say, except that the excellent Radical politicians of Florida are still honoring their party and themselves; that Georgia and South Carolina accept the situation with a good deal of apparent equanimity; and that in Virginia an agitator of the first class, H. Rives Pollard, has been killed in the street, because of a scurrilous article, which, by the way, he did not write. It is not surprising, we suppose, that he had three pistols on his person when he was murdered.

---

The female suffrage movement has received a new impetus during the week by the formation of a "New England Woman's Suffrage Association," by a convention which has sat for some days in Boston. There was nothing remarkable about the convention, however, except the appearance on the scene of some new and able advocates. But the speaking was not good; in fact, if we may judge from the reports, it was poor; and the argumentation rather thin. The preamble to the resolutions contained the assumption, which ought not in these days to be found in any political document, that human beings in society have certain "inalienable rights"—such as the rights of life, liberty, and property. There are no such rights known in any civilized community, never have been, and never will be. If there were, we could neither force a man to serve in the army, put him in prison for crime, or levy on his property for taxes. We do all three things; and the right of doing them is essential to the existence of a civilized state. All agitations which have for their object the persuasion of the public are injured by being saddled with these empty and utterly useless generalities. The report of the committee on a constitution and organization was, however, a very practical document; the first section putting woman's suffrage on ground on which it can be successfully defended, and on which Mr. James Freeman Clarke urged it—that of expediency—which in politics is worth all the "inalienable rights" ever romanced about. Women ought to vote because they and the country would be the better of their voting, and for no other reason. Whether they have an "inalienable right" to vote, nobody knows or can learn except through dreams and visions. It hardly reflected credit on the chairman, or helped the cause, that a notorious lunatic was twice allowed to address the meeting for its amusement. Mrs. Julia Ward Howe did good service in "deprecating the war on males" as unnecessary, if not cruel.

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Judge Barnard says that he has been subjected to great annoyance by writers in the newspapers, who now, for eleven years and more, have been bringing against him all sorts of accusations. Hitherto he has refrained from noticing them, but now, if a grand jury will aid him, he will ferret out his traducers and bring them to justice. As a general thing, it is better, perhaps, to let one's life refute the slanderer and backbiter; but, on the whole, we think the judge is to be pardoned for departing in this instance from his usual custom. He himself is persuaded that he has arrived "at a period of life when his usefulness is impaired by such charges." That may be open to question, perhaps. However, it is not unnatural that a man's feelings should get the better of his judgment when it is openly said by his enemies that he is worth five millions; that he has at one time and another possessed shares in stocks of various kinds; that he has not been so vigilant as he might have been in preventing election frauds. As the jury did not need to be told, the judge had never, he said, owned a single share of any kind; and he is so far from being wealthy that he is dependent for the means of subsistence on the charity of his wife and his stipend as a judge. Dignity is well enough in its way, but it is almost too much to ask human nature to put up in silence for much more than eleven years with such allegations against his character as those just mentioned; or such as this, that he has bought and sold voters; or this, that he has manufactured fraudulent naturalization papers by the thousand, or that he has abetted a scheme of kidnapping one of the suitors in his court, or has solicited and taken bribes, or has disgraced the bench by almost inconceivable insolence and the most cynical contempt for all decency.

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General Sherman has made a long report on Indian affairs, which is not particularly encouraging. The troops, it appears, can effect little or nothing against the Indians in summer, because, grass being plenty, their ponies strong and hardy, and the Indians' knowledge of the country perfect, it is impossible to catch them. Moreover, the origin of an Indian war is almost always unknown, and it is, therefore, almost impossible to take precautions against an outbreak. The white population is scattered over such an immense area, and touches the Indians at so many remote points, that nobody can tell where, when, or how the collisions take place which bring on hostilities, and the Indians never declare war or make complaints before beginning to slay and plunder. Besides all this, there does not seem to be any possible *modus vivendi* between them and the whites. They cannot have what they want in the way of hunting-grounds without staying the march of colonization on the plains; so there is nothing for it but to gather them up by force and shut them up in reservations, to be supported by Government, or else to kill them. Either is difficult. Whether we want to exterminate them or plant them on a reservation, we have first to catch them, and this, it seems, must be done in winter, when they are collected in villages, if at all. Sheridan is now starting after them for this purpose, and will probably destroy a great deal of their stores and villages, and send them out to perish on the plains. Mr. Paul Janet, the well-known French metaphysician, has recently been arguing ably, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, in support of the moral unity of the human race, and of an absolute moral sense, existent in all ages and more or less clearly apprehended by every race. Some of his illustrations drawn from the history or manners of savages are singular and interesting. The Indian outbreaks on the plains would furnish some others, and more comical ones. Though the Indians do not declare war, they hardly ever begin to ravage without offering some show of moral justification of their conduct. For instance, they entered a settler's house peaceably at the beginning of the present outbreak, clearly with the intention of burning it and killing the inmates, but behaved with perfect propriety till they got a fair *casus belli*, which consisted in their hostess serving their coffee in tin mugs instead of crockery-ware. This satisfied their moral sense, and they forthwith began to ply the hatchet and the torch.

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The truth about the condition of the Alabama negotiations is out at last. Mr. Reverdy Johnson and Lord Stanley have persistently given out in their late after-dinner speeches that the whole controversy was as good as settled; that all important points had been agreed on, and that it only remained to deal with the details. This was followed up by an announcement in the London *Times* that it had been determined to refer the whole matter to a mixed commission, with the King of Prussia as arbitrator to decide points on which the commissioners could not agree, which, it appears, is true. It is now declared, however, in Washington, that Mr. Johnson has not been authorized to agree to refer anything to arbitration, and that, if the commission sits, it will simply be to hear and pass upon claims on both sides for damages, English liability for *Alabama* damages being previously admitted. There is not much likelihood that the Senate will confirm Mr. Johnson's convention, whatever Mr. Seward may think of it. It is very difficult to extract anything definite enough to be called either truth or falsehood from Mr. Johnson's speeches. He still continues them.

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The great diorama known as the "Whiskey Frauds" is still on exhibition, and the last dissolving view shows Belknap, the defaulting ex-paymaster of the navy and ex-special Treasury agent, as well as Mr. Fullerton, a counsel learned in the law, also recently employed by the Government in bringing the wickedness of the whiskey world to light, under indictment for conspiracy to extort money. Up to this point there has been something strangely oriental about the whole business; but now it begins to have a cold, hard, western look. The criminals, it is now to be hoped, will be brought to justice and get their deserts. It seems to be the most natural thing in the world for

a "civil servant" under the present régime to rob right and left; and when he finds nobody else to rob he robs his own colleagues, as in the present case.

It is not perfectly easy to make out the exact degrees of blame to apportion to Lopez and to Mr. Washburn in the Paraguayan difficulty, and there is little reason to say anything about it at present, for we shall not have a full and fair presentation of the facts till our squadron collects them. Mr. James Watson Webb is not likely to give it to us; and people who have read Mr. Washburn's letters are not going to look to him for it; and the newspapers seem to be talking without knowing very clearly what they are talking about. One thing seems to be clear, and that is, that, whether Mr. Washburn is an honest man, or has been selling himself and his flag to the revolutionists; whether he was or was not engaged in one or more conspiracies against the dictator, he at least made a bad failure in respect of that neutrality between Paraguay and her enemies which it was a principal duty of his, as our minister, to maintain. Moreover, he has not succeeded, since he became a voluminous public character, in persuading anybody that he is a man of sense, whatever his character for integrity may be.

Mr. Gladstone's overthrow in South Lancashire was something for which the Liberals were hardly prepared. It is a county to be sure, and in all counties the territorial interest is strong, but it is a manufacturing county. He will, of course, be returned elsewhere; there is always some member patriotic enough to make way for the party leader when all else fails. He is, however, doing what appears to be a foolish thing in publishing a pamphlet to explain his change of opinions touching Church establishments. There is really nothing wonderful in a man's thinking differently on any subject at fifty-five from what he thought at thirty, especially on a subject like this, on which the current of popular thought everywhere has changed so much. But we presume no explanation of a change of opinion is ever thoroughly satisfactory. Nobody's mental processes look well when they are closely analyzed, especially when they are analyzed by himself; and there is in all changes of opinion an implied confession of fallibility which people do not notice if you do not dwell on it; but if you talk much about the matter, they notice little else.

Mr. John Stuart Mill has been defeated for Westminster, but will probably reappear in the House of Commons from Greenwich. This disaster—for so far as the Liberals are concerned it is a disaster—is due to a variety of causes. His views on population, which were used against him at the former election, have been used against him in this, and, perhaps owing to his being better known to the common herd of voters, with more effect. The charge of atheism has also been again brought up, and he very properly refused to refute it, on the ground that no voter had a right to ask what his religious opinions were, and he would not, even to secure his seat, encourage the practice of putting such questions. In fact, the putting of such questions to politicians, editors, and other candidates for office or popular favor, is simply like the old test-oaths, an ingenious device for filling all places of honor and profit with canting hypocrites, who would as soon be Buddhists as Christians if it paid as well. Mr. Mill advised the elector who applied to him for information on the subject, to ask, in reply to any one who made the charge, in what passage of any of his works the foundation for it was to be found. The most potent cause of his defeat has, however, doubtless been his support of Bradlaugh, and what has been considered his rather too frequent interference in the canvass in other boroughs. Mr. Roebuck has been defeated at Sheffield, but rather, we fear, on account of his hostility to the trades-unionists than for being generally foolish and ruffianly. The working-men's candidates have not been successful, the constituencies apparently caring little as yet for making the House of Commons "reflect the opinions of all classes." The Cable newsman solemnly announces that "two fortunate results are considered to have been secured [by the election]—the displacement of the Conservatives, and the acquisition of power sufficient to exert a decisive pressure on the House of Lords for pushing through the measures for the disestablishment of the Irish Church." This information is actually paid for by the press here at the rate of about two dollars a word.

There has probably been nothing more amusing in the history of the Second Empire in France than the recent attempt of the Government, which we mentioned briefly last week, to convince the public that the relations of France with her neighbors are satisfactory, by means of three colored maps showing the political divisions of the Continent under the Restoration, under Louis Philippe, and under the present Emperor. No. 1 reveals a sad state of things—Holland and Belgium forming one kingdom, and Germany one confederation; No. 2 shows Holland and Belgium divided, but Germany still intact; No. 3 shows Holland and Belgium divided, Germany split into two, and Savoy and Nice annexed to France. The trick consists in the attempt to persuade people by the use of two colors on a sheet of paper that the old German confederation was a more formidable thing than the two German confederations of to-day—one of them controlled by Prussia completely, and the other holding its forces at Prussian disposal under a treaty of offensive and defensive alliance. The map, or rather three maps, have been hung up all over Paris—after having been anxiously looked for for several days—with the legend attached, *La France satisfaite*. There is also an explanation or commentary, said to be the work of the Emperor. What is most singular about the contrivance is the contempt for the popular understanding which is revealed in it. But it has not succeeded, and the semi-official papers have found it necessary to deny that any importance has been attached to it in official quarters.

There is little news from Spain, and doubtless will be but little until the Cortes meets. The monarchists and republicans are still agitating vigorously, the weight in ability and influence being, as we intimated last week, still on the side of the former. Rumors that Prim is working for his own elevation to the throne are kept in circulation, but thus far they appear to be simply rumors. The only means we have of judging of their value is furnished by Prim's character, which of itself goes far to refute them, for he is unquestionably a shrewd man, and can therefore hardly hope to seat himself permanently and securely on the throne, while if he aids in the accession of any royal personage he will be sure of the lasting gratitude of the new dynasty, and therefore to a high place in the government; and certainty in a country like Spain is a great thing.

The King of Prussia's speech from the throne at the opening of the second session of the Prussian Diet evidently shows that the prolonged absence of Count Bismarck from the seat of government—he is still rusticating at Varzin—has caused no retrogressive change in the internal or external policy of Prussia. On the contrary, some of the features of the royal address seem to prognosticate a more decidedly liberal advance, owing perhaps to a quickening impulse exercised by the recent events in Spain. The way King William speaks of the Spanish revolution is a novelty in the history of the Hohenzollerns of this century. "The events in the Western Peninsula of Europe," he says, "can inspire us with no other feeling but the wish and the confident hope that the Spanish nation may find in an independent organization of her affairs a guarantee for her prosperity and power." After "independent" we have, of course, to understand "of France," which makes the passage, whether read in German, in French, or in Spanish, the more interesting. The King mentions with approval the progress in "civilization and humanity evinced by the International Congress assembled at Geneva," in "improving the established principles for the treatment of wounded warriors, and extending them to the navy." The measures which he recommends to the Diet almost all reveal a sound reformatory spirit. Provincial and communal self-government is to be extended, by turning over to the respective corporations all that is not necessarily "linked to the guidance and care of the state authorities," though "it cannot be extended to shake or break the institutions to which Prussia is, to a great extent, indebted for her prosperity, before other institutions promising vitality and success are created."

## THE ERIE SWINDLE.

THE Erie Railroad Company, which once more, during the last three weeks, has furnished the occasion and the means for very remarkable events, is a striking example of the evils resulting from a large bonded debt upon any railroad property. The interest on the mortgage bonds of almost any decently managed road is pretty certain to be paid, hence the owners of the mortgage bonds, who are in reality the principal owners of the property, have little interest in its management, and are indeed legally excluded from all control over it. The management of the property thus falls to the control of those who have really the smallest interest at stake. At the same time, the principal portion of income from the property is pledged to pay the interest on the bonds, and on the magnitude of the then remaining balance of net income depends the ability of the company to pay a dividend on its share capital. The price of the shares in the market depends mainly upon the probability of their realizing a dividend to the holder, and the more that probability fluctuates, the more the market price of the stock will fluctuate. The more the price of any stock fluctuates, the more speculation will there be in it, and this is the reason why for years past Erie shares have been the most speculative stock on the list of the New York Stock Exchange, its price ranging at different periods from five dollars a share to one hundred and twenty-five dollars a share. As there are at the very lowest two hundred and fifty thousand shares of stock rightfully issued, worth at par twenty-five millions of dollars, the possibility of loss or gain by such great fluctuations is perfectly enormous, and the power to produce such fluctuations gives to its possessor the means of reaping an immense fortune in a day. According to the degree of honesty, economy, and skill employed in the management will be the probable earnings of the company, and according to its probable earnings will be the value of its stock. A skilful, honest, and economical management will cause the stock to advance; an incompetent, dishonest, wasteful management will cause the stock to decline; and it is for this power over the market price of the stock that the management of the Erie Railroad Company has for years past been sought by the most unscrupulous gamblers and rogues that the financial history of the world has any record of. The men who at the last election of directors have thus succeeded in obtaining the control of this enormous property have as far surpassed their last predecessors in villany as their last predecessors had already surpassed any that had gone before them; and their exploits during the last few weeks have brought to light such helpless incompetence and pusillanimity on the part of leading financial men, such reckless bank management, such deep-seated judicial corruption, and so low a fall in the pervading tone of commercial morality, that the calmest spectator stands by in amazement and can only wonder when retribution will begin.

On the 1st day of July last the one hundred dollar shares of the Erie Railroad were selling for about seventy dollars a share. The best-informed dealers in railroad stocks and other securities very generally believed that the abundant crops would cause largely-increased railroad earnings, that the election of General Grant would restore a feeling of security and confidence to business, and that a large advance would speedily take place in the value of investments of every description. Everybody was buying stocks, and there was no difficulty in selling almost any amount of shares in all reasonably well-established railroad enterprises. At or about this period the leading directors of the Erie sold large amounts of the stock of the road; sold not only the shares which they actually had on hand, but sold a large amount of shares "short," as it is called in Wall Street—that is to say, sold for future delivery shares which they did not possess, but which they expected to buy at a lower price whenever the time came for delivering them. Under these large sales the market gradually declined, but so great was the general confidence in the ultimate advance in stocks that at each decline fresh buyers came into the market, until the Erie directors had been enabled to sell very large amounts of the stock without the public becoming aware of their intentions. Their next move, of course, was to depress the price of their stock as low as possible, so as to buy back the shares which they had sold. What they had done so far, if not in accordance with the ideas which honest men have of the duties of directors and trustees, was at least legal and not altogether dishonorable, according to the prevailing Wall-Street code. But from this point forward their actions entitle them to the open support of the New York courts and to the undisguised charge of fraud from all honest men.

Under the by-laws and charter of the Erie road all powers of the Board of Directors vest, between the meetings of the board, in the Executive Committee. At the present time this committee consists of three of the most noted stock-jobbers in Wall Street. This Executive Committee, acting under the advice of one of the ablest, most unscrupulous, and most designing legal counsellors of this city, and relying beforehand on the well-tried and fully-trusted support of the New York courts, undertook, without the slightest shadow of right or power, to make and issue fresh shares of the Erie to an amount almost doubling the capital stock of the company. These shares were secretly but rapidly sold in Wall Street for cash, and the proceeds, supposed to amount to about ten millions of dollars, were thenceforth used as additional capital to carry on the campaign. The sale of such large amounts of stock naturally depressed the declining prices still further and caused alarm among the dealers, while the sudden appearance in the Street of the newly issued certificates led to an official enquiry on the part of the New York Stock Exchange, which was met on the part of the president of the company by a brazen-faced acknowledgment of the entire fraudulent issue, accompanied by a disguised threat that still further fraudulent issues were in preparation. The alarm in Wall Street was of course great, and a further decline in Erie shares was the immediate result. Not only did most of the holders of the stock sell their shares at whatever they would bring in the market, but so strong was now the belief in the utter worthlessness of the stock that all the dealers and speculators in the Street were led to follow the example of the Executive Committee, and sold large amounts of stock for future delivery. Foremost among these sellers is said to have been a wealthy gentleman of advanced years, of eminent piety, a builder of churches, a founder of colleges, a former treasurer of the Erie Company, and a fit colleague of the speculative Executive Committee, with whom he now joined hands for the great culminating blow of the whole conspiracy.

The price had not yet fallen low enough, nor was the panic sufficiently great, to enable this combination to buy back all the shares which they had sold without causing the price to advance materially. They therefore commenced a series of manœuvres which at once removed their operations from the mere Wall-Street arena and gave them a national importance. It is well known that the National Bank Act makes it obligatory upon the national banks of the city to hold (in general terms) a reserve in greenbacks and other legal tenders equal to twenty-five per cent. of their indebtedness to depositors and others. In the fall season the greenback reserve is always disposed to decline, owing to the shipments of currency South and West to move the crops, and the banks are generally obliged to reduce their loans to their dealers, in order to keep their reserve up to the legal limit. Any additional loss of greenbacks compels them to still further reduce their loans, in the ratio of three dollars of loans for every dollar of greenbacks lost; and so well balanced are our financial machinery and our financial requirements that a sudden, even slight, change of one or the other will cause widespread disturbance.

In this condition was the money market when the very heavy sales of the fraudulent issues of Erie stock had depressed the price from seventy in July to forty at the close of October. These sales had produced, it is supposed, about ten millions of dollars, which, together with the four or five millions more obtained from other sources, the combination had deposited to their credit in some of the city banks. Checks were now drawn on these banks for the amounts so deposited, and the checks were presented for payment in greenbacks, which the banks could not refuse, and the greenbacks so obtained were suddenly withdrawn from the bank reserve. The effect was electrical. Every bank in the city saw its greenback reserve in danger; no one could tell what the next step might be; there was a mystery about the operation that added to the terror which its boldness had inspired; everybody thought only of strengthening himself; the banks and private bankers called in a large portion of their loans; money became almost unob-

tainable, and whoever had borrowed money on stocks was compelled to sell to pay off his loans.

Trade throughout the country was brought to a perfect stand-still; as high as one-half of one per cent. a day interest was paid for money, and even at that figure it could only be obtained against the very choicest kind of security; merchants were entirely cut off from bank facilities, and for one moment it seemed as though many of the banks themselves would be obliged to succumb. It required the strong arm of the Treasury to prevent the panic from spreading all over the country, and the Secretary, who had been misled into official expressions sound enough in themselves but tending at that particular moment to increase the excitement, hastened to assure the community that his action, if needed, would be calculated to bring relief. But in the meantime the whole community had become involved in loss; the *bonâ fide* holders of railroad and other stocks had seen their property reduced in value by one-third or one-fourth, and had, in many instances, been frightened into selling at a ruinous sacrifice; Government bonds had fallen five or six per cent. in a day; on the Stock Exchange the panic had been complete, prices had declined ten, twenty, thirty per cent.; Erie had fallen to thirty-five dollars a share; and in the midst of the panic and excitement the authors of all the mischief had been enabled to purchase back, at an enormous profit, all the shares they had before sold, and indeed a great many more. They had successfully accomplished the first part of their bold game. They had sold an enormous number of shares at high prices for future delivery, they had bought back these shares at a large profit, and they had induced a great many of the principal Wall-Street dealers and their customers to believe that prices were going still lower, and in that belief to sell large amounts of shares at low prices for future delivery, and these contracts to deliver Erie shares at low prices the very combination themselves had purchased and held ready to use whenever the fitting moment should come.

The panic produced by the extreme scarcity of money had depressed the price of gold the same as the price of everything else. The comprehensive Erie combination, flushed with money and success, proceeded to buy up immense sums of gold, and then withdrew from the market the whole amount purchased, as they had done before with the greenbacks. The immediate effect was to make gold so scarce that one per cent. a day interest was paid for it, that the price ran up four per cent. in two days, that the whole export and import trade and the foreign exchanges were brought to a complete stop and many foreign merchants involved in tremendous losses.

After thus whirling like a tornado through the gold market, spreading ruin everywhere, and gathering up a fresh addition to their previous profits, this extraordinary army of freebooters turn to the stock market once more. They had purchased almost all the shares of Erie that were in the market, and they had purchased the contracts of many persons agreeing to deliver them certain amounts of shares at low prices, notably the contracts of the former treasurer of the road, whom we have seen joining them as a confederate some little time back, but who had, as is apt to be the case among thieves, attempted to betray their schemes. All those who, like him, had sold stock for future delivery—many of them foreign banking-houses, who had legitimately sold the stock for account of their customers abroad, but had not yet received the shares from Europe—were now called upon to make their deliveries, and as all the stock was in the hands of the combination, who of course would not lend it, thousands upon thousands of shares had to be bought of the combination at fifty-five and sixty, to be delivered to themselves at thirty-five and forty.

Never was a bolder scheme planned—never one, so far, more successfully executed. By a fraudulent over-issue of stock these men had depressed the price of Erie stock twenty-five per cent., reaping an enormous profit; and with the money so obtained they had run up the price of gold and made another large profit; they had then again advanced the price of Erie stock twenty-five per cent., and made a larger profit than ever. In the course of these operations they had ruined hundreds of men in and out of Wall Street, had arrested the whole business of the country for nearly two weeks, had brought the banks to the verge of suspension, and seriously threatened the national credit, yet, excepting the menace of the Secretary of the Treasury, not a hand had been raised to check their wild career.

At last, a wealthy foreign banker, Mr. Belmont, had the courage to bring a civil suit against them, and obtained from the courts an order enjoining them from further evil-doing. But, alas for his innocence! such simple contrivances do not catch Erie directors. As soon as the injunction was published, it appeared that steps had been taken by the rogues to obtain a similar injunction *against themselves*, but with the difference that they themselves were appointed respectively receiver and custodian of the funds they were enjoined from further misappropriating! This extraordinary judicial proceeding emanated from a judge who has already become unpleasantly notorious in connection with Erie Railroad suits, and who has on more than one occasion been openly, in his own court and to his face, charged with collusion and corruption. But even this outrageous caricature of justice does not close the case. It is true that these conspirators had, to all appearances, realized an enormous fortune from their nefarious scheme, but it was evident to the careful reader that they were now the holders of very large amounts of fraudulently issued Erie shares, and it might be just possible—to say nothing of criminal proceedings—that they might lose a large portion, if not the whole, of their profits by the inevitable decline in value of this really worthless paper. But whoever expected such a result little knew the capabilities of the New York judiciary. The same judge who had appointed the conspirators against the Erie Railroad receiver and custodian of the Erie Railroad's property, also issued an order authorizing the said receiver to buy, at his discretion, for account of the Erie Railroad, the whole or any part of two hundred thousand shares of the company's stock, *at the regular market price, not to exceed par*. On the Saturday following the publication of this order the stock closed at forty-one. It is pretty evident that the conspirators are not likely to lose much on the stock they now hold.

It is possible that the perpetrators of these outrages cannot be reached through our criminal courts; it is possible that the financial community will continue to allow itself to be dragooned and plundered by these organized robber-gangs without being driven to some deed of desperation; but it cannot be that respectable men outside of Wall Street will countenance such deeds by social recognition of the doers. It makes but little difference whether the fortunes thus acquired are spent in social and literary dilettantism, or in boisterous festivities, or in the building of churches and endowment of colleges—all good men should unite in treating the owners as infamous.

## THE POLITICAL RESULT IN ENGLAND.

It seems now tolerably certain that, as a result of the election in England, Mr. Gladstone will reappear in the House of Commons with a Liberal majority which will certainly amount to over one hundred and thirty, and may reach one hundred and fifty. In estimating the strength of parties in the English Parliament a considerable margin has to be left for doubtful cases—that is, for men nominally Liberal, or nominally Tory, who cannot be depended on with perfect certainty at great crises, and carry their votes from one side of the House to the other as momentary passion or prejudice may dictate. Party discipline is not as strict as it is here, and there are a good many country members to whom the opinion of their constituents is not of much consequence. But it is quite certain that the Liberals have a powerful majority, and as the result of this Mr. Disraeli will probably be driven from office by a vote of want of confidence some time before Christmas. A vote of want of confidence means the return of Mr. Gladstone to power, pledged to disestablish the Irish Church, the exclusion of the Tories from office for an indefinite period, and the introduction into the Government of an entirely new element in the person of Mr. Bright, and perhaps one or two other Radicals.

What has made Mr. Disraeli's overthrow so complete and easy—although there has been really no striking change either in the temper of the constituencies or the character of the members manifested in the working of the new Reform Bill—is that his manœuvring, after he first took office, made it clear that his zeal in defence of the Church was a sham and pretence. While he was

still in uncertainty as to what ground Gladstone would take as to the Irish Church, he deliberately proposed, through the mouth of Lord Mayo, the abandonment, in Ireland, of the principle of mixed education on which the Queen's Colleges are based, and the endowment of the Catholic Church. After this slip, Gladstone openly declared himself for the destruction of the Protestant establishment, and to this Disraeli had nothing to oppose but the "no-popery" cry, which of course, coming from his lips after this, fell flat. Neither the friends of the Church nor the enemies of Catholicism could possibly trust him or give him more than a half-hearted support. Moreover, as the author of the new Reform Bill, and of the reduction of the franchise to a lower level than any Radical in the House of Commons had dreamed of seeing it reach in the lifetime of the present generation, he had natually excited the distrust, if not disgust, of the main body of the Tory party proper. How he managed to lead the men who drove Gladstone out of office for proposing a £7 franchise, and who cheered Lowe's abuse of democracy to the echo, to vote for household suffrage within one session of Parliament, is one of the greatest mysteries in political history. Disraeli's own share in the transaction can be accounted for, or is accounted for, by attributing it to his total want of political principle. He has never yet succeeded in convincing any large number of persons, either in or out of Parliament, that he has ever been either a sincere Tory or a sincere Radical, or that in his heart he really considers it of any importance to the country which party is in office. But this cannot be said of his followers. The great body of the country gentlemen, who constitute the bulk of his supporters in Parliament, did hate and fear democracy, and did really believe that to lower the electoral qualification was to "degrade" the franchise. How was it, then, that after getting them to turn Gladstone out of office for attempting to lower it a little, he got them to help himself in lowering it a great deal? To this question, though it has been discussed in yards on yards of newspaper and review articles, no satisfactory answer has ever been returned.

It is quite certain that Disraeli owed much of his success in attaining office—whatever may have been the cause of his success in passing the Reform Bill—to Gladstone's defects as a leader; and Gladstone's enemies now count on those defects to prevent his success in his assaults on the Irish Church, even with the majority which the Liberals have now secured. But there is every reason to believe that these defects will not prove as serious in the future as they have been in the past. Of course, no matter what may be the character of the House of Commons, it is the premier's business to manage it, and so far as he fails to do this he fails in his duty. Statesmen, like other men, have to work with such materials as present themselves, and not such materials as ought to present themselves; but there is every reason to believe that the House of Commons just elected will be a much easier one for Gladstone to manage than the one which has just been dissolved. The latter had been trained by Palmerston into what is known in England as the "gentlemanly" way of looking at things; that is, into treating all displays of earnestness or deep feeling on any subject as ridiculous and absurd, into considering politics as literally a "game" to be played by gentlemen, in which "questions" and voters were mere counters, and over which all excitement was ill-bred and disgusting. The Palmerstonians were Liberals, both in home and foreign policy, not from sympathy with the people, but because liberal government was, within certain limits, the only workmanlike and successful government. Palmerston himself hated and despised the Rechbergs and Bombas on the Continent, and threw his weight into the scale against them, not so much because they were tyrants and oppressors as because they were bunglers and blunderers who did not know their craft. His own plan was not to shut vulgar brawlers and demagogues up in jail or put them in the pillory, but to meet them in the market-place, as he did Rowley the butcher, and "chaff" them into powerlessness and insignificance.

Considering how many personal attractions he had, and how many social advantages, what a good fellow he was, how pleasant a house he kept, and what a ready, jolly debater he was, and how much experience of men and things he had at his back, it is not wonderful that he managed to infuse his temper into the House of Commons. There was always one set of Liberals who looked on him as a charlatan, and another who considered him a son of Belial, but they rarely ventured to assail him, and when they did they always came off second-best. The great majority followed him in treating the England of 1856 as being probably as good a social state as the nature of man and the designs of Providence would permit to appear on this globe. It may be imagined, therefore, how offensive Gladstone's Puritan tone was when he began to take the reins up after Palmerston's death. He has little tact at best, and he is devoured by "earnestness," and earnestness was the one thing the House of Commons could not stand. When in the earlier debates on the Reform Bill of 1865 he took office, and asked indignantly whether the working-men of England were not "the same flesh and blood" as the members of the House, and announced his conviction that it was not for the working-men to prove their fitness for the franchise, but for those who denied it to them to prove their *un*fitness, he produced a sensation amongst many of his hearers not far removed from physical nausea.

The new House of Commons will not differ materially from the old one, as far as its composition is concerned. The members are very much the same persons, but there is little question that its temper will be very different. The Palmerstonian influence has nearly died out. The working of the "philosophers," and the appearance of the artisan class amongst the constituents, have convinced legislators that politics are, after all, not a laughing matter; that the questions of the day are serious things, to be dealt with by serious men. This will unquestionably make Gladstone's task much easier, even if, as is very likely, his own faults, which are not trifling, have not diminished in number or gravity. The task before him is not slight, and the exultation of his enemies over his difficulties is not groundless. The disestablishment of the Irish Church means a good deal more than depriving it of state patronage and of official precedence. It means the seizure and distribution, in some way that will be satisfactory to the public, of about $100,000,000 of property, and the disturbance, more or less deep, of the lives of thousands of excellent persons who are in no way responsible for the abuse of which they unfortunately form a part. These difficulties are by no means insurmountable, but they are difficulties into which the feelings, habits, traditions, prejudices both of the English and Irish public enter much more largely than any other problem with which Mr. Gladstone has ever had to deal, and in which, therefore, his great intellectual power and dexterity will need to be largely supplemented by tact and sympathy and forbearance—qualities for which he is not remarkable.

## A NEGLECTED SIDE OF THE WOMAN'S RIGHTS QUESTION.

The woman's rights movement is receiving a fresh impetus from the formation of a new association in New England, which seems to be enlisting a good many men and women of real influence and energy who have hitherto stood aloof from it or else have only given it a very lukewarm support. During the past year it has made considerable progress both here and in England. In England it has secured a firm footing in politics, and is now one of the questions on which Liberal politicians, at least, feel bound to declare their sentiments, and this of itself indicates a marked advance; because a mere declaration of hostility to a measure from men in public life proves that it has taken hold of the public mind in some degree. Moreover, it has been brought before the courts, and although the decision of the courts has been against woman's right to vote under the existing law, as everybody who knew anything about the law expected it would be, the defeat of such a movement on a point of law is sure to be but a temporary check. Mr. Gladstone, it is said, already concedes the expediency of conferring the franchise on spinsters and widows holding property in their own right; and if this concession be embodied in legislation during the coming session, the bestowal of the franchise on married women holding property in their own right cannot be very far off. This last class is at present a small one in England, owing to the fact that the rule of the common law which gives the husband uncontrolled possession of the wife's property can only be barred by a deed of settlement, a clumsy and expensive process which is only resorted to by heiresses. But the proposed assimilation of the English

law to that of many States of the Union, leaving the woman's interest in her possession unaffected by her marriage, promises before long to make it a very large class; and this done, the probabilities are that every woman who cares to vote, whether married or single, will endeavor to secure, either by her own exertions or the gift of her male relatives, the necessary property qualification.

In the United States, the adhesion of professional politicians to a movement does not materially increase its strength; but it is a sign that its strength is increasing, and this sign the female suffrage movement undoubtedly exhibits. The arguments adduced against it on grounds of expediency have all been of the thinnest texture; they could not have been otherwise in a country in which *men* vote *en masse*, without, or almost without, restriction or qualification. It is useless to talk of the bad influence women will be likely to exert on political affairs through ignorance or passion, in the presence of the crowds of males who throng to the polls in the large cities and the darker country districts. Nearly all the weapons which are now used against female voting were used twenty years ago to defend the barriers which, in nearly all the States, prevented the indiscriminate voting of males, and were all then disposed of. There are no women more ignorant, none more venal, none more selfish than, very few so reckless and improvident and brutal as, a vast number of men whom the democratic movement of that period admitted to a share in the government. The fresh weapons brought into play against female voting are that it is ridiculous, and that it will divert women from more pressing and more sacred duties. But there is no such thing as absolute ridiculousness. In fact, there is nothing more relative. It is composed in large part of strangeness. Nothing is ridiculous with which we are very familiar, and women's voting is hardly likely to form an exception to the rule. You can no more laugh at female politicians after you have got used to them than at old jokes or twice-told tales.

The probability that their giving their attention to politics will cause women to neglect their domestic duties, or any duties peculiar to them as women, is only to be used as an argument by people who have never made a serious effort to define the limits of the legislator's province. It ought not to be heard from anybody who is opposed—as most of those, nevertheless, who use it are—to excessive government interference with the conduct of life. A legislator has no right to exclude any class of persons from the enjoyment of privileges possessed by all other classes, from the mere fear that the concession of them would interfere with the proper performance of duties of imperfect obligation—that is, of duties of which the law does not and ought not to enforce the performance. He ought not to restrain particular men of their liberty lest they should not prove industrious, or take charge of their affairs lest they should not prove charitable or economical, though he may forbid them to carry deadly weapons in cities, or walk the streets after midnight with bundles without being questioned. The proper apportionment of his time and attention between his various duties of imperfect obligation, such as his duties as a husband, father, philanthropist, church member, and citizen, is left, and properly left, to each individual man. It is a condition of sound progress that it should be so left. There are social penalties, far more effective than any legal penalties could be, for the neglect of any one of them by men, and yet men neglect them. There are thousands, nay hundreds of thousands, of men whose devotion to politics makes bad fathers, husbands, and citizens of them. The large band of persons known as "professional politicians" are as worthless a class as ever existed. To many of them individually it would be unquestionably a boon if they could neither vote nor hold office, but nobody dreams for that reason, or any other reason, of disfranchising them. So also, the possible effect of female suffrage in drawing away women's minds from their duties as wives or mothers or daughters, is not a question for legislative consideration. There doubtless will be large numbers of female voters on whose character politics will produce a bad effect; but there are women on whom idleness, wealth, fashionable society, hot bread, thin shoes, late hours, pie, and novels produce a bad effect, but then nobody for this reason proposes to regulate their lives by act of Congress.

We do not believe, therefore, that the friends of the movement have anything to do but to keep talking in order to carry it to a successful issue. But then the rapidity of their triumph will largely depend on the way they talk, and it is greatly to be desired that they should, as far as possible, show that they perceive those divisions in their subject which are palpable to the rest of the world, and act as if they perceived them, and that they should show that they give due attention to the considerations which weigh most with other people. It is only in this way that they will earn the character for good sense and thoughtfulness which is essential to their success. In most agitations of this kind the mass of the public is much influenced by confidence in those who are conducting them, and this confidence is the result, in a large measure, of the display of candor and perspicacity. For instance, the cause is not helped but hindered by the pretence which is constantly put forward at woman's rights meetings, that the lowness of women's wages is the consequence of their exclusion from the electoral franchise, or in some way connected with it. It has in reality no more to do with it than with their complexion or height. The reason why women's wages are low, why they get less for doing the same work than men get, is that the supply of women is greater than the demand in those employments for which they are fitted. You can no more raise their wages by giving them votes than procure for hod-carriers by giving *them* votes the same wages as carpenters. The number of women who want work is numerous; the number of occupations for which they are as yet fitted is small, and therefore employers of labor have their own way with them. Of course their physical weakness, and timidity, and inability to combine, do something to keep their rate of remuneration down; but we cannot remove these things by legislation or by the ballot.

There is one other point which we should like to see the woman's rights advocates face frankly and boldly, and which they now shirk most discreditably and injuriously, and that is, the existence and enormous influence on life and manners, and, above all, on the social position of women, of the sexual relation. We have read over with care such reports as we have been able to procure of their recent discussions in Chicago and Boston, in the hope of lighting on some speech or resolution in which women were not talked of as if they were simply small, weak, gentle, and refined men, whom the rest of the world had been treating unhandsomely for some thousands of years, apparently through "pure cussedness," and as if the passion of love were a figment of the poet's or novelist's imagination which was never met with in real life, and never was known to exercise any disturbing influence on anybody's conduct; but we have looked in vain. If any allusion is made to it at all, it is spoken of as if it were a weakness peculiar to a small body of ignorant people, and to be removed by common schools, lyceum lectures, and monthly magazines. Now, the fact is that the sexual instinct is one of the most tremendous of social forces, that its regulation is one of the most delicate and difficult tasks of the legislator and moralist, that you cannot seriously diminish its activity without touching the very fountain of national life. It is to its existence and to its strength more than anything else that women have in all ages owed the artificial disabilities inflicted on them by society. What the world is waiting to hear from the woman's rights advocates therefore is, how they propose to deal with this in the new régime for which they are preparing, in which women shall work side by side with men without any of the preventive barriers which society has hitherto erected between passion and weakness—and on this point we think they have thus far been much too reticent. When they get up and tell us, as one speaker did in Boston the other day, that there need be no fear of love-making bet ween young people of different sexes if educated together in the same colleges, *because* they will be too busy with their studies to think of love, the natural man feels a strong inclination to fling a book at his head. Nor is there much use pointing to Oberlin or any other place in which the experiment of education in common has hitherto been tried, because these experiments are always tried at first by what may be called a *corps d'élite*. The spectacle of men and women working side by side on the anti-slavery platform or the social-science platform proves little also, because it will hardly be maintained that the passions are strong or the moral culture low amongst the ladies and gentlemen who figure on them. The women, too, who first enter

the medical and other professions are not apt to be fair representatives of their sex. They are sure to be persons of strong will, of more than usual intellectual power, and to exhibit, in fact, rather what is considered the peculiarly masculine than the peculiarly feminine type of character. What the public would like to have shown it is, not how the experiment has worked amongst a few hundred come-outers, but how it is likely to work in society at large, taking men and women as they are, and as they are likely to be for the next century. We do not mean to insinuate that the woman's rights party cannot make out a good case on these points; all we say is that they ought to discuss them more fully, and, in discussing them, manfully acknowledge their difficulties.

## MY NEW FRIEND.

A SHALLOW voice said, bitterly, "New friend!"
As if the old alone were true, and, born
Of sudden freak, the new deserved but scorn,
And deep distrust.
If love could condescend,
What scorn in turn! Do men old garments mend
With new? And put the new wine, red at morn,
Into the last year's bottles, thin and worn?
But love and loving need not to defend
Themselves. The new is older than the old:
And newest friend is oldest friend, in this,
That, waiting him, we longest grieved to miss
One thing we sought.
I think when I behold
Full Heaven, I shall not say, "Why was this never told?"
But, "Ah! this is not new. From first I saw this bliss."

H. H.

## THE RELIGIOUS CONDITION OF ENGLAND.

(FROM AN AMERICAN CORRESPONDENT.)

LONDON, September 25, 1868.

I HAVE just read in the *Nation* of September 10 the statement that "no one whose reading of the newspapers is supplemented by trustworthy private information can doubt that England is on the verge of the most tremendous crisis in her history, and that the Irish Church question is simply the precursor of others which will not be settled without recasting English society and giving a new order and direction to the tide of English history." Strong as these words are, they seem to me, from personal observation, not to be exaggerated. But at the same time it is possible to read the signs of the times in a different sense, and to come to the conclusion that the organic changes required in the constitution of English society to set it upon a sound footing may be even yet indefinitely postponed, and that the nation may yet have to pass through a period of political apathy and external quiet before the tide of revolution shall gather strength enough to overbear the immense forces which oppose a true social reconstruction. Such, at least, is the opinion of some of the acutest observers of the course of affairs. All that can be affirmed positively is that the present moment is one of doubt and expectancy. The old fetters of prejudice and routine are giving way on all sides. No doctrine and no institution is safe from the attack of criticism. The test of utility is mercilessly applied. In a recent private letter Mr. Mill writes: "All the great subjects —political, social, and religious—are brought into question; and there is a preparation going on in England, as there is in the United States, for a much better settlement of them than the world has yet had; but naturally the evidences of this are not so obvious on the surface as are those of the breaking up of old doctrines."

The extent of the change in modes of thought, the progress in the liberalizing of opinion during the last few years, is not less striking to Englishmen than it is to a foreigner who comes back to the country after an absence of considerable length. The change is not to be measured by the public exhibitions of it in the tone of the press. Even the most advanced journals fail to represent it fully, partly from the reserve imposed upon them by the necessity of their position, partly because many of the evidences of change are indefinite, casual, and private—of a sort that become impressive only by repetition and through their cumulative effect. The usages of society, the established habit of conformity, nowhere stronger than in England, keep many things from appearing on the outside which are moving within and it is consequently difficult to estimate the active force of principles held in theory by large numbers of persons but not openly professed. Moreover, as in all periods of change, so now there is, on the part of the bigoted adherents to things as they have been, an eagerness in the support of established notions or institutions proportioned to their sense of alarm, and productive of a factitious appearance of strength.

Among the intellectual class, and even in the Church itself, there is much more or less definite, and more or less open, scepticism; not merely disbelief in the doctrines of the Church, but doubt concerning the objects of faith, leading in some instances to the rejection of all supernaturalism, in others to the acceptance of a stoical philosophy, in others to a mere epicurean indifferentism. The sect which adopts the religious scheme of Comte, in all its baldness and with all its trivialities, numbers several really able men, and seems to have an influence quite out of proportion to its numerical strength. The remarkable address which Dr. Hooker delivered the other day at Norwich, as President of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, expressed without reserve the contempt of its author for metaphysics and for natural theology, which he aptly termed "the most dangerous of two-edged weapons." There was even an unscientific and dogmatic temper manifest in his words. Science—the scientific mode of thought—is, however, so plainly getting control of the thought of England that bigotry in its behalf is unreasonable. Even at Oxford it is predominant, and religious scepticism is common. The teachings of Mill, of Comte, of Herbert Spencer, of Lyell, of Darwin and Huxley, and other such men, are having their effect on methods of enquiry and modes of belief, while the recent destructive historic criticism, especially that of the various German schools, has done much to weaken faith in the evidences of Christianity. The religion which is taught by the ablest and sincerest of the official teachers is mainly undogmatic, and a doctrine of active life, of virtue, of high morality. "We have lost, for the present at least," said recently one of the most eminent clerical teachers at the university,—"we have lost the definition of God."

The moral position of men who, holding sceptical opinions, still retain place in the Established Church, cannot be satisfactorily defended, and is felt by many of them to be indefensible. They would welcome any change which would deliver them from the necessity of stifling their real convictions. The religious life of England, like that of the rest of the modern world, must first gradually divide itself into the camps of authority represented by the Roman Church, and of absolute freedom of individual opinion. The half-way houses of orthodoxy—whether of the Church of England or of Unitarianism—cannot long maintain their present importance.

But the chief interest, at least at this moment, of the decline of traditional religion in England is in its connection with the political condition of the nation. It is a portent of no mean order. The state of religious belief and of philosophical opinion in England to-day is strikingly similar, not in aspect only but in essence, to that in France a hundred years ago. There is great difference in moral tone; but there is little difference in the solvent effect upon society of the destruction of the foundations of faith. The spirit of criticism is not embodied in a Voltaire, nor the sentiment of humanity in a Rousseau. Each is diffused, and perhaps not the less powerful for diffusion. Here, as in France a century since, the scientific or philosophic spirit—the spirit of scepticism, by whatever name it may be called—is incapable of supplying the place of religion with the mass of the people, either in the way of sentiment or of moral control. So far as its influence extends outside of the intellectual and cultivated classes, it tends to promote mere irreligion, and to excite a blind aversion to the restraints which the Church imposes.

But high morality—the morality of character and of self-support, of which true scepticism is often the source—proves too abstract and intellectual for attainment by any but enlightened and cultivated minds. On the other hand, and also as in France, the Church in its moment of supreme need proves itself incapable of meeting the demand upon it, and of supplying spiritual guidance and help to the mass of ignorant, benighted, and wretched souls who, surrounded by all the display and luxury of modern material civilization, live as outcasts and drag out their lingering days in poverty, toil, and vice. There are millions of men, women, and children in England destitute of religion, and with no share in the prosperity of the country. This is the dangerous class—a class that increases rapidly. The worst sign of the times is the deadness of the upper classes to the meaning of this terrible fact. I shall have more to say of this in a subsequent letter. But what, asks the *Times* in a recent article,—"in the face of such a fact as this, what can we think of all the metaphysical quibbles, the vestment squabbles, and the gratuitous innovations which are now distracting the attention of half our clergy, and which

they think, and are sometimes encouraged to think, the great questions of the day? It is worse than Nero fiddling while Rome was burning. While they are compassing sea and land to make one proselyte to lighted candles, there are thousands of people around them ignorant of the very alphabet of morality and reason. While a gross pollution is spreading under the cognizance of their very senses, they must needs spend their own energies and waste the energies of others upon embroidered dresses and incense, and hymns to the Virgin Mary, and associations for promoting the unity of Christendom."

# Correspondence.

## RUSKIN AND HIS WRITINGS.

To the Editor of the Nation:

The *Nation* in No. 165 has a notice of the "Modern Painters" which states so many of the commonly received and utterly erroneous dicta concerning the ideas advanced in that book, and its general theory of art-study and criticism, that I am induced to ask room to controvert it in the interest of art-education, not to say of the *Nation*, whose critical authority should rest on better premises.

The "Modern Painters" was published at intervals extending from *about* 1845 (having no copy by me, I cannot be precise) to 1859, the first volume, and the only one known in *popular* reading, being put out when the author was about twenty-seven years of age; and being, as might be expected, a work of intense enthusiasm and immature thought, it was no exception to the dictum that books which acquire rapid and general success are superficial and probably unworthy to occupy permanently the place at first assigned them. While no other book can be quoted so full of intense perception and rapturous appreciation of nature and her claims on the artist, no other can be found which, with such thorough and conscientious seeking for art, manifests so little attained knowledge of its real character and uses. Ruskin's nature was over-freighted on the *moral* side (using that word in its general acceptation with us), and ran too strongly into the devotional-didactic to be able to explore the sister but independent realm of artistic development.

The public in general knowing nothing of art as distinguished from pictorial representation, the young and reverent painters, still warm with that passionate love that makes a religion of anything and makes anything it loves religious, adopted this first volume as the canon of criticism; but so universal was the dissent of the older artists and the deeper students that I should not have thought it necessary ever to controvert the popular opinion had I not found it expressed in a journal of the gravity and justice of the *Nation*.

Your critic's assertion that "the general tendency of Ruskin's teachings in art is always right," is just the contrary of what I believe to be the truth. I believe (and I have known him and his book for many years, and regard him as the most unhesitating lover of truth I have ever known) that Mr. Ruskin's *art*-teachings are utterly wrong, based on an entirely erroneous estimate of the position of art in the intellectual system, and calculated to bewilder most and to lead the most widely astray—and to lead them to a greatest loss of time and heart—the most reverent and earnest of those who study his works. To show just wherein he is wrong in the abstract would require an exposition of what art is, which would demand space you could not spare and time I cannot now devote to the subject; but I can illustrate just as well by examination of his concrete judgment.

The first volume of "Modern Painters" recognizes insight into nature as the great gift of the painter, and, with the third and fourth (the second being an episode of great value, but foreign to art), goes to prove that Turner possessed this gift more than all other painters, and that the English school possessed it in a degree far beyond the older schools; in the fifth he recognizes the claims of the great technical qualities, previously overlooked in his system and never fully appreciated, since he has no sense of the value of Greek art, in which they attained their greatest development. He seeks to establish by his researches and demonstrations that Turner is the greatest of landscape painters because of his greater insight into nature, and that Stanfield, Harding, *et id genus omne*, are greater artists than Claude, because they have clearer eyes, while in point of fact Turner's insight into nature was incidental to his genius as an artist, and Claude was an artist, though feeble; while Stanfield, Harding & Co. are only clever painters, with scarcely the most hazy and incomplete perceptions of what art is.

To speak of Turner as the greatest of landscape painters *because* he told the most truth is an egregious *non sequitur*, for no other painter ever told so many falsehoods on canvas. I do not believe he ever gave a thought to truth either of detail or color; forms and motives of color that pleased him by their expression and fitness to his moods he retained and reproduced in a more or less exact degree. I have seen many of his studies of nature, and never saw an attempt to reproduce the actual truth of landscape. I do not believe that his feeling would have permitted him to sit down to match-trials with nature any more than Beethoven would have sat down to write a score of the modulations of voice in a drawing-room conversation. He defied all the actualities; he put rainbows at right angles to the sun, threw shadows across clear water, gave tints of purple, scarlet, and gold in skies when the sun was yet an hour high, mixed shadows of moonlight and sun light, put his lights on the opposite side of the objects from the sun, relieved verdant mountains in light against a blue sky, painted pictures in which scarcely the most fanciful resemblance to natural objects can be discerned, and which are yet *as great art as anything he did*.

His great artistic gifts were the intense fusion of his perceptions into conceptions (a quality different, I believe, from either idealism or creative imagination, or even imaginative conception), and his unapproached and almost unsuggested orchestration (if I may borrow an analogic term) of color, which alone would have placed him in the front rank of artists of all time. Titian's color-harmony was as faultless as Turner's, but compared with it as a vocal quartette with the most elaborate concerts.

Ruskin's ends of art are only its means; its most characteristic and noble revelations of ends are expressive, not representative; what is in the artist, not the language borrowed from nature in which he tells it.

I do not set Mr. Ruskin too low; his value is other than the usually accepted one. He belongs to the school of noble speculative minds, teeming with suggestions of the highest value, and this especially in his sociological and socio-political works, but by his inevitable limitations is forbidden to prescribe rules or organized systems. His political economy is not of the school of Adam Smith but of Plato, with an infusion of sorrowing, heartaching philanthropy, of human love and despair at human folly and shortcoming (to him madness and wickedness), which the "Republic" would never admit nor its author have felt. Similarly, his artistic studies were dispersive, analytic, iconoclastic; what he pulled down was in the main well pulled down, but what he built was builded of bricks without mortar. His instincts went to the heart of a falsehood as a surgeon's knife to its work of extirpation, but he would no more make or guide an artist than an anatomist a human body.

Yours respectfully, W. J. Stillman.

Athens, Greece, October 28, 1868.

[We are very glad to give Mr. Stillman an opportunity of stating his opinions about Mr. Ruskin and his teachings, but an adequate defence of our position or an adequate attack on Mr. Stillman's would take more space than we can spare, or are likely ever to be able to spare. We have the consolation of knowing that should the above letter fall under Mr. Ruskin's eye he will avenge us.—Ed. Nation.]

# Notes.

## LITERARY.

D. Appleton & Co. announce "Prince Eugene of Savoy," which is, of course, by Miss Mühlbach. We shall give pleasure, we fear, to many persons when we say that Miss Mühlbach's labors have not yet made her wealthy. They may moderate their joy by reflecting that probably she will go on writing till they do.——Messrs. Nichols & Noyes announce "The New England Tragedies in Prose," by Mr. Rowland H. Allen. Whether Mr. Allen has written a travesty or has been working in earnest we do not know. In earnest, most likely; the titles of his pieces are "The Coming of the Quakers" and "The Witchcraft Delusion."——Messrs. Leypoldt & Holt announce "Problematic Characters," a translation of a novel of Spielhagen's; "Madame de Beaupré," by Mrs. C. Jenkin; and Taine's "Florence and Venice," which follows after the "Rome and Naples," which we have already noticed.——Messrs. Hurd & Houghton will publish "How Not to be Sick," by Dr. Albert J. Bellows; it is an appropriate sequel to the same author's "Philosophy of Eating." We may as well mention here—not on the publishers' account, but to direct into a new and unobtrusive field the labors of the genial critics—that Messrs. W. E. Simonds & Co., of Hartford, propose to issue *The Traveller's Friend* and *The Gas Light*, and that they intend to deal largely in book-notices. "We shall not assume to be critical," they say, "and will publish such notices as

publishers may furnish, if entirely satisfactory to us." First these reviews will be printed in *The Gas Light;* afterwards their sphere of usefulness will be widened, and they will be placed in the columns of *The Traveller's Friend.*

—Mr. J. W. Bouton, of Broome Street, has issued a new catalogue of rare and valuable books. Two or three of the number are remarkable instances of private illustration on a grand scale. The Bible, in ten volumes, described on the first page of the catalogue, is the most elaborate piece of work of this kind that has ever come to our notice. Every book-lover has heard of the process of "inlaying," by which pages are enlarged to any desired size. Your little engraving on a scrap of paper may lack four inches on each side of the size which other engravings have fixed for your book. The collector who undertakes to illustrate extensively a quarto Bible will find that he has pictures and maps of every imaginable size but the size he has been compelled to take for his book, as, for instance, the size of the quarto printed page. This inlaying process is a wonder of nice handling. The little scrap of thin grey or yellowish-brown paper, with perhaps a cut on both sides of it, will be found occupying the centre of a broad sheet of strong white paper, with which it is inseparably united, as if the two had become one. The junction is marked by nothing more palpable than the sudden change of thickness and color. This delicate work is needed only when both sides of the page are to be shown. An engraving showing only one side, with much less trouble can be mounted upon a large sheet of paper, and rolled into it until the added thickness is hardly perceptible. In the case of this Bible there has been a most unusual amount of the finest work done; for the richly illustrated New Testament published seven or eight years ago by the Longmans having been taken for the work, every page has had to be inlaid, so as to show the text and wood-cut borders on both sides. The large-paper edition of this Testament would have lacked about an inch all around of the size of the book, so, as this would have been an awkward job to do, a small-paper copy was taken, allowing a wider and stiffer margin. Although it is chiefly as a unique curiosity that we have spoken of this compilation, there is, of course, much good art scattered through it, and an examination of it is very interesting.

—We have before spoken of volumes made up of Cruikshanks; selections from this and from that, mounted or inlaid to a certain fair size, and bound up in great square volumes. Mr. Bouton's catalogue offers two of these, altogether similar to those we have previously mentioned in noticing Scribner, Welford & Co.'s stock. The enormous number of George Cruikshank's works, etchings, engravings, and woodcuts, and the scattered condition of such of them as do not form part of permanent volumes, make them peculiarly suitable for the purpose of collecting into these glorified scrap-books. This is the good side; the bad side is that the temptation is considerable to break up pamphlets and books, and use the cuts to help out the scrap-books. Sometimes this is almost excusable. For instance, anybody whose means or whose space is limited may hesitate to give house-room, and, in general, *to possess*, the endless file of *Bentley's Miscellany.* The delightful Cruikshank illustrations of the *Miscellany* are all, or nearly all, in the first six volumes. Possibly one might show good sense by taking out the pictures, and either binding them up with copies of the books they belong to—"Oliver Twist," "Jack Sheppard," "The Ingoldsby Legends," and others—or putting them all into a scrap-book with what separate plates one might happen upon. So it might be not amiss to use the whole of a pamphlet of a few pages to enrich a fine collection, as is done in one instance in one of the books before us. But in other cases, even when the letterpress is very worthless, it is better to keep the whole work together in its original form. We should bind up the books as Cruikshank himself saw them first, keeping their old paper covers, which, indeed, often contain designs by the artist.

—Doctor Samuel Gregory, who is the Secretary of the New England Female Medical College, has written a small pamphlet in which he argues that it is right for female physicians to style themselves "Doctress" instead of "Doctor." In the abbreviated form, by the way, as the title should appear on signboards, he would write it "Drss." There is no philological reason why not; and, as a philological reason why, we may remark that it is better to have as few words of doubtful gender as possible. And for business purposes the distinctive title seems to be for several reasons preferable. As Doctor Gregory remarks, a man in search of a physician for special consultation does not wish to be ushered into the presence of a lady; so also with women; nor could a servant sent in haste to "fetch a doctor" tell when she pulled the bell whether she was going to bring out a practitioner of the right or wrong sex. But apart from the natural human slowness to adopt new things, it will be from the doctresses themselves, we suppose, that the chief opposition will come. They cling to the old-established, long honorable designation.

—A gentleman writes to the editor of the London *Times* for the purpose of putting in print three statements which shall correct three common errors in regard to the early history of newspapers; and first he says that the very earliest of daily newspapers in the world was not the daily *Courant* of Wednesday, the 11th of March, 1702, three days after the accession of Queen Anne. In point of fact, there had been an English daily journal forty-two years before that time. In 1660, on the 8th, 9th, and 10th of March, appeared three numbers of *A Perfect Diurnal.* Then, in the second place, the seventh number of the *Impartiall Intelligencer,* a paper started in 1649, and generally thought, by those who think about such things, to have contained the first of all British advertisements. But on the first page of the "first of all English periodicals"—a weekly, not a daily, paper—the *Newes* of Nathanael Butler, our *Times* correspondent has discovered this advertisement, bearing the date of February, 1625:

*"Here is this present day published an excellent Discourse concerning the Match betweene our most Gracious and Mightie Prince Charles, Prince of Wales, and the Lady Henrette Maria, daughter to Henry the Fourth, late King of France, &c., Sister to Lewis the Thirteenth, now King of those Dominions: Manifesting the Royall Ancestors of both these famous Princes, and truly explaining the severall interchanges of Marriages which hath beene betweene France and England: with the lively Picture of the Prince and the Lady cut in Brasse."*

In the third place, it is a popular error that the *Mercurius Civicus* of 1643 was the first English illustrated paper; for in the *Weekly Newes* of the 20th of December, 1638, is an account of "a prodigious eruption of fire which exhaled in the middest of the Ocean Sea over against the Isle of Saint Michael, one of the Terceras, and of the new island which it hath made." It would have been too much to have expected Mr. Butler to describe this valuable convulsion without depicting it in the liveliest possible manner, and accordingly we have a full-page engraving, showing "the island, its length and breadth, and the places where the fire burst out," though we dare say the enterprising journalist would have been as much puzzled to tell how he happened opportunely to have an artist on the very spot as would be some of the editors of our degenerate days. So far "G. H. C." Then, in a day or two, in another letter, comes "T. W." and says that *A Perfect Diurnal* is merely "A Perfect Diurnal of the daily Proceedings in Parliament, published according to order;" that its contents were merely the orders and resolutions of the days above specified; that its publication would be contingent on the meetings of the House, would be daily only while the meetings were; would be interrupted by an adjournment, and would cease at the close of a session. He adds that the "votes" of the House are still so published, and concludes by asking if "G. H. C.'s" *Perfect Diurnal* can be called a daily paper? The answer seems to be that it can be so called when Parliament can be considered a newspaper editor, but hardly before. "T. W." also remarks that almanacs are surely periodicals, and that almanacs long preceded newspapers. He remarks, too, with justice we should say, that the chance publication of one cut does not give the *Weekly Newes* any very good claim to the title of an "illustrated paper." We may suggest, too, that as for illustrated periodicals the almanacs were, in a sense, illustrated. In conclusion, "T. W.," who seems to have a systematic or scientific knowledge of a subject of which "G. H. C." has only a scattering knowledge, says that it is remarkable with what slowness daily journals made their way abroad. The earliest French periodical, published daily, was, he says, on the authority of Barbier, the *Journal de Paris,* which was born in 1777, long before which time, as we all know, we American-English had set the daily press in motion in New England and Pennsylvania.

—Not only the British artisan is having his education looked after by the English reformers, but the British merchant also. Professor Leone Levi has been lecturing at King's College, London, on the proper course of studies for a youth intending to enter the mercantile profession. He should begin, it appears, by laying in his English, one or two foreign languages, Latin, arithmetic, and mathematics. The technical demands of trade, however, would demand that the intending merchant should not rest content with these general acquisitions, but that after perfecting himself in them he should go on to acquire many more branches of knowledge. The study of statistics, the professor says, is important for the merchant should be able to procure, understand, arrange, and publish facts relating to trade. We suggest that perhaps he would hardly in all cases see the necessity of publishing such facts as he had procured, understood, arranged, and added to his capital. Mathematics the professor would have the mercantile student thoroughly study, and alge-

bra—both of them in connection with the doctrines of probabilities, as these doctrines considerably affect the business of insurance. Accountancy is of practical use, since a good knowledge of it often acts as a safeguard against commercial disaster. The very elements of commercial knowledge the merchant will, of course, not neglect. These are "the principles of commerce and banking, including the history of our commercial policy, a knowledge of facts relating to the articles of trade, the foreign exchanges, and the funds, as well as a good portion of political economy." Physical geography also is of great value, and, in connection with mining and manufacture, chemistry and geology are of primary necessity. Of still greater utility to all merchants is an acquaintance with the commercial laws of all countries and of international law and the laws regulating the tariffs of all countries, and also all countries' weights, measures, and coins. How much more is necessary for the merchants we shall perhaps learn in others of Professor Levi's course of lectures, which we fear are attended by not many youths destined to become great merchants. There is a story, which we have heard, of a young man who took so high a view of the duties devolving upon a minister of the Gospel that he laid out his studies on a plan of such dimensions as was honorable to himself and may be said to have magnified his office to a very high degree. Unfortunately, when he got ready to preach his first sermon, if he had ever preached, it would have been his own funeral sermon, for by the time he thought he had studied nearly enough he was well stricken in years. There is no doubt that all the knowledge Professor Levi desires for them would do the merchants good; it is possible that a man even sweeps the streets or engineers a scavenger's cart all the better for having been liberally educated before he bought his broom or his shovel. But then, too, there is a question if, while he is being made better as a man, he is not being spoiled for a crossing-sweeper or collector of muck. We have a notion that Professor Levi's merchants would ten times be seen in laboratories, newspaper offices, professors' chairs, and similar places for one time that they would be seen on 'change or loading fleets of clippers or running factories.

—Emanuel Geibel has actually broken his connection with the University of Munich and abandoned that city, and the King of Prussia has not hesitated to reward his devotion to the cause of German unity by bestowing on him a pension somewhat larger than that of which the displeasure of the King of Bavaria deprived him. Another German poet, Paul Heyse, who fully shares Geibel's sentiments concerning the future of their fatherland, is reported to have voluntarily resigned his Bavarian pension. On their part, the German people are by no means indifferent to the fate of their patriotic poets. The subscriptions for the relief of their long-tossed-about favorite, Freiligrath, have risen to the amount of 54,000 thalers. Neither is the memory of the eminent writers of the past neglected, as the preparations for the centenary celebration of Schleiermacher's birthday show. We are glad to see that our liberal theologians, this side of the Atlantic, have not forgotten to pay their tribute of gratitude, jointly with their German brethren, to the memory of the noble thinker and warm-hearted orator, who deserved so well of his time and country.

—Our last German literary bulletins, as usual, contain many attractive titles of new publications. Baxmann's "Politik der Päpste von Gregor I. bis auf Gregor VII." (Policy of the Popes from Gregory I. to Gregory VII.), of which the first volume has appeared at Elberfeld; the third volume of Von Reumont's "Geschichte der Stadt Rom" (History of the City of Rome), which concludes the work, embracing the history of the last fifty years (Berlin); the "Mittheilungen aus den nachgelassenen Papieren eines preussischen Diplomaten" (Communications from the Papers of a late Prussian Diplomatist), published by a nephew of the author, L. von L. (1st vol., Berlin); and, possibly, Haeckel's "Natürliche Schöpfungsgeschichte" (Natural History of Creation), in popular lectures (Berlin), will be found interesting by the general reader. Friends of Biblical literature cannot fail to be interested by Nöldeke's "Die alttestamentliche Literatur in einer Reihe von Aufsätzen dargestellt" (Old Testament Literature, presented in a Series of Discourses), published at Leipzig. E. Gerlach has issued a commentary on the "Klagelieder Jeremiä" (Lamentations of Jeremiah), and J. C. Füller a commentary on the "Prophet Daniel." From Adolf Jellinek, Jewish pulpit orator at Vienna, and brother of the martyr for German liberty, executed at the order of Prince Windischgrätz in 1848, we have the first part of "Studien and Skizzen" (Studies and Sketches), containing an ethnographical study on the Hebrew race ("Der jüdische Stamm"). One of the most conspicuous publications in the field of Biblical criticism is Noack's "Von Eden nach Golgatha" (From Eden to Golgotha), in two large volumes (Leipzig). Fürst, the author of the Hebrew Dictionary, has published at Leipzig "Der Kanon des alten Testaments nach den Ueberlieferungen in Talmud and Midrasch" (The Old Testament Canon according to traditions in the Talmud and Midrash). Of Brugsch's grand publication, the "Hieroglyphic and Demotic Dictionary," the thirteenth number has been issued (Leipzig).

—Of late publications in the languages of Eastern and Northern Europe we may, for the benefit of some few of our readers, mention these as being a few of the more important. The academic "Dictionary of the Hungarian Language," edited by Czuczor and Fogarasi, has been brought down, in its fifth volume, to the syllable "Por." Of the "Collected Works" of the veteran literary historian in the same language, Francis Toldy, the first two volumes have been issued, containing biographical sketches of "Hungarian Statesmen and Authors." A work crowned by the Academy of Pesth is "The History of the Development of Politico-Economical Ideas," by Kautz. From the Russian historian, Bogdanovitch, we have the first volume of a "History of the Reign of the Emperor Alexander the First." Giller, a Polish emigrant, publishes "Poland in her Struggle: A Collection of Reminiscences." In Dutch we have Kroon's "Jan de Witt contra Oranje, 1650–1672." In the same language appears a history of "The North American War of 1861–1865," by Obreen.

## MRS. CRAIK'S NEW NOVEL.*

Some years ago Mrs. Craik wrote one or two very good novels, which were preceded by some well-meaning, but, on the whole, unsatisfactory attempts in the same direction as that in which she finally achieved her success, and which have of late been followed by three or four more which make one regret that she did not lay aside her pen before her hand began to tire. "John Halifax" was certainly pleasant reading, and so also, though in a lesser degree, were "The Head of the Family" and "Agatha's Husband"—so pleasant that one's dissatisfaction with "The Woman's Kingdom," and "Mistress and Maid," and so on, wears an almost remorseful and guilty aspect. Her successes, however, were never gained by virtue of any wide or assured knowledge of life, or any profound sense of the requirements of art. They were emphatically what they have been very well called—"the work of a good heart"—and among female novelists a good heart is apt (is it not?) to be almost rarer than a good head. These novels had all that is best of that which is exclusively feminine. They voiced in a modest and pure-minded way the feeling of sex which is the motive power of so many of the novels written by women, and which is often expressed—unconsciously, we must believe—in a manner to make one doubt whether there are not two sides worth considering in the old question, Ought women to learn the alphabet? To decide it practically in the negative would, of course, have its disadvantages—the sentimental men could no longer expatiate on the luxury of having wives who can "understand" them, and there would be no talk of female suffrage; but then, on the other hand, we should have no poetesses complaining,

"How dreary 'tis for women to sit still,"

or weeping publicly melodious tears over their "lips unkissed;" no Hesba Strettons doing social articles on such delicate topics as how to know when a man is paying "serious attentions." Those earlier novels of Mrs. Craik's could hardly be said to sin in that direction, though they were full, too, of the distinctively female sentiment, and regarded the world only as a stage on which men and women play the parts of lovers and sweethearts, husbands and wives, and found the chief duty of man on this planet to consist in the establishment of the truly Christian home. But they told the story of young and innocent love in an unaffected, pleasant way; they contained a good deal of clever realistic work; they drew very delicately the one kind of woman in whom Mrs. Craik delights; and if her good men were apt, by a not unpardonable error, to be women also, in rather transparent disguises, it still was not amiss to show how a good-hearted and pure-minded woman reconstructs the world in her imagination. Nor were they so depressingly monotonous in tone as her later books have become. There was, to be sure, always a gentle pathos about them which irresistibly inclined the reader to sympathize with some half-guessed trouble of their author, as much as with the deliberately unfolded troubles of her characters, but she had not yet fallen into that "plaintive minor key" which one of her recent critics finds so soothing. Her power was never the power of genius, however, and it was evidently on the wane when she wrote "A Life for a Life." Her women began then to be too absolutely female, and she showed a tendency to sentimentalize as extravagantly about love as some French writers do about religion. But she has a substratum of sense

* "The Woman's Kingdom: A Love Story. By the Author of 'John Halifax.'" New York: Harper & Bros.

which generally, though not always, prevents her from violently outraging one's sense of propriety and fitness; and as, in "Le Récit d'une Sœur," one quarrels only with the theory on which such lives are based, but does not deny that the lives themselves may be thoroughly consistent and charming, so, in these later books of Mrs. Craik's, it is the exclusive sentiment which underlies them—it is, in fact, the author herself whom we criticise, and not, at any given chapter or paragraph, her statement. It is absurd to say that a woman can be too womanly, but surely it is possible to dwell too fondly, in books at least, upon her strictly feminine aspect; love is a very beautiful and natural thing, and so is the religious sentiment, but the people one meets are neither, as a rule, revelling in an excess of ill-concealed connubial bliss, nor, contrariwise, are they constantly afflicted with dull heartaches, nor plunged in mad excesses through disappointed love, and they are neither ecstatic devotees nor scoffers at everything sacred. To dwell persistently on exceptional cases as though they formed or ought to form a universal standard is only to write one's self down a specialist.

It was in "A Life for a Life," too, if we remember rightly, that Mrs. Craik began to delineate a type of woman different from any she had previously essayed—the woman of great beauty, weak mind, and cold heart, whom she supposes to entrance men, and obscure the merits of the good, tender, domestic, plain little women who are in reality so preferable.

Lisabel Johnston was her first effort in this direction, and Letty Kenderdine in her latest novel is an improvement on the same idea, being, if possible, more beautiful, more silly, and still colder-hearted. But it is extremely doubtful if a woman like Mrs. Craik can deal at all justly by the Lettys and Lisabels of this world. They are made just a trifle sillier than is quite necessary, and their beauty disappears utterly under a cloud of purely feminine phraseology. Hardly any woman, unless George Eliot is an exception, shows in her writing any adequate perception of the real value and charm of a woman's beauty. Hetty Sorrel was delightfully drawn, but even in that portrait there was evident a judicial coolness of appreciation which of itself betrayed a woman's workmanship in a book which in so many other points left doubtful the sex of its author.

Mrs. Craik's character-drawing seems to us, however, always faulty, inasmuch as it presents types rather than individuals. One of these types, the "womanly woman," is a fair success; but one affirms even that success of the aggregate of her efforts, not of any special character. Ursula, Agatha, Dora, Edna—one says of them all that their author does that kind of woman very well; but in them she has delineated class traits, not individuals of a class. So when one speaks of the excellence of "John Halifax," it is the novel itself that one thinks of, and not of its hero. The rest of her characters—the weak but not wicked woman, the upright, tender-hearted man, the man led astray by disappointed love, but still retaining traces of original capabilities to have become that highest type of man, the good husband—all these must be counted as failures. Our author drew them from the depths of her consciousness, and they do not quite tally with real life; they are shadowy and unsubstantial. The same thing is to be said of her attempts to describe children. Not one of them succeeds in setting a genuine child, like Totty Poyser, or the little Tullivers, before the reader. Her children are small men and women, in whom their author's prophetic eye already discerns the germs of capacity or incapacity for that one engrossing business of maturer life, the making of sentimental love.

Miss Mulock, then, although she has for a long time given great pleasure to many varieties of novel-readers, and although a number of her novels are very good in their way, is not to be called a good novelist. A good novelist does not moralize exclusively from the chimney corner—is not so specifically a good man or woman that goodness and sex together prevent any satisfactory conception of the totality of things and their general interdependence from entering his mind, and thence escaping into his work. She is simply a very excellent woman, who writes in a pleasant way, and who believes ardently in the religion of love. She begins, though, to show a lack of power to set even her favorite and well-worn ideas attractively before the public. Her "Woman's Kingdom," displaying as it does all her characteristic limitations, and made wearisome by its monotony of tone and its tediously close analysis of subjects with whose morbid anatomy her readers were already too familiar, is the least successful thing she has done for several years.

## THE MAGAZINES FOR DECEMBER.

Mr. John Neal—not talking, we should say, for the art-critics of our generation—gives us in the December *Atlantic* his opinions of "Our Painters," or of some of them, and this time discourses of Stuart, Jarvis, and Rembrandt Peale. It is worth while to compare Mr. Neal's writing with the similar work of the present day and to note the difference in tone and style. The old school dies with courage, however; no one writes more bravely than Mr. Neal. The editors are certainly to be congratulated on the possession of their new Paris correspondent; the lady who writes "Our Paris Letter" tells well and merrily a pleasant story. "Co-operative Housekeeping," having ceased from general remarks and taken to specifications, becomes more interesting, and deserves the attention of every one who desires the amelioration of the condition of the housekeeper. Its earnest and painstaking character commands respect, even if the plans it puts forth should seem not practicable. That they will be severely criticised by the majority of readers, and condemned outright by many, especially by "old housekeepers," is certain. But it may be permitted to younger and more enthusiastic heads of families to indulge in the visions of hope. Old housekeepers—or, we will say, women generally—have grown a little depressed over the peculiarly irritating nature of their troubles, and would be inclined to be very sceptical of any proposed cure for them which did not bear on its face an assurance of success. As to this particular panacea, we suppose the comment of the discouraged multitude of "the suppressed sex" upon the scheme of this irrepressible member of it will be, "If she says that, then she does n't know anything about it," or some such ill language. But the housekeeping class will not be the first oppressed class which had to be coaxed and persuaded into self-improvement and comfort, and if our author succeeds no further than to provoke the discussion that her performance and the subject deserve, she will have done something to rejoice over. It is almost a pity that the Anglo-Saxon is so individual a person.

Mr. Swinburne contributes a rather remarkably bad one of his poetical pieces. His freedom-shrieking vein is, on the whole, considerably his worst one, and a "Watch in the Night" is a freedom-shrieking piece. Then again he puts in some little indecency, but it is in a crude state and without that artistic management of it which constitutes his best claim to consideration. So then we get a successful conjunction of the poet's faults. Possibly his metres may prevail on the readers of the *Atlantic;* but we doubt it, and rather imagine that one-half his wage expended for the poetry of two or three persons of lesser name would be riches less unprofitably bestowed. Besides these papers the number contains two good literary notices; an account of the beginning and ending of the slave-trade—a very readable and agreeable account, too, Mr. Edward Everett Hale being the writer of it; a paper on Hooker—not very new, but, as each generation rises up, these things have to be done over for it; "A Day at a Consulate," which will be found pleasant reading, as also will Mrs. Austin's sprightly little piece; "A Gothic Capital," by Mr. Theodore Bacon; and some anonymous verses—to say nothing of two bad book-notices, and the fearful and wonderful "Atlantic Advertiser," in which we advise our readers to put implicit confidence.

*Harper's* for the coming month begins with four illustrated articles, the most important of which seems to be Mr. Moncure Conway's—we suppose it is his—"South Coast Saunterings in England." It contains some personal gossip of a rather better than ordinary kind and some tolerable criticisms, which would be better if Mr. Conway could be less of a partisan, and worse if his temper were better. Half of it we can generally recommend as to be taken; but one has to know which half, or our advice is dangerous. Major De Forest is at his best in "A Report of Outrages," which everybody ought to read who, not being a semi-barbarian himself, has had his doubts whether the North has n't been watching the Southern whites a little too sharply. Mr. Texas Brown and his congeners strike us as persons who will bear about as much watching as can be done for them, and the communities which shelter them are, for nearly all practical purposes, as bad as they. Nor need anybody in reading Major De Forest's sketches of them fear that he is not getting the real thing; but, as for that, Major De Forest's sketches always carry with them conviction of their truth. "The Confessions of a Reformed Planchettist" begins with a very ingenuous confession from that former impostor—"I am not wicked; at the worst I am but weak"—and proceeds in a lively manner to detail its author's successes in leading captive silly women, and certain others, with the most tiresome of modern toys. We commend his experiences to the attention of the writer in *Putnam's* who devotes so much philosophic speculation to the subject. Whoever desires it may now read Lord Lytton's "Rightful Heir"—which was Bulwer's "Sea Captain"—and, the Harpers having reprinted it entire, its noble author may now very probably derive some benefit from its reproduction on the stage in this country—if, indeed, we are going to take delight any more in such holding the mirror up to nature as this:

"Fortune stints gold to some; impartial nature
Shames her in proffering more than gold to all—
Joy in the sunshine, beauty on the earth,
And love reflected in the glass of conscience;
Are these so mean? place grief and guilt beside them," etc., etc.

It is amusing to see Mr. E. A. Pollard's childlike belief in the authenticity of Bulwer's genius. That writer appears in *Putnam's* as the author of an article on Stonewall Jackson. He takes a fair view of Jackson so far as he takes a view at all, or so far, perhaps we ought to say, as we can see what his view is. He has peculiar habits of composition, which, however, seem of late to have less full control of him than formerly, and he now appears to be, as a writer, the remains of a rather more endurable man than is usually left over after a Southern literary training. Still, however, he does remember his haunts by the majestic James, and "Richmond La Pucelle"—that was. It is funny to hear him, when he speaks of Goethe, informing us that that obscure person was "the acute German philosopher," which hardly seems a safe thing to say. The connection between the literary conditions which enable a man to talk in that way, and the religious conditions which permitted Jackson to be a stupid bigot—and one of a vast number of such—and the political conditions which permitted the lamented Davis to figure as a statesman, and the social conditions which justified a recent cowardly assault on an innocent historian—of all this Mr. Pollard is perfectly unconscious. Still, as we have said, the essay seems to us to give a pretty fair estimate of the Southern hero's character—the estimate made by most intelligent Northerners who took the pains to wade through Dabney's biography, which, by the way, absurd as it is, is not so bad a book—if one wants to get at the man himself—as our pictorial and magniloquent historian thinks it is.

For its most important article *Putnam's* has "No Love Lost," a poetical romance which, not by its hexameters alone, reminds the reader of Clough's charming "Amours du Voyage." We have found "No Love Lost" very pleasant for several reasons. We enjoy Mr. Howells's Venice whenever he takes us there, to that

. . . . "Lingering waste that is not yet ruin in Venice,
And her phantasmal show, through all, of being and doing"—

and her

"Days without yesterdays that die into nights without morrows"—

and all her charms that plead with the beguiled imagination. We always enjoy, too, the little sarcastic returns upon his sentimentality which Mr. Howells is sure to make, and which make the sentimentality twice blessed. And we never fail to enjoy thoroughly—at least we hope we lose none of it—his humor, in its other and utterly unmorbid phases, whether the subtle, the slightly malicious, or such as this, of less than ordinary delicacy to be sure, but full of fun, and with a natural girlish archness, too:

"One thing: I 've bought you a chain of the famous fabric of Venice—
Something peculiar and quaint, and of such a delicate texture
That you must wear it embroidered upon a riband of velvet,
If you would have the effect of its exquisite fineness and beauty.
'Is n't it very frail?' I asked of the workman who made it.
'Strong enough, if you will, to bind a lover, signora,'—
With an expensive smile. 'Twas bought near the Bridge of Rialto.
(Shylock, you know.) In our shopping, Aunt May and Fred do the talking:
Fred begins always in French, with the most delicious effront'ry,
Only to end in profoundest humiliation and English.
Aunt, however, scorns to speak any tongue but Italian:
'Quanto per these ones here?' and 'What did you say was the prezzo?'
'Ah! troppo caro! *Too much!* No, no! Do n't I *tell* you it 's troppo?'
All the while insists that the gondolieri shall show us
What she calls Titian's palazzo, and pines for the house of Othello.
Annie, the dear little goose, believes in Fred and her mother
With an enchanting abandon. She does n't at all understand them.
But, she 's some twilight views of their cleverness. Father is quiet,
Now and then ventures some French, when he fancies that nobody hears him,
In an aside to the valet-de-place (I never detect him)."

In the sad parts of the tale we do not know that we suffered deeply; and we can say—and defy contradiction from any quarter—that we early knew that Philip was not really killed in battle, but safe to turn up again. Still, though, as regards the plot and the passion, the story does not call for much commendation, our readers will see from the extracts we have given, and from this one which follows, that little matters of that sort may be forgiven. Miss Fanny, let us premise, ought by good rights to have been proposed to several hours before the proposal actually was made; the gentleman was apparently on the point of doing it when he caught sight of another woman in another gondola:

"White, and estranged as a man who has looked on a spectre, ne mutely
Sank to the place at my side; nor while we returned to the city
Uttered a word of explaining, or comment, or comfort, but only,
With his good-night, incoherently craved my forgiveness and patience,
Parted, and left me to spend the night in hysterical vigils,
Tending to Annie's supreme dismay and postponing our journey
One day longer at least; for I went to bed in the morning,
Firmly rejecting the pity of friends, and the pleasures of travel,
Fixed in a dreadful purpose never to get any better.

"Later, however, I rallied, when Fred, with a maddening prologue,
Touching the cause of my sickness, including his fever at Jaffa,
Told me that some one was waiting; and could he see me, a moment?
See me? Certainly not. Or, yes. But why did he want to?
So, in the dishabille of a morning-gown and an arm-chair,
Languid with eloquent wanness of eye and of cheek, I received him—
Willing to touch and reproach, and half melted myself by my pathos,
Which, with a reprobate joy, I wholly forgot the next instant,
As, with electric words, few, swift, and vivid, he brought me,
Through a brief tempest of tears, to this heaven of sunshine and sweetness."

Perhaps it is no more than fair to say that in all probability the author would not now write just such poetry as "No Love Lost;" it is newly published, but not, we believe, very newly written.

*Hours at Home* contains one article with a good deal of fun in it. It is by Mr. Charles H. Webb, and is composed of the sayings of children—not all of whom, we are happy to say, are of either of the common printed types, some of them being neither "bright" children nor saints on earth begun, but bad boys and girls, regardless of the truth, full of vindictiveness, irreverent unconventional, shameless—in short, like boys and girls in families. There is one story of a young gentleman who had trouble on his mind "which alone is worth the price of the magazine." The Rev. T. De Witt Talmadge makes a lively essay on "Hobbies" of various kinds, and writes as if he had not only a great flow of animal spirits, but also some wit and humor and much sense. Less robustness and a little constitutional caution would be a good thing for him if it would save him from such utterances as this one—he has just, by the way, been asseverating his love of humor and its superiority to wit, and then he says: "Theodore Hook and Charles Lamb grinned themselves into hypochondria." We never say a good word for Hook; but as to Lamb, Mr. Talmadge has been badly imposed upon by somebody. Mr. James Greenwood gives in his December contribution a graphic description of the London money market and its frequenters; "An Interview with the Emperor of Russia" is good magazine reading; and so might "A South American Statesman" have been if Mr. Benjamin had depicted the brutal, degrading tyrannies against which Sarmiento has all his life been fighting. Of some of the Gaucho chiefs of South America there are stories told that almost give new ideas of the violence of human passions and of the possible inconsistencies of human character. Among the more important of the other articles in *Hours at Home* there are the novels, or portions of the novels, of the author of "Mary Powell," of Miss Yonge, and of the author of "Storm Cliff"—who all, we dare say, find due acceptance among the novel-readers.

*Lippincott's* novel is a new one by Mrs. Harding Davis, who is too old to change now, we suppose, and we may tell the less fearless novel-reader that there is nothing new for him in "The Pearl of Great Price." "Songs of the Slave" seems to have been written by some one not familiar with his subject at first hand, and also in ignorance of the best literature pertaining to it. Professor W. F. Allen's "Slave Songs" contains more and better information, so far as we have studied the negro and his poetry, than can anywhere else be found. The essay before us gives, however, two or three of the "fiddlesing" variety of songs, which are rather less numerous, we should say, in Professor Allen's work than they might have been; but none of Mr. Brown's "fiddlesings," or religious songs either, is of any value, and "The Songs of the Slave" are not properly to be represented by that collection. Louis Blanc's letter from England is this month devoted to showing, which it pretty conclusively does, that England is paying very dearly (in the cost of armaments) for the evil she did eighteen years ago, when by her alliance she aided Napoleon to fasten himself firmly upon France. Mr. Amasa Walker's valuable series of papers on financial topics is increased by the addition of an essay on the "Claims of the Anti-Bondholders." "A Terrible Voyage" describes a voyage that was truly terrible down the Grand Cañon of the Rio Colorado, a tremendous pass five hundred miles in length, where, between walls of unbroken rock, the river flows over hundreds of cataracts. Caught in this trap, because his raft was insensibly drawn into the irresistible current above the first cataract, unable to escape on either hand, James White, an unfortunate gold hunter, whose party had been murdered by the Indians, was last year compelled to make the journey to the southern end of the Cañon. He reached the point where he could first hope to see white men in about ten days, and was picked up by a boat's crew, who saved his life. "My God, Captain Wilburn," exclaimed one of the crew, "that man 's a hundred years old!" In years he was in the prime of life, but every hair of his head and beard had turned white, and he was battered almost out of the semblance of humanity. Miss Emma Lazarus, a very young poet, whom we have not met for some time, contributes to *Lippincott* a poem, "The Garden of Adonis," which, as we remember her early volume of poetry, shows marked improvement. "A Contribution to History," by Mr. W. I. Paulding, puts it beyond a doubt that Washington was very active and urgent in persuading Chief-Justice Marshall to leave the bar and enter public life, which he did in 1798. "Charles Loring Elliott," by Mr. L. Gay-

lord Clarke, does justice to the artist's wit and amiability, but is not so good as an article on the same subject in *Harper's;* and neither Mr. Clarke nor the other writer shows any critical discrimination in the valuation of Elliott's pictures. Nor does any one of his recent biographers do justice to his noteworthy independence of character—a trait of his of which some curious stories might be told.

The *Catholic World* prints the first half of an admirable article on Galileo, which discusses with great fulness and fairness the question whether or not Galileo, as an astronomer, was persecuted by the Catholic Church; whether there is any truth in the famous *e pur si muove* story which, even to this day, the little Protestant is taught by his school-books to believe, although Protestants of a larger growth have now for some time abandoned it. It will, however, be soon enough to speak at length concerning this essay when it is finished; meantime we advise the perusal of its first part. Another good article in this magazine is one of rather loose manufacture, but interesting, on some of the folk-songs of Brittany, and a third is a review of Dr. Schaff's Church History. We believe we need not speak of "The Invasion," which we have not examined, except to express a hope that there will be no tampering with the text so as to make it more Catholic than Messrs. Erckmann and Chatrian made it—which was, to some small extent, the case, we believe, with the "Story of a Conscript," the last Erckmann-Chatrian story published in the *Catholic World*. Lovers of pure truth will be glad to hear that one of the writers in this December number was brought near to a solution of the problem of the universe by "the first wave of genuine affliction" that gave him considerable uneasiness of spirit.

The various minor departments of the *Galaxy*—the "Miscellany," the "Driftwood," the "Nebulæ," and "Literature and Art"—have all been well attended to this month; though we imagine the easiest thing to do would be the right thing to do, in the case of Mr. D. H. Jacques—namely, dispute his facts and deny his inferences; and also that much the same thing might profitably be done with a good deal of Mr. R. G. White's article on "Horace Greeley." But Philip Quilibet is good in his discourses on "Presidents and President-Making," "Something New in Advertising," and "Reverdy Johnson in England;" although, as the title of the last little essay reminds us to say, there is something of a tendency in the writer of "Driftwood" to treat of matters that have become very hackneyed. "Who Took Ticonderoga?" is a question which is very well discussed by an anonymous writer, who handles his subject very well, and gives a quietus to another of our heroes of the school-books. "Boys," by Mrs. H. P. Spofford, is pleasant reading, as talk—with quotations—about Mr. Hope's book could hardly fail to be.

About the main body of the magazine we do not know that we need say much. What Mr. Benson is likely to say about Poe, whom Mr. Baudelaire liked, and Hawthorne, who may be suspected of taking an interest in those dreadful Puritans, every person who has read Mr. Benson's things will know without our, or Mr. Benson's, telling him. Yet "H. H.'s" poetry is one more presentation, not without force, of the "Love-shall-still-be-lord-of-all" view of life and the world's business which she too exclusively offers us. As for Mr. Stoddard and Miss Lily Nelson and Mr. Cranch, who are three out of four of the other poets of this month's *Galaxy*, they none of them seem to have greatly exerted themselves on this occasion; the anonymous author of "Ebb Tide," however, may fairly be congratulated on her first two stanzas. "Cipher;" "Tied Up by the Thumbs;" "Words and their Uses;" "One Too Many;" "Mrs. Frances Anne Kemble;" "The Confederate Congress," by Mr. Pollard, who despised it—all these we can commend as good light reading.

## COUNT DEUX-PONTS' CAMPAIGNS.*

We have already mentioned the fact that Dr. S. A. Green, of Boston, who is a zealous student of American history, last year chanced to find, at a second-hand book-stall in Paris, a manuscript volume, handsomely bound. It purported to have been written by Comte G. de Deux-Ponts. Dr. Green purchased the book, which proved to be a diary kept by Count William de Deux-Ponts, during his campaign in America with our French allies in 1780 and 1781.

The writer and his elder brother, Christian, were the sons of Duke Christian, Count Palatine and Duc de Deux-Ponts (Zweibrück) Bickenfeld, and of a *danseuse* named Fontenay, with whom the duke had formed an alliance supposed to be a morganatic marriage. On the duke's death these sons were not recognized, and the dukedom passed to his two nephews successively. Both brothers, however, married into the French aristocracy, and held a high position at the Bavarian court, where they resided after the French Revolution. The writer of this journal was born in 1754, and entered his brother Christian's regiment in the French army when he was twenty-four years old. In 1780 he married a cousin of Prince Jules de Polignac, and two months later, in March, the young husband sailed for America with the army of the Comte de Rochambeau. His journal covers a period from March, 1780, to November, 1781. Dr. Green has now published this from the French original, without any changes whatever, with a preface from which the above facts have been taken, and with the addition of an elegant and accurate translation, enriched by historical notes.

Our hero's voyage was tedious, and it was not till the evening of July 11 he entered the channel of Newport. The count seems to have been not overmuch pleased with his first view of the Yankee. "We did not meet with the reception, on landing, which we expected, and which we ought to have had. A coldness and a reserve appear to me to be characteristic of the American nation. They appear to have little of that enthusiasm which one supposes would belong to a people fighting for its liberties, and to be little suited to inspire it in others."

After a dull winter, spent in winter quarters, the army was transported to Providence early in June, and on the 19th of that month started on its long march southward. "On the 3d of September we marched to Philadelphia," writes the count. "Congress was in session as we passed through the city. We paid it the honors which the king ordered us to pay. The thirteen members took off their thirteen hats at each salute of the flags and of the officers, and that is all that I have seen that was respectful or remarkable." This apparent coldness on the part of the Americans, and which does not tally with other accounts, is probably due to the author's French enthusiasm, his youth, and his own naturally demonstrative disposition. His description of Washington's reception of the news of the Count de Grasse's arrival with a large auxiliary force is one of the most noteworthy and attractive passages in his book:

"I have been equally surprised and touched at the true and pure joy of General Washington. Of a natural coldness and of a serious and noble approach, which in him is only true dignity, and which adorns so well the chief of a whole nation, his features, his physiognomy, his deportment, all were changed in an instant. He put aside his character as arbiter of North America, and contented himself for the moment with that of a citizen, happy at the good fortune of his country. A child whose every wish had been gratified would not have experienced a sensation more lively, and I believe that I am doing honor to the feelings of this rare man in endeavoring to express all their ardor."

The count took part in the campaign against Yorktown, and distinguished himself for courage and conduct. On the surrender of Lord Cornwallis, young Deux-Ponts was detailed by the Comte de Rochambeau to take the welcome news to France. He embarked on the frigate *Andromaque*, "and on the 24th of November," he writes, "I enjoyed the inexpressible pleasure of embracing, at Versailles, those persons who are to me the dearest." He closes with this sentiment, which, though trite enough, has never, we dare say, been much more sincerely uttered. We give it in his own words:

"La vie de l'homme est mêlée de peines, mais on ne peut plus s'en plaindre quand on a joui des moments delicieux qui en sont le prix; un seul instant les fait oublier, et cet instant bien senti en fait même désirer de nouvelles, pour jouir encore une fois de leur recompense."

Count William seems to have had no great qualifications for book-making, and whether he was a good observer or not his story got little benefit from his observations. We could have spared some of his philosophical reflections if he had filled their place with some remarks on society at Newport when the Frenchmen made it gay, on life in Virginia while the gentleman was still in the land, on the British soldiery among the people, on his Yankee ally fighting in homespun beside the good blood and good clothes of France. He is chary of such matters though, and gives us mainly names and dates and figures, his excuse being, perhaps, that it is not his fault that he gives us anything, and that he was keeping a diary for himself. We may properly be glad, however, that Dr. Green has been at the trouble of editing so carefully a work which the historical student who loves exactness will find of a certain value.

*The Flower and the Star, and Other Stories for Children.* Written and illustrated by W. J. Linton. (Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1868.)—Mr. Linton has made the best child's book we have seen this year. But that, after all, is not saying much—not nearly as much as this book of his deserves. In the first place, it is very pleasant to the eye by reason of its pretty title-page, its clear large type, and its graceful illustrations, which will help to educate the children's tastes as well as to gratify their elders with that

* "My Campaigns in America: A Journal kept by Count William de Deux-Ponts, 1780-81. Translated from the French manuscript, with an introduction and notes, by Samuel Abbott Green." Boston: Wiggin & Lunt. 1868.

too unusual spectacle—a nicely illustrated juvenile. But that was to be expected from Mr. Linton, and therefore his success in the letterpress of his volume is all the more gratifying, since there was, we suppose, no especial reason beforehand for thinking he would give us anything better than the ordinary holiday work provided for the children's entertainment—and that is generally very sad work indeed. Mr. Linton's stories, however, are very cleverly adapted to the taste and comprehension of children, and are written so simply and gracefully, and with such a delicate perception of the fitness of means to ends, that reading them aloud to the little folks is quite as pleasant to the reader as to the listeners; and that is no small merit when one considers how uncritical children are, and yet how insatiably eager for stories—how much more important the incidents of a tale seem to them than the way in which the tale is told. Parents are, after all, the greatest immediate sufferers from the imbecility of children's books; the children pay for it later. What a pity it is that the making of all their books could not be done by people like Mr. Linton, who seems to know precisely how to talk to them, who never vitiates their imaginations by absurd or hideous fancies, who is always graceful and poetic and charming, and does for his special audience the same kind of honest work that is done for us older people by the best literary artists. The natural next step from many of the juvenile books would be to "Beadle's Dime Novels," or something worse, while Mr. Linton's book is a fit introduction to the better class of maturer reading. But as his success only offers another illustration of the certainty with which the really artistic mind seizes the true relations of things to each other, and as real artists form a sorrowfully small minority of the workers at art, it is to be feared that the children will still be fed pretty much upon husks; and meantime let us all be duly grateful when they are occasionally offered a kernel of wheat.

There are half a dozen stories in this volume, and they are all very pretty. "Jack the Giant-killer" is the least successful, because the fancy in it is a little too subtle for small readers. "Jack and the Bean-stalk" is very good; and one which pleases us a good deal is called "Willie's Dreams." The dreams have the merit of being real dreams—not moralizing allegories, but pretty, aimless rambles into fairyland. "The Kitten's Growlings" is the best of them, though. It has the true kittenish mixture of fun and malice, and is so amusingly suggestive of claws and fun that we must give ourselves the pleasure of quoting it for the benefit of such people as are not apt to see children's books. Pussy has overheard her little mistress wishing that she too were a kitten, with nothing to do but lie before the fire, with no lessons, no chilblains, no cross governess. The kitten, however, has her own ideas of the evils which feline flesh is heir to.

"All very well, Miss Nellie! but you 're not a kitten, or you 'd not like it so much. I don 't care if I do get mice. I want birds. I want all the birds I see. I want to eat your canary!"

"Oh! you wicked, wicked kitten."

"And I want to eat it with the feathers on!"

"You silly thing!"

"And the feathers choke me. I want all the birds and all the butterflies. They are such pretty things, and I 've never tasted one yet. When mother brought me a nice young thrush she would not let me eat the feathers. And they were such pretty feathers. And I wanted to eat them. And the squirrel's tail choked me. And I can 't get the birds in the trees, nor even the great sleepy moths. And the little black house-flies, when I can catch them, are nasty; and I do n't like them when I eat them. And then mother scolds me for it, and says they make me thin. But she eats them herself, and I heard your papa say she eats black beetles, too. What are black beetles? are they nice? Oh! I do n't care about thrushes and mice; I should like to have black beetles. I want black beetles. I am sure there are some up high in the kitchen cupboard, if mother would let me have them. But she keeps them all for herself."

"But they do make mother thin, kitten dear, and you ought not to eat them."

"But I want to. And then they 'll not let me get under the grate, and they knock my nose against the bars if I do. I like getting under the grate, and I 'd like the red coals to fall on me, that I might play with them. Red coals are prettier than butterflies. Nasty butterflies! they never come near enough to be caught. I was turned out of the fender twenty times yesterday. And I must not run up-stairs into the bedrooms, nor sleep on the beds. And they whip me off the stairs and off the chairs in the drawing-room, and won't let me climb up the curtains. And I must not go on the table, nor put my tongue in the cream-jar, nor lick the bread and butter. Fresh butter is so nice. I must n't do anything. . . . What 's the good of nibbling your pa's waistcoat buttons when I can 't even get a taste out of them? Why can 't I eat them? What are they made of? Horn! Why do n't they make buttons of butter? I *should* like then to climb up your pa's waistcoat. It 's only a little fun now. And mother 's jealous of me. She wants to sit there instead of me!"

But all the book is good reading, although the other stories are marked by other qualities than the pleasant humor which this one is full of. The children who make Mr. Linton's acquaintance in it will be fortunate children indeed.

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*Lessons in Political Economy.* Designed as a basis for instruction in that Science in Schools and Colleges. By J. Champlin, President of Colby University. (New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. 1868.)—Mr. Champlin has produced a very good little book, in which all the leading principles of the science are stated clearly and succinctly, and illustrated with a good deal of aptness. But when he declares, as he does in his preface, that his book is intended for schools as well as for colleges, we think he overestimates its simplicity. There is no school in the Union, we venture to say, in which the chapters on finance would not be found abstruse, and, indeed, we doubt whether even students of colleges who happen to have no knowledge of political economy except what they get from the rest of the book will not find them somewhat difficult of assimilation. Lesson XVII. ought to have been rewritten, particularly that portion of it in which the author finds fault with the Government for not having carried on the war by taxation only, inasmuch as he here intrudes upon another field of political science for which the student who has not got beyond this book is not ready. The same remarks apply to the attack on the national banking system; it is all out of place in an elementary school-book.

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BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

| *Authors.—Titles.* | *Publishers.—Prices.* | |
|---|---|---|
| Allen (Dr. H.), Outlines of Comparative Anatomy and Medical Geology. | (J. B. Lippincott & Co.) | |
| Appleton's Juvenile Annual for 1869 | (D. Appleton & Co.) | |
| Auerbach (B.), On the Heights. 3 vols., swd. Tauchnitz ed | (Leypoldt & Holt) | |
| Browne (J. R.), Resources of the Pacific Slope | (D. Appleton & Co.) | |
| Cremony (J. C.), Life Among the Apaches | (A. Roman & Co.) | |
| Darley (F. O. C.), Sketches Abroad with Pen and Pencil | (Hurd & Houghton) | $3 50 |
| Dodge (Miss M. E.), A Few Friends | (J. B. Lippincott & Co.) | |
| Erckmann-Chatrian, Madame Thérèse: A Tale | Chas. Scribner & Co.) | 1 50 |
| Field (Miss K.), Planchette's Diary, swd | (J. S. Redfield) | |
| Haeseler (Dr. C. H.), Across the Atlantic | (T. B. Peterson & Bros.) | 2 00 |
| Hosmer (Mrs. M.), The Morrisons: A Tale | " " | 1 75 |
| Haven (Mrs. A. B.), Home Stories | (D. Appleton & Co.) | |
| Hunter (W. W.), Annals of Rural Bengal | (Leypoldt & Holt) | 4 00 |
| Johnson (C.), The One Great Force | (Breed & Lent) | |
| Leigh (L.), The True Grecian Bend | (J. S. Redfield) | |
| Little Rosy's Travels | (A. D. F. Randolph & Co.) | |
| Lossing (B. J.), Pictorial History of the Civil War | (J. Belknap & Co.) | |
| Marryatt (Capt.), Japhet in Search of a Father, swd | (D. Appleton & Co.) | 0 50 |
| Mühlbach (L.), Prince Eugene and his Times: a Tale | (D. Appleton & Co.) | 2 00 |
| *Our Young Folks.* Vol. IV | (Fields, Osgood & Co.) | |
| Paul and Margaret: A Child's Story | (M. W. Dodd) | 1 00 |
| Palgrave (F. T.), Five Days' Entertainment at Wentworth Grange (Roberts Bros.) | | |
| Pylodet (L.), New Guide to German Conversation | (Leypoldt & Holt) | |
| Beginner's French Reader | " " | |
| Beginning German | " " | |
| Schiller's Sämmtliche Werke, one vol. | (L. W. Schmidt) | 1 50 |
| Smith (Dr. W.), Dictionary of the Bible, Part XIV., J.-K., Am. ed., swd | (Hurd & Houghton) | 0 50 |
| The Orphan's Triumphs: A Child's Story | (M. W. Dodd) | 1 25 |
| The Workshop, No. 10, swd | (E. Steiger) | 0 50 |
| Taine (H.), The Ideal in Art | (Leypoldt & Holt) | 1 50 |
| Woodside and Seaside | (D. Appleton & Co.) | 4 00 |

# Fine Arts.

## REPRODUCTIONS OF DÜRER.

It is pleasant to see a gift-book that one can respect. The reproduction of Dürer's "Lesser Passion of Christ" is not in all respects what one means when the epithet "gift-book" is used in its general sense. A good deal of slightness, evanescence, lack of permanent value, is implied in the words, and a good deal of such quasi-contempt as would make it out that the sight spoken of in the first sentence above is not a pleasure that this earth is likely to afford. But the publication before us is a book eminently fit to give away, and it appears just a month before the Christmas holidays; and if the edition is limited to five hundred copies, it is only the better fitted for presents. Where is the lady, even though enough of a woman to have such books as this one offered to her, who would not value it a little more highly because it could not become common upon the parlor tables of her friends?

Common in that way it never could become, however. Its very outside prevents the possibility of any such popularity. Its grave cover of dark-red, varnished paper and white parchment cloth will put it at once into the bookcase or on the tables of people other than those who buy the usual gift-books of commerce. Its full morocco dress also is plain and rather aristocratic looking. On the whole, it is a book for the shelf, and Mr. Bouton should have had its top edge, in the cloth clothed copies, cut and gilded, to keep the dust out of its ragged edges, for good half-binding is hard to get done in New York, and excessively dear; and there is a large premium offered on keeping your books as you buy them the longest time possible.

But we began by saying, or implying, that the book is a worthy one. It is a reproduction of a series of thirty-seven wood-cuts by Albert Dürer, which illustrated the history of the redemption of mankind according to the teachings of the mediæval church. Its Latin title is always given as "Passio Christi," and the title of the second edition, which was accompanied with verses printed upon the backs of the woodcuts, bears the general title, "Passio Christi ab Alberto Dürer Nurenbergensi effigiata cum varii generis carminibus Fratris Benedicti Chelidonii Musophili." "The Passion of Christ, figured by Albert Dürer, the Nuremberger, with the Poems of divers kinds of the Benedictine Brother Chelidonius, the lover of the Muses." The same Chelidonius had, a short time previously, compiled from other authors an explanatory text to Dürer's illustrations of the "Life of the Virgin," and to the same artist's former series of eleven wood-cuts illustrating the "Passion." This latter is one of the most important of Dürer's works. The pictures are about eleven inches by fifteen, and crowded with incidents, and are in Dürer's best manner, if we except two or three of his unparalleled copperplates. This earlier and more important series of wood-cuts might be called from its Latin title, "The Passion of our Lord Jesus," and so distinguished from the other, which is called "The Passion of Christ." But Dürer himself, in his journal, set the example which the moderns have followed, in calling the two works "Die grosse Passion" and "Die kleine Passion."

The woodcuts of the "Little Passion" are three and three-quarter inches wide by five high, except the title-page vignette. This represents Christ wearing the crown of thorns, and marked with the stigmata, his head surrounded with a cruciform aureole of rays, weeping, with bowed head, over the sins of mankind—a noble and touching figure. The second picture begins the series by "The Temptation of Adam," the third is "The Expulsion from Paradise," and the fourth is "The Annunciation to the Virgin," and is one of the most truly artistic and lovely of Dürer's smaller compositions. From this the series goes to No. 35, "The Ascension;" No. 36, "The Epiphany;" and No. 37, "The Last Judgment," a comparatively slight and unimportant design. The designs are very variable in power and in value. Some of them are in Dürer's strong manner, while others seem to be hardly the work of his hand who drew the "Flight into Egypt" or the "Life of the Virgin," or the "Christ Bearing the Cross" of "The Greater Passion." As a series of unusual extent, they are of very great and permanent interest, and it is very desirable that good *fac-similes* should be made of all copiable works of art which, in their original form, are so generally inaccessible as this one. To have five hundred copies of this work scattered over the land is to make us appreciably richer in works of art.

The reproductions, by some new photo-lithographic process, are generally very good; they are of the same size as the originals, and most of them are reasonably clear and sharp. It is altogether impossible that an impression from a lithographic stone should resemble that from a wood-block—and that for a sufficient reason: the black line printed from a block is made by the pressure of a raised edge or ridge, which stamps the paper down, and leaves its ink lines with edges as sharp as those of the wood. But the stone presses upon all parts of the paper alike, and the ink line merely transfers itself from the crayon which has attracted it before to the more attractive paper, so that unevennesses of surface, little ridges and hollows upon the paper, alternately catch and miss the ink, whose edges have therefore that downy softness which we associate with the lithograph. But it is doubtful if anything can be made to imitate a wood-cut in texture, unless the carbon process in photography may bring us to some such result, as it now imitates almost to deception chalk and pen-and-ink drawings.

But, after all, the copies are very close. We have compared carefully those of the original woodcuts which are within our reach with the reproductions, and find them very perfect, except in the case of those which are obviously blurred and so far failures, as, in the copy of the book which is before us, Nos. 19 and 25—"The Scourging" and "The Crucifixion."

Mr. Prime's introductory essay is the right one for the place and the purpose, and does well its obvious duty of explaining the relation of the designs to art in general, and of claiming for them the merit they deserve. It is unfortunate that his essay, in its praise of the new process of photographic reproduction which he has employed, should include the incredible assertion that if Dürer had only known of this process his work would never have been engraved on wood. When the time comes that pictures shall be made without any reference to beauty of texture and of tone, then wood-cutting will be abandoned for a cheaper process; but assuredly not before. We cannot agree with the other statement (page 24), that "the artist can throw his soul into the picture far more in wood engraving than in copper or steel engraving;" for we remember Dürer's own "Knight and Death," and the "Melancholia;" but at least it is a first-rate and independent art, nor is there reason to suppose that any modern process will ever approach it in the beauty of result.

It is with great pleasure that we accept Mr. Bouton's publication as an important contribution to education and enlightenment in America.

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# The Nation.

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## The Week.

FLAKE'S BULLETIN, which is a sound Republican paper published in Galveston, Texas, thinks it cannot for the life of it make Northern men understand clearly the real state of things in Texas, and then proceeds to make one more attempt at making the *Nation* comprehend the situation. It appears, then, that a large portion of "our 150,000,000 acres are substantially in a state of nature; civil government has never been actually administered over their soil. Every man is a law unto himself. He administers justice for himself"—a fact to which we may properly call the attention of Mr. Reverdy Johnson and the "Texas Steamship and Emigration Company." "The revolver is the only executive, and a man's conscience, if he has any, the only judiciary. Therefore it comes that deeds of violence take the place of judicial executions"—only it is of very frequent occurrence that the gentleman who in decent communities would adorn the gallows, in Texas momentarily mounts the bench and passes sentence on the other party. "But this wild state of nature," the *Bulletin* goes on, "is taken advantage of by roving bands of outlaws," and these bands, being composed of "old Confederate soldiers," "naturally oppress, maltreat, and murder Union men and negroes. . . . . Let them murder a Confederate, and the public conscience would be outraged;" but the political feeling of the people permits the murder of the black or white loyalists. Besides these chronic murderers and pillagers, there is another excellent class of persons who inhabit the more settled portions of the State, and whom the *Bulletin* describes as "friends and acquaintances of the regular banditti," and "who will do killing on very small provocation, and, in many cases, without provocation at all." Finally comes "Galveston, and places situated like it"—and exceedingly few such places there are—where the negro has "every protection, privilege, and immunity that he has in Boston." We will not say that we doubt this statement; indeed, without putting it quite so strongly, we have ourselves said that in Galveston, and we believe we spoke of the German districts too, there is probably safety for the negroes and the Unionists.

Two or three counties of Arkansas are a little Texas. We spoke last week of the defeat of a gang of outlaws by a body of State troops in Sevier County, not far from Centre Point. The militia probably had the best of it, and the enemy were thought to be a good deal demoralized. They have, however, recovered courage, and on the 10th instant a company of two hundred of them marched into Centre Point, impounded all the inhabitants in a field outside the town, and rifled every house. The next day, there being a mass-meeting of the citizens of the town and its neighborhood, the same men reappeared and fired on the crowd, dispersing it. Three of the principal citizens were then taken out and shot. So says the Memphis *Appeal*. What General Catterson was doing all this time, we are not told; but from his own account of the force at his command, the rebels are stronger than he. From Louisiana the news is that Mr. Menard, a negro, is elected to fill out an unexpired term, and will take his seat in this present Congress. He is elected to represent the Second District—a great part of his opponent's vote having been thrown out by the canvassers on the ground of fraud. Apparently the other four districts will be represented, for a time at least, by Democrats. General Rousseau has sent in his report to General Grant. He says some undoubtedly true things, though he does not say them without some indications of bitter feeling, concerning sundry persons of the "carpet-bagger" class; and he is at pains to excuse himself, on the ground of the smallness of the garrison, for standing by and seeing the election made a farce; but we must say we are not willing to accept his excuses as sufficient. Doubtless, he had too few troops. Grant says, in his brief report to Secretary Schofield, that more troops will be needed at the South; and if Louisiana does not need more, no part of the South does. Yet we shall believe that, even with the small means at his disposal, General Rousseau might have done more by a good deal than he did. As he says himself "Officers of the army generally, and my staff especially, always found their uniform ample protection against either violence or the slightest disrespect." So efficacious a uniform might profitably, we should say, have been shown on a few files of soldiers at the principal polling places of New Orleans.

General Meade's Department furnishes what other Southern news there is. Governor Scott has just sent a very cheerful message to the South Carolina Legislature. The receipts of the State for the six months just ended were $435,573, while the expenditures for the same period were $409,688, and the governor thinks there is no State which has a fairer prospect of meeting all its liabilities—a prospect the fairness of which is not diminished by the fact that Mr. R. Tomlinson has been made auditor. In conclusion, Governor Scott expresses a belief that, in view of the assurances of prominent Conservatives that they intend to submit willingly to the popular voice, the Legislature should deal generously with the men now under political disabilities. General Meade makes his annual report, a cautious and clever document, which seems to be a very satisfactory vindication of the military rule in Georgia, Florida, Alabama, and the Carolinas, which during the year have been under his and General Canby's control. He justly says: "No army in previous history was ever called on to discharge such delicate and responsible duties, involving powers that if abused might have led to the most serious consequences; and yet the transition from military to civil power was so imperceptible as to have passed unnoticed but for the special means, by way of proclamations, orders, etc., employed to make it public." By the way, during the entire civil administration of General Meade, a period of eight months, there were, in our American "Poland" and "Ireland" put together, exactly thirty-two persons tried by military commission. Of these the commissioners themselves discharged seventeen. As for the remaining fifteen, the sentences of four were disapproved, those of eight were remitted, those of two were referred to the President for his action, while that of just one man is now being served out. This is heartrending, when we think that the population of General Meade's district is only some millions, and we can fancy the feelings of Mr. Anthony Trollope when he hears of it.

Mr. Attorney-General Evarts, who is a master of the art of chaffing, has recently been giving a sardonic opinion for the enlightenment of certain printers, out of whom he must have got nearly as much amusement as he got from the Chinese ambassadors or the managers in the impeachment trial. The printers, who are employed by the Treasury

Department, and are getting ten hours' pay for eight hours' work, wish to know whether the Secretary of War is justified in making a reduction of wages when his employees shorten the length of their working day. "The conclusion, then, to which I come," says Mr. Evarts, "is that the recent act does *not* require that the wages for the shortest day of Government labor should be reduced in proportion to the hours of labor, and that the act *as little* requires that the wages of the shortened day should be as large as the wages of the longer day of private employment." However, the Attorney-General concedes, seriously, no doubt, that when Congress passed the eight-hour law "the theory appears to have been that the laboring man or mechanic . . . . would be enabled to accomplish daily as much upon an average in eight hours' constant labor as he formerly did in ten or even a longer period, while he would enjoy a longer season for mental and moral improvement." Apparently there is still a chance for Mr. Banks to signalize his devotion to the true interests of the laborious men who toil and sweat while people like the Evartses drone away their time in idleness.

We suppose there were very few respectable men in the city who were not greatly rejoiced last week at hearing that Judge Barnard had got a grand jury to indict the editor of the *Times* for libelling him, simply because the trial of the indictment would in reality have been the trial of the judge himself, the editor, though nominally the defendant, appearing as prosecutor on behalf of a long-suffering community. Mr. Raymond, however, was guilty of the unpardonable indiscretion of expressing his satisfaction at hearing of the indictment, and announcing his readiness to prove everything he had ever said against the judge's reputation—the fact being, as everybody who knows anything about the matter at all knows very well, that he could have proved five times as much as the *Times* or any other newspaper has ever said. Of course it was useless to hope after this that the case would be brought to trial, and the last news is that it has been dropped. The judge's complaint in his charge, that the attacks on him were "impairing his usefulness," and his allegation that, so far from being enriched by corruption, he was dependent on his judicial salary and "the charity of his wife" for his means of subsistence, were capital specimens of the coarse humor with which the City Hall politicians lighten the tedium of their business hours. We doubt if anybody will ever succeed in getting the accusations against His Honor judicially investigated, and the present, or any probable, composition of the Legislature renders impeachment hopeless.

Another excellent illustration of the condition of the administration of justice in this city, and of the condition to which the administration of justice *tends* in every city in which the judges and the public prosecutor are elective, was afforded on Saturday evening last by the speech of District-Attorney Oakey Hall, the Democratic candidate for the mayoralty, and who, on Tuesday, became mayor elect. He declared to a crowded meeting that one reason why he wanted to keep his present office (that of district-attorney) was that he might "stand as a barrier between the liberties of the people on one side and the despotism of Radicalism on the other," and he went on to explain what he meant by this by saying "that, although they had passed a great many bills up at Albany about boards of health and boards of excise," "somehow the press of business in his office was always so great that he had never yet found time to prosecute a man for taking a drink after twelve o'clock"—a statement which naturally excited "prolonged cheering and considerable merriment." In other words, the public prosecutor here openly avows that he takes it on himself to decide what laws ought to be executed and what not, and makes a special boast of suspending the operation of a law which, in a great city swarming with ruffians, makes it penal to keep grog-shops open after midnight or to drink in them.

Most of the phenomena attendant on the spread of Butlerism are saddening, but some of them are very comical. Mr. G. W. Curtis is just now delivering a lecture on "Morals in Politics" which is a really admirable delineation of the greatest danger of democratic societies, and of the straight and narrow way through which salvation must be sought. It was composed and first delivered in this city long before the new sect took its rise in Massachusetts, and contains a mention, by way of illustration, of the renowned pirate Captain Kidd. Mr. Curtis has recently been repeating the lecture in Salem, and the depreciatory use made of Kidd's name so provoked the Butlerites who were present that they hissed violently, evidently feeling that anybody who spoke disrespectfully of Kidd must have their own master in his mind. Mr. Curtis has since explained that Kidd was in the lecture from the beginning, and was not introduced for the purpose of discharging a dart at any local idol; and that the application of the illustration to their prophet was the Butlerites' own doing. We advise the leading members of the denomination to fight against this really morbid sensitiveness, because it will give scandal if one cannot speak disapprovingly of Dick Turpin or Sixteen-string Jack, and the like, in mixed company at Salem or Lynn, without giving offence or creating a disturbance.

In our article of last week commenting on the recent performances of Erie Railroad directors their counsel, who is supposed to have advised them, when preparing their plan of operations, was spoken of in terms in which we freely admit no lawyer ought to be spoken of on account of the discharge of strictly professional duties. We may add, that, although we have received no remonstrance from anybody in the present case touching anything we have said, this portion of our criticism appeared through an oversight. The only portion of a lawyer's career which is a proper subject of newspaper criticism is that which the public witnesses. His private advice to his clients is something about which neither the public nor the newspapers are likely to be well informed, and it therefore did not form in the present instance a proper basis for strongly worded and hostile comment such as ours was.

The *Journal des Economistes* for September contains a singular piece of correspondence, consisting of a letter from Mr. Henry C. Carey, of Philadelphia, asking for the grounds of the charge made against him in a late number of that periodical of having been the partisan or apologist of slavery, followed by a letter from the author of the charge, M. Benard, justifying it. M. Benard says he is unable to cite any passage of Mr. Carey's works in support of his accusation, but he alleges "that at two meetings of the Political Economy Society in Paris Mr. Carey offered a complete apology for slavery, and even went so far as to maintain that the old states of Europe would be compelled to adopt that deplorable institution." On the first occasion his theories were combated by one of the vice-presidents, who defended the freedom of the laborer. On the second occasion when, M. Benard says, Mr. Carey set forth (*exposa*) his ideas on the same subject, he was met in debate by M. Benard himself, supported by Messrs. Paul Coq and Villiaume, and their defence of freedom against the American economist was applauded by the whole meeting. This is a strange story, and we find no contradiction of it in the October number of the *Journal*. The last has not yet reached us. M. Benard adds an insinuation that Mr. Carey's protectionist ideas have a close connection with his hostility to free labor, and that a man who won't let people sell or buy where *they* please cannot have much scruple about making them work where *he* pleases; which is, however, absurd. There are but few protectionists who do not really believe that both capitalist and laborer are benefited by the artificial raising of prices.

The argument and judgment in the English Court of Common Pleas on the women's claim to vote reached us by the last mail, but neither is in any way remarkable. Mr. Coleridge, on behalf of the women, made a brilliant display of lore and ingenuity, but made no impression on the court; and his junior, who had probably prepared himself elaborately, and enjoyed his novel relation to the whole female sex, was about to argue the case all over again, doubtless with the addition of some such flowers of rhetoric as adorn discussions of these questions at conventions, but the court, being old and heartless, snubbed him. The judges were unanimously of opinion that "man" in the act of Parliament did not mean "woman"—women being "legally incapacitated" at common law for voting, Mr. Coleridge having failed to produce anything better on the other side than very old and doubtful cases of what might be called her semi-discharge of political functions. In fact, he was obliged to admit that for hundreds of years there

had been no case of her exercise of the right to vote; and this the court held to be equivalent to proof that the right did not exist. Mr. Justice Byles, in delivering the closing opinion, expressed the hope that the unanimous decision of the court would "for ever exorcise and lay this ghost of a doubt which never ought to have arisen;" a piece of judicial emphasis which was received by the bar with "laughter." The claim has, however, brought the fact to light that a great many women *do* want to vote. In Manchester alone 5,346 claimed registration, and thousands more did so in other places, and we may be sure the number will grow.

The French Government has been madly and furiously prosecuting a batch of Paris editors for being mixed up in what is called the "Affaire Baudin"—that is, for going to Baudin's tomb and laying *immortelles* on it on the anniversary of his death, or for delivering a speech over it, or for having published lists of subscriptions for the erection of a monument to his memory. The courts have gravely decided that no one of these acts taken separately is criminal, but that taken together they constitute a "manœuvre" calculated to excite "hatred and contempt of the Government." Baudin was a deputy of the National Assembly who, on the 3d of December, 1851, when the Assembly had outlawed the President, and called on all good citizens to take arms in defence of the constitution, went bravely to the barricades and encouraged the working-men to fight. One of them replied jeeringly that they were not going to risk their lives to save for him his twenty-five francs a day (official pay), and he, in reply, with that strange French heroism which in its highest manifestations is literally the most resplendent form of courage, replied that "he would show them how a man could die for twenty-five francs a day," and, mounting the barricade, fired on the advancing troops, and fell riddled by a return volley. One of the last acts of old Berryer, who has just died full of years and honors after one of the most brilliant forensic careers of modern times, was to subscribe to Baudin's monument. He was one of those who encouraged him to take arms, he said, in defence of the law, and he was bound to honor his memory. Nevertheless, the sudden display of affection for Baudin after seventeen years of semi-oblivion is rather a sign of hostility to the Empire, we fear, than of reverence for a martyr to liberty.

The French press sometimes gives itself airs with regard to that of the United States, and holds up its hands in horror over the violence of the language used by American editors in political discussion. We, therefore, have highly enjoyed the following, which comes from the *Pays* in reply to the *Cloche*. The *Pays* is a Government paper, and the editor-in-chief, M. de Cassagnac, is, if we are not mistaken, a senator and a man of the world. His son, M. Paul, the "managing editor," is reputed to be the best swordsman in France, and is a noted duellist. The latter is probably the author of the following gem, which no Northern editor, we venture to say, has ever approached, though some of the "lively" correspondents of the "wholesome and independent family papers" will probably grow green with envy when they read it. It is the kind of stuff some of them would like to produce, but cannot. Ferragus had expressed his astonishment that Cassagnac should call himself an "independent journalist," he (Ferragus) knowing well that the wretch drew pay from the Secret Service Fund. To which Cassagnac:

"There are people with whom nobody discusses, but who are merely chastised. Ferragus, the editor of the *Cloche*, is of the number. This man, whom we all know, who exhibits himself comfortably in his *fauteuil* on the first representation of pieces in the theatres, is one of the most repugnant members of the press. He exhibits in his greasy person at once the wretched undertaker's man, the wretched doctor, the wretched advocate, the wretched Jesuit. This periodical and weekly abscess comes out every Saturday in the *Cloche;* and, what is unheard of for an abscess, though pierced, remains not the less swollen and tumefied. He wished to take the place of Rochefort. But those who employ a lantern and a crook at night (rag-pickers), and creep along the walls, are not Rocheforts. He carries on opposition as another sells groceries, because it is profitable, but without conviction, ardor, or enthusiasm. It is all a matter of traffic: so much the heap, and thirteen make the dozen! It is a mere mercantile opposition—a retail trade—an opposition that makes money, and speculates in 'liberty, equality, and fraternity;' an opposition which defiles the temple. Away, away, or beware of the lash! The actor Garrick said one day to a comedian of enormous bulk—more enormous even than the body of Ferragus—'You are so fat that nobody can beat you in one day.' *Au revoir*, we shall return to you."

Mr. Layard tells, in a letter to the London *Times*, a story of the revival of art and industry at Venice which is really wonderful, if true. We gave some account a fortnight ago of the resuscitation of the glass manufacture. He shows that the imports in 1867 amounted to $26,000,000, as compared to $23,000,000 in 1863; the exports in 1867 to $20,000,000, as compared to $16,000,000 in 1863. The tonnage of vessels leaving Venice increased by one-third in the same period. Venetian steamers begin to run once more, as the galleys did of old, to all the great ports of Europe; and—though last, not least—there are now 224 district schools where, in 1866, there were only eight; and manufactories of silk, cloth, cotton, paper, and fire-arms are springing up in all the cities of the mainland. The nobility, after eighty years of eclipse and two hundred years of sloth and degradation, are throwing themselves once more into politics, art, industry, and commerce with much of the old energy which built the city and made it famous.

The new electoral law in Spain, under which the Constitutional Convention is to be elected, gives a vote to every citizen over twenty-five years of age who has not been deprived of his political rights by judicial sentence. The republicans seem to be gaining in strength, for the obvious reason that they are strong in the great centres of population, and therefore are able to make more show in agitating than the monarchists. They are stronger, too, as might b expected, in orators, and a good deal more fervid; but there seem little doubt that if it came to a counting of votes, or a trial of physical strength, they would be worsted. The monarchists, on the other hand, have the middle classes an the peasantry and the army, the last being the most important of all. No European army is republican, and the Spanish army as little as any; and it, like the Roman army, has unfortunately got used to being called on to decide the fate of the nation. But the monarchists have lost enormously by their having no candidate ready when the throne was vacated. The process of casting about for a king not only chills enthusiasm, but is ridiculous, and, if long protracted, is enough to make monarchy impossible. The candidate most spoken of at present is Espartero, who, being childless and seventy-six years old, would fill the throne just long enough to give the monarchists time to look about them. The title mentioned for him is something which "Greece and Rome in their palmiest days" never dreamed of—"Baldimero I." One of the best signs of the times is the rapidity with which the popular loan is taken. But the excitement is running so high in the cities that fears are entertained of a bloody collision between the two parties; and should this occur, on ever so small a scale, all hope of a rational revolution would be gone.

While Prince Charles of Roumania, in opening the session of the Bucharest Chambers, declares the foreign relations of his country to be on an excellent footing, evidences of grave complications on the Lower Danube are daily becoming more numerous. A despatch from Pesth announces that M. Orczy, in addressing, in the name of the Imperial Chancellor Von Beust, the united delegations now assembled at Pesth, of the Austrian Reichsrath and Hungarian Diet, declared the relations of Roumania both with Turkey and Austria to be unfriendly, and requiring "a careful watch" on the part of the Vienna Government, "in common with the other great powers." The Bulgarian disturbances, it is true, are rather of an imaginary kind; the late attempts at insurrection in that province have proved a total failure; but, on the other hand, there is no longer any doubt that they have been the offspring of machinations fostered within the limits of Roumania, and that the Government of that state, openly instigated by Russia, secretly encouraged by Prussia—Prince Charles is a Hohenzollern—and led by reckless politicians like Bratiano, is ready at the first opportune moment to enter upon a career of aggression, with the aim of achieving both total independence of Turkey—to which very little is wanting even now—and the annexation of Transylvania, the Wallach population of which is being stirred up by emissaries against the Hungarians. Our "latest," by telegraph from Bucharest, however, announces a change in the Roumanian cabinet and "the displacement of the war party." But this is likely to prove but a momentary change of attitude.

## GRANT AND THE CIVIL SERVICE.

THERE are rumors afloat already that the Jenckes Civil Service Bill begins to find unexpected favor in the eyes of politicians at Washington, and we have little doubt that the number of its supporters will—now that it is plain that Grant does not intend to work under the old system—grow every day, and that the measure will, early in the Forty-first Congress, become a law. Not that we should have despaired of success even if Grant had not been elected, and his place during the coming four years were to be filled by one of the regular party hacks. It would have taken more time to bring about the desired result, but the result would still have been certain; the outrageous misconduct and incompetency of the present tribe of office-holders would have made the necessity of the reform plain to the public, even without the aid of set expositions from its friends or the active support of the new President. But without the aid of the President the task of "educating" the regular politicians "up" to the change would, we admit, have been difficult. They themselves enjoy, mightily, "educating" the people "up" to the level of their own crazes, but they are extremely chary about receiving ideas that seem likely to lessen their importance to the state. There is probably nothing in the whole political field more provoking, and at the same time more amusing, than the air of drunken doubt and disapproval with which "the men inside politics," as they call themselves, look down from the stump on all reformatory labors out of which no "capital" is to be made. Any change which seems likely to lessen the number of things they can promise—and therefore their weight with their followers—or the support of which involves the denial of something to somebody, or the utterance of unpleasant speeches about the machinery of their own party, they endeavor to treat as visionary, and laugh over it as long as they dare. But the minute they find that it *is* to be, that there are influences working for it against which they cannot make head, their conversion becomes so rapid that the difficulty is to baptize them fast enough. Had they succeeded in putting one of their own number in the Presidential chair, they would, owing to the enormous amount and value of the patronage now in the hands of the Government, have offered a resistance to any change which nothing but an overwhelming outburst of popular indignation could have overcome, and we should probably have witnessed four years of corruption in every possible form, which would compare with the corruption of the last eight years as the finished work of a man compares with the tentative efforts of a boy.

It must be remembered that "the whiskey thieves," which now seems to be the generic name of that vast and growing class who devote themselves to plundering the Government as to a profession, have been, until now, comparatively unskilled in their work. It took some years to discover the various devices by which the Government could be cheated, officials bribed, evidence destroyed or covered up, and to draw into the business the leading rogues of the country and the vast body of capital which is now literally invested in the robbery, just as it has taken ten years for the rogues of this city to find out the use for their purposes that might be made of an elective judiciary. It is no exaggeration to say—as those who know most about it assure us most earnestly—that there is no "interest" in the United States so strong, so compact, so well organized, with so much money and so much skill and ingenuity at its command at this moment, as the body of persons who are engaged in defrauding the public treasury. Their creatures swarm in every department of the public service, except the army and navy, and do their bidding without hesitation. Their "lobby" is so powerful that they find no difficulty in arresting and delaying any piece of legislation that seems likely to diminish their profits. Nay, they are strong enough, as we have recently seen, to stay proceedings in the courts, close the lips of the public prosecutor in the very midst of a process, and hurry him away to become himself a culprit elsewhere. Moreover, there is no chance whatever of bringing the party machinery into play against them, because they take care, we need hardly say, to commit no breach of the party canons. They are all, or nearly all, "sound on the main question;" in fact, in the matter of orthodoxy, they usually outdo everybody else, and are as intolerant of heresy as the grand inquisitor himself. With one of themselves in the Presidential chair, or with any man in it who was thoroughly broken to the party yoke, they would have proved for the present invincible, and they would, on the opening of the new term, have gone to work with all the advantages of eight years' training and experience.

Grant comes, therefore, into the civil service of the country as he came into command-in-chief of the army, after three years of blundering and disaster, literally as a saviour; and in the former as in the latter case, he comes to meet a crisis for which his career and training seem to have especially prepared him. Had he reached his present elevation, as most of his more recent predecessors have reached it, after having "filled every office in the gift of the people, from village alderman," etc., or after having begun his political education in ward caucuses and worked up into State or national prominence through the hidden and crooked ways in which so many so-called statesmen lay the foundations of their fame and earn their reputation for wisdom, he would have learned, as most of them have learned, to look on party usages, the most debasing as well as the most useful, as part of the organic law of American society. He would have learned to regard the best places in the public service as the "inalienable right" of those who do the work of the canvass, and the party managers as the heaven-born dispensers of the public patronage, and resistance to their will or disregard of their advice as at best a sort of mild lunacy, if not downright treachery. Luckily he has learned his duty to the country in a school in which truth and courage are still the highest virtues, in which the public money is held sacred, and in which the habit of looking on the sacrifice of life for the country as an obvious duty makes defrauding the country seem one of the meanest of vices, and in which the political art as practised in caucuses excites only disgust. Although the political tone of the American army is not, owing to the social influences by which military circles were governed before the war, perhaps all that could be desired, it is permeated by a morality which we shall have to infuse into the civil service if we are to save the Government.

Moreover, Grant has not been chosen by the party, in the sense in which candidates for the presidency are usually said to be chosen; he has been, in a measure, forced upon it; no other nomination was possible without almost the certainty of defeat. He did not seek the nomination either, and during the canvass refused steadily to contract obligations to anybody for helping to get him elected. Anybody who "worked for Grant," therefore, did so on his own responsibility; so that Grant can now meet all Republican orators, writers, and bill-stickers, drummers, scene-shifters, stage-carpenters, and rollers of thunder-barrels, with an unclouded brow and a sense of perfect independence. The result is that there is an extraordinary and almost unprecedented absence of rumors about offices; an almost unprecedented scarcity of office-seekers in Washington. In the course of the next year we confidently expect to see the theory that the present system of appointment to office has anything peculiarly "American" about it, or that any considerable portion of the public is attached to it, proved to be a fallacy and thoroughly exploded. The number of persons who take any real interest in the present system, or would mourn for one hour over its destruction, is in reality exceedingly small, and it forms a class without the least weight in the community, either as regards character or ability. The doctrine, too, that there is something peculiarly democratic in rotation in office—that is, in the periodical dismissal of one set of public servants for the purpose of giving a fresh batch of citizens a share in the profits of politics—is one which has equally little hold on the popular mind; and the success which those who live by it have had in persuading people that the country was attached to it is simply a striking illustration of what may be done by noise and impudence. This success thus far has been due simply to the fact that the exceedingly small amount of work which fell to the share of the Federal Government before the war prevented the abominations of the system from staring people in the face as they do now, though it did not prevent people from considering office-holders and office-seekers as on the whole a shiftless class.

The only argument we have seen anywhere put forward against reform is that it will ruin the Republican party, by leaving them noth-

ing to offer those who do the work of electioneering by way of reward. We believe, on the contrary, that it will simply substitute a good class of workers for a very bad class. It will cause, no doubt, the retirement in disgust of a large number of wire-pullers and orators of the baser sort; but, on the other hand, it will bring into the field a larger and larger number of the men who built up the Republican party and who now keep it alive—those who have faith in its ideas, and who belong to it not as an end but as a means—and a larger and larger number of men devoted to practical legislation, who, like Mr. Jenckes, have made a conscientious study of subjects, and want to use the party as a means of putting their conceptions into practice. The men, even now, who do the party most service during a canvass are not men who entertain any expectation of reward in the shape of Federal offices. They are either men who have already won, or who are seeking by honorable acts, such honors as the people can bestow by election, or else men for whom no office whatever has any attractions, and who serve on the stump, as many of them had served in the field, for the sake of the famous "Old Cause" for which Sydney prayed on the scaffold, and which in our day seems to run as much risk from knaves and blatherskites as in other days it ran from kings and priests.

## THE FUTURE OF THE FAMILY.

The effect of the divorce laws, as they exist in various Northern States, on morals and manners and on the family, has, during the last month or two, furnished matter for a good deal of discussion to various religious bodies, and, if we may judge from the articles in religious periodicals, is constantly occupying a large share of the attention of clergymen and reformers. It seems to be supposed that religious denominations may diminish the frequency of divorce by providing penalties in church discipline for light, thoughtless, or licentious resort to it, or by forbidding clergymen to re-marry persons who may have been divorced under certain designated conditions. The pictures which have been drawn during these discussions of the havoc which the divorce laws of various States, as administered by the courts, are playing with the family relation, are tolerably alarming. Statistics on such subjects, just like the statistics of female drunkenness, are not very reliable, however. We know, with a fair approach to accuracy, what proportion divorces bear to marriages in a given State, but the effect of divorces on morals and on children is a point on which figures tell us little that can be depended on, and yet this is after all the important point. What most concerns society is not the number of couples who have separated, but the probable effect of their separation on other couples still living together and on future marriages. About this our information is necessarily somewhat vague; and though the subject has been handled by one or two writers—President Woolsey, of New Haven, for instance—in a scientific spirit, most of the talk about it is too general, and has too much of the platform tone, to help us very far toward a conclusion as to what ought to be done. Certain results of the working of the divorce laws, or at all events certain phenomena closely connected with the divorce laws, are, however, too palpable to be overlooked or misunderstood. The sense of the sacredness of the marriage tie is unquestionably declining. The number of men and women who have separated from their wives and husbands is increasing, and the discredit of such separations is diminishing; and we are assured there is now to be found in some of the Western States a large and increasing class of children whose position may be called absolutely novel in modern society—that is, children who, without having been formally and clandestinely abandoned by their parents, are nevertheless in a state of doubt as to who are their mothers. The doubts of persons about their fathers have furnished material for coarse comedy in all ages and all countries, particularly in licentious ages and countries, but the increasing freedom of women in our age seems likely to furnish fresh materials for the jester's workshop.

The Catholic theologians and sociologists, who are now engaged in bringing back the United States to the bosom of the Church, make a great deal of the frequency of divorces amongst native Americans as an argument against Protestantism, and boast with more zeal than discretion of its rarity amongst foreign-born Catholics. But whatever frequency of divorce may prove as to the immorality of any given community, its infrequency, we fear, proves nothing as to their morality. Catholic writers seem to live in the same pleasant and somewhat infantile delusion on this subject that Southerners live on the subject of "miscegenation." Southern philosophers have always maintained that by making the marriage of blacks and whites illegal, you can prevent the mixture of races; and Catholic philosophers just as stoutly maintain that by declaring the marriage bond indissoluble you can keep vice down to a minimum, and perhaps even prevent children being born out of wedlock, just as if marriage were not a conventional arrangement for the preservation of the family, but a natural means of perpetuating the species. The fact is, we suspect, that there are as many separations amongst Catholics who have lived long enough in the country to be Americanized as among Protestants. Whether they are formally divorced or not, concerns theologians more than jurists. There are also now, undoubtedly, more children to a marriage amongst foreign immigrants, at least in the Eastern States, than among Americans; but we must wait and see at what rate the second generation will multiply before we can draw conclusions of any value as to the effect of religion on population.

The mistake the Protestant clergy and the churches are falling into, as it seems to us, in their treatment of the question, consists in their overestimating their own power. The classes in which the marriage tie is treated most lightly, and in which divorces are most frequent, are not composed to any great extent of persons who are in formal relations with any ecclesiastical organizations, or who care anything whatever for ecclesiastical censures. Therefore, we do not believe the churches or the clergy will ever be able by direct action to produce any perceptible effect in diminishing the number of divorces, particularly as clerical disapproval cannot prevent the marriage of divorced persons. What has done most to uphold the strength of the marriage tie in all countries, this as well as others, amongst the great mass of people—the great mass being in all countries only slenderly influenced by moral or religious ideas—has been habit and public opinion. Everybody in the old society was more or less the slave of custom, and it was the custom to live with one wife; and what with the female custom of submission, and the male custom of enforcing obedience by blows and abuse, "incompatibility of temper," which troubles so many households in our day, troubled few households in former days. It was one of the unknown diseases. Moreover, when men usually lived and died on the spot where they were born, the opinion of their neighbors acted on them with a force of which we have now little idea. A man who formally broke up his family, or a woman who formally left her husband, had to face a frowning world, and the world frowned in those times so as to kill.

We have now entered on a period of general migration. Hardly anybody passes his life amongst those who knew him in his childhood. The Western States may be said to be largely peopled by persons of whose antecedents their neighbors are entirely ignorant. The Eastern States are largely peopled by persons who are ready to move at a moment's notice, and to whom their reputation in the locality in which they live is of very little consequence. Moreover, there is a large body of persons—how large few people imagine who have not given attention to the subject—who are literally rovers, and pursue fortune incessantly in railroad cars and stage coaches. The same phenomena begin to show themselves in Europe, though for obvious reasons with less prominence. In such a state of things as this, marriage has naturally lost one of its strongest supports. The married relation is one in which real permanence and strength can never be looked for amongst average men and women in the absence of high moral and religious culture, unless it has a "home" as a basis, and homes in the crisis through which the world is just now passing are necessarily less numerous than they used to be. We are witnessing the greatest movement of population that has ever taken place—a movement, including migration from Europe and the peopling of the West, compared to which the irruption of the Northern barbarians into the Roman Empire was a trifle—and as long as it lasts we must be prepared to see the very root of civilized society, the family, threatened with destruction. Towards teaching the marching columns to revere and uphold it, little

can be done suddenly, but those who look on it as the most precious possession of civilization can do much to uphold it by their example not simply in living with their wives or husbands, disagreeable as this may be in many cases, but in taking pains and making sacrifices to have a home of their own and teaching their children to love it. The married couple who, being pecuniarily able to avoid it, deliberately and permanently "board" in order to save trouble or expense, may safely be pronounced enemies of society, and deserve clerical reprobation in almost equal degree with the purchasers of Indiana divorces. All the arts which make housekeeping easier and less expensive help to make the marriage relation more secure, and at this moment and in this country there are no arts more useful to morality and social order.

It would be useless to deny, too—and we can make the admission with the better grace because we consider the present condition of women as unsatisfactory as can well be—that the woman's rights movement, or rather the set of ideas which find a limited expression in the woman's rights agitation, is doing much to weaken the family bond. One effect of it is undoubtedly to make women more and more unwilling to accept the theory of their position taught by the church and held by men, and to make men think more and more lightly of the responsibility of keeping the family pure and intact. It has undoubtedly weakened, and is every day weakening more and more, the husband's sense of accountability for the wife's conduct, and the belief, so many thousand years old, that her honor is his honor and her good name his good name. The extent to which the new ideas on these subjects already affect people who never go near a woman's rights meeting, or perhaps never heard of the movement, is greater than most of us imagine; and their first results will undoubtedly be the production of a state of things in domestic life somewhat resembling anarchy. But then, anarchy has never lasted long in any community of the Aryan race. Its societies have often gone to pieces, but out of the ruin something better has invariably grown up; and we do not doubt that the family of the future, having a better basis in justice and reason, will be a more permanent and stronger structure than the patriarchal or feudal family, which is evidently passing away. But in reconstructing the domestic relations, as in scientific research, the understanding, as Bacon says, needs not wings, but weights. Dreams and visions and flights of fancy will not help us. In deciding on what terms men and women shall live together in wedlock, as in framing the organic law of political societies, we have to remember that, no matter what views we may entertain of the ultimate destiny of humanity, man remains man, and woman woman for the present, and that the force which brings the two sexes together, though a noble passion, it is true, is also an animal passion, and a passion which influences human conduct probably more than all other agencies put together.

## "THE ASIAN MYSTERY."

We have forgotten which of Mr. Disraeli's novels it was in which he announced the Asian Mystery to the world. We think, however, that it must have been "Coningsby," as "Codlingsby" is certainly that one of *Punch's* "Prize Novelists" in which Thackeray so admirably burlesqued the manner of the coming premier in general and of the Israelitish phase of his writings in particular. We remember that we were all amazed to learn to what an extent the children of Israel had beguiled the hours of their exile from the Promised Land by taking possession of the highest places in the literature, the arts, the state, and even in the church, of the Gentiles among whom they were scattered. Some of the greatest Continental authors are claimed as the successors of the prophets, and many of the crucifixions and martyrdoms which make hideous the walls of Christian churches are due to the cheerful hands of concealed Jews, who thus crucified the Lord and persecuted the saints afresh under the show of burning zeal for the Holy Catholic Church. Almost all the immortal music of modern days is due to descendants of those sweet singers who sat by the rivers of Babylon and wept when their captors required of them a song. All along, the proscribed race has furnished ministers of state, and notably ministers of finance, to the Catholic powers of the Continent, and, if Mr. Disraeli is to be believed, not a few archbishops and inquisitors and, we rather think, a Pope or two. And these Jews who all the time held to their ancient faith in secret hated and despised the superstitions and idolatries, as it seemed to them, in which they found it for their worldly advantage to take a part. Far be it from us to justify such duplicity, but we can imagine the unction with which a Jewish Grand Inquisitor might superintend the roasting of a heretic Christian, and how sweet the savor of that burnt-offering must have been in his nostrils.

Mr. Disraeli is certainly the first man of Hebrew descent who has reached the high places of political power in heterodox England, and of the many obstacles which he had to surmount during the forty years since the boyish dream of "Vivian Grey" that he had had his eye fixed on the supreme prize of English ambition, that descent was by no means the least formidable. A middle-class origin, slenderness of fortune, the want of powerful connections, at least at the beginning of their career, had been overcome by Addington and Canning, and by them only, of all the prime ministers that England has known. The taint of Hebrew blood aggravated these other difficulties of Mr. Disraeli's career, and would have made them insurmountable had it begun a half-century earlier. And the fact of his success is one of the most striking proofs of the Horatian apothegm, that men change with the changes of the times. We need not go back to the good old days of Lord Mayor Fitz-Richard, in the reign of Henry III., who let loose the populace of London on the Jews there commorant, who sacked their houses, spoiled their goods, and put some five hundred of them to death, for it is not much more than a century ago that all England was turned topsy-turvy by a simple proposition to allow Jews to be naturalized by Act of Parliament, like other aliens. The Lord Mayor of London, the Aldermen and Common Council, petitioned against the measure as destructive to trade and subversive of religion. It was urged in Parliament that, if the law passed, the Jews would get possession of church and state, and that Judaism would become so fashionable that the church would be deserted for the synagogue. The mob were excited by a senseless cry of "No Jews, no wooden shoes!" and the act had to be repealed the next session.

But we need not go back for a century to show the mighty change which time has worked in the prejudice of England against the Jews. London has undergone such a change of heart in that line that the citizens insisted on electing Baron Lionel de Rothschild one of their members for the very purpose of breaking down the bar which kept Jews out of the House of Commons. This bar consisted of the oath of abjuration of all the descendants of James II., "on the faith of a Christian." As there had not been a descendant of the last Stuart king since the death of the Cardinal of York, about sixty years ago, there could be no object in keeping it on the statute-book excepting for the purpose of keeping the Jews out of Parliament. It took years to overcome the prejudice which yet lingered in the higher classes; but at last the obstacle was removed, and M. de Rothschild, his son and brother, Mr. Alderman Salomans, and several other of the children of Israel, entered into Parliament and possessed it, with no apparent detriment either to church or state. There have even been Jews so unmindful of their long descent as to marry their daughters to sprigs of the mushroom aristocracy of England. Knights and baronets there are good store of Hebrew race; but none of that lineage has as yet entered the House of Lords. Mr. Disraeli is the first Jew who has had a chance of taking his seat by the side of the barons whose ancestors used to draw the teeth of his by way of prevailing upon them to part with their money. But he has refused, like Pulteney, "to sink into insignificance and an earldom."

Now, we are not much perplexed in this country by an Asian Mystery; but we have an African one that has answered the same puzzling purpose quite as well. It is not too much to say that the prejudice against the Jews all along up to a comparatively recent period was no less bitter and malignant than that which has distinguished the Universal Yankee Nation against the negroes. Indeed, more so, for it was aggravated by a superstitious dread and detestation which we have never felt as to the race of Ham. It used to be regarded as an insult to the Founder of Christianity to show kindness or even

justice to the descendants of the men who cried out, "Crucify him! Crucify him!" And it is observable that during the Middle Ages it was believed that an offensive smell proceeded from the persons of the Jews, such as is attributed to the negroes, and is our main proof that nature intended them to be slaves. Sir Thomas Browne, indeed, regards this as a vulgar error, and affirms that the statement that "an unsavoury odour is gentilitious or natural to the Jews is a fraudulent illation." Pellew, a traveller in Northern Africa, relates that when a drought prevails there the Moors, after having exhausted all Mohammedan methods for moving Heaven, set the Jews to praying, because God, however unwilling to hear their prayers for their own sakes, may yet grant their request "to be rid of the stink." And Sale tells us that the way in which the Mohammedans account for this unpleasant physical peculiarity is this: The Jews, say they, had so provoked the Lord by their stubbornness and hardness of heart in the wilderness that one day he slew the entire nation, and they remained dead for eight days before Moses could prevail on him to bring them to life again, and they and their posterity have ever since retained the look and odor of their incipient putrefaction. Now, it would have seemed as preposterously impossible for the Lord Mayor of London in 1753 to believe that Jew after Jew would sit on the civic throne, or for the Earl of Egremont and the other furious opposers of the Jew Bill to conceive that Jews would fight or buy their way into Parliament and rub shoulders there with Christians, as it would ten years ago to the slaveholders and the Northern Democrats that the question on which the Presidential election was to turn was not whether the negroes should be free from slavery, but whether they might vote and be voted for like white Christians.

The power of a gradually changing public sentiment in overcoming the rooted prejudices and overbearing the organic persecutions of the Jews being made thus evident, a like purifying process may deliver us also from the unjust and cruel prejudices, the dregs of slavery, which so extensively prevail even at the North, and which mainly encourage the passionate violence at the South aroused by the prospect of that equality of political rights on which alone public tranquillity and general prosperity can rest. The Asian Mystery having solved itself thus peacefully, we may reasonably hope that time, and no long time either, may bring a solution to our African Mystery so easy and natural that we shall wonder that we ever thought it a mystery at all.

## THE PROVINCIALISM OF SOUTHERNERS.

THE murder of Pollard, the Richmond journalist, is in several of its details a curiously exact reproduction of a famous historical murder. Young Grant, like the assassin of the Regent Murray, ensconced himself in an upper chamber which commanded his victim's route; both criminals fastened themselves into the room; both made use of fire-arms, and both perfectly executed their scheme. Indeed, it is not at all difficult to believe that our American murderer was a conscious and deliberate imitator of his Scotch forerunner. The Southerner has always exhibited, if not a genius for the melodramatic, an un-Saxon or rather a childish love for it, and it would be by no means surprising if it should turn out that this Grant when he laid his seemingly cowardly plan was thinking less of saving his own skin than of the notes to Scott's novels. But the striking difference between the two crimes is that the Linlithgow tragedy is three hundred years old. People who had been indulging a hope that the South had got into the neighborhood of the nineteenth century must have been shocked to find, so far as concerns the public opinion of assassination, the Scotland of 1570 on an equality with the Virginia of 1868; to find the Southern people applauding a crime obsolete throughout all the rest of civilized Christendom; to find that apparently the South is as far from the main current of civilization as it ever was before the coming of the war, which has done so much to break up and destroy Northern provincialism that the times before 1860 seem separated from the present by a generation or two, instead of by a period of less than a decade.

It is not uninteresting to look a little into the causes of this inveterate provincialism of the South, which displays itself now in the fashion of a murder, now in the spelling of a word (the murdered man used proudly to spell publick with a *k*), and which, in fact, is never wanting in Southern speech or action of any kind. A Southern essayist, speaking the other day of Goethe, thought it necessary to explain that Goethe was "an acute German philosopher." Another one, a college professor, not long since announced his intention of making some remarks on an interesting book he had recently read—Buckle's "Introduction to the History of Modern Civilization"—which is an able work, he thinks, and one likely to attract some attention, as it had then—in the summer of 1868—already been criticised in two English periodicals, the *Presbyterian Review* and the *North British*. Southern novelists still write feeble imitations of the Waverley novels; Southern scientists hold in reverence Mr. Maury and Messrs. Nott and Gliddon; Southern journalists speak with respect amounting to awe of the *National Intelligencer*, which for years has been of not the least influence in politics, and, as a newspaper, has been inferior to the *Congressional Globe*; the criticism of Jeffrey or of Doctor Johnson furnishes the Southern critic with his final standard; in theology, the exploded dogmas which the severest of the orthodox churches of Connecticut long since practically discarded are still preached from Southern pulpits; the long-winded, empty political disquisitions of the metaphysical Pogram school of orators still satisfy the Southern taste in oratory; the trivial and stupid "tournament" gratifies the Southern desire for athletic sport, while the North has invented base-ball, popularized the gymnasium, and carried rowing near to perfection; the black broadcloth coat is still the only wear for the true Southern gentleman; not yet does he entertain historic doubts concerning Captain John Smith's Pocahontas, nor disbelieve in Wilkes Booth's chivalric heroism—in short, in all things, small and great, he is a long, long way behind the age. A good book, a good poem, a good actor, a sound theory in science or a display of a thorough acquaintance with any branch of it, a tolerable newspaper, a good picture, a good statue, no one but a Southerner would expect from any Southern man or woman much sooner than he would expect ice from Key West or oranges from Labrador.

Of course slavery is at the bottom of this state of things—in many ways obviously operative in producing it, but working, too, in some ways not so obvious. No one could miss seeing how naturally and unavoidably the slaveholding South clung to the past in literature and science, and angrily rejected the present; the new order was hostile to the perpetuity of the peculiar institution which it was the whole business, and a life and death business, of the South to keep in existence. A man who depends on "cursed be Canaan" to justify him in whipping a man or selling his children is not going to take very kindly to any but the oldest Biblical criticism, nor to look in a very scientific spirit on Mr. Darwin and the development theory, nor to regard geology in its relations to Genesis with anything less than fright and horror. What else can positivism and humanitarianism be but Yankee "isms" to be denounced, when a gentleman is relying for the title to his human and other property upon the fixity of some semi-Jewish creed of cast iron? If free discussion, the indispensable guarantee of just thinking and sound conclusions, is punishable by a ride on a rail out of Macon—if one resides in Macon—there clearly are not going to be many profound sociologists, to say the least of it, in that part of Georgia. When pistolling or the penitentiary or social ostracism is customary criticism, other sorts of criticism will certainly not flourish, and there is a heavy premium on stagnation of mind.

Nor is any one likely to miss perceiving that the mere physical conditions of society in one of our agricultural slaveholding States were fatal to a high degree of intelligence among the people. Small cities at great distances from each other, plantations far apart, miles on miles of desert land abandoned for newer soil, made it physically impossible that schools should be attended, even if they had existed; even if the whole system had not, whether commercially or morally considered, imperatively demanded a foundation of dense ignorance on which to rest. And inasmuch as the generality of men learn what they are compelled to learn and little or nothing more, even the educated classes at the South, preparing themselves to satisfy the wants and the public opinion of a people principally composed of the ignorant whites and more ignorant blacks, felt the full influence of the natural tendency, and, tried by the average Northern standard, were usually half or one-fourth educated. The young student of medicine came to Philadelphia knowing that the "Old House" niggers, or "the Fripp people," and his own or his father's gang, were to be his patients, and of course he did not put himself to great exertions to learn the latest word Paris or Edinburgh had been saying in surgery or medicine. In like manner, law students living in a country where every lawyer was a possible Congressman, whose commerce was simple and not great, where business was despised, where a patent office was by no means indispensable, where the bench before which one practised was a Southern one, was in the habit of paying more attention to the Constitution of the United States and the Virginia Resolutions and his speeches thereupon in the debating-rooms, than to labors on the general body of the law. It was not otherwise with clergymen. When has the South had a distinguished divine? It has pro-

duced in great abundance that variety of clerical reasoners who could explicate "cursed be Canaan," and who, "though kind, yet were they conscientious where chastisement was needed;" and, for a non-political pulpit, the Southern pulpit was a full fountain of secession; but, in the matter of adorning the annals of the church with great names of eloquent preachers of the Word, and ministers learned in the Scriptures, the church has no very great reason to be either thankful to it or satisfied with it.

Less obviously, slavery produced provincialism of culture by encouraging all the haughtier and more unteachable elements of character. Open-mindedness is not a probable intellectual trait of a man who, from his youth up, has been accustomed to say yes and no, and enforce his word with whip or musket. The pride of the master race; the contempt for the abject instruments of his will, the slaves of his whim; the seclusion of the plantation, with its temptations to degrading ways of life—all these helped to keep the minds of the better class of Southerners closed against those humanizing and liberalizing influences without which provincialism of thought and feeling is inevitable.

The remarkable lack of the humorous element in the Southern character, preventing, as such defect must, self-criticism, and thus making it easier for the Southerner to be provincial and, consequently, in many ways ridiculous, may also be traced to the influence of the social system under which he has been living. Not merely self-reliant, but arrogant and of an aggressive and domineering will, as he had to be to maintain his position as master, it was habitual and necessary with him that he should himself be the centre of his own regards, and that not in the sentimental manner as humorists may easily be, but with self-satisfaction and self-conceit, in an egotistical way. Egotists are not humorous—so that we may say, by the way, that as a rule humorists have been poor; not many rich are called; few aristocrats of any description have been men of humor. This egotistical habit of mind is, then, a habit unfriendly to humor, which—it is a truism, but yet has provoked much wonder that seems not very necessary—is nearly allied to pathos. For the sentiment of pity regards others rather than one's self, and so, surely, does humor, the one not less than the other, though the one smiles and the other weeps, being tenderly regardful of the object with which it deals. How, then, can it be expected that vigilant, unsparing masters of slaves should find their occupation conducive to a love of the humorous? But the Southerner was peculiarly a slave-master, having been strenuously maintaining himself as such through two generations of bitter attack from every quarter. It is this want of a sense of the humorous that makes criticism avail so little with our Southern brethren. They cannot see when they are absurd. If Mr. Edward Pollard struts in the cast garments of Hume and half his disciples, and talks of "Richmond on the James," he cannot be made to see that he is laughable, and there is no hope of his reform. Mr. Gilmore Simms is absolutely incapable of learning how amusing his war poetry is. One might break one's heart, but would never teach a Southern gentleman in bombazine that tournaments are not for these days. What Southern young lady could be persuaded that she was not making an impressive display of dignity when she made faces at a Yankee? To tell the truth, one needs a tolerable supply of humor to endure them at all without extreme exasperation. It is pushing provincialism to excess when people so far forget the world at large and the opinions of mankind as to tolerate for months a most scurrilous slanderer, and then cheer his cowardly murder.

# Correspondence.

## HOMŒOPATHY AND WOMEN IN THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: An incorrect or ill-considered statement is so seldom found in *The Nation*, that when one does occur it is a matter for special comment. For this reason, I beg leave to call your attention to a statement in your "Literary Notes" of the issue of Nov. 19, which, it seems to me, is both uncandid and ill-advised.

In the comments upon the report of Dr. Haven to the Board of Regents of the University of Michigan, with reference to the admission of women to the University, there is this sentence: "If there be one profession for which woman's peculiar tact and temperament render her better fitted than any other, it is that of medicine; and yet it would be almost impossible for her to pursue this study in all its branches in the same auditorium and dissecting-room with the opposite sex." Now, it seems to me that the writer of this sentence, instead of seeking after exact truth, was looking for a special plea. What he wanted was an argument against the propriety of admitting women to study in the same institution with men. Their common pursuit of law or theology would furnish him with none, but he believed that he could present insurmountable objections to their association in the study of medicine.

Does it not rather appear that *many* of the objections to the epicene *study* of medicine would prove equally strong against the admission of both sexes to the *practice* of medicine?

Furthermore, is it true that "woman's peculiar tact and temperament render her better fitted" for the profession of medicine than for any or even *many* other professions? That women are admirably adapted for the practice of *one* of the medical acts (the obstetrical) is readily apparent, and is proved by the illustrious French accoucheurs, Madame Boivin and Madame La Chapelle; but I think that it is equally apparent that woman is *not* "peculiarly fitted" either for the arduous and indiscriminate labors of the general practitioner or for the herculean tasks of the surgeon. I believe also that while women could or would be employed only to a limited extent in the diseases of men, women themselves, in the great majority of their ailments, naturally look to the other sex for aid, counsel, and support.

Hence, it seems to me that woman cannot justly be considered as "peculiarly fitted" for the practice of medicine.

If I might be allowed a small extension of space, I would say with reference to the comments upon the homœopathy question, that it is not strictly just to say that Catholicism from its *name* might be claimed to represent Methodism as well as allopathy, or the regular practice, could be said to represent homœopathy. Catholicism and Methodism are *both* founded upon very sharply defined dogmas and tenets. On the other hand, no intelligent physician claims or will admit that his practice has for its *sole basis any factitious theory or dogma whatever;* while homœopathy is absolutely nothing without its precept of *similia similibus.*

I freely admit that there is an immense amount of prejudice, ignorance, and obstinacy in what is termed the "regular" profession; but I hold that the enlightened members of that profession make use of *whatever* is established by "human reason and human experience" (phrases I have learned from the *Nation*), without reference to any theory or dogma, and whatever part of homœopathy "human reason and human experience" have succeeded in establishing, that part has been duly incorporated in the teachings and practice of the regular profession.

Very truly yours, Richard S. Dewey.

Ann Arbor, Nov. 22, 1868.

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[Mr. Dewey really must not beg the question at the very opening of a controversy. That our remarks on Dr. Haven's address were "uncandid and ill-advised" is the very thing he ought to have proved; but instead of doing this he assumes it, and then proceeds to administer a reproof. The writer of the sentence quoted in his letter was seeking not the "exact truth," for that he well knew was not to be had in such matters, but a reasonably close approximation to the truth. The objections to admitting young women to study medicine with young men are not based on the same facts, and are not of the same character, as the objections to their admission to study theology and law with young men. The distinction between the two cases is, in fact, so obvious, that we ought not to have to point it out. Until the physical fact of sex ceases to affect the mind, imagination, and character of young persons any more than the color of hair or the shape of the nose, it will always be difficult for average young women to dissect a dead body or listen to teachings on anatomy in company with young men, without considerable disturbance and distraction. No doubt there will be, and are now, plenty of young women as well as young men possessing the power of abstraction in such a high degree that they would have no eye and no ear for anything on such occasions but science itself; but both "human reason and human experience" justify us in believing that for a long time to come at least such cases will be comparatively rare. Nobody who has any familiarity with the mental condition of the average youth of both sexes at the age of nineteen or twenty really believes in the possibility of making the common run of students completely insensible, on such occasions as medical lectures, to the presence of persons of the opposite sex.

It is true that *some* of the objections to the epicene study of med-

icine would prove equally strong against the admission of both sexes to the practice of medicine; but they are the feeblest and least important. The main objection would, as regards the practice of medicine, have no force whatever, inasmuch as doctresses need never meet doctors at all unless they pleased, and anybody needing a physician could choose whether he or she would have a man or a woman. Moreover, persons engaged in the active pursuits of life are supposed to possess maturer judgment and stronger will than students at college, and there are many snares and temptations to which the latter would do well not to expose themselves, which the former may affront with impunity. How is it "apparent that women are not peculiarly fitted for the arduous labors of the general practitioner or the herculean task of the surgeon" when they *are* fitted "for the practice of obstetrics?" What has a general practitioner to go through in the way of hardship that an obstetrician has not? and how can the tasks of the surgeon be termed "herculean," when what they call for is notoriously not muscle, but dexterity, coolness, judgment, tact, and knowledge—qualities which an average woman may possess in a far higher degree than five surgeons out of every six? How much of them does an average medical student possess when he begins his cutting and carving? How many women are there who will seek "aid, counsel, or support" from unmarried doctors? Does not the fact that doctors *have* to marry in order to get into general practice prove that their sex is *per se* a hindrance to their usefulness as far as women are concerned? The employment of male physicians by women "in the great majority of their ailments" would be a strong argument if they had any choice. But inasmuch as at present they must employ them, or go undoctored, it seems to us to prove nothing.

As regards the homœopathic controversy, Catholicism and Methodism are founded, it is true, on "sharply defined tenets or dogmas," but the tenets or dogmas of both are, up to a certain point, the same. Methodism has been formed by rejecting a large portion of Catholic doctrine; so that Catholicism does in one sense include it, and might as fairly presume to speak for it as allopathy for homœopathy. In other words, the Catholic might say, Hear me, and not the Methodist; I believe all he believes, and more; I know all he knows, and more. The majority of Christians too are with me, and I have what he has not, the traditions of the Church in my keeping. This is just what the allopath says of the homœopath. The homœopath says that his theory may differ from that of the allopath, but that every allopath nevertheless practises on *some* theory, and not one uses any other test in his experiments—for all medical practice is simply a series of unconnected or very slenderly connected experiments—than the one homœopath uses. Both proceed by what Bacon calls "simple enumeration." One says he has known of a good many cases in which castor oil did good, but why he cannot tell; the other says he knows a good many cases in which two globules of ipecac. did wonders, but why he cannot tell; and, case for case, we believe, wherever the trial has been made, one system has come out about as well as the other. In fact, the claim of any school of doctors to represent a *science* is at present simply preposterous; and in the field of empiricism all properly educated men of good character, and professing to practise a *system*, are entitled to a fair and respectful hearing and trial.—Ed. Nation.]

# Notes.

## LITERARY.

Messrs. Harper & Brothers, besides their usual number of English novels, have in press Whymper's "Alaska;" Mr. Wentworth Dilke's "Greater Britain"—a somewhat affected title, which means the English race in this country, Australia, New Zealand, and elsewhere outside of Great Britain; "The Adventures of Hans Sterk;" and "Smoke," which we take to be a translation of Turgenef's last novel, and which, if it is as good as the same author's "Fathers and Sons," is a novel very well worth reading indeed.——Messrs. Scribner & Co. announce "Graffiti d'Italia," by Mr. W. W. Story, whom readers of his agreeable "Roba di Roma," will be glad to meet again.——Messrs. Roberts Brothers will publish the "Euphues" and "Euphues and his England" of John Lyly; Poems by Catherine Barnard Smith; "Realmah," the latest work of Mr. Helps, and full of excellent matter; "Kitty," by the author of "Doctor Jacob;" and "Studies in Early French Poetry," by Walter Besant. This last work is in thirteen chapters, and deals with writers who flourished before the Renaissance, in the days when Italian influence had not been felt in France, and her poetic literature was still the ballad, chanson, rondeau, and virelay. Froissart, who wrote much verse, is the earliest writer treated of by Mr. Besant, and the last is that dissolute psalmist and hymnist, Clément Marot, who was getting born just as our continent was discovered. The *Bookseller* gives the names of these other poets in Mr. Besant's list: Alain Chartier, Charles of Orleans, Oliver Basselin de Vire, Guillaume Alexis, Guillaume Coquillart, Pathelin, and, greatest of all, François Villon, who bids fair to be again a favorite in his native country. We know of but one other English collection of this nature, and that but a small one, so that Mr. Besant's book will, very probably, command a good deal of the attention of a certain class of readers. We observe that Messrs. Roberts Brothers also make announcement of two of Auerbach's works.

—Our magazine publishers have lately adopted a custom, which seems to be an absurd one, of getting out their periodicals a long while before the nominal time of publication. For example: on the tenth or twelfth of December we shall be reading the magazines of next year; the printers were at work in October and November on the January numbers. Of course, there is no reason why this should be so except such reasons as spring from the competition of publisher with publisher. One firm, say, puts its *Monthly* in the market in the middle of the month preceding its date; next month the publishers who address a class of readers not dissimilar to the circle addressed by the first offender feel obliged to be ready as soon as he, and the *Galaxy* or *Hours at Home* or *Lippincott's* is hurried out two or three weeks before people expect them. The second time, then, no one of the competing magazines has the advantage over the others in the matter of alone attracting to itself casual readers who may see it lying on news-stands. Within another month, one or two more houses resolve to be on even terms with the rest, and one or two more magazines are born prematurely. After a very short while nobody is a gainer, and, indeed everybody is a loser; the publishers are made anxious, being in fear of some rival publication making its appearance twenty-four or forty-eight or seventy-two hours before they are prepared for it; this, of course, tends to make publishers, editors, and contributors unnecessarily ill-natured, and finally the reader is displeased rather than pleased to read last month's matter in what pretends to be this month's magazine. It may be said in favor of the present plan that it enables the press to give timely notices of the various claimants for patronage, and, further, that the reader beyond the Plains gets his December periodical literature early in December, instead of waiting for it till January or till the latter part of the month. But readers on the Plains and the Pacific coast and in the rural parts of Texas are not so numerous that New York publishers need sacrifice to them the interests of their Eastern readers. For all the purposes of the publisher, the reader living in Chicago—"Chicago, thirty-six hours from New York,' as a nineteenth-century Homer might say—or a reader resident in New Orleans, which is but three or four days' ride from Boston, are certainly Eastern readers, and it is thinking of this fact that we speak of Western readers as numerically of no importance. As for the notices which the press give of magazines—we might make some remarks about their value; they may as well, however, be left ti another time. But this is true, that if the magazines all came out on the same day or nearly on the same day, whatever good should be done them by newspaper reviews would be shared equally. Why, then, the half-dozen houses that own periodicals should not come to some amicable agreement in regard to publishing day, or at least in regard to publishing week, it is not easy to see; in fact, we dare say each one of them would thank the others, as for the removal of a disagreeable little trouble, if by mutual agreement the present state of things were altered in the way we have indicated. While we are speaking of this matter a word may properly be said on a kindred one. There seems no justification for the custom of falsifying a book's account of itself—which is what every book's title-page should be—by giving to publications of this year the date "1869." This is very often done, especially in the case of gift books; but we do not see that any good is thus got which can be held to counterbalance the evil just mentioned.

—Among English books which have been recently issued or are to be issued we notice these: Mr. Valentine Cox, now for many years Esquire-bedel in Oxford, makes a garrulous but very readable volume of his "Re-

collections" of matters and things in that University. His memory runs back to 1789. The work has two kinds of interest: it talks about many men whose names have become historical, and also it enables one to bring before one's mind a lively picture of the Oxford and the England, now so largely passed away, of the evil Hanoverian days. Mr. Cox reflects bitterly that the office of Esquire-bedel, like many other old-time things, has now departed, and that on his retirement comes to an end a long line of more than six centuries of magnificent ushers. An ecclesiastical Freemason, the Rev. Augustus C. L. Arnold, has written a work, which should be in all the lodges, entitled "History and Philosophy of Freemasonry and other Secret Societies; or, The Secret Societies of All Ages considered in their Relations with and Influence on the Moral, Social, and Intellectual Progress of Man." It is to be hoped that he can write a more readable sort of English than he has put into his title-page. Mr. George Macdonald's "England's Antiphon" is a review of English religious poetry, more particularly of the lyrical religious poetry of England—"the antiphon or responsive song of the choir." Part first introduces the poets of all the centuries from the thirteenth to the middle of the seventeenth. William of Shoreham, a pious Kentish singer of the reign of Edward the Second, heads the list, and it closes with George Herbert. The compilation is pretty sure to be well done, Mr. Macdonald being himself a poet of no mean order and a devout Christian. Mr. C. M. Yonge and Mr. G. M. Sewell, in a volume of Historical Selections, have laid under contribution E. A. Freeman, Thomas Roscoe, John Lingard, Professor Pearson, Dean Milman, Sir James Stephen, Dean Hook, Sir Francis Palgrave, Hume, and other historians, and have constructed a history of England from the earliest period to the famous Battle of the Standard in 1138. They propose to do the same thing—and it seems to be a very good thing to do—with all the rest of English history, and are said to have shown in this first volume their fitness for performing the whole task. Such of our readers as have waded through any of the works of Mr. J. E. Carpenter, author of two thousand songs, will shun his latest production, which is nothing else than "A Hand-book of Poetry; being a Clear and Easy Guide, divested of Technicalities, to the Art of making English Verse." Whoever recollects Mr. Carpenter's sentimental and patriotic songs will see with what appropriateness this hand-book might be its author's last as well as his latest work.

—The "Holbein Society," just formed in London, proposes to publish, by subscription, fac-simile reprints of some of the many books of the early days of printing which engaged the skill and genius of artists and engravers, in which literature and art were united, and which are now, of course, excessively rare. Most of the books which it is proposed to reproduce were originally written in Latin; still, of these there are also in most cases English translations of nearly equal antiquity, and the society intends, whenever it can, to give, along with the original text, an English or other version. One guinea entitles a subscriber to two publications. Among the works selected are these: First, Holbein's "Dance of Death," with a French text; "Les Simulachres et Historiees faces de la Mort avtant elegammēt pourtraictes, que artificiellement imaginées" (1538, Cologne) An English translation will be appended to this as to all the volumes, which will be beautifully printed small quartos. Second will come Holbein's "Figures for the Old Testament," or "Icones Historiarvm Veteris Testamenti, Ad viuum expressæ," with an exposition in French. Next year there will be a reprint of the "Quatuor Alciati Fontium," or "Four of the Fountains of Alciati," whom we take to be Paolo Alciati, the heretical Piedmontese jurisconsult who was so impartially hated by Protestants and Catholics about the middle of the sixteenth century. It is probable that among the works republished by the society will be these others: La Perrière's "Théâtre des Bons Engins" (Paris, 1539); Horapollo's "Hieroglyphica" (Paris, 1551, having for appendix the French version of 1553, and an English translation); Aneau's "Picta Poësis" (Lyons, 1552, accompanied by a French version, "L'imagination poétique"); Coustau's "Pegma cum narrationibus philosophicis", (Lyons, 1555, with De Romieu's French translation, 1560); Faerno's "Centum Fabulæ," or Hundred Fables (Rome, 1565, with a French version by M. Perrault, and some English translations); Giovio's "Dialogue des Devises d'armes et d'amours" (Lyons, 1561, preceded by the original "Ragionamento di Mons. Paolo Giovio," Venice, 1556); "The Mirrovr of Maiestie; or, The Badges of Honovr conceitedly Emblazoned with Emblems annexed, poetically vnfolded" (London, printed by W. I., 1618—a work of extreme rarity, only one perfect copy known); and, finally, another work of almost equal rarity, "Ἡ Παρθενη, Partheneia Sacra; or, The Mysteriovs and Deliciovs Garden of the Sacred Parthenes; symbolically set forth and enriched with piovs devises and emblemes, etc." (printed by Iohn Covstvrier, 1633).

—When Doctor Johnson made Doctor Goldsmith declare that kings or laws can cause or cure only an inappreciable part of human misery, the great science of statistics had not been invented. A tolerably good sociologist—and for perfectly good ones it is not time even yet—finds nothing easier than to show that not only "the kingdom is in the cottage," in the sense in which Mr. Bright declares it to be, but also is unavoidably there in other senses than that; that the daily life of the cottager's child is happier or unhappier accordingly as the legislation of the state is wise or unwise; in short, that countless evils are cured or caused by laws and kings, and that statistics can best tell legislators when they have done right and wrong. It is an encouraging thing, then, to see that modern rulers pay more and more attention to the new science which lies at the bottom of good government. In 1871 we are to have a census of the whole of the British possessions in Hindostan and the adjacent countries, or rather of three-fourths of that empire, for the feudatory states are not covered by the enquiry. Even now there is in existence a recently prepared census, accompanied by a vast mass of various information, of the north-western and central provinces. It is made in accordance with the basis recommended some years since by the International Congress, and will be in five great divisions, namely: Geographical Statistics, including Physical, Political, and Fiscal Geography; secondly, the statistics of Protection (courts, army, police, and so on); thirdly, of Production and Distribution; fourthly, of Instruction—and in this division we shall undoubtedly get a good deal of very interesting information concerning various religious teachers, both native and foreign; and, finally, we come to the division of Vital Statistics. When these returns are published, there will have to be, it is said, a general overhauling of cyclopædia articles on Indian geography, commerce, agriculture, religion, habits and customs, and what not. For example, all existing geographical accounts of India are so defective that the Government has been obliged to make new local gazetteers for its own use. When these statistical labors are given to the world, India as it is will be for the first time visible—to such, of course, as have eyes to see through figures; though for the matter of that there is to be a good deal of interesting writing, and not merely tables of bales and acres and millions in parallel columns of numerals, and showing India as it is comes very near to showing the Englishman at his best—as man of affairs, administrator, merchant, colonizer, soldier, and ruler of men.

—Helen M'Dougal has a right to a small place in literature, or on the outskirts of it, as having assisted in the making of that word in our tongue which has, perhaps, the most horrible associations connected with it, and which, doubtless, will last as long as the language. She was one of the gang of kidnappers and murderers who infested the West Port of Edinburgh about forty years ago, and gained their living by the "resurrection" of the dead and the "burking" of the living. She was the paramour or left-handed wife of the chief murderer, Burke, and was indicted with him, but, in spite of her complicity with him and Hare, she was saved from the gallows by the skill and eloquence of her counsel, Henry Cockburn. After the trial the miserable woman went back to her old neighborhood, but was driven out by a furious mob, at whose hands she narrowly escaped death. Next she sought a hiding-place in the village where Burke first met her, and where she had previously lived in tolerably good repute; but she was at once driven thence also, and it was not known where she afterwards went. Her name dropped out of public memory, and she had been for many years forgotten, when the other day word came from Singleton, New South Wales, that Helen M'Dougal had been burned to death in that town, where she had long been living. Apparently, some one had taken pity on her and sent her out of Scotland. She must have been more than seventy years old at the time of her tragic end.

—W. Marr, a writer in the Berlin *Post*, has advanced the proposition that the day of the theatre is past ("das Theater hat sich überlebt"). He contends that so long as the theatre flourished it was as a mirror of high and low life to those classes of society to which the one or the other was unfamiliar—"relatively a *terra incognita*." With the growth and culture of modern society our daily life has come into competition with that depicted on the stage, from which we derive no instruction not already afforded by our own experience. With the decline of the drama the popularity of the opera has sprung up, as it caters to the excitement which we crave from both. The ballet having been converted into an immodest, acrobatic display, the opera must not lag behind. Hence the present triumph of Offenbach, the real predecessor of whom and of Mlle. Thérèse and the *cafés chantants* is, in the critic's belief, Richard Wagner. "His musical assault on the melody of the earlier opera," it is wittily, if not justly, de-

clared, "is the stone with which the bear killed the fly on his master's forehead." Herr Marr's argument touches the novel not less than the drama—at least at some points; and it is noticeable how much the sensational dramatist nowadays depends for material on the sensational novel.

—A dramatist whose popularity on paper will probably long outlast that on the stage is Schiller; and that he will now be read more extensively than ever is certain, inasmuch as the monopoly of his works, held till last year by the house of Cotta, has been dissolved. The dispossessed publisher, however, has still an advantage in the market, and at the bookstore of Mr. L. W. Schmidt may be seen a very remarkable proof of this. One may buy there a complete edition of Schiller's works—no more and no less—in one volume not too bulky, and yet containing 1,124 octavo pages, for one dollar and fifty cents currency, in paper covers, and one dollar and sixty cents in boards. The print is perfectly legible, and the paper though thin not transparent. The shilling Shakespeare almost pales before this enterprise.

—"Mercadet" having been revived, the Parisian feuilletonistes have just been having a fresh opportunity to recollect or to invent stories about Balzac. Théophile Gautier, for his contribution, relates this veracious tale: Balzac, being at the moment as deeply in debt as his own Mercadet, comes to M. Gautier and proposes to write in one day and night a five-act drama, which on the second day shall be sold for much money to M. Harel, of the Porte Saint Martin. "'I have arranged it in this way,' he says. 'You do one act, Ourliac will do another, Laurent Jan will take the third, De Belloy the fourth, and I myself the fifth. There are only four or five hundred lines in an act, and five hundred lines of dialogue can be written in a day and a night.' 'But,' says Gautier, 'relate the story; sketch the plot; give me some idea of the characters.' 'Oh!' says Balzac, with an air of magnificent superiority to this dull dog of a Gautier,—'Oh! if I am to relate the story we shall never be done.'" The fact, however, is well known—and might be learned from his books alone, if we had no other evidence than is afforded by them—that Balzac was not at all a rapid worker. "He experienced a great deal of trouble," says Gavarni, "in getting to work, and would draw figures and write sentences for half an hour or an hour before he could begin." He could, however, write for ten or twelve hours at a stretch, until he completely exhausted himself. M. Monselet gives a list of the works which Balzac did *not* write, but was going to: "Life and Adventures of an Idea;" "The Modern Phædo;" "The Philanthropist;" "The Justice of the Peace" (Le Juge de Paix); "Anatomy of Modern Scholastic Bodies;" "Wrinkled People;" "Sons-in-Law and Stepmothers;" "The New Abelard;" "Scenes of Military Life," for the sake of which he had visited nearly all the French battle-fields; "The Environs of Paris;" "History and Novels;" and one more volume of the "Contes Drolatiques." Some of these, it will be seen, are books that he might very probably have written had he lived long enough; others would seem to represent the momentary willingness of a man to step into fields in which he could hope to do little.

—A sixteenth-century forgery, remarkable both for its importance and for its having passed so long unchallenged, has been exposed in the most thorough manner by Wilhelm Bernardi ("Matteo di Giovenazzo: Eine Fälschung des XVI. Jahrhunderts." Berlin, 1868). The said Giovenazzo has hitherto had the credit of being the first Italian chronicler who made use of his native language, and as such has enjoyed great repute among the Neapolitans. His diary ("Diurnali") has passed through many editions, more or less critical, in France and Germany, and has been relied on for its contributions to the history of Southern Italy under Frederick II., Manfred, and the Duke of Anjou. The crucial examination to which Herr Bernardi has subjected the original text discloses almost incredible anachronisms and blunders, and proves conclusively that the diary could not have been composed by a contemporary of the events recorded, and consequently that Giovenazzo is a myth. Not content with this, the critic traces the diary to its first appearance (towards the end of the sixteenth century), and fixes upon Angelo Costanzo, author of a history of Naples, 1572, the introduction of it to the world and its undoubted invention. Still further, he lays bare the motives which led to such a forgery, which consisted chiefly in the desire to flatter certain noble families and to put down his rivals in historical writing; and finally, he names the authors from whom Costanzo borrowed, with too careless an eclecticism, the substance of his "Diurnali." A better unmasking of literary fraud has perhaps never been performed than this, especially when we consider that it is a German who has done it for the Italians. All that is left to Costanzo is a certain imaginative skill which enabled him to invest the characters he presented with a good degree of naturalness and plausibility.

## MR. KINGLAKE'S SECOND VOLUME.*

Mr. Kinglake in his second volume resumes his narrative at the close of the battle of the Alma, and pursues it through "the famous flank march to the south side of Sebastopol, the opening of the siege, the first bombardment of the place by the allies," and finishes with the two famous charges of the English cavalry on the memorable 25th of October, 1854. Probably no historian has ever taken more pains to furnish "the key" to the events he describes than Mr. Kinglake, and none certainly has ever given stronger proof of his own belief in his success. He endeavored to show in his first volume, that England was seduced into the war by the machinations of two arch-villains, the Emperor Napoleon, and St. Arnaud, "called Leroy," aided by a commercial company, composed of widows and elderly squires, commonly called *The Times* newspaper. Our readers may remember with what assiduity he worked this theory up; with what care he made nearly every little incident of contemporary history support it from the *coup d'état* in Paris, in 1851, down to the napping of the members of the British cabinet on the warm summer afternoon on which the despatch was read to them, which was to put an end to negotiation and light the flames of war.

In this second volume he endeavors to show that it was owing to the obstinacy of St. Arnaud, and the irresolution of Canrobert, his successor, that the allies did not advance immediately after the battle of the Alma; that had they advanced and assaulted the north side, the fall of the place was inevitable; and that it was owing to the failure of the French fire in the first bombardment that the town and forts on the south side were not assaulted and carried. In his account of the battle of Balaclava, he is simply a describer—that action having been an episode with no bearing on the siege operations, except in so far as Leprandi's appearance on the Tchernaya proved the folly of the failure to assault the north side. His hero in this volume, as in the first—the man who is always right, who sees through everybody and everything, and whose very weaknesses are virtues—is Lord Raglan; and the way in which he paints him furnishes, as perhaps nothing else could, the measure of Mr. Kinglake's capacity as a military historian. One or two hundred years hence, it might be possible to make Lord Raglan out a great military leader. Mr. Kinglake's misfortune has been that he has produced his history in the middle of the generation which saw the English commander-in-chief; and therefore, although Mr. Kinglake has produced one of the most readable books of the day, there is hardly anybody who will put it on his shelf with the feeling that he has a real history of the great siege. That is still to be written; but nobody will ever write it without laying himself under heavy obligations to Mr. Kinglake for his diligence in accumulating materials. That he has not succeeded better in producing either a striking picture or a faithful chronicle, is due simply to the superabundance of passion with which he has done his work.

On the authority of a memorandum of a conversation between Sir Edmund Lyons, the second in command of the English fleet—(another of his idols; the corresponding marplot being Admiral Dundas, the commander-in-chief)—and Mr. George Loch, written a year and a half after the event, he builds up the theory that Lyons urged Raglan to assault the north side immediately after the battle of the Alma, and that Raglan concurred, and in vain urged the cowardly "Leroy" to join him in it. Hence, he maintains, a brilliant opportunity of bringing the war to a sudden and glorious close was lost and the army involved in the horrors of the lingering siege which followed; this makes one more point against the French marshal. All the other evidence, however, and there is a great deal of it, shows that both Raglan and St. Arnaud contemplated a movement against the south side from the first; that some passing thoughts of attacking the north side were dissipated by the discovery of fresh works thrown up across the neck of the peninsula at the head of the harbor; and that Sir John Burgoyne, the English chief engineer, reported against it from the very first day, and was sent with his memorandum down to St. Arnaud by Raglan, and found the marshal inclined to try his luck on that side, but won him over, telling him of the new fortifications. Moreover, Mr. Kinglake reports all this evidence himself; and to crown all, since the present volume appeared, Sir John Burgoyne has written to the London *Times*, denying that Lord Raglan ever entertained the idea of an attack on the north side, expressing doubt whether Sir Edmund Lyons ever did anything so "unbecoming" as to offer any advice about it, and pronouncing the Loch memorandum worthless. There was one other fact which nobody for one minute forgot, in discussing the subject at the time, and the most

* "The Invasion of the Crimea: Its Origin, and an Account of its Progress down to the death of Lord Raglan. By Alexander William Kinglake." Vol. II. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1868.

tremendous fact of all—though it seems to have exercised no influence on Mr. Kinglake's conclusion—and that is, that a great fleet lay in the harbor, which could, at a moment's notice, have covered the slopes by which an army would descend on the north side with the fire of five hundred guns of the largest calibre—a fire under which the allied armies could not have lived for an hour.

Mr. Kinglake's description of the flank march is, as usual, very vivid; but, as usual, in trying to make Lord Raglan out imposing, he makes him ridiculous. Lord Raglan had as a young man served under Wellington, but had passed the forty years of peace in the Horse Guards as Military Secretary, without ever seeing a shot fired in anger. He was a favorite at clubs and in country-houses and London drawing-rooms; a polished, kind-hearted, fastidious, plucky gentleman whom everybody loved and respected, but he was not in any sense of the term a man of war, and nobody supposed he was. He was selected for the command in the Crimea when it was supposed the expedition would prove simply a demonstration in support of the negotiations, because he spoke French well, was suave, facile, and had lost an arm in the old wars, and would, therefore, be likely to get on well with the French. When he became actually engaged in hostilities, he was probably as much out of place as any human being ever was; and there is something almost pathetic in the story which Mr. Kinglake tells, in his first volume, of the way in which the commander-in-chief and his old friend, Sir George Brown, admitted to each other that, when they found themselves in military difficulties, it was their custom to ask themselves, "what would the great Duke have done in similar circumstances?" In fact, Lord Raglan went to the Crimea in the character of a fine old English gentleman, never forgot it for a moment, and closed his blameless life in it and in no other. What is oddest in Mr. Kinglake's history is, that he too seems to consider this the principal thing in a commander, and the want of it in the French officers a constant source of trouble and misfortune. It is this which prevents the historian seeing the inherent absurdity of Lord Raglan's riding into the midst of the enemy's lines to see what was going on during the battle of the Alma; of his riding in advance of the troops during the flank march, coming on the enemy's rear-guard, without other escort than his staff, and having to hide in the bushes till the cavalry were brought up; and, still more, of his being so disgusted when a Russian artillery captain was brought before him drunk at seeing "an officer and gentleman" in such a humiliating condition, that, although he was in sore need of information as to the enemy's movements, he refused to examine the man, and rode off with a feeling "hardly short of distress." This is very pretty, but it is not war.

When the army descended from the Mackenzie Heights—the plateau on which the flank march was performed—the English took Balaclava as their harbor, and the right of the line as their post; the French the left, and Kamiesch as their port. The latter were thus in actual contact with their ships and supplies, while the English were separated from theirs by from three to four miles, a fact soon to prove of dreadful moment. Fire was opened on the 17th of October from the siege batteries on the place, which Menschikoff and the army had evacuated, leaving it to be defended by the sailors under Korniloff and Todleben. It was tremendously effective, in spite of Todleben's genius and energy, and all bid fair for an assault, when the French magazines exploded, putting a stop to the fire on that side. The English kept it up, and reduced the Redan to a mound of earth, silencing all its guns, but were unable to go further alone. The Russians recovered their courage, and the troops began to show themselves in the rear of the allies on the heights above the Tchernaya river. On the 18th of October, Mr. Cottley, the English consul, late of Kertch, warned Lord Raglan what the winter in those regions would be, and his lordship directed him to draw up a report on the matter, and send it home with a letter of his own, showing that he was really alarmed. By the 24th the bombardment was confessedly a failure, and the army knew it was in for a long siege. On the morning of the 25th, Liprandi came down from the heights and struck the English rear, on the plains of Balaclava, before daybreak, and stormed the redoubts garrisoned by the Turks, under the eyes of the English cavalry, 1,500 strong, who, however, fearful of worse things to come, looked calmly on. It was characteristic of the condition of the service, that the commander of the light cavalry brigade, Lord Cardigan, was, when the alarm was given and the outposts driven in, in bed in his yacht at Balaclava, three miles away, being in the habit of sleeping there every night with Lord Raglan's permission.

Before saying anything of the engagement which followed, we must mention a matter of which Mr. Kinglake will probably treat in his next volume, but which, in the order of time, he ought to have taken up in this. The question of winter-quarters for the English—that is, the question, whether they would perish of cold and hunger, or pass their time comfortably—was simply a question of transportation between Balaclava and the heights of Sapoune, a distance of nearly four miles to the extreme right. For about half this distance there was a good macadamized road, known as the Woronzoff Road. But between the nearest point on this road and Balaclava, there was an interval of about a mile and a half of common country highway, which it was patent to everybody would, as soon as the rains began, become a quagmire, and cut off communication, as far as supplies were concerned, between the camp and the port. In spite of the warnings given to Lord Raglan by Mr. Cottley, and in spite of the prospect which was opened up to all eyes by the failure of the bombardment, nothing whatever was done to connect Balaclava with the Woronzoff Road, and when the winter finally set in after the battle, the extraordinary spectacle was presented of an army perishing by inches for want of food and clothing within a mile and a half of its storeships; for everything abounded at Balaclava. In accounting for the want of a road, General Airey, the Quartermaster-General, who was also a gentlemanly man, and who, as Mr. Kinglake relates, regularly dressed for dinner every day when he was farming in the backwoods in Canada in early life, said that he had relied on the Woronzoff Road, and that the disasters of the winter were due to the Turks having allowed Liprandi to seize this on the 25th of October. The fact was, though we believe it has never been fairly brought to light, that Liprandi never touched one rod of the Woronzoff Road of which the British would have made use. He never, in fact, came near their line of communication, except with the cavalry, which Scarlett so spendidly defeated.

Mr. Kinglake's account of the four engagements which made the 25th of October memorable, shows all his faults and all his virtues as a narrator. Where the incidents he describes are simple, the actors in them not numerous, few surpass him as a painter. His picture of the morning alarm on the Tchernaya, when the Turks were swept away in the grey dawn, and the Russian cavalry poured toward Balaclava, till they were arrested, almost at the head of the gorge, by Sir Colin Campbell and his handful of Highlanders, has rarely been surpassed for vividness. But when he comes to deal with that most extraordinary episode which followed, in which the heavy cavalry, under Scarlett, not over six hundred strong, rode straight into a dense mass of Russian cavalry, supposed by some to number 3,500, and by none less than 2,500, tore through and through them, the supports entering on both flanks, and meeting the first line in the centre of the mass, and driving it, after eight minutes of fierce sabreing, in wild confusion off the field, under the eyes of nearly 20,000 delighted spectators swarming on the heights above, he so loads himself with details that it is impossible, even with the help of his maps and plans, for anybody who does not know the ground to get from his narrative a clear idea of what happened. It must be admitted, too, that he sometimes draws largely on his imagination. The feelings of nearly every British officer who was in the fight, and survived it, he can of course describe, as he does, on the authority of the officer; but when he tells what was the moral and religious condition of the Scots Greys, and of the Inniskilling Dragoons, when they struck the Russian column, and tells of the "zizz" which came from the Russians, and the "low moan of desire" uttered by the English dragoons during the fray, he attempts something to which mortal powers are not equal. He saw the combat a mile away, through a field-glass, but it was at that distance a very simple matter, as all surviving spectators of it will remember—two red lines in rapid succession striking against a dark mass, breaking inside of it into red spots, the spots traversing it in every direction in zigzag, a flash of steel over head in the morning light, and in a few minutes the dark mass dissolving and rolling away down the hill from the red spots, which gathered rapidly into a line once more—and all was over. The account of the charge of the Light Brigade an hour later is better, because the phenomenon was simpler. Mr. Kinglake seems to make it clear that when poor Nolan received his death wound in riding across the English line, he was really trying to show Cardigan the way to the guns, which Lord Raglan meant him to assail—the guns lost by the Turks in the morning, and which the Russians were removing, and which might have been easily captured without the "wild charge" which closed a glorious day in disaster and defeat.

## MR. BRIGHT'S SPEECHES.*

This selection from the speeches of the greatest of living English orators may be read with different purposes. We may consider it as a full exposition of the views of one section of English Radicals, or simply as a

* "Speeches by John Bright, M.P. Edited by J. E. T. Rogers." London: Macmillan & Co.; Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

specimen of literary composition. Perhaps it is from this last point of view that it will be chiefly interesting to Americans. Mr. Bright is an eminently plain-spoken man, as beseems his country and his sect; and few people can require to be told what he thinks of Parliamentary reform, of the Irish Church, of the American rebellion, or of the Crimean war. Upon these and other topics he has expressed himself with such energy and emphasis, and has left so unmistakable a trace of his action, that no one can be in want of much information as to his views. Mr. Bright's opinions are set down in plain black and white, not in mysterious and shifting neutral tints. It may, however, be more interesting to discover what is the secret of his singular power as an orator. Those who have read his speeches in the papers, or have had the better fortune to hear them delivered, will be anxious to know how they read at a considerable interval from the time of delivery, and deprived of the aids of voice and manner. How much of the charm remains, and to what qualities is it owing?

Two things might have been said of Mr. Bright a few years ago with equal truth. First, that he was, perhaps, the most cordially hated man in the House of Commons; and secondly, that he was the one who could most perfectly command its attention. The country gentleman element regarded him as an embodiment of the evil principle in politics; yet country gentlemen jostled each other for a place to hear him speak, and listened with rapt attention to his assaults upon their dearest principles. When he was expected to deliver a great speech, even the sacred hour of dinner failed to empty the benches of the House; and when he rose, a deep silence hushed the usual murmur of conversation. The House of Commons, in truth, is a tolerant assembly to any one who will amuse it; yet there was something singular in their marked toleration for one who gave the freest utterance to the sentiments of its least popular minority. Even that most dreadful accusation against Mr. Bright, that he was "un-English," failed to shake his power as the greatest master of the English speech.

First in the list of the qualities to which this power was due, we should naturally mention his charm of voice and manner. Of these we need only say that Mr. Bright's manner would probably be remarkable in any other assembly for its repose; and even in so phlegmatic a body as the House of Commons, it does not rise above the average in energy of action. It is thus well calculated to give full play to an eloquence which rests in a singularly small degree upon any ambitious flights of imagination. Mr. Bright seldom, if ever, attempts any of those purple patches which are common with ambitious orators. His opinions are strong enough, and are expressed with remarkable vigor; but they are never draped in high-flown or figurative language. His sentences are almost always short, and even studiously simple in their construction. There are few metaphors or apostrophes; and scarcely one of those passages which would be selected for declamation by school-boys. The great popular orator instinctively avoids the bombast and clap-trap generally thought suitable to the popular taste; and with a severity which might sometimes be thought overstrained, relies more upon the force of his arguments and the skill with which his ideas are marshalled, than upon any special *tours de force*. In short, his oratory is of the Quaker variety, simple, masculine, and hard-hitting; never flowery, or what is generally called rhetorical. Even where he rises to the highest flight, he seems to feel the need of self-restraint most keenly. Take, for example, the following instance of pathos, which produced an extraordinary effect at the time. He was speaking of the disastrous Crimean campaign in 1855:

"Many homes," he says, "may be rendered desolate when the next news arrives. The angel of death has been abroad throughout the land; *you may almost hear the beating of his wings*. There is no one, as when the first-born were slain of old, to sprinkle with blood the lintel and two side-posts of our doors, that he may spare and pass on; he takes his victims from the castle of the noble, the mansion of the wealthy, and the cottage of the poor and lowly, and it is on behalf of all these classes that I make this solemn appeal."

The words we have italicized produced a strikingly solemn effect at the time, as though an invisible presence had been actually felt in the room; and Mr. Bright, having called up the sentiment, scarcely dwelt upon it for a sentence; but just touching a thought which an inferior speaker would have expanded, and probably vulgarized in the expansion, passed on to develop his argument. Or, again, those who heard the great speech which he delivered on the bill for suspending the *Habeas Corpus* Act in Ireland in 1866, will remember the effect produced by one or two single sentences. We may quote, for example, this: "I believe that if the majority of the people of Ireland, fairly counted out, had their will, and if they had the power, they would unmoor the island from its fastenings in the deep and move it at least 2,000 miles to the west." Or this: "There is an instructive anecdote to be found in the annals of the Chinese Empire. In a remote province there was an insurrection. The emperor put down the insurrection, but he abased and humbled himself before his people, and said that if he had been guilty of neglect, he acknowledged his guilt, and he humbled himself before those on whom he had brought this evil of an insurrection in one of his provinces." Taken by themselves, there is nothing very new in these remarks, nor in the language in which they are expressed; but the skill of the orator is shown in the power with which, taken with their context, they bring out the precise point to be made. They tell like a single blow struck in the right place at the right moment, without any blundering in the aim or unnecessary flourishing of the weapon. The humorous passages are equally indebted to this absence of unnecessary verbiage; Mr. Bright makes his point without boggling, with the certainty of hand of a practised master, and passes on, as it were, unconsciously. Take, for example, this neat thrust at Mr. Disraeli's political charlatanism. A feeble remedy suggested by the premier reminds him, he says, of an anecdote related by Addison. "He [Addison] says that in his time there was a man who made a living by cheating the country people. He *was not a cabinet minister—he was only a mountebank*—and he set up a stall and sold pills that were very good against an earthquake." Even Mr. Disraeli's own party could not but laugh at this delicate description of their leader.

The admirable conciseness and vigor of Mr. Bright's language make them an excellent study for young men who are under the usual temptation to florid rhetoric. It will do them good to see how much can be done by the utmost simplicity. They will observe, however, that the simplicity is of very little use unless there is something to be said. The nobler the thought, the plainer the dress which it will bear; and Mr. Bright's eloquence is really admirable because the ideas expressed are always broad and generous, and the policy defended is sufficiently large-minded to require no special pleading. No orator makes more frequent appeals to motives of justice and humanity; and it is the best proof of his merit that they never sound in his mouth like mere clap-trap or commonplace. In some respects to which we need not now refer, there are obvious limitations to Mr. Bright's field of intellectual vision; but his opinions, if sometimes based on rather narrow grounds, are never based on mean or selfish grounds. He has been frequently accused of setting class against class; people who have got a large share of political influence being of opinion that no one can propose to weaken their exclusive rights except from motives of the meanest jealousy; but readers of this volume will be inclined to acknowledge that a desire to break down class distinctions may be at least compatible with a lofty standard of political morality, and it is this constant appeal to lofty motives in simple language which gives Mr. Bright his peculiar oratorical power.

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*The Story of a Regiment:* A History of the Campaigns and Associations in the Field of the Sixth Regiment Ohio Volunteer Infantry. By E. Hannaford, formerly a member of the regiment. (Cincinnati: Published by the Author, 38 West Fourth Street. 1868.) — This is a good-sized, well-printed book of over six hundred pages, and it is an extremely good book in its way. But a book so large in proportion to its subject is hardly within the domain to which criticism belongs. It will be read by few besides those who are interested in the regiment of which it is the story. The Sixth Ohio seems to have been a favorable specimen of the Western contingent, a plucky, well-drilled, intelligent, independent, not over well disciplined, remarkably healthy set of men. It campaigned in West Virginia, Kentucky, and Tennessee; did a vast deal of marching and some hard fighting. It was present at the battles of Shiloh, Stone River, Chickamauga, and Mission Ridge or Chattanooga. Its loss was trifling at the first and last of these, and heavy at the other two, though not equal to the losses sustained in great battles by many other regiments in the late war. It took part in no other serious engagements, and it was mustered out of service in June, 1866. It is impossible to construct with the materials supplied by such a record a book so large as this that shall at the same time be interesting and valuable to the general public. And yet it is an excellent thing that it has been written, and it is much to be desired that every regiment that took a creditable part in the late war should find so competent and faithful a chronicler as Mr. Hannaford. Besides the interest it must possess for the members of the regiment and their friends, it contains many valuable bricks for the future builder, and will be found by all who love to read about the daily life of soldiers to contain much pleasant reading. The biography with which it abounds is limited in its interest, but any reader will note with satisfaction the modesty of the book, its manliness, good sense, and honesty, and will find his attention agreeably kept alive by its pleasant sketches of country, its life-like details of insig-

nificant fighting, and the infinite minuteness and fidelity with which it records the experiences of every hour of the camp, the march, and the bivouac; and there are a few passages of description in it which deserve high praise. Among these we would note particularly the excellent account of the Brown's Ferry expedition, in November, 1863, just before the battle of Chattanooga, by the success of which the first step was taken toward raising the siege of that place. Many people know that the leading feature of this admirably planned and managed enterprise was the movement of troops down the Tennessee in boats by night, but the details are not generally known. Mr. Hannaford has supplied the want. It is not easy to doubt that he was one of the party, though he modestly refrains from saying so, and he has told the story so vividly yet so simply that he might well base upon this alone a claim to a good place among the painters of pictures of the war.

State partialities are apt to be so strongly reflected in books of the class to which this belongs that we are prepossessed in favor of an Ohio soldier telling the story of an Ohio regiment when we find him saying, in his first chapter, "We have seen how grandly Ohio responded to the demands upon her, and yet she had no pre-eminence. The whole nation brought its best gifts. . . ." This is not a solitary instance. The moderation which it indicates is observable all through the book.

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*Handbook of the Stars, for School and Home Use.* By W. J. Rolfe and J. A. Gillet, teachers in the High School, Cambridge, Mass. (Boston: Crosby & Ainsworth.)—If the authors of this work had adhered to their original design, as it is stated in the preface and suggested by the title, of confining their attention to the fixed stars, their book would have been less open to criticism; or if, moreover, they could have been induced to omit even the chapters on the fixed stars, publishing only the star maps which are now found at the end of their book, they would have done a useful work. But the work is issued as a text-book in astronomy for school use, and as such we regard it as not only defective, but positively injurious. It is destitute of any logical arrangement of subjects, and the discursive, careless style in which the nature and motions of the solar system have been disposed of seems to imply that "the urgent call for an astronomy without mathematics," to which the authors claim to have responded, has been understood to be a demand for an astronomy without logic. The greater part of the book is occupied with a description of the physical constitution of the heavenly bodies. Very little space is devoted to their motions, or to the laws which regulate these motions. Thus, the discussion of "spots on the sun" occupies seventeen pages, while all that, in the body of the work, relates to the true shape of the earth, proof of the diurnal motion of the earth, astronomical instruments, annual motion of the earth, precession and nutation, change of seasons and twilight, is comprised within sixteen pages. The chapter on comets is remarkable for containing no allusion to the parabolic form of their orbits. The law of universal gravitation is referred to neither in this chapter nor in connection with the planets. Indeed, although some six pages on the history of astronomy are inserted under the head of "the real motions of the stars," in a most inappropriate place, the name of Newton is found only in the appendix. After having referred to the planets as wandering stars, the authors proceed to justify the assertion that the earth is included in this class by a long account of its original igneous condition. The logical connection between the fact that ages ago the earth was "a blazing star," and the propriety of now regarding it as a planet, seems to us somewhat obscure. Such is the superficial and almost childish treatment of the phenomena of astronomy; such is the disregard of any proper division of the subject; and in such an indefinite and vague manner is the necessary terminology presented to the reader, that we would far rather leave the scholar to his own unaided reflections than place this text-book in his hands.

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*Ab-sa-ra-ka, Home of the Crows. Being the Experience of an Officer's Wife on the Plains.* (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1868.)—This book gives an account of the expedition sent out in May, 1866, under command of Colonel H. B. Carrington, for the purpose of establishing forts along the line of the new route to Montana through Wyoming. One object it has in view is the suggestion of a new name—Absaraka—in place of Wyoming, with which designation there is now some talk of afflicting the Territory. The region was originally possessed by the Crow Indians, who have been partially dispossessed by the Sioux and Cheyennes. Ab-sa-ra-ka, signifying "The Home of the Crows," was the name by which it was known to them, and as the Crows have always been "good" Indians, it seems reasonable enough that the name should be retained. It has the merit of sounding well, and of having a definite and appropriate meaning—merits to which the present title lays no claim.

The chief purpose of the book, however, is the clearing of Colonel Carrington from the imputations of cowardice and incompetency cast upon him at the time of the massacre of December 21, 1866, when eighty-one men of his command were killed by the Sioux and Cheyennes, at a short distance from Fort Phil. Kearney. The defence seems to show, conclusively enough, that the colonel was in no wise to blame in the matter. He had been sent out while the Territory was in a state of profound peace, with only men enough to build and garrison Fort C. F. Smith and Fort Phil. Kearney, and when the Indians became troublesome, as they did even before these forts were fairly completed, his requisitions on the Government at Washington for more men and more ammunition were not attended to. He managed, however, to keep his command tolerably unbroken—although the Indians were constantly harassing the wood trains, and picking off stray men and horses—until the 21st of December, when one of the trains was attacked by a very large body of Indians, and a party was sent out with strict orders, often reiterated, to do nothing but defend the train, and in no case whatever to attempt a pursuit. These orders were disobeyed. The Indians made a feint of retreating, and succeeded in drawing the party a good way out of reach of the fort, whereupon it was at once surrounded and every man was killed—the two officers highest in command having, it is supposed, committed suicide. Exaggerated accounts of the affair got into the Eastern papers at the time. It is seldom enough that an Eastern paper talks sense about the affairs of the Plains. The massacre was said to have occurred within sight of the fort, and Colonel Carrington with two full companies was said to have been inside, too much terrified to venture out to the rescue or even to open the gates to admit the soldiers who fled to it for refuge. This narrative before us asserts—and with every appearance of telling the truth—that a second party was sent out to the assistance of the first, but arrived too late to do anything. The unfortunate men were already murdered, and the Indians, in a body of fifteen hundred—more or less—were dancing and yelling around their mutilated corpses, and beckoning to the rescuing party to come down and be served like their predecessors. The author, whom we take to be Colonel Carrington's wife, seems, although she expresses herself with a good deal of moderation, to have felt very deeply the injustice of the blame thrown upon that officer, and seems to show clearly that it was altogether undeserved.

The book contains, also, some incidentally given information about the contemplated route, and about the nature and resources of the Territory. The author is, however, very evidently unused to writing, and not only expresses herself in a roundabout and most confused way, but is as unliterary in all other respects as she is in mere expression; for this reason the facts of her book constitute its only claim to consideration.

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BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

| *Authors.—Titles.* | *Publishers.—Prices.* | |
|---|---|---|
| Bradford (Mrs. S. H.), Tales for Little Convalescents | (Hurd & Houghton) | $0 75 |
| Brooks (S.), The Gordian Knot: A Tale | (Harper & Bros.) | |
| Bulwer (Sir E. L.), The Rightful Heir: A Drama | (Harper & Bros.) | |
| Burr (Rev. E. F.), Ecce Cœlum | (Nichols & Noyes) | 1 25 |
| Gray (T.), Elegy written in a Country Churchyard; Holiday ed. | (Scribner, Welford & Co.) | |
| Griffith (R. T. A.), Scenes from the Ramayan, etc | (John Wiley & Son) | |
| Hall (S. R.), Alphabet of Geology | (Gould & Lincoln) | 0 90 |
| Hatton (J.), The Tallants of Barton: A Tale | (Roberts Bros.) | |
| Howells (W. D.), No Love Lost: A Poem | (G. P. Putnam & Son) | 1 75 |
| Jenkin (Mrs. C.), Madame de Beaupré: A Tale | (Leypoldt & Holt.) | 1 25 |
| Leakin (Rev. Geo. A.), The Periodic Law | (Pott & Amery) | 0 75 |
| Liddon (Rev. H. P.), The Divinity of Our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. | (Scribner, Welford & Co.) | |
| Loving Jesus Early | (Pres. Pub. Committee) | |
| Mountain Adventures | (Roberts Bros.) | |
| Neubauer (A.), La Géographie du Talmud | (John Wiley & Son) | |
| Notley (E. A.), Comparative Grammar of the French, Spanish, Italian, and Portuguese Languages | (John Wiley & Son) | |
| O'Reilly (M.), Memorials of the Irish Martyrs | (Cath. Pub. Soc.) | |
| Schaff (Rev. P.), Christ in Song | (A. D. F. Randolph & Co.) | |
| Shepard (Rev. G.), Sermons | (Nichols & Noyes) | |
| Worman (J. H.), Complete German Grammar | (A. S. Barnes & Co.) | |

# Fine Arts.

## SECOND WINTER EXHIBITION OF THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.

THE galleries are about half full, as the exhibition opens. The catalogue contains three hundred and fifty-three numbers. The walls are more poorly furnished than they have been at any time before when the rooms were open at all. Not because the pictures are too few in number; to give each picture the chance which the painter would ask for it, to surround each with its proper wall space, to hang each in the best manner

for itself alone, would require even a smaller number of pictures or a larger place of exhibition. But this care which, when we become civilized, we shall take for our works of art, we shall take for better pictures than these. Is this exhibition open because the time was set beforehand and must be kept? Might we not have gone without it until the Water-Color Society should be ready? A notice on the back of the title-page of the catalogue announces that their exhibition will open in January. There is reason to hope great things of that; for the society's first show, which took place last winter, promised well for the future, and they are strong enough to turn out well every year. There is, moreover, a *raison d'être* for their collection which guarantees a certain number of good drawings, a larger number of attractive and interesting ones, and, for the whole collection, a self-illustrative and educational character; qualities which this dreary November exhibition wholly lacks, having been devoid for its part of any *raison d'être*.

It is not to be supposed that fall exhibitions are bad in themselves. It has been well suggested that these should be of the summer sketches of the artists, their out-of-door work and their studies of detail and of effect; while the spring exhibitions should remain nearly what they now are, a collection of finished studio-pictures. But what use in suggesting this or any such possible good, as long as nobody takes any interest in the thing? Who has sent to this exhibition? Few of those whose work is valuable have sent anything; of the few, all but two or three have sent old pictures, and not those old pictures which one cares the most to see again. Mr. Page's portraits, Mr. Colman's "New York Bay," Mr. J. F. Cole's pictures of pastoral subjects, Mr. Boughton's "Flower Girl," Mr. Lay's "Portrait," Mr. Weir's landscape, and in water-color Mr. Newman's peaches and Miss Wenzler's cranberries, are the only new works we notice of any peculiar interest. There is nothing new from Mr. Griswold; but his grey picture of two years ago, "The Last of the Ice," appears again, and has been repainted or retouched, we think, and for the better. Mr. Farrer, besides two slight sketches, one of which contains a suggestion of a not often painted cloud effect, sends a picture of the exhibition of 1859, "Gone, Gone." Mr. Brevoort sends an interesting last year's picture, one of his Farmington studies. Among the minor matters in the Corridor are interesting little drawings and proofs of new engravings, of which at another time, if at all.

Some slight attempt has been made to collect for exhibition the works of three painters who have died since the spring exhibition opened—Leutze, S. A. Mount, and Elliot. One end of the South Gallery is given up to Leutze; there are to be found six of his pictures of historical subjects, and four portraits, one of them of the painter himself, and seemingly by himself. At the time of his death this artist was fifty-two years old, of German family and German birth, and, although an American resident from his childhood, a German painter as well, and under the influence of the Düsseldorf School of Art. His best known works are large historical or romantic pictures, containing many figures; and of these several have been devoted to important events in American history, or to symbolical subjects connected with American life and nationality. His pictures have brought high prices; he has had, what comparatively few painters in this country have had, an opportunity of doing national work on a grand scale, and his reputation as a historical painter is pretty well established among the present generation of connoisseurs and picture buyers. Such success as ambition, energy, and constant diligence, joined to personal popularity, could give him, he has not failed to attain.

The influence of the Düsseldorf school upon American art is rapidly passing away. It was never very profound, and has been superseded by other influences, far more powerful and more likely to endure. The influence of that school over Leutze is deeply to be regretted; it failed to supply the needs of his nature, and it set up before him a false and artificial standard which he, not so richly gifted with the artistic sense as with mental qualities, followed but too closely. His defects as a painter are those which, with other teaching, he would have avoided or have amended. As a draughtsman of the figure, for instance, he is said, and with evident truth, to have sought to found his style rather upon the works of Kaulbach than upon any of the art produced in Düsseldorf itself. But Kaulbach's drawing, often facile, often swift and dextrous, often deceptive for a moment, is almost never *right;* that is to say, it never reaches great excellence. Difficult attitudes of the body he has never rendered with success, and he often tries, only to fail. Rapid motions of the body, swift movements of the limbs, muscles in violent action, constantly occur in his pictures, only to ruin the pictures that contain them. In the Nibelungen frescoes at Munich the javelin does not fly, the sword-stroke does not descend, nor the arm move to impel the weapon; all is fixed and frozen into the semblance of a group of wax figures. But these words, which we use only to convey our meaning to those who are not familiar with the originals, mean only that the drawing is bad. It is not only inferior to the best work of the great Italians; not only inferior to the best work of the great moderns, of Gainsborough and Le Sueur, Delaroche and Herbert, it is even bad within the critical knowledge of a beginner, and within the amending power of a pupil of the life class. Nor can it be said that the historical pictures of Kaulbach have any of the excellences of high art, of art on a great scale, and of ambitious subject.

The unfortunate influence of pretentious, mannered, and unreal art never left the work of Leutze. His pictures of the largest size and greatest pretension are the least admirable; the smaller ones are better, and of these the "Image Breaker" in this exhibition is perhaps the most natural, the most possible, and the best drawn. Both the figures in it are well conceived and well rendered up to a certain point, and, without great merit as a work of art, it is yet a well-told story.

The works which have been brought together of Elliot's pencil are thirty in number, and are grouped at the east end of the South Gallery, not in the West Room, as stated in the catalogue. These portraits show forcibly what was best in his practice—a certain freedom in the rendering of modern costume, removed at once from affected grace and from unsubdued stiffness and formality. In this respect he was almost unrivalled; nor is it a little thing to have done, to so far subdue the modern dress to the purposes of presentable painting. Of his power of portraiture, of seizing the likeness, it is, of course, excessively difficult to judge. Some painters have it largely, who have little other artistic power; but in others it is united with the highest excellence in other departments of art; nor is there any other means offered us of judging in any case than the slow taking of the census of portraits made. What Elliot most lacked as a painter was skill in painting; his color was not badly intended, but it was not well laid nor skilfully managed. In this respect, however, we compare him with the better workmen among his contemporaries—there are many of them worse painters than he was.

In the West Room are grouped a few pictures by Shepherd Alonzo Mount, who also died during the year. Since the exhibition was arranged on the 19th of November, Wm. S. Mount died as well; a few pictures in this exhibition represent his work, but they are not arranged together. It is probable that, in some of the changes which are pretty sure to take place in the arrangement of the pictures this winter, the works of each of these painters will be increased in number and hung together. We defer notice of them for the present.


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## The Week.

ON Monday the Fortieth Congress entered upon its third session, with 48 Senators in their places and 164 Representatives, all the States being represented except Virginia, Mississippi, Texas, and Arkansas. In the Senate Mr. Sumner brought in a bill which has for its object the bestowal, by act of Congress, of the right of suffrage upon all male citizens of the United States who are more than twenty-one years old. "It is plain," Mr. Sumner says, "that inequality of rights is inconsistent with a republican form of government;" but Congress is empowered and enjoined to see that the States have governments republican in form; therefore Congress must give the right to vote to everybody old enough and of the right sex. Where he got his definition of "republican" Mr. Sumner did not inform the Senate, which ordered the bill laid on the table and printed. Senators Cragin and Pomeroy want to do the same thing, but propose to do it by amendment to the Constitution, as undoubtedly it will have to be done, if done at all. Mr. Sumner also offered a bill which looks toward the resumption of specie payments at once, that is to say, on the 4th of next July! Senator Yates and Senator Frelinghuysen each had a bill to regulate proceedings in the naturalization of aliens. How Mr. Yates's scheme is better than the method now in vogue nobody can see; Mr. Frelinghuysen's looks far more promising, as it puts the business into the hands of the United States judges; that we are going to have some kind of a general enactment on the subject seems to be perfectly certain.

The only other business of importance done by the Senate was its disposal of Mr. Hill's case. He claims to be a Senator from Georgia, and his credentials were presented on Monday by Mr. Sherman. Senator Drake objected to their reception; Mr. Hill, he said, had been elected by a Legislature which afterwards expelled all the colored members; what he wished to know was, whether Congressional authority over a lately rebellious State is at an end as soon as the State is reconstructed? Without discussing this question—which goes pretty deep—Mr. Sherman argued that inasmuch as Mr. Hill was elected by the Legislature before there had been any expulsions, he ought to be admitted. Mr. Thayer took the sensible ground that both before and after the expulsion of the colored members the Legislature contained a certain number of men who are by act of Congress disabled from acting as legislators, or even voting. In the course of the proceedings a letter was read to the Senate, written by Governor Bullock and addressed to Congress. It will be remembered that there has been something like a quarrel between the Governor and General Meade ever since the latter declined to purge the Georgia Assembly, and this letter gives some indications of the trouble between them. Both seemed to have been, from different points of view, perfectly right in the matter; though legality appears to have troubled the general more than was well.

In the House it was very noticeable that when Mr. Schenck offered his resolution respecting the naturalization of foreigners, not one Republican voted against referring it to the proper committee, while every Democrat voted with Fernando Wood in favor of laying it on the table. Mr. Broomall had a similar measure in hand, which also was referred. Mr. Archer introduced a resolution to give Mr. Johnson $50,000 in payment of his expenses at the impeachment trial—a proposition that will undoubtedly make Mr. Wendell Phillips nearly speechless. Mr. Broomall, Mr. Stokes, and Mr. Kelley, all had ready an amendment to the Constitution providing for universal suffrage without distinction of color in all the States of the Union. Mr. Menard, by the way, the first colored man to claim a seat in Congress, was present on Monday, but his chance of getting his seat appears to be slight. To admit him is to admit that the late election in Louisiana was a valid one, and that the four Democrats then elected were really the choice of the people, and this not many people feel inclined to do. Mr. Dawes offered a resolution instructing the Judiciary Committee to report whether or not more legislation is needed in order that persons in the pay of Government may receive ten hours' wages for eight hours' work. Mr. Morrell expressed very well the popular feeling in regard to Mr. Reverdy Johnson by offering a resolution censuring that minister and requesting his instant recall. Mr. Banks got it referred to his Committee on Foreign Affairs. The Freedmen's Bureau is to be continued for another year in Virginia, Mississippi, and Texas. Mr. Schofield wants Georgia put once more into the hands of the Reconstruction Committee, and is not unlikely to see his wishes measurably gratified.

Secretary McCulloch's report—the most important of all the annual reports—has appeared. He argues strongly against an irredeemable paper currency, making the usual points, and recommends that the greenbacks should cease to be legal tenders after January 1, 1870, on any subsequently made contracts, and after January 1, 1871, for any purpose whatever; and that he be authorized to issue a new loan of $500,000,000, at not over five per cent. interest, to be employed in meeting in specie the various engagements of the Government. He refers to the approaching decision of the Supreme Court on the constitutionality of legal tenders, and quotes Webster in support of the suggestion that the court will probably pronounce them unconstitutional. He thinks the quantity of American securities held abroad stimulates the importation of luxuries, which he considers ruinously excessive, but fails to supply any good reason for believing that people who import luxuries, on the whole import more than they can afford to pay for. He recommends that the annual outlay of the Government be reduced to $300,000,000; that the tariff be made simply a revenue tariff; that Mr. Jenckes's Civil Service bill be passed as an essential part of all revenue reform; that Congress help the public credit, preparatory to a new loan, by explicitly declaring the five-twenty bonds payable in coin; that the taxes on sales be made uniform on all classes of dealers. He says the public debt between November 1, 1867, and November 1, 1868, was increased by $35,625,102, owing to Pacific Railroad advances, the Alaska purchase, payment of bounties, and accrued interest on compound interest notes. Had the money not gone in this way, the receipts would have exceeded the expenditures by $33,787,912. But the debt due on November 1, 1868, he says, is less than the debt due at the close of the war by $470,256,062. He is especially severe on the Butlerites for their attacks on the public credit, and intimates pretty strongly that in his opinion the fulfilment of the pecuniary obligations of the nation is "the main question."

The President, with unusual reticence, kept his message pretty much to himself until the meeting of Congress; and as we go to press

nothing but a synopsis of it has appeared in the public prints. Doubtless it is like most Presidents' messages, of no special interest or importance. Everybody was aware that this Government has disapproved some part of Mr. Reverdy Johnson's *Alabama* arrangements; that there is, as yet, an absence of official details concerning the Lopez-Washburne affair; that the Government has failed, so far, in its negotiations for purchasing the Bay of Samana; that official facts show enormous frauds in the revenue service; that fears are entertained of a largely increased military expenditure on the Plains, etc. It is not very novel either to hear from Mr. Johnson that the South is in a deplorable condition—so many of her States being kept under military rule; so many inalienable Constitutional privileges being withheld from her citizens; so many alienable privileges being conferred upon an inferior race; so many of her inhabitants being disfranchised. It is not new either to learn that the President is in favor of a gradual contraction of the paper currency, and a return as speedily as may be to specie payments.

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The farce known as the trial of Jefferson Davis has reached a new stage during the past week. To a proper understanding of the performance, it is as well to remember that it has been known from the beginning that his conviction in the district in which he must be tried—that is, the district in which his acts of treason were committed—was not possible, without packing a jury, or, in other words, without so conducting the trial that it would have no moral weight. But nobody seems to have had the courage to look this fact in the face, and either push the affair to a conclusion or drop it. Accordingly it has been used as "a little game" to fill up the vacant hours of the bench and bar, Horace Greeley and his brother bondsmen opening it by a magnanimous bailing of the prisoner, including a grand "reconciliation tableau," in which Mr. Greeley shook hands with the culprit, just as Reverdy Johnson shook hands with Roebuck and Laird. Then there came a variety of minor tricks, in the shape of "motions" by distinguished counsel, every one of which was supposed by the innocent public to be paving the way for the great crisis. During the past week we have had a motion, which certainly indicates the near approach of the end, to quash the indictment, on the ground that the fourteenth constitutional amendment, in prescribing the disfranchisement of all persons who, having held offices under the United States Government, shall have committed treason against it, does away with all other punishment or pursuit. Chief-Justice Chase held the point well taken; but Judge Underwood, who sat with him, dissented, so it goes up on appeal to the Supreme Court. That a difference of opinion on a point of law between the Chief-Justice and Judge Underwood should form the groundwork of the appeal, gives the finishing touch to the affair. Judge Underwood is a perfectly honest man, but he draws his law, like the original impeachers, in all political cases, from the recesses of a loyal and generous heart; and if he were to sit on Davis's trial a hint from a prayer-meeting would probably not come amiss or be disregarded. We think this is a fair deduction from his charge to the grand jury two years ago.

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An agitation has been going on in this city during the greater part of last week—including public meetings, speeches, and resolutions—the conductors being ladies prominent in the woman's rights movement, to secure a pardon for a young English girl, named Hester Vaughn, lying under sentence of death in Philadelphia for infanticide. The Philadelphians kept very quiet, so that our orators had things all their own way. The case was worked up till it began to wear the appearance of the utmost barbarity—reflecting the greatest discredit, first on modern civilization; next on the male sex; next on Pennsylvania law; next on the governor of the State; and next on the Philadelphian public; finally, the girl's counsel was accused of pocketing her money and then professionally betraying and deserting her. The requisite amount of speaking having been done, and the bearing of the case on woman's rights having been fully pointed out, a deputation of ladies started for Harrisburg to see the governor, with a petition. It then came out that there was hardly a single fact connected with the trial which had not been misrepresented or distorted at the meetings; that the orators had kept themselves in such blissful ignorance that they did not know till they got to Harrisburg that thousands of persons in Pennsylvania had done in the matter what charity required of them, and that the governor had not the least intention of sending the girl to execution; that nearly all the picturesque parts of the New York narrative were pure fiction; and that by the testimony of the judges who tried the case, and of lawyers who witnessed the trial, the prisoner's counsel had defended her to the last with zeal, skill, and ability. Now, there is one thing which the ladies owe it to modern civilization, the male and female sexes, and the cause of charity and the cause of morality and of woman's rights, to do—and that is to call another meeting, with Mr. Greeley in the chair, and then and there pass resolutions, with appropriate speeches, apologizing to Hester Vaughn's counsel for the attack on his character, expressing sincere regret for it, and pledging themselves individually and collectively to be more careful in future.

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We recommend this all the more earnestly because the loss of reformatory power caused by the growing tendencies of reformers to use reckless attacks on private character as one of their favorite weapons is enormous. The custom of imputing the greatest personal baseness to all persons who happen to differ from them in opinion, or who for any reason seem to stand in the way of "a cause," is rapidly depriving, if it has not already deprived, that class of persons who do most of the preaching against abuses of all weight or influence. Of the generally demoralizing effect on the community of the display of unscrupulousness by such persons we have often spoken. Its practical, palpable evils may be seen every day. For instance, when a great body of well-meaning people wildly accuse men like Fessenden and Trumbull of having sold themselves in their judicial capacity to the "Whiskey Ring," and accuse Chief-Justice Chase of having invited senators to dinner at his house for the purpose of inducing them to give a corrupt verdict, of course the *really* corrupt judges—of whom we have already some, and whose number is increasing—who *do* sell their judgments in private causes for cash down, can afford to laugh at the denunciations of reformers, and they *do* laugh. If, too, a number of women who occupy themselves incessantly with the work of reform in the press and on the platform wildly and recklessly accuse a lawyer like Hester Vaughn's counsel, who has done his work well, of the last degree of personal and professional iniquity, and, when the falsehood of the charge is exposed, take no more notice of it than if they had only made a slight error in a date or in the name of a place, of course that large band of legal scoundrels who cheat the friendless—who, for instance, make a trade of getting fraudulent divorces, of which women are almost invariably the victims—will bid defiance to the exposures of women's rights agitators and all other kinds of agitators. In fact, there is nothing more admirable in the moral order of the world than the inefficiency of falsehood, on the whole and in the long run. What is gained by it this year or in this place, is sure to be lost next year and in some other place. The liar, no matter what the cause he serves, holds only the ground he camps on. The great and permanent conquests for justice and humanity are made by truth only.

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There appears to be a good deal of opposition in Michigan and elsewhere to the re-election of Senator Chandler, whose term expires next year. It is based on objections to his personal character. Of the nature of these objections some idea may be formed from the allusions to the "wine-cup" which accompany them, and which are not always either delicate or distant. Moreover, the admiration of him as a legislator seems to be neither general nor deep. He defends himself, however, and his friends defend him, on the broad Butlerite ground of "soundness on the main question," which his adversaries—and amongst them appears the Hartford *Post*, General Hawley's paper—declare to be no longer sufficient, its saving grace having been exhausted in General Butler's case. He has, however, one other entrenchment to retreat upon, viz., the "hatred of the Copperheads." Do "the Copperheads hate him for his course during the rebellion?" If they do, why ask any more questions? We venture to suggest for his consideration also the suspicious circumstance that this opposition to him springs up not

many months after his noble defence in the Senate of our naturalized citizens now or lately immured in British dungeons, by the introduction of his great bill directing the President to lock up one British subject sojourning in the United States for every naturalized American restrained of his liberty in British dominions. Now, we do not say that British gold is at the bottom of the present opposition to him, but we *do* say that it is very odd that the opposition to him should appear so soon after the introduction of the measure above mentioned. Should he be defeated, one War Horse more will have disappeared from the stud which, three short years ago, made the Republican party the dread and envy of the world, and filled the land with neighings, snortings, and kickings for the rights of man.

General Butler, after a short period of what the French call *recueillement*, a word for which there is no precise equivalent in English, has reappeared in public, and made a short speech to some colored Zouaves who serenaded him in Washington, promising them a very bright future for their race, in which equal rights, equal burdens, and equal powers are to form the principal blessings. He sketched in glowing terms the industrial future of the South, and hinted that the material prosperity of the negroes would not begin till they had been put in possession of farms, which they had indeed paid for, but which other people had been compelled to sell them. The best way of getting at this result, however, because the way least likely to create bad blood, is to tax uncultivated land so heavily as to make it unprofitable to hold it; and then let negroes and white men take their chance of getting it in the market on equal terms. To force men to sell to negroes directly, or to any determinate class, would be a modified but very offensive form of confiscation. General Butler's statement, that the great subdivision of the soil in France was the only permanent result of the Revolution, has, as we pointed out when Wendell Phillips made it, no foundation. De Tocqueville disposed of this delusion ten years ago in his "Ancien Régime," a book which it would do no orator any harm to read. The subdivision of the soil in France came about before the Revolution in the ordinary way, by the sale of estates of impoverished nobles. The Revolution produced hardly any perceptible effect on the number of farms.

The authorities in South Carolina seem to have singular notions as to how to strengthen the credit of their State, if we may judge by the following passage of the governor's message:

"I recommend to the Legislature that some early action be taken to prevent the courts and officers of the Bank of the State from wasting and misapplying its assets to the payment of costs of courts, attorneys' fees, and the salaries of officers and agents. If the holders of the Fire Loan Bonds are determined to pursue the policy of disparaging the credit and resources of the State, when it must be apparent to them that no State of the Union is more solvent, or has a fairer prospect of promptly meeting all her liabilities, they should be compelled to carry on this litigation at their own expense. I have reason to believe that not less than sixty thousand dollars in gold has been squandered and made away with for salaries of officers and agents who are performing no necessary duties, fees of attorneys who are employed for the purpose of bringing the credit of the State into disrepute, and for other objects of equally questionable propriety. The holders of the Fire Loan Bonds should be placed on the same footing as other creditors of the State, and they should be held accountable for all damages the State has sustained, or may sustain, by their unwarrantable litigation."

One is surprised, after reading this fulmination, to learn from the statement of Mr. Hayne, the counsel of the party attacked, that the State is a debtor in default with its debt past due; that the Fire Loan Bondholders are creditors entitled to certain collaterals pledged by the State when the contract was made in 1838; that in 1865 the Legislature —the Bank being insolvent—confirmed the pledges of 1838, and appropriated the assets of the Bank of the State of South Carolina to the holders of the bonds, and, finally, that all the litigation that has ensued grew out of a suit instituted by the *billholders* of the Bank, brought in 1867, seeking to set aside the act of the Legislature in favor of the bondholders, and claiming for themselves these assets which the bondholders of the Bank simply *defend*, and that it has cost little over $30,000, instead of $60,000. In 1868 the Legislature passed an act disregarding the act of 1838, and repealing that of 1865, and requiring the governor to seize the whole assets of the Bank, then a deposit in equity, and to place the funds in the State Treasury. In the same act, satisfactory provision was made for the billholders who began the litigation, and none for the bondholders who are defendants.

It does seem rather hard, on these facts, that people who advanced their money thirty years ago to help rebuild the city of Charleston should be threatened with being made accountable for "all damages the State has sustained by their unwarrantable litigation." We do not pretend to go into the merits of the case, but suggest that these merits be left to the courts, and that common prudence would suggest that distant bondholders, waiting for their money, long past due, at a time too when the governor tells them that "no State in the Union is more solvent," should be made to feel that every facility is afforded them by the State to defend rights which they at least believe to be undoubted. South Carolina cannot afford, either as a matter of money or of character, to damage its opening career of prosperity by any other course. The fact is, too, that the holders of the bank-bills, for whose benefit this extraordinary interference with the action of the courts is talked of, have bought them up for about eight cents on the dollar, and, we fear, are adding another to the number of "rings" by which the country is now infested.

The bar is taking a more active part than usual in the agitation now raging in Paris. In the trials of the editors for their participation in the "affaire Baudin" the speeches of the counsel have been exceedingly bold, and have handled the origin of the dynasty in a way that horrified the court and delighted the audience. Many of the leaders, including Messrs. Crémieux, Marie, and Jules Favre, have given formal opinions maintaining the legality of the demonstration in honor of Baudin's memory. To deny it, they say, would be to sanction the doctrine that in France resistance to law is "sacred and holy," if it should happen to be successful. No "plebiscite" taken subsequently could make Baudin's armed resistance to the *coup d'état* other than lawful and honorable. There has been a report of a widespread conspiracy for the overthrow of the Government, spread, if not invented, by the *Gaulois*, a new paper in the confidence of the Government; but, owing to some misunderstanding, probably, on the part of the police, the story was no sooner set agoing than the publishers were threatened with a prosecution. It was, perhaps, at first thought desirable to have a conspiracy to justify the fuss made about Baudin, and afterwards it was thought undesirable to seem afraid. The Emperor's unquestionably declining health, as well as advancing years, increases the prevailing anxiety, and a telegram announcing his death found its way over the Atlantic on Saturday, but was speedily contradicted; but on the same day there was almost a panic in London, owing to reports of street-fighting in Paris.

Von Beust, the Imperial Chancellor of Austria, like Von Bismarck, the Chancellor of the North German Confederation, has been made a count. The Prussian statesman has founded an empire, the adviser of Francis Joseph has perhaps saved one. The Hapsburg has indeed every reason to be satisfied with the work achieved by Von Beust on the basis prepared by Deák. The machinery of the dualistic—Hungarian and non-Hungarian—empire works, on both sides of the Leitha, as smoothly as possible—in the year III. after chaos. The new army bill, which secures a total of eight hundred thousand men in time of war, has passed both the Vienna Reichsrath and the Diet of Pesth. The united delegations of the two assemblies have voted the budget for 1869. The difficulties between Hungary proper and Croatia have been adjusted; the Croatian representatives have occupied their seats in the Hungarian Assembly, and a mixed commission is soon to remove the last point in dispute, that concerning the city of Fiume, on the Adriatic, which is claimed by both parties. The work of liberal reform proceeds in both halves of the empire. Friendly relations have been maintained with the German States, entangling alliances avoided, and the machinations of Russia, both in Galicia and on the Lower Danube, checked by a firm attitude. The Cechic agitation proves powerless. In a word, the reconstruction of Austria might be called a perfect success, and Count Beust could look Count Bismarck boldly in the face, if he had what his rival has, a sound currency.

## THE RETURN TO SPECIE PAYMENTS.

The present session of Congress is likely to become memorable for its attempts to legislate the country back to specie payments. The leading features of the principal plans about to be proposed have for some weeks past been fully and ably discussed by the public press throughout the country, and have at the same time elicited the usual number of crude, silly, and impracticable suggestions, which pert ignorance is on such occasions only too ready to pour forth, and editorial good-nature too ready to print. While the discussion has been useful in proving the earnest desire of the people to return to a sound currency, it has not, so far, accomplished much in pointing out the way.

What is the meaning of "specie payments?" Simple as the question may seem, yet, ask twenty different persons, and you will get twenty different answers. Specie payment means—the redemption in gold of a promise to pay gold, the redemption in specie of a promise to pay specie. There must first be a *promise* to pay specie before there can be a specie payment in any sense applicable to national finance. Specie payments prevail in those countries in which everybody's promise to pay specie on demand is habitually redeemed in specie, or at least can be redeemed in specie if demanded. Specie payments prevailed in the United States previous to 1857. The banks throughout the country had issued a great many "promises to pay specie on demand," and had always redeemed them promptly when required. Almost the entire currency of the country consisted of these bank-notes, or bank promises to pay specie on demand, and as they were everywhere promptly redeemed in specie, they were everywhere considered equal to specie, and "specie payments" prevailed throughout the country. But in 1857 a great financial disturbance occurred. The foreign trade of the country required an unusually large export of specie at the very time when the unsettled condition of the domestic trade was calling for a large employment of specie at home. This double demand for coin exhausted the supply in the banks; they had not coin enough to redeem all the promises to pay coin which were presented to them for redemption. They stopped redeeming their promises in specie; in other words, they, the banks, *suspended specie payments.* Specie payment means the redemption in specie of a promise to pay specie. Suspension of specie payments means the temporary failure to redeem in specie a promise to pay specie. In October, 1857, the banks suspended specie payments; all through the winter of 1857 and spring of 1858 they continued unable to redeem their promises, and specie payments continued suspended. The obligation of the banks to redeem their notes in specie was an absolute legal obligation, and their failure to comply with it was virtually an act of bankruptcy; but the public, which held in its hands the unredeemed promises of the banks, by tacit consent agreed to wait. In the summer of 1858, first the banks of New York city, and soon after those of Philadelphia, notified the holders of their promises that they were prepared to redeem in specie all their suspended promises to pay specie, and soon after specie payments were resumed throughout the United States. In other words, the banks which had temporarily suspended the redemption in specie of their promises to pay specie now resumed that redemption.

The financial history of England, during the Napoleonic wars, furnishes another and far more memorable example of the suspension of specie payments. The Bank of England had issued a great many promises to pay specie, and had always promptly redeemed them; but the export of coin to subsidize the Continental coalition against France had so much reduced the supply in the country that in 1797 the Bank became unable to redeem its promises any longer, and suspended specie payments. The suspension of the Bank of England was as much an act of bankruptcy as the suspension of the banks of New York; but as it was deemed that great injury would result to the whole country if the Bank were declared bankrupt, the suspension was legalized by an act of Parliament, the Bank was temporarily relieved from the legal obligation to redeem its notes in specie, and thus specie payments in England remained suspended at the pleasure of Parliament, and the bank-notes issued by the Bank of England remained unredeemed in the hands of the people. The Bank was under the obligation to redeem its notes in specie; Parliament had temporarily suspended, not removed, the obligation; and when the danger of great national injury was supposed to have passed, Parliament again enforced the obligation. In 1819, the Bank was notified that in 1823 it must be prepared to comply with its legal obligation to redeem in specie its outstanding promises to pay specie, and in 1823, or in reality some time previous, the Bank of England did, after twenty-five years of suspension, again resume specie payments.

These two notable instances of suspension and resumption appear to be in everybody's mind while discussing our present financial condition. They are daily quoted as examples *pro* and *con.*, and especially does the mandatory act of Parliament, with its magnificent simplicity, exercise a fascination over many of our financial authorities that entirely prevents them from discerning the difference between the English suspension and our own. We have seen how our banks suspended specie payments in 1857 and resumed in 1858. In 1860 another great financial disturbance took place. The banks again became unable to redeem in specie their promises to pay specie. For some time their unredeemed promises continued in the hands of the holders, the public; specie payments continued suspended. But these unredeemed promises of the banks to pay specie did *not* continue long in the hands of the public. They were not, it is true, redeemed in specie, *but they were redeemed.* Everybody remembers how Congress passed the Legal Tender Act, which made greenbacks a legal tender for every form of debt, and which enabled the banks to gradually withdraw and cancel their notes whenever they came into their possession. The banks, like everybody else, took advantage of the Legal Tender Act, and redeemed their promises to pay specie with greenbacks; and so successful were they in getting possession of their notes, that there are now only a very limited amount of them in existence; and, for all practical purposes, it is safe to assert that all promises to pay specie issued in the United States previous to 1861 have been redeemed. Not only have the promises to pay specie been redeemed and destroyed, but the very banks which issued them first and redeemed them afterwards have disappeared, leaving no trace. Not only are there no promises to redeem, and no one to ask their redemption, but there is nobody to redeem them if there were any. The bank-note currency of the United States prior to 1861 *was* redeemable in specie. *It has all been redeemed.* There is no currency now in the United States which *is* redeemable in specie. No bank or other authorized institution has issued any promises to pay specie since 1861. Upon whom, then, is Congress to call to resume the suspended specie payments?

Without a clear understanding of the nature of our financial disease, it is evidently impossible to devise a remedy. If we once divest ourselves of the idea that ours is an ordinary case of suspension, we shall see the uselessness of applying the remedies that in a case of suspension would be suitable. If the country were flooded with bank-notes issued by responsible institutions, and these bank-notes were promises to pay specie, and their redemption were temporarily suspended, we might with perfect propriety follow the example of the English Parliament. Congress need only say to the defaulting or suspended banks: For reasons of urgent public necessity the obligation to redeem your promises in specie was temporarily suspended; the urgency has passed; you may have six or twelve months to put your house in order and prepare yourselves for resumption, but after that time the obligation to redeem your promises in specie will be again enforced. If ours were an ordinary case of suspension, the course would be simple. But our case is a totally different one. We have no unredeemed promises to pay specie in existence. No existing bank or other authorized institution has issued any promises to pay specie; no existing bank or other institution of any kind has failed to redeem its promises to pay specie. There is virtually no suspension of specie payments in the United States to-day.

The financial evil under which the country is now laboring, the legal-tender currency or greenbacks, is a far worse evil than suspension, and far more difficult to deal with. These greenbacks are nothing more nor less than a part of the national debt, precisely the same as the five-twenty and ten-forty bond . They were given out by the

Treasury in payment of goods or services bought of the people, just as the seven-thirties and compound-interest notes (which were afterwards converted into bonds) were given out for the same purpose. They represent part of the sum borrowed of the people by the Government. For one part of the sum thus borrowed bonds were given in acknowledgment, stating when they would be paid and what interest they should bear until paid. For another part of the sum thus borrowed greenbacks were given in acknowledgment, not stating when they would be paid, positively declaring (by the law under which they were issued) that no one could demand their redemption in specie, and bearing no interest, but in compensation possessing the capacity of paying debts—in other words, being declared legal-tender currency. Of this form of United States debt, bearing no interest, payable at no time, redeemable in nothing, and receivable for all debts, there are about three hundred and ninety millions in existence, three hundred and sixty millions in notes of one dollar and more, and thirty millions in fractional currency. This irredeemable currency is universally acknowledged to be a curse, and it is the all but unanimous wish of the people of the United States that it should as speedily as possible be made redeemable in specie. The question, therefore, before the country and Congress is, How can that portion of the United States debt which is now an irredeemable legal-tender currency be made redeemable in specie? Many wiseacres believe that a simple declaration of Congress, "that, on or after July 4, 1869, or some other date, the Treasury will redeem all greenbacks in specie," would at once, or gradually, but certainly by the time fixed in advance, make all greenbacks virtually redeemable in specie, and restore to the country a healthy redeemable specie currency. Nobody who is in the habit of "thinking things out" can have fallen into this delusion. If the Treasury redeem greenbacks in specie, it must either cancel the greenbacks so redeemed or reissue them.

The income of the Treasury consists of coin and greenbacks. If its expenditures are just equal to its receipts, it will be obliged to pay out every dollar of coin or greenbacks received, in order to meet its expenditures. If it exchange any part of its coin receipts for greenbacks—in other words, if it use any part of its coin receipts to redeem greenbacks—it will still be obliged to pay out every dollar of coin or greenbacks to meet its expenditures. If it use any part of its coin receipts to redeem greenbacks, it must almost immediately reissue the greenbacks so redeemed, or it must fall short of funds to meet its expenses. It cannot redeem greenbacks without reissuing them, unless its receipts are larger than its expenses. If it redeem greenbacks without reissuing them—in other words, if it cancel them—it is paying off a portion of its debt. It cannot possibly pay off any portion of the debt except out of its surplus revenues. What the surplus revenues of the coming year may be, we do not know. The surplus revenues of the past year, we see from newspaper reports, are estimated by Mr. McCulloch at thirty-five millions. We know, however, that the total debt of the country, according to the official debt statements, was thirty-six millions *larger* on November 1, 1868, than on the same date of 1867, which shows an incontrovertible *deficit* of thirty-six millions. The receipts of the Government during the year were thirty-six millions less than its expenditures. It had to borrow that sum to meet its expenses. Let us hope that next year may show a very different result. But for aught we can tell there may be a deficit next year, as large as, or larger than, this year's. Now, with a last year's deficit of thirty-six millions and a next year's probable deficit, what surplus of revenue are we likely to have to be applied to the redemption and cancellation of greenbacks? It is evident that any greenbacks that may be redeemed next year will have to be immediately reissued, unless we have some other means of redemption besides surplus revenue.

Those who advocate the plan of immediate resumption by the mere mandate of Congress, tell us that it is not necessary to wait for surplus revenue in order to redeem greenbacks; we have, they say, a large cash balance on hand which is totally useless, and which could with propriety be used for the purpose. This objection readily suggests the enquiry, Why is not this large cash balance applied wholly, as it was in part, to meeting the last year's deficit? Why did we borrow fresh sums at interest, sell more bonds, if we had a large cash balance on hand to be applied to the purpose? The fact is—and this statement will perhaps surprise some of our over-sanguine financiers—that the much-talked-of large cash balance is a myth. No such thing exists. The debt statement of November 1, 1868, shows a nominal cash balance of one hundred and fourteen millions. On that day the Treasury owed for coin interest actually due about twenty-seven millions, for over-due debt not presented for payment nearly ten millions, for coin certificates nearly twenty millions more, and for three-per-cent. loan certificates, virtually payable on demand, fifty-eight additional millions,—in all no less than one hundred and fifteen millions of actually due debt or debt liable to be called for at a moment's notice. This cash balance, that so many eager legislators wish to see employed in redeeming greenbacks, is actually less in amount than what the Treasury may almost any moment be called upon to pay out in cash. It must be evident to everybody not utterly wanting in prudence that it would be totally impossible to employ any portion of this so-called "cash balance" in redeeming greenbacks, unless with the distinct understanding that they could and would be immediately reissued.

We have seen that it is impossible to redeem *and cancel* greenbacks except out of surplus revenue. We know that last year we not only had no surplus revenue, but an actual deficit of thirty-six millions. We know that, so far as this fiscal year has progressed, there is nothing to warrant the hope of a different result at its close. We may, therefore, safely abandon the anticipation of being able to redeem many greenbacks and cancel them out of surplus revenue. The advocates of immediate resumption claim that the cash balance in the Treasury can be employed in redemption. We have shown that there is really no such cash balance, and that of the nominal cash balance no portion could be safely employed in redeeming greenbacks for the purpose of cancelling them. If, therefore, the Treasury redeem any greenbacks at all, it can only do so if it does not cancel but immediately reissues them. How many greenbacks can the Treasury redeem, supposing it does not cancel any? On the 1st of November last, the Treasury had on hand one hundred and three millions in coin. Of these nearly eighteen millions belonged to depositors, about twenty-seven millions were that day due for interest on bonds, and about twenty-five millions were set aside for accrued interest on the debt, which must be paid out of the coin then on hand; in all, nearly seventy-two millions which could not be touched for any purpose whatsoever without impairing the Secretary's ability to redeem the most urgent and most sacred of all the Government obligations—the coin interest on the public debt. This would leave about thirty-one millions of coin in the Treasury to be applied to purposes of redemption, and there is no reason for believing that this balance would at any time within the coming year be materially larger. The largest amount with which the redemption experiment could, therefore, be tried would not exceed thirty-one millions. Does any thinking person seriously believe that the mere declaration of Congress, that after a given date the Treasury would commence redeeming greenbacks, would inspire such confidence as to prevent people from presenting their greenbacks for redemption, especially when it is known that of three hundred and ninety millions of greenbacks outstanding not more than thirty millions could possibly be redeemed, and that even these thirty millions would have to be immediately reissued to meet the current expenses of the Government? It is contrary to all experience of human nature to suppose so.

It is plausibly argued that no one has the greenbacks to present for redemption. But what has been the experience of the past? In one week in May, 1866, foreign houses bought of the Treasury twenty-five millions of gold, and paid for them in greenbacks, although the Treasury demanded and received a premium of thirty per cent. on the gold sold; whereas it is now proposed to sell or exchange the gold *at par*. Would not the same foreign houses be ready to do the same thing over again? It is replied, that then there was a large demand for coin for export consequent upon a decline in bonds abroad during a sudden war, whereas now any attempt to return to specie payments would rapidly advance the value of our bonds abroad, and prevent their importation and the consequent export of coin. The argument is totally

fallacious. Experience shows that the market price of our bonds abroad only very slowly follows the decline in gold here, and that gold has never fallen very rapidly here without causing considerable amounts of bonds to be returned. There is no good reason for supposing that any sudden decline in the gold premium now, consequent upon any Congressional attempt to return suddenly to specie payments, would have any other result than to compel the foreign houses to come into the market as buyers, and drain the country of a larger amount of gold than the Treasury could employ for purposes of redemption.

Again, it is said that the national banks, which are supposed to be the largest holders of greenbacks, could be by some legislative proviso restrained from presenting them. But such legislation would be unjust and injurious, as well as useless, for of the three hundred and ninety millions of greenbacks in circulation the banks of the whole country, according to their last reports, held only ninety-two millions, leaving three hundred millions in the hands and pockets of the people. That the people are able and willing to take and hold the gold, if there is any incentive to do so, is well illustrated by the fact that in 1861 nearly seventy millions of gold are proved to have been placed in hoards by the people of this country, in addition to the sums already in circulation at the time of Lincoln's election. When it is known that there are three hundred and ninety millions to be redeemed, and only thirty-one millions to redeem them with, and that after the first redemption there cannot possibly be any further redemptions for a long time to come, then everybody will want a share of the thirty-one millions, one hundred millions at least will be presented for redemption, suspension will ensue before redemption has fairly begun, and permanent resumption will be further off than ever.

The return to specie payments is not to be exhaustively treated in a newspaper article, but enough has, we think, been said to show that, in the present condition of the Treasury, any attempt to return to specie payments in the manner proposed can only result in irremediable confusion and ultimate disaster.

## ENGLISH DEMOCRACY AT THE POLLS.

The additional news as to the result of the elections in England brings to light some features in the democratic movement there which have taken both its friends and its enemies by surprise. The new voters have acted in a way that has disappointed everybody. They have shown at the polls no dissatisfaction whatever with the *class* of men who now do the work of legislation. The new House of Commons will be composed of almost exactly the same kind of men as the last one—that is, of peers and relatives of peers, great landed proprietors, wealthy merchants and lawyers, with a very small sprinkling (so small as hardly to be worth notice) of literary men and professors. The election has, on the whole, been disastrous to the leading out-of-door agitators in the Reform movement. Mr. Beales, its head and front, has been defeated. Mr. Bradlaugh, another of its great lights, has also been defeated, though his misfortunes are doubtless in great part due to his being a ranting, roaring atheist. In fact, not one of the men who have made themselves prominent in it have found their services of the slightest assistance in procuring them elections as legislators. There appears, in fact, little reason to doubt that the strikingly conservative temper of Englishmen of all grades has led the working-men—without, probably, ever having given any thought to the matter—to doubt the capacity for the practical work of government of some whom they listen to with great satisfaction as orators at public meetings. At the same time, a good deal of allowance must be made for the hearty hostility felt towards the Bealeses and Bradlaughs by men of the upper and middle classes.

A still more singular result of the election is, however, the defeat of all "working-men candidates;" that is, of candidates taken from the workshops and put forward because it was supposed they would be better fitted to represent the opinions and feelings of their own class than men of a higher social position. There are already men in the House of Commons, such as Mr. Tom Hughes and Professor Fawcett, who really do consider themselves, in an especial manner, working-class representatives, and do conscientiously endeavor to understand working-class interests and give expression to working-class feelings. But then a great many Liberals have felt that these gentlemen were, after all, very ill-fitted for their position. Both the House of Commons and the country get, it has been said, a very imperfect idea from them of the kind of person the working-man really is, of his wants, aspirations, or prejudices. They are both, as well as the *Spectator*—the paper which comes nearest to bearing the character of their organ—given to taking sentimental views of things; and the working-man they represent in Parliament is rather a working-man of the mind than the working-man of the foundries and factories and trades unions. For some years back the working-man has, through that process of magnification which is witnessed in all agitations undertaken on behalf of an oppressed class, been made out by his champions to be as much better than he really is as his enemies used to make him out worse, until in the minds of many of the former he seems to offer material for an aristocracy of virtue and wisdom. Something similar was witnessed in Paris in 1848, when the National Assembly was entertained every day with the spectacle of members, who a year or two previously would have blushed to own a working-class origin, laboriously proclaiming that they had themselves been at one time toilers with their hands. The debates were disturbed by contentions between members as to the reality of their pretensions to the character of "working-men;" and one manufacturer, M. Grandin, declared that his reason for claiming the title was, that it seemed to him "to constitute a superiority fully as aristocratic as that constituted in other days by the title of count or marquis." Into these follies, of course, the English Liberals do not run, but then there is not much faith or credit given in or out of Parliament to what Messrs. Fawcett, Hughes, and the like say of working-men's wants—although they, of course, speak with weight and authority as to what working-men *ought* to want and ought to have.

There has, therefore, been a strong effort made, and principally by those on whom the burden of pleading the working-man's cause in Parliament has hitherto fallen, to secure the election of a few real working-men; and some very good specimens of the class—men whose character and education would have reflected no discredit on it in any assembly; notably Mr. Odger—were selected for the trial of the experiment, and it was believed or hoped that the working-men would subscribe money to pay their expenses while sitting and would support them at the polls. They have, however, been all defeated; no money has been subscribed for their expenses, and no evidence afforded that working-men, as a body, want to be represented in Parliament by members of their own class. The cause of this is doubtless somewhat the same as the cause of the defeat of the Reform agitators—and that is, the belief by which all classes of English society are more or less permeated, that government is an art needing high education and special training. The aristocracy have fought vigorously against this idea, maintaining that government was the hereditary function of a caste, needing high birth, fortune, and leisure, but this is the very point on which they have been beaten. The idea which has triumphed in the Reform movement is that every place in the Government should be open to the competition of every man, but that none but the fittest man should get it. The abolition of test-oaths, of the property qualifications for seats in the House of Commons, the agitation against the purchase system in the army, the institution of competitive examination for appointments in the civil service, are all so many recognitions of it by the popular party. That working-men are influenced by it, there can be little doubt; and all the more strongly because their complete separation hitherto from the work of government, and, in fact, until the foundation of the trades unions, from all work of organization, and from everything included under the term "business," and their familiarity from time immemorial with the monopoly of power by members of the upper classes—that is, of the owners of knowledge and wealth—has impressed them more strongly than the middle classes have ever been impressed with the idea that politics is a "mystery," or at all events a craft requiring close training for its exercise. The sentiment of social equality, as it is found in France, too, has not taken such root in England as to lead them to wish to send a working-man to the House of Commons merely as an assertion of the doctrine that working-men are as good as other people. This *may* come eventually, but the English are

evidently a long way off from it. At present the new voters seem to regard Parliament as a locomotive, with the driving of which they are content not to meddle so long as they can influence in some degree the direction of the train and the rate of speed and the nature of the freight.

One of the most significant features in the struggle has been Mr. Bright's total abstinence from all share in the purely working-man phase of it. He has played a giant's part in getting him the franchise, but he has held aloof from all attempts to get him into the House of Commons or to make him out fit to legislate; and consequently has fallen somewhat under a cloud—a very faint one, it is true—with the present generation of radical leaders, and is forced to hear faint murmurs of doubt and disapproval, in which his position as a member of the employer class is referred to as having something to do with his lukewarmness. But in reality his present position in this matter is the logical result of his career. Neither he nor Cobden was ever a sentimental radical, or ever relied much on the sentimental side of any grievance, or ever gave any countenance to the idea that the work of government was an easy or simple work, for which anybody who chooses can fit himself in a month. The great struggle of their lives was in fact carried on in opposition to it, and their great victory was the result, in the main, of their perfect mastery of a most difficult problem in political economy and their matchless power of statement. It was with these weapons that they vanquished the landholders. Mr. Bright's success is in reality the triumph of thoroughness, of brain, of mental discipline, of eloquence above all things masculine, logical, thoughtful—if indeed there can be eloquence which is not thoughtful.

Mr. Mill's loss of his seat seems to be viewed with mixed feelings by the Liberal press. Just as Beales's defeat represents the disfavor with which the agitator element is viewed by the new constituencies, and Odger's defeat the disfavor with which the working-men candidates are received, Mr. Mill's seems to indicate not perhaps the decline of the "philosophers" in popular estimation, but the popular distrust of them as "practical men." It is generally agreed, even by those who most value Mr. Mill's influence, that he has for one reason or another not been successful as a legislator. He has proved "too fine a machine" for the rough work of the House of Commons; and the *Economist* speaks with a good deal of feeling of the sadness of the spectacle which was to be witnessed all last session, of one of the most valuable thinkers and writers England has ever produced, sitting bolt upright in his place in the House, hour after hour, as regularly and assiduously as the Speaker, listening to one dull bore and blunderer after another drawling out his fallacies and platitudes; and it asks with great force what compensation does his influence on legislation render for the enforced idleness of that splendid brain during the few years which, in the ordinary course of things, are all that are left for its working. As a debater, he has been singularly subtle and suggestive, but not powerful, and has been on the whole too acute for the House. What has injured him out of doors has been his views on population, which are, in point of fact, those which nine out of ten men hold with regard to every other man's duty, but which, for obvious reasons, nobody likes to have preached to himself, and which, owing to the different shape under which the problem presented itself in ancient times, are apparently hostile to Bible teachings and to the moral traditions of the race; the suspicion about his religious belief, which his resolute refusal to produce it for the inspection of politicians, and his support of persons like Bradlaugh, who make no secret of their atheism, helped to strengthen; and though last, not least, his injudicious attempts to assist constituencies in choosing members, not by speeches, but by letters written from a distance. Where he has been most useful is undoubtedly in the example of moral earnestness which he has offered both to the rising generation of politicians and to the new constituencies. No assembly in which he sat, and no party with which he acted, could help being the purer for his presence. No intriguer or charlatan could sit beside him and not feel uncomfortable. His misfortune has been that he has appeared on the political stage at that transition period in political history in which nations are endeavoring to adapt the system of government by mass-meeting — for Parliament and Congress are nothing else—which has been handed down to us from the Middle Ages, and which managed the business of a scanty population of farmers and soldiers well enough, to the wants of the highly organized, highly complicated, commercial societies of modern times. At such a time the philosopher is wanted almost as much in the forum as in the closet, and yet he can hardly hope to be completely successful in either.

## WOMEN AS POLITICIANS.

Whatever may be the result of the enquiry now going on as to the professions for which women are best fitted, there can be little doubt that greater and greater numbers of them will hereafter take part in political discussion, and that once they get the franchise, they will introduce into the political arena a greater or less number of questions as peculiarly "women's questions," and demand for them special legislation or special treatment of some kind at the hands of the State or General Government. We have little doubt, too, they will exercise a much greater influence on male opinion than most of us imagine. No matter how freely the professions may be open to women, a very large proportion of them will not follow any profession, but will live at home at leisure, as they do now; and if they have votes, will give more attention to politics than they have ever done—more, probably, than the great body of their male relatives; and will form opinions which, whether good or bad, they will preach with considerable vigor, and we dare say with considerable effect.

It is, therefore, not a minute too soon for women who want to influence legislation, either through the press or the platform, to begin their political education; that is, to make themselves moderately acquainted with the influences which regulate the conduct of men in society, and with the extent to which they can be suspended or directed by legislation, as far as has been ascertained by human experience; in other words, to make themselves moderately acquainted with history, political economy, and jurisprudence. Unless they do this, we fear, so far from exercising the "elevating and purifying influence" on politics of which we hear so much, they will simply increase the force of the very worst element in politics—that is, the element of blind and ignorant zeal, which we, for our part, consider just now only less dangerous to good government than simple rascality. About the character of corruption or treason there is no room for doubt, and there is no difference of opinion. You have only to reveal them clearly to rouse popular opinion against them. But we make bold to say that if anybody will go through history carefully he will find that what humanity has suffered from wicked and unscrupulous conquerors or tyrants or knaves is a mere trifle compared to what it has suffered from well-meaning ignoramuses and zealots.

If, therefore, female politicians as soon as they appear in the political arena are simply going to reinforce the ranks of those who make a mockery of reason and experience, disdain to argue, and vote and make speeches by the aid of an inner light of their own, of which the rest of the world knows nothing, and to treat the nature of man, as seen and known in the world, as if it did not form the leading element in all the great social problems, female politicians, instead of proving a blessing to the country, will prove a curse. It will not do to tell us in reply to these counsels that the mass of male voters do not study the science of politics any more than women. All men, or nearly all men in this country above the ignorant laborer, have taken an interest in politics and been made familiar with political ideas and political processes from their very boyhood. They are, at least indirectly, trained to politics by the nature of their studies at school and college, and by the nature of their business in active life. There is no man who does not find his calling more or less affected by legislation, and who does not, therefore, give more or less attention to political measures. Clergymen, lawyers, doctors, merchants, farmers, mechanics —all become politicians, in a greater or less degree, from necessity. Moreover, it is one of the familiar facts of domestic life that boys, from the time they begin to read and observe, turn their attention to political affairs, to wars, to laws, to revolutions, to the fortunes of states and of rulers, just as regularly, and with as little direction from without, as girls to dress and dolls and visiting and cooking and other incidents of household economy. Whether this difference be natural

or conventional merely, we shall not here discuss. It is enough for the purpose of our argument that it exists, and that nearly all women of the present or next generation will, on entering on a political career, have to acquire by hard work even that amount of fitness for the discussion of political questions which most men acquire without any special effort at all, by merely going on their way, following their natural bent, and attending to their business. Of course there are and will be women who will be able to contribute as much that is valuable to political discussion as any or all but a very few men, but then the mass of female politicians will not, without special preparation, be able to contribute anything at all that will not positively do mischief.

Female politicians, however, thus far, with three or four exceptions—we would willingly make the number larger, if we could—have not given, on the platform or in the press, much, if any, indication of either thought, study, or experience. They show, indeed, an ardent interest in the growth of human happiness and virtue, but about the means of promoting them through legislation they seem to be in a state of simplicity not far removed from that of very small children about their father's capacity for procuring money. We would refer anybody who thinks these remarks too severe to the history of the agitation about Hester Vaughn, the woman recently sentenced to death for infanticide in Philadelphia. The woman found her husband had committed bigamy in marrying her, and refused to prosecute him after he had deserted her. Another scoundrel then committed rape upon her, and she refused to prosecute him or even tell his name, lest it *should hurt the feelings of his wife;* and she then murdered, or appears to have murdered, her newly-born child, and has been convicted for it. Meetings of women have accordingly been held in New York, in which the laws under which the woman has been condemned have been made the subject of wholesale reprobation by female orators, and the conviction denounced with as much fury as if the woman's story of bigamy, and the rape which the victim refuses to prove, made it in some mysterious way the duty of the Governor to treat the infanticide as really a blameless act and the woman as simply an object of commiseration, and as if, moreover, it was his duty to accept the findings of the meeting in this ebullient state of mind as a guide for his official conduct. No *proof* of anything, be it remembered, has been offered or proposed. The sole object of the meetings held seems to have been to embody fine moral sentiments in a petition, and to give the petition the force of a political demand. It was laid down, too, amongst other things, that there was something peculiarly monstrous in awarding a woman under such circumstances the treatment that would be accorded to a man, thus surrendering the doctrine of the equality of the sexes on which the woman suffrage movement is based, and accepting the doctrine on which its opponents rely most firmly, that the very peculiarities of woman's moral and physical constitution, which so often in life place her at man's mercy, make it improper to throw open the professions and the ballot-box to her. Moreover, a demand was made by some speakers that Hester Vaughn should be tried by a female jury—that is, by a jury selected from the class of the community least accustomed to weigh evidence, most strongly moved by its passions and prejudices, and in a case appealing with peculiar force to these passions and prejudices. We do not say that cases of this kind should never be tried by female juries, but we do say that we hope the experiment will not be tried till women have acquired experience in the art of drawing inferences and greater control over their emotions than the great body of the sex now display. Moreover, they accused the convict's counsel, without a particle of proof, of having betrayed and deserted her, and, to cap the climax, sent off a deputation to Philadelphia in such complete ignorance of the facts of the case that, when it got there, it found that everything they wanted to have done had been done already on the motion of benevolent people in that city, who had gone to work in a silent, Christian, and efficient manner, without a hall, gaslights, or speeches or "committee on resolutions." The New Yorkers now owe the Philadelphia lawyer a public apology, which we trust they will make, and make handsomely; we hope they will not imitate too many of the reformers by pretending that they never heard of his vindication, or by treating his denial of his guilt as simply a fresh proof of his depravity.

The sum and substance of the whole matter is this, and it is as worthy the attention of male as of female humanitarians, that the experiment they seem disposed to try of the direct application of the moral law—as evolved at public meetings—through legislation to the regulation of society, without regard to the disturbing elements introduced into all political and social problems by human nature, by habit, tradition, prejudices, weaknesses, vices, and ignorance—in other words, without regard to the lessons of history and the facts of human life—is sure to fail. It has been tried in various ages and amongst various races, and has always ended in confusion and disaster. It is but another form of the theocratic government over which everybody now laughs or mourns. What Providence clearly intended the politician for is, to take men and women as they are—their vices along with their virtues, the things in which they differ as well as the things in which they are alike—and having made himself thoroughly acquainted with the history and results of legislative experiments in other ages and places, do what he can, not to re-cast their character, but to place their character under favorable influences while leaving free play for their individual tastes and energies. For instance, when he comes to legislate on the relations of the sexes, he must not fix the position of woman as if she were simply a weak man, and as if he had never heard of such offences as seduction or rape or bigamy; and then when such offences are committed begin to rave against those who commit them as if they were unheard-of monsters, for the possibility of whose existence, like the parricides at Rome, the lawgiver was not to be expected to provide.

# Correspondence.

## THE PRESS AND THE PUBLIC.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: In your article on the "Provincialism of Southerners," and your paragraph on M. de Cassagnac's billingsgate in your last number, you seem to me to take ground, with regard to the press in this country, which can hardly be sustained. Of course I condemn assassination, but the state of public opinion at the South with regard to the Pollard murder does not, to my mind, warrant the conclusions you draw from it as to the condition of Southern morality or education. Pollard's paper, as he conducted it, was an intolerable nuisance—a real evil to which no civilized community could be expected to submit, and for the removal of which no remedy was provided either by law or society. The man himself, who went constantly armed, was doubtless a practised shot; so that if he blackened the character of your wife or daughter, and made your home wretched, and you attacked him on equal terms, in accordance with what is called "the code," the probability is he would have killed you in addition to libelling you. If, on the other hand, you prosecuted him, what with new trials and appeals and disagreements of juries, the result would have been that your name would have been kept before the public for two or three years besmirched with the Pollard filth, the fellow himself enjoying the notoriety the affair had brought him and his paper, and chuckling over your misery and mortification, and you would at last have retired from the contest worsted and out of pocket. If, therefore, it can ever be allowable to take the life of a fellow-creature, I hold that in such a case as this it is allowable; and if allowable at all, it is ridiculous to ask the injured man to risk his own life in doing it. The crowd in Richmond who cheered Grant felt all this.

I am not so sure either that the Northern press is above the Cassagnac level. There is no doubt that the editorial columns of the Northern newspapers have greatly improved within twenty years. The editors themselves have made great advances, socially and every other way. From being "paragraphists" and collectors of "items," attached to job-printing offices, they have risen into the rank of great merchants and great public instructors. They take their stand in the money market beside the most successful brokers, and they have fairly ousted the clergymen and lawyers as leaders in politics. Therefore, having a social position to uphold, the chiefs, with one or two exceptions, rarely allow dirty gossip and scurrility to appear in their editorial articles. But they manage, nevertheless, to pander to the tastes of those who like such things just as effectually as ever, by their system of "correspondence." They have in their pay a parcel of scamps in various cities, signing themselves "Rhadamanthus," or

"Cerberus," or "Bayard," or "Quintus Curtius," or some such name, who compose letters in which they heap abuse on decent men, throw out odious insinuations against them, tell disgraceful stories of them with the utmost *abandon*, and these the editor prints in any quantity. If one of these creatures makes you his victim, and you call at the editorial rooms to remonstrate, the editor receives your complaint as if he had never heard of "Rhadamanthus" before, or, if he had heard of him, as if he were a person for whose performances he was no more responsible than for those of Leotard or the Hanlon Brothers. When you point out the libel, he expresses regret and sympathy, but with much the same air as if what had happened you was a wetting from the rain, or a sun-stroke, or some other visitation of Providence which, as a fellow-man, he was bound to deplore, but for which you could hardly be so ridiculous as to hold him accountable, and he probably offers to print "a reply from your pen"—that is, to make the attack on you more public than ever, widen and deepen the raw on your moral hide, and delight "Rhadamanthus" by showing him that he made a decent man wince. You may make it clear as the sun at noon that the correspondent is an unscrupulous scoundrel whose statements cannot be depended on, and that as a man nobody respects him or heeds him, and you may imagine that as soon as the editor hears this he will dismiss him. Bless your innocent heart! he will probably raise the beast's pay the minute your back is turned, on finding how "spicy" he is; and he will meet you that very evening, serene and smiling and respectable, although he has actually been paying "Rhadamanthus" for blackguarding you and lying about you, has borne the expense of printing his slanders, and has made money by selling them.

You have alluded to this matter once or twice in your paper, but it has not been properly ventilated. The increased purity of the editorial columns of the Northern press is a mere cleaning of the outside of the platter as long as the theory prevails that the editor is not responsible morally for what appears in the department of correspondence. That such a theory should prevail may seem monstrous, but it does, nevertheless, and there are only a few of the great daily papers in the country which are not conducted on it.

Let me add that I do not look on the public indifference to these libels, or perhaps I should rather say the enjoyment of them by all who are not affected by them, with the complacency with which you have once or twice professed to regard it. I think that at the bottom of all such callousness and such sport there is a spice of the devilish spirit which once made the combats of men and beasts in the amphitheatre delightful, and I think, too, that morality cannot be in a very sound condition in any community in which few care anything either about their own reputations or other people's.

Yours respectfully, TERTULLIAN.

BALTIMORE, MD., December 3, 1868.

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[The practical question is, after all, whether murder is a good and efficient remedy for libel. We hold it is not; and we have no doubt that a public which enjoys seeing a man like Pollard assassinated for scurrilous attacks on private character is just the kind of public which enjoys reading the attacks. It likes the bloody retribution in great part because it heightens the excitement of the whole affair. The murder of Pollard simply increases the number of Pollards, inasmuch as it helps to perpetuate the low civilization of which men like Pollard are the natural product. A community, therefore, which does not like such people can only get rid of them as individuals get rid of vermin, by self-purification. There is, after all, no remedy for such abuses of the press as "Tertullian" complains of but the improvement of the popular taste, and that has to be wrought by a thousand different agencies. Suits for libel are, except in one or two cases, next to useless. Whatever makes readers calmer, wiser, more reasonable, and more refined, will help to make newspapers better, and to lower the value of the "ruffians of the press," as they have been aptly called, in the labor market; but nothing else will. We are bound to add that the means which many of the reformers and philanthropists of the day have employed to carry out their ends have done nearly as much harm in one direction as good in another. For instance, we have little doubt that the foul-mouthedness and unscrupulousness in statement which have marked the talk and writing of large numbers of the friends of freedom have done much to give Brick Pomeroy a circulation of 328,000 for his *La Crosse Democrat*. This circulation he has, or had very recently, and a large part of it is not in the Southern States; and he got it by using weapons which some Republican agitators have unfortunately helped to teach people to look on as lawful. Those who know what the *La Crosse Democrat* is will be able to estimate this fact at its proper value.—ED. NATION.]

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# Notes.

## LITERARY.

MESSRS. WIGGIN & LUNT have in press a very small edition of a rare tract, of much interest to the collectors of early American literature—"New England's Jonas Cast Up at London." "It shows," say the publishers, "the earlier movements of political opposition to the parties in power in the Massachusetts and Plymouth Colonies; the efforts to obtain a greater toleration in matters of religious faith and practice, and the opposition to the laws of those colonies restricting the rights and privileges of freemen to church-members." It is a work frequently cited by historians, and cited with much satisfaction by such historians as are not violently in love with the Pilgrim Fathers. There will be printed but one hundred and seventy copies, twenty of which will be on large paper, and the volumes will be uniform in size and appearance with the volumes of the "Library of New England History," which the same publishers issue.——Messrs. Leypoldt & Holt, in addition to other works already mentioned, have in hand "King Misery," from the French of Paul Saunier, and Smith, Le Gros, and Hamilton's "International French-English and English-French Dictionary." They announce that they have made a copyright arrangement for the republication of the complete works of Friedrich Spielhagen, to whom critics of some weight assign the first place in contemporary German fiction. The same house will publish immediately a little work by Mr. John Fiske, who rebukes Mr. Parton for unscientific and deluding talk concerning stimulants and narcotics, and announces "It Does Pay to Smoke;" "The Coming Man will Drink Wine."——R. W. De Witt announces a reprint of Miss Braddon's last novel, "Oscar Bertrand;" "The Steel Safe," by H. L. Williams; "Out of the Streets," by Charles Gaylor; and a new edition of Mr. A. J. H. Duganne's "History of Governments."——We are glad to be able to announce the speedy publication by the Catholic Publication Society of Mr. Aubrey De Vere's "Irish Odes, and other Poems," which are certainly sure of a warm welcome from a good-sized circle of the lovers of poetry, and are likely to be welcomed, too, by another, larger, distinctively Roman Catholic circle of readers.——Messrs. Harper & Brothers announce that Mr. R. B. Roosevelt will edit the edition which they will publish of Mr. Charles G. Halpine's "Poetical Works." The book will contain a biographical sketch of the poet and a portrait.—Messrs. G. P. Putnam & Son are to be the publishers of Mr. Bayard Taylor's "By-ways of Europe," which have already had one audience in the *Atlantic Monthly*.——Messrs. Clarke & Co., of Cincinnati, announce "The Living Questions of the Times," by an American citizen, who will treat of religious and theological questions—if it is safe to judge by the titles of two works of his already printed. They are: "The Philosophy of the Plan of Salvation," and "God Revealed in Creation and in Christ."——Messrs. Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger will publish "The Van Todleburgs, or the History of a very Distinguished Family," by F. C. Adams, and several other works of fiction for the old and young, as "Typhaine's Abbey," by the Comte de Gobineau; "Springdale Abbey," "Mabel Clifton;" "Marooners' Island," by the author of "The Young Marooners;" "American Fairies," and so on. One of these juveniles, we are given to understand, is the result of an evil-minded attempt to modernize the highly elegant sentiments and moral reflections of the "History of the Robin," by the celebrated and "well-languaged" "Mrs. Trimmer," who wrote for our little grandfathers.——Messrs. Hurd & Houghton will publish a prose work by Mr. Alfred B. Street. "The Indian Pass; or, A Tramp Through the Trees," is the title of it. "The work is replete with vivid word-paintings of forest scenery;" and will, perhaps, do something to let people know of the magnificent resting-place which in the summer is within so easy reach of New York. "Helen on Her Travels; What She Saw and What She Did in Europe," is another of Messrs. Hurd & Houghton's announcements, and we believe we have not heretofore mentioned a book of theirs which is just out—"The Life of John Carter," by Mr. F. J. Mills. John Carter is the artist who draws and paints with a pencil held in his mouth, and Mr. Mills, who owns Mr. Carter's "Rat-catcher," which was executed in this manner, and who is his patron, has put together this volume, that the public may hear about the struggles of his friend. It is illustrated by others of Mr. Carter's works.——Mr. Duffield Ashmead announces "Nothing but Leaves," a

poem written by an anonymous hand, and illuminated by Jean Lee. ——To our list of the publications of Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co. we have to add these: New editions of "Hallow-e'en; A Romaunt," by Bishop Coxe; of "Rasselas;" of "Moore's Poetical Works" (Globe Edition); of "Byron's Poetical Works" (Half-dollar Edition); of "Sandford and Merton," "Robinson Crusoe," "Swiss Family Robinson," "The Arabian Nights' Entertainments," "Pictures of Heroes and Lessons from Their Lives," "Fighting the Flames," "Old Deccan Days," and "Forty-four Years of a Hunter's Life," which eight works last mentioned constitute a very agreeable "Boy's Globe Library." Others of this firm's announcements are: "The Works of Douglas Jerrold," with his son's memoirs of him; "Our Charley, and What to do with Him," by Mrs. Stowe; and William Chambers's "Historical Questions, with Answers."—— Messrs. G. W. Carleton & Co. announce "The Christmas Font," an illustrated child's story, by Mrs. M. J. Holmes; "Montalban," an American novel; and "Regina, and other Poems," by Eliza Cruger.——Messrs. E. J. Hale & Sons have in press a work with this satisfactory title: "Dolores: A Tale of Disappointment and Distress." Mr. Benjamin Robinson is the author of it.——We may say here that Messrs. R. W. Carroll & Co. intend publishing an unsectarian review with the title of the *Christian Quarterly*. It is to be devoted to "the advocacy of Primitive Christianity, as distinguished from the religion of sects." Its managing editor will be the Rev. W. T. Moore, and the associate editors will be President W. K. Pendleton, of Bethany College, President Errett, of Alliance College, President Graham, of the Kentucky University, and Mr. Thomas Munnell. Persons who know these gentlemen will know, better than the prospectus tells us, what the new magazine is likely to be.

—We have received the first number of Sabin's *American Bibliopolist*, a monthly literary register and catalogue of old and new books, which will be published, at a dollar a year, by Mr. Joseph Sabin, of Nassau Street, in this city. It is intended more particularly for buyers of books and for libraries, to which latter it will be furnished gratis, and will be found useful by all bibliomaniacs. This present number contains, first, an article on "Recent Auction Sales of Books," in which some very severe remarks—full of knowledge, however; and not unjust—are made on one or two late catalogues and libraries. Secondly, there is a lively account of the Leavitt & Strebeigh sale last spring, when Mr. Sabin and Mr. Gowans contended for the possession of Eliot's "Indian Bible," and the former bought it for $1,130—the largest sum ever paid in America for a book without illustrations. Mr. John A. Rice, of Chicago, is now the owner of the volume. Third, comes a little article on "Bibliomania in America;" and, finally, there is a list of "Books Wanted." Altogether there is a fine old bibliomaniacal and bibliopolical flavor about this little publication which everybody of bookish tastes will find very agreeable, and which we hope long to enjoy. Perhaps it is worth while to mention the advertisement on the last page; it is an advertisement published by H. H. Bancroft & Co. of a list of works relating to the Pacific Coast.

—Mr. Dorsey Gardner having left the *Round Table*, that journal is now entirely in the hands of Mr. Henry Sedley, who has been for some time its principal conductor. He promises his readers the same sort of a paper—only better—in the future that they have been getting in the past. In addition, he will give them a Chess Department, and will criticise dramatic performances, and devote some of his attention to music. A "Modern Minister" has reached, we see, the fourteenth instalment of a series of articles entitled "My Religion," and in the last number there is a powerful letter from a "Veteran Observer," who shows lucidly that while he does not quite agree with the editor as to the proper definitions of certain words, yet the latter has no reason to fear that he, the "Observer," holds any such opinion in regard to the Constitution as that one recently expressed by a writer in the *North American Review*. The "Modern Minister," we may say, for the benefit of those persons who are not reading his expositions, maintains in this particular one of them that it is by faith, and in no other way, that we partake of the body and blood in the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. "Engaged People," another of the essays in the last number of the paper, is severe upon the hobbledehoy class existing on the doubtful ground between married and single blessedness. Some of the political writing is to the effect that there are communities quite as corrupt, politically, as the City of New York, perhaps more so; and some more of it is to the effect that we, at least, are ashamed of our municipal government, while in Washington, senators, without making their constituents at all ashamed of them, notoriously grow rich on small salaries; but for an obvious reason no names are given.

—The disclosures that have recently been made concerning the poverty of Harvard College have pressed home forcibly on the minds of the alumni what they already certainly, though vaguely, knew, and there is now making a vigorous effort to put into the hands of the trustees an unrestricted fund of at least five hundred thousand dollars. It is proposed that this sum shall be raised by subscription, and that each class shall raise a certain amount. Meetings have been held both of classes separately and in combination with other classes, a committee has been appointed to draw up a general address, subscriptions have been solicited, and all concerned seem to be working in a very hopeful spirit. A contribution of $10,000 is guaranteed by the class of '52, and the same sum by the class of '64. '54 will probably give $10,000; '56 will certainly give $5,000, and so will '57; '59 is expected to raise $10,000; '60—a large class and a rich one, as liberal of money as it used to be of hard knocks and noise—may be set down as reasonably sure to give $20,000; '63 is said to be likely to give $15,000; and '65, '66, '67, and '68, the members of which have not as yet had time to make or inherit their fortunes, will, it is to be hoped, raise $20,000 in due time. Thus, $105,000 will almost certainly be got from the twelve classes which we have named. Besides these there are the classes of '61, 62, '55, '46, and '44, none of which has been away from Cambridge long enough to be much thinned by death, and which ought to be good for an average sum of at least $10,000. Moreover, every year brings a new class, and it is likely that no class will hereafter graduate—in the immediate future, that is to say—without pledging itself to increase the unrestricted fund. However, in order to procure the $500,000 which is desired it will probably be necessary to fall back on some of the celebrated individual benefactors of the college; but there are several of them who have never been forgetful of their obligations to her, and there is little doubt that before very long the fund will be of the proposed dimensions. When that happens it will be time to apply to the Legislature; and it will not only be time, but it will be right, and ought to be done. Massachusetts, as we have already said, knows very well that without Harvard College she would not be the Massachusetts that she is, but less honored and famous, and less deserving of honor. In the new era of educational reform, and amid the activity in educational matters which is developing itself everywhere in the country, it will be possible for our oldest university to be in the front rank of our institutions of learning only by being equipped with the new armor. And as the French say, Money never harms anything; the millennium, when it comes, will no doubt have a sound financial basis, and Harvard must be released from its poverty or be content to see learning and culture decline in New England, while the West, with which the East cannot hope to compete in material and political successes, bears away, too, the only crown which now is left for her to take. The committees wish to get $50,000 as soon as possible, so that some interest may at once begin to come into the hands of the trustees.

—A Frankfort correspondent of the *Methodist*, the best and most readable of all our religious papers, makes mention, in a recent letter, of a complimentary dinner given by certain scientific and commercial men of Bremen to the famous geographer, August Heinrich Petermann, of whom we have more than once spoken, and of whom, as a geographer, one can hardly speak too respectfully. The occasion of the dinner was the return of the little schooner *Germania*, which has just come safe home after having made a voyage towards the North Pole and having planted the German flag in the Polar ice beside the Stars and Stripes of Kane and Hayes and the Union Jack of Scoresby and Parry. Doctor Petermann possesses something of that peculiar shrewdness—characteristic also of one of our greatest American savants—which enables him to persuade men of money to spend of their substance for the purpose of furthering the enterprises of the men of science—the men who "cannot afford to be rich," but who must have pecuniary contributions in aid of their objects. He gave so good an account of the trip of the *Germania*, and so plainly hinted that nothing but the want of means prevented the fitting out of another vessel to whose voyage the *Germania* expedition was merely preliminary, that several of the rich men in his after-dinner audience resolved themselves into a committee, and next year a new expedition of Polar discovery will undoubtedly be sent out, of which Petermann will be the organizer. He is a natural-born geographer and cartographer. Born in 1822, in the little town of Bleicherode, in the Golden Meadow of Prussian Saxony, he is now in the prime of life. His mother intended him for a theologian, but the boy's own thoughts were decidedly on the earth, and he was remarkable as a cartographist while still in the preparatory schools. Map-drawing is a regular requirement in the lower classes of the Prussian gymnasia; but Petermann, even after he had reached the highest class, still showed an irresistible preference for geo-

graphical studies; and in 1839, Professor Heinrich Berghaus established at Potsdam an institution especially designed for the instruction of geographers and cartographers, the pupils of which, under the skilful management of the principal, soon became enthusiastic in the pursuit of orographical, geodetical, hydrographical, and kindred studies. Petermann, perhaps the cleverest student of them all, was a valued co-laborer of Berghaus's in the preparation of the famous "Physical Atlas;" and afterwards, when Keith Johnston resolved to bring out an English edition of that volume, and had to import Germans into Scotland to work at it, Petermann and his friend Lange were two who were so employed. Previously he had drawn for Baron von Humboldt the map for that author's "Central Asia." The atlas being finished, Petermann went to England, and was for a time quite poor in London, but quite hopeful and cheerful. It was at this time that he made his excellent pair of maps of the British Isles, the one hydrographical and climatic, the other statistical. He was not long in making the acquaintance of Baron Bunsen, always the eager friend of men of learning, and of Sir Roderick Murchison, of Thomas Milner, and other eminent men. Becoming better known and more celebrated, he established a geographical institute in London, and about 1848 was appointed geographer to the Queen. He was already a member of the Royal Geographical Society, and besides his more strictly professional labors, was a contributor to the "Encyclopædia Brittanica." It is, however, as a promoter of African travel that he is most widely known. By means of the influence that he was able to bring to bear on Lord Palmerston, and afterwards on Lord John Russell, he succeeded in getting Barth first, and after him Vogel and Overweg, sent out to Africa. Then, too, as now, the Polar regions got much of his attention, and his views in regard to Polar geography have been sustained by Kane's and Hayes's discoveries. Though he is such an organizer of travels, Petermann is not a traveller himself. At present he superintends the publishing establishment of the famous Justus Perthes at Gotha, and is, besides, Professor of Geography in the University there.

—The English papers are calling Mr. Kinglake's attention to an unedited page of the history of the *coup d'état*. It is taken from a panegyrical memoir of the late Count Walewski, which was not long since printed in the *Journal des Débats*. The count was minister to England when the December revolution occurred in 1851, and France was entrusted to Prince Louis Napoleon Bonaparte for ten years. Lansdowne, Russell, and Palmerston were then governing England, and Walewski had no trouble in procuring from them the recognition, in accordance with England's usual policy, of the government actually established in France. Twelve months afterwards, however, when Napoleon had been declared Emperor, Lord Derby was at the head of the English ministry, and Walewski had a different and more difficult task to perform. Napoleon called himself Napoleon III.; to admit his right to that title was to admit the validity of the acts done in the Hundred Days, a thing which was so hard for English Conservatives to do that Derby, Disraeli, Malmesbury, and the rest positively refused to do it. But Walewski was equal to the occasion, and did not at all hesitate to take extreme measures. He made the question of immediate recognition of Napoleon the Third a question of peace or war. He devoted himself to influencing public opinion among the people, who cared a good deal about the safety of British commerce and not much about the abstract principle involved in the objection raised by the ministry; he utilized his excellent social relations to inspire the House of Commons promptly with some of the anxiety that was beginning to reign in commercial circles; and the result was that by his skill and energy he succeeded in getting what he and his master wanted. How true all this is nobody knows, we suppose, except those immediately concerned in it. If it is a true story, we may infer that, as Kinglake maintains, Napoleon was just as willing—and possibly a little more willing—to make war on England, for the purpose of fastening himself firmly in his new seat, as he was to make war in company with her. England's recognition of him, it will be remembered, induced Austria and Prussia to do the same thing, and Nicholas not very long after followed the example of those powers.

—As we risk being too late if we postpone it for a longer notice, we must just mention the catalogue, to be had of Mr. L. W. Schmidt, of the imperial library of Maximilian, bought by him of the collector, D. José Maria Andrade, shipped after Queretaro to Trieste, and to be sold at auction by Messrs. List & Frencke, Leipzig, on the 18th of January next, and for several days succeeding. The collection consists of nearly 4,500 lots (single volumes and series), and in all that relates to Mexico is undoubtedly the most complete in existence. It was the collector's aim to procure all works either relating to Mexico or printed in that country, and this part of the library begins in the catalogue at No. 2,145 with about a hundred manuscripts of considerable value, and ends with the catalogue itself. Nos. 1,738–2,144 inclusive relate to America in general, to the Antilles, to North, South, and Central America. This and the Mexican portion it were greatly to be wished could be secured for some of our public libraries, at least such works as bear upon the history of the continent, which by no means all do. The sixteen introductory divisions of the catalogue consist of a *mêlange* embracing a great many topics, with not a few cyclopædias and serials which must command a high price. Thus, the *Revue des Deux Mondes* and its *Annuaire* make 187 volumes (octavo); the *Illustration*, forty-eight, etc. What is singular about the collection is that it contains almost no English work in English, and but few (among them Irving's) in translation. Fifty, or certainly a hundred, would comprise the whole. The absence of German is equally striking. Spanish and French overwhelmingly preponderate.

—What is the absolute value of Hindu poetry? has been, and will doubtless long continue to be, a disputed question. When the Sanskrit literature was first thrown open to knowledge there was a general disposition to hail it with enthusiasm and exaggerate its merits. Later, when the novelty of it had worn out, and the halo of illusion became dim, the prevailing tendency was to depreciate it unduly. For a dispassionate and abiding valuation the time has not yet come—if, indeed, the time ever comes when one community can value at their true rate the poetical productions of another; especially of another so unlike it as India, ancient and modern, is unlike Europe. Those who scorn the Oriental muse should at least lay it to heart that the Orientals think no more highly of our own. But there are very few Oriental scholars, even, who have so worked themselves into the conditions of Indian mentality that they are able to feel, as well as see, what an Indian work of fancy is. Its faults are more palpable than its beauties—its faults, among which a tendency to grotesque exaggeration is one of the most marked and most repelling to our soberer minds. To quote but a single example: one of the chief beauties of the female form, to the eye of the Hindu, is breadth of hips below a taper waist; then, not only is this beauty, in Hindu plastic and pictorial art, stretched to the very limit of caricature, but even Kalidasa, in his most admired play, Sakuntāla, makes his hero recognize the nymph's footstep by the deep impression of the heels, driven into the soft ground by the excessive weight of her hips! How could a poet be regardless of the ludicrously ungraceful gait which alone should produce such tracks! But, not to be drawn too far aside from our main point, it seems plain that we have to look chiefly to Europeans resident in the East for those versions which shall put us in more intimate relations with the Eastern mind; and we may rejoice when such are sent back to us from thence. Mr. Griffith, of Benares, has just published a volume of versified extracts from Sanskrit poems, entitled "Scenes from the Ramayana, etc." (London: Trübner; New York: John Wiley & Son.) It is, we understand, the fourth which he has produced; the others have not happened to fall in our way. We can heartily commend it, as one of the best works of its class, to all who desire real enlightenment as to what the poetry of India is; and may safely promise that few who begin it will fail to read it through with genuine interest and admiration. Mr. Griffith's extracts from the Ramayana are nearly all taken from the first part of the poem; he holds out the hope of another volume which shall complete for us a sketch of its contents—a hope of which we desire to see the realization within no long time. Of pieces coming from outside the great epic, the longest and most important by far is the "Messenger Cloud," one of the acknowledged gems of the Sanskrit elegiac literature, from the hand of Kalidasa; it is rendered into Spenserian verse, which seems very well adapted to represent its stanzas. Among the epic pieces we especially relish the trochaic movement of the "Hermit's Son." The volume is from the Benares press, and is very creditably and tastefully executed.

—Among the latest historical productions of German literature we notice the following: "Blätter aus der preussischen Geschichte" (Leaves from the History of Prussia), by Varnhagen von Ense, a posthumous collection destined to complete the famous "Tagebücher" (Diaries) of the same author; "Der österreichische Staatsrath, eine geschichtliche Studie" (The Austrian Council of State, a Historical Study), by Dr. Carl von Hoch, of which the published first number contains the "Staatsrath unter Maria Theresia;" and German editions—the one revised and augmented by Friedrich Nippold, and the other by the author—of the "Memoirs of Bunsen" and L. Bamberger's "M. de Bismarck"—publications with which our readers have been made familiar by late reviews in this paper. The last-named reproduction contains an introductory sketch entitled "Deutschland,

Frankreich und die Revolution," which is highly spoken of. A less political but more biographical work on the now so popular Prussian statesman is "Das Buch vom Grafen Bismarck," by G. Hezekiel, an illustrated publication, written by an admirer for admirers, of which the first part has appeared.

—Dr. Friedrich Förster, the poet and historian, author of the drama "Gustav Adolf," of two historical works on Wallenstein, of a "History of Frederic William I., King of Prussia," and various other works, died last month at Berlin, where for a long series of years he officiated as assistant director of the royal museums. He was born on the 24th of November, 1791, one day after Theodor Körner, the German patriot-poet, with whom he entered together the renowned volunteer corps of Lützow, when Germany, in 1813, rose in arms against Napoleon. The author of "Leier und Schwerdt" fell on August 26 of that year in a skirmish with the French, and his friend Förster thus survived him fifty-five years.

## BONAPARTE IN ITALY.*

THE Imperial author of the "Vie de César" has published no work on the life of the modern Cæsar, his uncle. But no elaboration of his on that subject could be as meritorious as the grand collection of Napoleon's correspondence—political, military, and administrative—now appearing under the auspices of an Imperial commission, and of which twenty-five volumes have been published, containing about twenty thousand pieces—letters, reports, proclamations, notes, etc. The archives not only of France, but also of Germany, Russia, Sweden, Italy, and other countries, and numberless private collections, have been ransacked for the benefit of that extraordinary publication, from which, however, all private letters of the founder of the French Empire—and probably also a number of other papers—have been excluded. On the other hand, all papers communicated are given entire, without omission or alteration. The value of such a collection for the historian is obvious. The general reader of history, however, must naturally find it too vast, and both on account of its details, especially in military matters, and of its numberless repetitions, not a little tedious. To bring its contents, free of these defects, within the reach of the general reader, Heinrich Kurz has begun the elaboration of an abridgment, based on critical selection, of which the first volume is now before us, embracing, besides some introductory and some supplementary letters, four hundred pages relating to the history of the Italian campaigns of 1796 and 1797, the most brilliant period, perhaps, in the eventful career of the great conqueror.

It is almost needless to state that four hundred selected letters and public writings of Napoleon, illustrative of such a period, form an intensely interesting and highly instructive volume. Most of them are addressed to the Directory; some, confidentially, to Carnot; some to French generals and diplomats; some to the princes of Italy, the Pope, and the Emperor Francis; some to men of science and art; others, in the form of proclamations, to the army. The youthful warrior and diplomat, the future emperor and conqueror of Europe, is almost completely depicted in them. We see him working, organizing, marching, and conquering; we watch him planning, scheming, and brooding; we hear him advising, commanding, menacing, negotiating, and cheating. We admire his military genius, his courage and energy; the keenness of his intellect, the maturity of his ideas, and the wonderful vigor of his words; his consummate diplomatic skill, which seems almost marvellous in a man of twenty-seven; his prudence and patience, of which a long run of good luck and the unrestrained habit of commanding divested him in after-life. We are astounded by his success; we are shocked by his heartlessness. From the foot of the Alps, where he assumes command over a ragged, famished, and demoralized army, we follow him to Montenotte, Millesimo, Dego, Ceva, Mondovi, and Lodi; to Milan, which he liberates; to Lonato, Castiglione, and Bassano; to Arcola and Rivoli; to Mantua, which he forces to surrender; through Modena, Bologna, and the Romagna, to Tolentino, where Pius VI. is compelled to purchase peace; across the Alps, through Görz and Klagenfurt, to Leoben, where the Emperor, trembling for Vienna, finally agrees to preliminaries of peace with the French Republic; back to Milan, where he lords it over Italy; and finally to Campo Formio, where the definitive treaty of peace is concluded which terminates this period, a treaty by which Francis treacherously sacrifices parts of Germany, and Napoleon Venice. And all this belongs to the history of one year and a few days of victory.

Even before starting on his march into Germany Napoleon could thus address his soldiers:

"You have conquered in fourteen pitched battles and in seventy engagements; you have captured more than one hundred thousand prisoners, five hundred field-guns, two thousand heavy cannon, and four pontoon trains.

"The contributions imposed upon the countries conquered by you have fed and paid the army during the whole campaign. Besides this, you have sent the minister of finance thirty millions for the relief of the public treasury.

"You have enriched the Paris Museum by upward of three hundred works of art, masterpieces of ancient and modern Italy, to produce which thirty centuries were needed.

"You have conquered for the Republic the finest regions of Europe; the Lombard and Cispadane Republics owe you their freedom; the French banners for the first time wave over the shores of the Adriatic, in face of old Macedon, to which you can sail in twenty-four hours; the Kings of Sardinia and Naples, the Pope, the Duke of Parma, have abandoned the coalition of our foes and sued for our friendship; you have driven the English from Leghorn, from Genoa, and from Corsica."

These words, which tell what were the *res gestæ*, also tell us how the *nervus rerum gerendarum* was obtained. War was made to support war by a system of merciless extortion which differed from the plunderings of ancient and mediæval invaders perhaps only in the manner of its execution. Poor Italy, whom Bonaparte pretended to free, while he was ready to barter away her lands and people; whose past he glorified in his proclamations while, in his reports, he spoke of her living sons in words of intense and boundless contempt—Italy was made to bleed from every pore. Contributions, paid, being paid, or to be paid, are a constant theme of our young conqueror's lucubrations. He eagerly grasps every opportunity of extorting money. He is inventive in creating opportunities. He plans pretexts. But he does it all in a very polite way; he bleeds with polished instruments. He certainly is no Vandal conqueror; he destroys no works of art; he only carries off the best ones. He evinces a taste not only for statues and pictures, but also for manuscripts and anatomical collections, of which he sends off a part. He burns no temples; he only empties some of their treasures. He respects the superstitions of the conquered, and sends the Madonna of Loreto unmutilated, and with all her precious ornaments, to Paris. He sends her privately to the Directory, some of the members of which may have particular regard for piously decorated Madonnas, while the attention of others—or of the same—is directed to the merits of "a hundred carriage horses, the finest that could be discovered in Lombardy." Besides all this, which is done decently and systematically, by order of Napoleon, an immense deal of extortion is done by a swarm of authorized and unauthorized commissioners and agents of the Directory, who infest every corner of Northern Italy, and whose robberies, peculations, and shamelessness the general hardly finds words to stigmatize. The soldiers, too, in spite of most rigorous regulations and frequent shootings, manage to plunder and rob on their own account. At an early stage of the campaign these liberators are designated by their leader himself "an army of brigands."

While contributions feed the army and gorge the Directory and Paris with plunder, a military reign of terror keeps Italy with all its hostile elements—princes, priests, nobles, and a monk-ridden peasantry—in awe and subjection. What that terrorism is, a few quotations may show. An outbreak having taken place in some villages of the Milanese, and an order to lay down arms having been disobeyed, a proclamation announces that "the generals will march the necessary forces to subject them, burn them, and have every man found in arms shot. All priests and all nobles who remain in the rebellious communities will be arrested as hostages and sent to France." The fate of Binasco and Pavia soon after proves that such are not empty threats. Some Frenchmen having been killed at Bosco, General Berthier is directed to throw the council of the place into prison, and to declare that if they refuse to name the guilty, "and do not, on the spot, make out a list of at least twelve persons," they will be immediately shot. The people of the vicinity of Tortono are guilty of a similar crime, and Napoleon reports: "I have had fifteen of the ringleaders arrested, tried by a military commission, and shot"—the names having been obtained in the way indicated to Berthier. On entering the Papal dominion, Napoleon proclaims: "Art. 1. Every village or town in which alarm-bells are sounded at the approach of the French army is immediately to be burnt down, and the council thereof to be shot. Art. 2. Every community in whose territory a Frenchman shall be murdered shall be placed under martial law; a mobile column shall be sent there, hostages taken, and an extraordinary contribution levied. . . ." And yet all this is mild and humane when compared with the orders issued on the eve of a march into the Tyrol, orders, however, which we believe to have received no practical application.

And yet Bonaparte was neither greedy nor cruel. Nor was he by nature hypocritical or false, though his Macchiavellism appears no less great than

* "Ausgewählte Correspondenz Napoleons I. Aus dem Französischen übersetzt von Heinrich Kurz." Vol. I. Hildburghausen. 1868.

his heartlessness, when required as a means. "All the fortified places of the Venetian Republic on the Adige," he writes to the Directory as early as July, 1796, "are now in my hands. You may find it suitable to begin, even now, a slight quarrel with the Venetian minister at Paris, so that, after the capture of Mantua and the driving of the Austrians from the Brenta, I may find a greater willingness to listen to the demand for a few millions which you intend me to make." "Is it your desire," he writes on another occasion, "to revolutionize Piedmont and to annex it to the Cispadane Republic? The means to do this without war, without violating either treaty or propriety, is to blend a corps of ten thousand Piedmontese, who must needs be the kernel of the nation, with our army, and to make them partake in our victories. After six months the King of Piedmont shall be dethroned." It is the spectacle of a giant embracing a dwarf and pressing him to his bosom; he suffocates him, but he cannot be accused of a crime. The result is owing to the extraordinary difference in their organizations." He flatters both the Pope and the Emperor, though he heartily hates the one with all his empire, and heartily despises the other, "the old fox," with all his clergy. He speaks "of the religion of our fathers" to Cardinal Mattei, and assures the French minister of foreign affairs that he could easily manage Egypt with armies like his, to whom "all religions, Mohammedans, Copts, Arabs, idolaters, etc., are alike." Hating anarchy and Jacobinism no less, or even more, than *émigrés* and royalist conspirators, he yet hesitates not to stir up revolutionary passions against clerical influences, to inspire the Italians with "fanaticism against fanaticism." He vaunts the conservatism of the army, and incites Barras to commit a *coup d'état*. Of course, all this is done in the interest of the French Republic, of "the greatest of nations," and of the Constitution of the year III., and, if we believe his repeated assertions, from the purest of motives and without personal ambition, as he longs to retire into private life, preferring peace to glory, and looking for reward in his "conscience and the opinion of posterity."

But although no glimmer of conscience or moral feeling, in the stricter meaning of the word, is to be found in all these hundreds of letters, a strong sense of the noble, the decorous, and even the virtuous, is almost everywhere perceptible, no less than an intense contempt for everything sordid, and meanly selfish. He admires patriotism no less than heroism. He speaks of the self-sacrifice of a poor washerwoman with the same warmth of feeling with which he claims acknowledgment for the brilliant services of Berthier, Augereau, Joubert, Victor, Lannes, Marmont, or Junot. He writes to every member of the government, separately, to procure relief for the widow of one of his heroes. Terrible to the enemies of France, he is yet free from personal vindictiveness. He neither belittles the deeds of possible rivals—though he betrays his dislike for Moreau—nor speaks boastingly of his own achievements. He honors the devotion of his military antagonists, and never ridicules them when fallen. Though born to command, his tone is unassuming, respectful to superiors, and almost austerely modest. He is dignified even when flattering, and not entirely untruthful when deceiving. Men of science or literary genius he treats with great distinction. Altogether, we find it natural that many who knew him at that time, finding in him the talents without the vices of Cæsar, were inclined to exclaim, "Hic erit Scipio!"

And yet his ambition even then was soaring over all Europe and beyond it. He was planning the conquest of Egypt, of Malta, and of England. He offered his mediation to the Swiss Cantons, received Hellenic deputations, formed Polish legions, and exerted himself to gain the favor of "the brave Hungarian nation." Beyond conquered Corfu, he follows in his thought the shining track of the Macedonian; he will penetrate to the Nile, like Alexander; he will cross the Alps, like Hannibal—he will cross the Rubicon, like Cæsar.

## DANA'S MINERALOGY.*

This is a book of which Americans may rightly be proud. It is the most comprehensive, most accurate, and best arranged treatise on descriptive mineralogy in the world. To describe the various stones of which the outer film of the earth is made would seem at first sight no very formidable task. Yet here is a volume containing 875 large, closely-printed pages. Moreover, mineralogy seems to the uninstructed a narrow subject, easily exhaustible and less exalted than astronomy and zoölogy. But Professor Dana is first among scientific men in the United States by virtue of the compass of his mind not less than because of its clearness and penetration. The book before us well illustrates the wonderful range of his abilities. In the first place, mineralogy includes crystallography, a difficult mathematical subject, which Mr. Dana treats amply and clearly. To be sure, the ideal mathematical form is never realized. A perfect crystal is as rare as a perfect man. But every crystal has its precise mathematical law, which it tries to obey and succeeds in obeying with more or less distortion and incompleteness. In crystals, nature seems to try to make straight lines. The effort is seldom successful; nevertheless the straight line is one of the ideals of growing stones. How complex the forms of crystals may become, while conforming to mathematical types, any one may see by glancing at some of the six hundred figures in this treatise. Whoever does this will instantly conceive a high respect for Professor Dana's mathematical powers. But mineralogy is an old subject, which has been studied long and been much written about. Accordingly, we find that Mr. Dana's historical researches have been broad and deep. The list of the abbreviated titles of the works referred to in this treatise covers eleven pages. The books cited were written in Greek, Latin, German, French, Swedish, Spanish, Italian, and English. Aristotle, Theophrastus, Dioscorides, Pliny, Agricola, Linnæus, Wallerius, Bergmann, and Werner are among the older authorities on mineralogy. Years and years of labor are represented in the following simple statement in the preface to this fifth edition: "... the *first* author and *first* place of publication of each species, and of *each* name it has borne, and of the names of *all* its varieties, are stated in chronological order, with the dates of all publications cited." Professor Dana recognizes 834 distinct mineral species, and there are nearly 4,000 names of minerals in the index. To trace the names and fix the dates it is necessary to read at least eight languages, and to go back through the literature of the subject is to go perhaps to a point of time thirty days distant, and perhaps to a point three thousand years away. Even men who have never made an original investigation themselves can hardly fail to get some idea from these suggestions of the patient labor which must have been undergone before the little words we have italicized in the above quotation could have been truthfully written.

Again, all minerals are compounds, sometimes simple, but often exceedingly complex. Under each mineral species a full account is given of its normal composition, of the common departures from this typical constitution, and of the chemical characters and tests by which the species may be recognized. In the matter of chemical notation and formulæ, Professor Dana's work faithfully reflects the chaos which prevails in strictly chemical writings. The old chemical formulæ predominate; but in the latter part of the book the new formulæ occasionally appear, and a decidedly "progressive" sketch of the new system of notation appears in the introduction. As the classification of mineral species is in this treatise based primarily on chemical considerations, it is evident that a profound knowledge of chemistry is one of the requisites for the preparation of the work before us. The relations of crystals to light, heat, and electricity have been the subject of many curious and valuable investigations during the last twenty years. Professor Dana has been prevented from giving much space to the results of these physical researches by the fear of making his book unreasonably large. He has, however, given the optical properties of those species which needed this addition to their other distinctive qualities.

But information of an entirely different sort from any yet mentioned is liberally provided in this generous book. Minerals have their resorts, their homes or *localities*, in technical phrase. Students want to know where each mineral is found. Collectors are eager to visit the localities where unique specimens of this or that species have been obtained. The locality of the particular mineral from which the descriptions of a new species were made is not seldom a matter of some importance for those who wish to re-examine the new mineral and compare it with other species. Accordingly, Professor Dana gives under each mineral species information concerning the localities at which it has been found, and this for Europe as well as for America. A list of American localities, arranged by States, fills twenty-six pages at the end of the volume. Hundreds of persons must have contributed to this mass of information about localities, much of which is of the most minute description.

The author of such a compilation as the treatise before us must be versed in many languages and many sciences, and he must have a prodigious power of work in him. But all this is not enough. He must be also a man of singular penetration, good judgment, and fairness of mind. From a great mass of various material he has to choose the best; from a number of original investigators he must select the most trustworthy, and get at the very essence of their thoughts. This is what Professor Dana has admirably done. And, moreover, we venture to say that no student, savant, or collector, however humble, ever rightfully

* "A System of Mineralogy. Descriptive Mineralogy. By James D. Dana, Professor of Geology and Mineralogy in Yale College; aided by Geo. J. Brush, Professor of Mineralogy and Metallurgy in the Sheffield Scientific School of Yale College. Fifth Edition. Re-written and Enlarged." New York: John Wiley & Son. 1868.

thought himself defrauded of deserved thanks or recognition by this pre-eminently just as well as sagacious compiler.

Of Professor Brush, the worthy collaborator on this treatise, it is enough to say that he deserves to be associated with Professor Dana, and that he has no superior in his specialty in this country except his master.

## MRS. JENKIN'S LAST NOVELS.*

In the first of the stories named below, Mrs. Jenkin resigns herself to her ruling passion for depicting jealousy. Hitherto, in those of her books that we have had the pleasure of reading, she has been content with making three or four characters suffer, and that temporarily only, from what Mr. Richard Swiveller would call "the green-eyed." But in "A Psyche of To-day" she shows us the piece for which these previous episodes would seem to have been but studies; she concentrates her attention on her one point, and cuts away everything which does not directly heighten its effect. The result is a story more rapid and dramatic than any she has previously written, though not really more artistic, and certainly less thoughtful.

"A Psyche" is Mademoiselle Regina Nolopœus, the daughter of a musical and constitutionally impecunious Hungarian and a noble French girl with whom he eloped. Regina, orphaned and disowned by her maternal relatives, is introduced to the reader at the age of ten, a shy but dignified young person, who keeps her sorrows to herself, and announces that she can cook, speak Latin, and never tells lies. She is adopted and brought up by a Parisian lady who knew her mother. Madame Saincère is one of those women whom Mrs. Jenkin loves to paint, and she does it so well that we are always glad to see her, whether she be called Madame Saincère, Lady Ponsonby, or Mrs. Lescrimière. An old lady, full of the best kind of worldly wisdom, warm-hearted and sensible, is the type, Madame Saincère differing from her predecessors in being childless, and therefore with less experience of the ways of young hearts. She is a patroness of letters and art. With her resides her nephew, M. Paul Latour de la Mothe, who is a painter and a genius. Latour's aristocratic mother in the provincial town of Juvigny had destined him for a government office, and would have chosen him a proper wife, but he shocked her by refusing both, yielding to her influence only so far as to break his engagement with a young lady whom he loved and of whom she disapproved. This young lady soon becomes Madame Aubry, without, however, losing her affection for Latour.

Madame Saincère sends the little Regina to a boarding-school, whence she emerges in due time pruned of all her promised originality, and very like any other French demoiselle—a "sphinx clothed in white muslin." She possesses, indeed, a wonderful beauty, and is otherwise like her prototype in being a fresh and simple creature, happy, innocent, and loving greatly: for already she loves Paul, who for his part hardly sees her. About this time she goes to visit Paul's mother at Juvigny. There is nothing in the whole book so delightful to our mind as the description of the society in this old town. It consists of a few Legitimist families and the respectable and well-to-do people with whom they condescend to mix; the former poor, despising trade, their manners and thoughts of the past, hopeless, ennuyed, yet indefinably elegant and attractive; the latter, taking Madame de la Mothe for an example, more modern in their ideas, upright, narrow, provincial. Of the first there are the Mlles. De Lusson, darning their dresses in secret, and feebly waiting for some impossible future; Mme. De Noircourt, the devotee, with her enduring alpaca ready for every funeral; M. De Lusson, whose flute and cheerfulness form an added source of misery to his wife and daughters; Lepeaute, the accomplished servant, who manages to give a party to Regina out of pure skill and a fraction of money.

To Paul's mother Regina takes so kindly that she forces the stiff old heart to warm toward her; nevertheless, Mme. Latour does not neglect her duty, but selects for the young girl an eligible if disagreeable young man for a husband. The unsophisticated "Psyche" shrinks from this as from other matches that Paul and Madame Saincère next form for her. While this goes on Madame Aubry meets Paul and rekindles his old flame for her. In time she is dethroned by an eccentric and beautiful genius, a young Irish girl, who insists on being called "Hubert," who has only gentlemen for friends, who is absolutely free from passion, who speaks several languages, reads Hegel, sings wildly and wonderfully, and dresses in the height of fashion. Whether "Hubert" is a copy from life or evolved from Mrs. Jenkin's inner consciousness, she is in either case a failure. Her characteristics are asserted, not depicted. Declared to be a prodigy, she is permitted to utter only commonplaces and perform absurdities. Paul wisely decides that this young person will not make the good wife that he now seriously wants. Somebody suggests that Mlle. Nolopœus is well-born and well-dowered. He proposes for her and they are married, poor "Psyche" as dumb with delight as she had hitherto been with grief. Paul is pleased, on the whole, both with his wife's outlines and the praises she receives. A year passes, and Madame Aubry again turns up. Everything follows now that one may expect, and as it has often done before in novels, only that Mrs. Jenkin manages the gradual separation of the husband and wife with the nicety of a practised hand, touching delicately and omitting effectively; never vulgar, although occasionally trenching on the sensational. The modern Psyche lights her lamp by opening an anonymous letter during her husband's absence, and she finds out that far from being a god, he is only an everyday deceiver. At the sight of him on his return she goes mad, whereupon he immediately discovers that he adores her and hates Madame Aubry. Mrs. Jenkin always rejoices in doing poetic justice. On this occasion she is even more rigorous than usual in the performance of duty. Regina is avenged of every single pang she has suffered; and if we are forced to admit that (to the carnal mind) Providence is not apt to punish the wicked so satisfactorily, we are equally compelled to say that the way in which Mrs. Jenkin does it is ingenious and dreadfully interesting. As, for instance, where the insane wife glides in to stand for the "Iphigenia" begun in happier days, and glares at her husband with the very expression he had once longed for her to assume, being irritated with her persistent loving glances. It would make a good *tableau vivant*.

When it is conceded that an authoress is skilful and entertaining, knows what is good taste, what good manners, has a graceful wit, a turn for reflection and analysis, vivacity and pathos at command—is, in short, the producer of eminently readable books, is it not captious to take any exception to the works of her hand, so complete in their way? We dare say there is no use in it; Mrs. Jenkin is not a young writer, and criticism or spurring of any kind would hardly cause her to rise from cleverness to greatness. Yet we like her so much it is impossible not to wish to be able to like her more; to wish that she were as good to remember as to read; that she had higher motives for her tales than melodramatic revenges; that she contributed less to form an appetite for morbid emotions, and more to extract some real virtue out of and for the society she is so well fitted to describe. We are not to be understood as insinuating an entreaty for a "moral;" but it is nevertheless true that no work of fiction can be worth much which does not possess that underlying moral which rejects little purposes, and is the only stimulus to true artistic perception.

So far we had already written when "Madame de Beaupré" appeared. It may be described somewhat in the same general terms applied to "A Psyche of To-day;" but it is certainly two or three steps below that story, and bears us out in the suggestion that Mrs. Jenkin is not in an improving way. The little analytical sentences which she is accustomed to sprinkle in here and there have lost all but their worldly wisdom, and are good indications of that lower tone of her mind which is visible in all her novels, and in "Madame de Beaupré" is in the ascendency. "How is it," she asks, "that the inferior nature so constantly governs the superior?" "His egotism prospered with him, as egotism is wont to do." "It is a melancholy fact that as soon as we allow our heart to dictate a course of action to us, we are almost sure to get into a scrape." The society in "Madame de Beaupré" is almost too frivolous and silly to be amusing, well described though it doubtless is. Madame herself is an unattractive person, to our taste, from the time when she becomes a widow till she succeeds in gaining her lover by turning Protestant. A *coup de théâtre* cuts the Gordian knot of the difficulty, in a scene in which religion and attitudes mingle in a manner positively disagreeable, and awaken suspicion of the means by which Mrs. Jenkin, in her previous compositions, has produced her effects and played on our sympathies.

## MR. G. W. MOON'S BAD ENGLISH.*

Since his fight with Dean Alford, a few years ago, Mr. Moon seems to have taken upon himself the office of champion of his native tongue, and to think it necessary that he should sally forth, from time to time, upon offenders against the strictest proprieties of English speech. In this little volume he spits upon his lance three such hapless beings, and retires from

* "A Psyche of To-day. By Mrs. C. Jenkin." New York: Leypoldt & Holt. 1868.
"Madame de Beaupré. By Mrs. C. Jenkin." New York: Leypoldt & Holt. 1868.

* "The Bad English of Lindley Murray and other Writers on the English Language: A Series of Criticisms by G. Washington Moon." London: Hatchard & Co.; New York: Pott & Amery. 1868. 16mo, pp. xi., 248.

the field with all the airs and honors of glorious victory. Perhaps we have missed the proper comparison, and should have said "bodkin," rather than "lance;" but the writer bears himself so stoutly, and so evidently appears in his own eyes a knight "of mighty bone and bold emprise," that he almost imposes upon us, and makes us lose sight of the pettiness of the work in which he is engaged. No literary business, certainly, ranks lower than this verbal criticism, which goes with a microscope over the surface of one and another writer's style, spying out cracks and roughnesses, making a big mark across them, and calling upon the world to stand aghast at their enormity. We would not deny that it has its value; but it should be practised as quietly and unpretentiously as possible, as if the critic fully realized how much more important things there were to be attended to, and that an author who is laboring to get some weighty matter before the minds of his public may fairly be absolved from blame for now and then putting an *only* in the wrong place, using *a* for *an*, being careless of his antitheses, and such like faults. Mr. Moon's whole tone and bearing is "loud;" he elaborates and emphasizes his strictures as if he would fain compel universal attention to them. The very fact of his putting forth a second volume of this character tries our patience severely. We are of the number of those who were never able to see why Dean Alford's unscholarly and awkward lucubrations should have been gathered together out of the magazines in which they first appeared, to be made into a book; nor why Mr. Moon's retorts should have been thought worthy of the same treatment. The task of dealing with an adversary like the Dean was not difficult, nor the credit of vanquishing him great. Still, it must be conceded that the patronage of the public has justified the enterprise of the publisher who puts forth both books together, making each stir up curiosity and attract purchasers for the other. If the warning conveyed in the appearance of the present volume be duly heeded, its reception will be such as to convince its author that he has worked out this particular vein, and had better try to win further reputation, or utilize the notoriety already gained, by contributions to literature of another sort. It would be sad enough to have to look forward to an indefinite succession of volumes of verbal criticism, and there is no reason why the series should ever come to an end for lack of subject.

We must do Mr. Moon the justice to say that, within the limits imposed by his theme, he is a sound and thorough worker, sharp in discovering the vulnerable points in his antagonists' armor, cunning in offering the smallest number of opportunities for counter-thrusts. To such a critic we can probably pay no more gratifying compliment than by acknowledging that his style is very correct. Nor is it wanting in vigor or dash; but to the more delicate graces it can lay no claim. Its humor, for example, is almost uniformly unsuccessful; you cannot well smile heartily at the fun of a man whose grin warns you a sentence or two off of the fun's approach. We have no idea of criticising him in detail—to provoke, perhaps, a retort from a man whom it is so perilous to arouse; we will call attention to but a point or two.

One of the matters respecting which we should most differ with our author in opinion has to do with the use of the article. We are perfectly ready to write "an earnest and faithful man," or "a faithful and earnest man," and to defend against all comers the correctness of both phrases; maintaining that he who requires two articles, "an earnest and a faithful" or "a faithful and an earnest"—because, forsooth, the two adjectives, standing separately, could not take the same article—has an ear which has been made morbidly sensitive by unhealthy training. Very often we should amend Mr. Moon's punctuation (if it be his own)—rejecting, for example, the comma in "Many writers consider the repetition of a word in a sentence, to be an inelegance" (p. 25); or in "The teaching of the foregoing criticisms respecting adverbs, may be summed up thus" (p. 16). And he is not entirely free from that unnecessary and illogical doubling of the auxiliary *have*—as in "it would have been better still, to have said (p. 32)—which, to be sure, is not so unequivocally an offence against English usage as it ought to be, since authorities innumerable, ancient and modern, can be cited in its support; but which, in our view, is nevertheless an offence, and a grievous one, against real propriety of speech.

We must not leave our young gentleman without calling attention to the tremendous nature of the combat which he and Mr. E. S. Gould recently carried on in the *Round Table*. It was not unlike one of those manly contests in the prize-ring in which each gentleman, as he "gets in," or tries to get in, on his antagonist, suggests to him that he is a liar, that his mother's failings did not lean to virtue's side, that his father stretched hemp, and so on. Both champions are at present quiet, and as friends of virtue and as persons delicate about manners,—to say nothing of a capacity we have for being bored,—we sincerely hope they may both remain so.

## GIFT-BOOKS FOR CHILDREN.*

If the children were better critics, we should have better literature for children than we now have; or rather, more of our juvenile literature would be good. However, the child's critical faults being negative, they produce less unfortunate results than otherwise would be the case. A girl or boy with a good mental appetite will devour almost anything, and, luckily, is usually blessed with so happy a digestion that he easily rejects what is not fit food for him. He is not in the condition in which older readers too often are; he has not yet formed the unhealthy tastes which crave morbid excitement; he is not yet the positively bad reader who necessitates the bad writer; so he suffers no great deal of harm at the hands of the average writer for youth, though it is true, of course, that he misses a vast deal of good which he ought to get, and that therefore the duty devolving upon the older critic, his guardian, is, for practical purposes, not lighter than if authors for the young folks really inflicted all the injury which most of them are so capable of inflicting.

In noticing the children's books of the coming holidays we have already spoken of the best of them; "The Flower and the Star," by Mr. Linton, is, at all events, the best of that class of them which is intended for the smallest people who read—those less than ten or eleven years. To be sure, some of Mr. Linton's work is old enough for readers of patriarchal age; but the best of the imaginative sort of writing for children is pretty safe to be either old enough for the oldest reader at the same time that it is young enough for the youngest, or else to be trivial in meaning, at once wooden and weakly, and distastefully expressive of sham and humbug. Let one of the best of Grimm's or Andersen's little prose poems—full of a morality, high or homely, not less applicable to the grave side than to the side of the cradle, more fully suffused with imagination than most epics, never departing from the truth of things—be compared with the work of any one of the multitude of pretty-story makers or allegorico-moral-story makers who fill the boys' and girls' magazines with the products of what is called their imagination. The latter will be laughed at by men and women who have any right to laugh, or, rather, who have a right to laugh *at* things—and some such persons there are, Wordsworth to the contrary notwithstanding. Not that all truth and all beauty are within the vision of childhood, but there is none of either which is within the comprehension of the child that is not also delightful and acceptable to the man, and none that the man rejects is fit for the mind of the child, or is anything but spurious. When the father cannot read with satisfaction the holiday book that he buys for his boy or girl, the boy and girl, of course, may read it, and probably will; but, of course, they ought not. We are speaking only of imaginative literature; which, after all, though its operation is often insensible, is apt to be in the end the most powerful in its effect on the morals and the mind. If most of what is good in human life and character has its root in the spiritual power of aspiration after the unknown good, then the literature of aspiration seems to be of most importance; and that it is of most importance, and always has been, an examination of the facts, even in the case of the individual, if it were easily possible, would easily show. Mr. Linton's little book we have already praised, with some hinted reservations. These

* "Little Rosy's Travels; or, Country Scenes in the South of France. With 24 illustrations by Frölich." Reproduced by the New York Lithograph, Engraving, and Printing Company. New York: A. D. F. Randolph & Co. 1868.

"You-Sing: The Chinaman in California." Philadelphia: Presbyterian Publication Committee. New York: A. D. F. Randolph.

"The Little Gypsy. By Elie Sauvage." Illustrated by L. Frölich. Translated by J. M. Luyster.

"The Butterfly's Gospel, and Other Stories. By Fredrika Bremer." Translated by Margaret Howitt. Philadelphia: Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger.

"The Sick Doll, and Other Stories; for Youngest Readers." With one hundred illustrations by Oscar Pletsch, Hamilton Weir, and others. Boston: John L. Shorey. 1868. "The Nursery Series."

"The Great Secret, and Other Stories; for Youngest Readers." With more than a hundred illustrations by Pletsch, Frölich, Weir, Billings, and others. Boston: John L. Shorey. 1868. "The Nursery Series."

"The Child's Auction, and Other Stories; for Youngest Readers." With more than one hundred illustrations by Pletsch, Weir, Billings, and others. Boston: John L. Shorey. 1868. "The Nursery Series."

"Told in the Twilight; or, Short Stories for Long Evenings. By Sidney Daryl. With illustrations by Gussie Bridgman." Philadelphia: Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger. 1868.

"Children with the Poets. By Harriet B. McKeever." Philadelphia: Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger. 1868.

"The Orphans' Triumphs. The Story of Lily and Harry Grant. By H. K. P." New York: M. W. Dodd. 1868.

"Boasting Hector. Foolish Zoe. Mischievous John. The text by his [her] Mamma. The designs by L. Frölich." Boston: Roberts Bros. 1868. 3 vols.

"Ruth Lovell; or, Holidays at Home. By Mrs. Carrie L. May." Boston: Wm. H. Hill, Jr., & Co. 1868.

"Appletons' Juvenile Annual for 1869. A Christmas and New Year's Gift for Young People. With numerous illustrations." New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1868.

"Washed Ashore; or, The Tower of Stormount Bay. By William H. G. Kingston, author of "Peter, the Whaler," etc. Philadelphia: Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger. 1868.

"The Cricket's Friends. Tales told by the Cricket, Teapot, and Saucepan. By Cousin Virginia." Boston: Nichols & Noyes. 1868.

'I Will, and other Stories. By 'May.'" New York: P. S. Wynkoop & Son. 1868.

"The Entertaining Story of King Brondé, His Lily and His Rosebud. By Anna M. Diaz. With illustrations by W. L. Sheppard." Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1868.

suggested themselves when we thought of the fact that some parts of it would simply puzzle a childish reader; that he would get from them not only less than an adult reader, but would get nothing from them—which would seem to show a defective sympathetic, if not creative, imagination in the author. Still, we are glad to commend it again as being, on the whole, the best of the more important holiday books for the young.

"Little Rosy's Travels" also—which is a reprint, with good illustrations, of an English book—we can praise heartily. It is an account of a very human little girl's adventures in the South of France, whither her father and mother took her to grow fat. Parents will at once recognize its truth to nature, and children will be the better and happier for making the acquaintance of so good a disobedient, kind-hearted, merry little personage as Miss Rosy. The scenes of the story, too, will be new to the reader, and the book will be a real treasure to whatever girl may be fortunate enough to have it given to her.

Little Californians have recently been told—if any of them listened—that God, foreseeing the influx of Chinamen into the Pacific coast country, has begun to endow American citizens newly born in that region with larger heads than are given to the infants of the other States in the Union. "Wisdom is good to direct," the argument is, and as by divine ordinance the "Johns" are hereafter to dig canals for California, do family washing, work on farms and in gardens, and be in all respects a servile class, it behooves their future masters and mistresses, thus released from drudgery, to devote themselves in earnest to the business of governing and guiding them, and to occupy themselves in intellectual pursuits. Whenever God has formed purposes of this kind the race which He selects for the mastery becomes rather impudent, insulting, domineering, tyrannical, and otherwise in need of good advice. "You-Sing: the Chinaman in California," is therefore a story which we feel in a manner bound to urge on the attention of the people who have accepted for themselves and their offspring their manifest destiny as Californians. It sets forth, in what purports to be a narrative of facts, the courage, the gratitude, and the self-sacrificing spirit of a poor Chinaman who not long ago lived in Sacramento city, and who underwent much partly-deserved and partly-undeserved abuse from the children of a family residing near him, but who, when the floods came, worked hard to save his enemies from destruction, helped to support them after the father was drowned, aided the widow in the recovery of her property from her husband's fraudulent partner, and in every way approved himself an admirable person, although his notions of morality were of a somewhat Oriental character, and he was in religion a consistent pagan. The author gives some decided indications of a willingness to appropriate so much goodness, by summary conversion, to the credit of Christianity, and we are glad for her sake as a story-maker that she had to stick to the facts of the case, and, at the end of the volume, leave You-Sing in an enquiring frame of mind, but not under deep conviction of the entirely worthless character of his josses. The incidents of the book will interest the readers for whom it is intended, and the author is to be thanked for having attacked in a sensible way a cruel prejudice.

"The Little Gypsy" is translated from the French, and, in its English dress, is a pretty story told in a sprightly way. Old Wolf, the tailor, and Marguerite, his quick-tempered wife—who has what Carlyle and Ben Jonson call an aptitude for the profession of sovereign prince, she is so well fitted out with desires for various things—live with their beautiful little daughter in a village in the Tyrol. A band of gypsies come, and of course Marguerite must have her fortune told, and of course she takes Mina with her, and of course all follows on as it should. Mina is stolen and the gypsies beat her and try to teach her to steal, but she will not learn that trade, and, instead, becomes a singer and dancer of marvellous skill. Then the great composer hears her, and the Landgrave sees her, and she is rescued from her hard life, and becomes in time a famous prima donna, and supports her father and mother, whom she fortunately finds again alive and well. There is no need to praise such tales, which will be a part of childhood till the end of time, or till childhood shall be less happy than it is.

Two pleasing writers—Margaret Howitt and Fredrika Bremer, the one as translator and the other as author—combine to make for the children a pleasant book of short tales: "The Butterfly's Gospel, and Other Stories." They are full of the poetical sentimentality which is so common in German literature, and which is perhaps the chief grace and charm of the literature of the Scandinavians, and which, when it does not perilously tremble on the verge—or pass it—of gushing insipidity and weakness, is in some moods so thoroughly delightful. "The Rose of Jericho," with its pretty legend and its warm humanity, is the best of the three stories comprised in this volume, and is good for children just as the "Christmas Carol" is good for them—because, as somebody, not speaking profanely, said of the latter, its love and tender charity make it a continuation of the Sermon on the Mount.

The three books next in order in our lists are so determinedly moral in their tendency—if it can be called tendency when in so many words it is told to little boys and girls that they must not lie, nor even steal, nor be idle, nor disobedient, nor rob birds' nests, nor decline to learn to hem, and so on—they come out so strong in this respect, that we feel a little hesitation in recommending them or speaking of them at all. But they are for the very youngest of readers, or rather spellers, and their didacticism is not so bad; "it is good for a man that he bear the yoke in his youth," and the moral law may safely be imposed in all its weight and nakedness on the necks of the extremely young sinner.

Mr. Daryl's "Short Stories" are so stuffed with long words and stilted expressions as to offer serious difficulty to children in understanding them, either with or without a dictionary. "Joey's" mother, who lived in a court, "would have been right glad to have left it, could she have found any other locality where the rent was equally moderate." He, poor boy! was not born, but had an "advent into existence." "Nelly" "deposited" her father's supper in the basket, instead of placing it there. Vain of showing her needle-work, "she had only one opportunity in the week of exhibiting her handicraft to the public gaze"—the same day that "the venerable old grey pony was enticed . . . to undergo the labor" of drawing the gig to church. "Enticed"—we must go back again—"with much expenditure of persuasive words by Martin, and knowing dodges by Joe;" a union of diverse not to say opposite styles which is even surpassed in the case of still a third "Joe" (Mr. Daryl not being fertile in names). This last Joseph rose from prayer, "no longer the craven and coward, afraid to meet the ills of life, but ready to grin and bear them." Nor do we find worth or novelty enough in these stories to keep the author from seeming a bore, which we dare say he is considered in his own country. The woodcuts are in the highest style of primitive art.

A somewhat laborious examination of Miss McKeever's collection has enabled us to pronounce at least a tenth of it to have no relation to children, suggestively, subjectively, or objectively, and nearly the whole of it to be eminently unsuited for the compiler's purpose—"to put into the hands of children as a class-book;" *i.e.*, "children between the ages of eight and fourteen." And we can further say that the pretensions to accuracy advanced in the preface are not borne out. We have not made comparisons with the originals, but trust our critical instinct when we denounce page 80 for two gross misprints, and page 81 for fatal mispunctuation, Wordsworth and Longfellow being the sufferers. Miss McKeever's introductory verses are perhaps the worst in the book—which, as she gives seven other pieces of her own, is saying a great deal. No less than seven stanzas (four in succession) are disfigured, though not spoiled, by rhymes like this: *teens* and *seen*, *gems* and *them*, *lays* and *away*, *friend* and *sends*, *books* and *Cook*, *tales* and *stale*, *loved* and *above*. One we may applaud for this naive confession:

> "Some very young poets are singing
> In this volume their innocent lays;"

but a little further on we are startled by this paradox:

> "We shall sing the sweet poems of Cowper,
> The poet so *pure* and so good,
> Who tells us bright *animal* stories,
> In his own tender, beautiful mood."

"Young ladies between fourteen and twenty" will beware of "School girls with the Poets," which Miss McKeever has in preparation.

We mention "The Orphans' Trials," a Sunday-school story, only to say—and our remarks will perhaps apply to many of the same class—that as it is calculated to reach children chiefly through its influence on their parents, it cannot properly be called a book for children. On this account we forbear to criticise it and others like it, more than to say of this one that it appears to be founded on real occurrences rather than to have been improvised purely from the religious sentiment.

The three square little green books—"Hector," and "Zoe," and "John"—with designs by Frölich, would have been better without the "text by mamma." The pictures are quite charming and have only the drawback of illustrating rather poor stories. The disorderly "John" of the title-page is infinitely preferable to the hypocritical-looking student at the end. We also enter our protest against the plan of making cruel boys better by dwelling, either in words or in pictures, on the deeds of other cruel boys. As well can you make men more virtuous by publishing *Police Gazettes* and having public hangings. The animals in this series will give great pleasure to children. The figures of several of the boys and girls are drawn with much spirit.

"Ruth Lovell" is more than a story with a moral — it is full of

morals; there is a moral to every chapter, a moral to every conversation The two little girls at home for the holidays are inveigled at every turn into discussions on Time and Eternity, and Heaven and Industry, and other kindred themes. The sugar to this medicine is in the jocular flights of one of the children, which may possibly be enjoyed as wit by the youngest and more imbecile readers. The little girls who are to receive this book as a Christmas gift had better be those who have "gone up head" on definitions, for they are required to understand what "capillaceous" means, and "pachydermatous," "incipient," "ignominiously," etc., etc.

Any boy will be glad to get "Appletons' Juvenile Annual." It is handsome without and full of entertaining variety within. It is a selection of all sorts of (short) stories from all sorts of sources, from a legend of King Arthur to "Reuben Pettingill," by Artemus Ward. There is something about gorillas, and the devil-fish, and the Indians, something about hunting and fighting, and the indispensable story about General Washington is not wanting. There are 39 illustrations, and in short, to quote the publishers' advertisement, it may be considered a "sumptuous annual."

"Washed Ashore" is a tolerably good story of a kind which is always sure to interest children. It is full of incident and adventure by sea and land; ghosts, smugglers, one-armed sailors, underground passages, desert islands, shipwrecked vessels; with all suggestive things of this nature its pages are well crowded. It is not, of course, designed for very young readers; but children of twelve years old or so will mightily enjoy it, and after the first page or two there is not much that they will care to skip. There is now and then a long word which may be too much for them, and a little technical moralizing which might, perhaps, have been dispensed with; but, on the whole, the book is very well adapted to the tastes and capacities of children.

It would be pleasant to be able to say as much for "The Cricket's Friends;" but after the first two or three chapters, in which the Spider and the Wasp talk a little about their own habits and those of some of their near connections, the book becomes quite too absurd to inflict upon children of ordinary intelligence. The idea of it, which is that a club composed of such incongruous members as the tea-kettle, the saucepan, the caterpillar, the spider, and the wasp meet in a kitchen every evening for mutual entertainment, is not, to begin with, a very promising one, although something might have been made of it in the way of adapting to their easy comprehension some of those facts in natural history which most children listen so eagerly. But after a very little and very poor work of this kind to make the spider begin a romantic tale in this fashion:—

"Beyond the Frith of Clyde, the Kyles of Bute cleaving their way among grey cliffs, tapestried with mosses and richly clothed with lichens, past Loch Ridan's clear waters, lies the Peninsula of Cantyre, on the bosom of the Atlantic, lies a group of islets, varied in hue and form—the Hebrides;" . . .

and to hear the wasp and caterpillar follow suit in a style equally ambitious, is to count too confidently on the ease with which children may be deluded.

"I Will," is another stupid little book, which a discriminating Santa Claus will doubtless deposit only in the stockings of naughty boys and girls, along with the switches and the lumps of coal which sadly imitate the toys and sugar-plums and fairy tales reserved for better and happier children. We fear, though, that even to the most flagrant violators of nursery decorum its dreary sermonings and its dull narrations would prove less salutary than depressing.

Mrs. Diaz understands her audience better, and gives them a fairy tale which they will be sure to find sufficiently "entertaining" to justify its title. "The Entertaining Story of King Brondé" is simple and pretty, with plenty of the orthodox fairy-tale incident and sentiment, and may be safely commended to holiday-book buyers.

## ILLUSTRATED GIFT-BOOKS.*

JULES MICHELET'S tender-hearted and agitated books upon Love, Woman, The Sea, The Bird—treatises in the minor key and with much shuddering of shrill violin notes—are the works by which he is best known in this city. Several of them have been very well translated. It may be that "L'Oiseau" has been translated and published in America. At all events, here comes a London edition of it, under the title of "The Bird," and decorated with woodcut illustrations.

The French edition, in octavo, published by Hachette and imported by F. W. Christern, contains the same illustrations, and, in fact, may be considered as the original of this one. A careful comparison of the French and the English books shows a slight superiority in the French impressions of the engravings, whether expressive of the difference between the wood blocks and electrotypes of them or between earlier and later impressions from the blocks, there is no need of enquiring, nor is the superiority of primary importance. The engraving has been very well done, and, in general, in a simple and satisfactory way.

We had no knowledge of Mr. Giacomelli, as a designer, before the appearance of the French edition of this book, two or three years ago, nor have we since met with any other works illustrated by him. The two hundred and ten pictures in this volume are nearly all interesting; there is not one of those devoted to the birds—that is to say, not one except the rather trifling borders to some of the pages—which it is not a pleasure to examine. The picture on page 147 of the Cairene street spanned by poles reaching from house to house, upon which and upon every frieze, jutty, and coign of vantage the turtle-doves are perched in scores, while others are on the wing, is touching and poetical, in spite of the exceeding simplicity of the design and its inartificial light and shade. Passing by numerous clever small ones, how capital is the freedom and spirit of that on page 163, with the astonished dog and composed raven! And the pictures with less of a story to tell, with only the look of the creatures to record, are the best of all. The flock of birds flying toward us out of the sky on page 81, and the gallant herons on the wing on page 111, are almost as light in the air and as swift in pictured flight as the wonderful birds of the best Japanese designs, from which store-house, indeed, the heron with drooping wing, on page 109, seems to have been immediately drawn. Nearly all the foreign birds of unusual and unfamiliar aspect are well rendered. The puffins, auks, and South American princes of plumage are very successful. It is very probable that some great menagerie like the Jardin des Plantes, and probably the Jardin itself, has furnished the models for these studies.

Within a certain limit, then, these pictures of birds and little animals are good and true. Compared with the greater number of modern illustrations they are good; but it requires only a little study of Japanese work of the best kind to show how far an uncivilized people can go in the same direction; it requires only a few moments over Bewick's partridges and waterbirds to remind the student of an excellence which Mr. Giacomelli has not even aimed at. Beauty of plumage, and of soft and variegated surface, he seems not to have noticed, nor are there any distant landscapes or delicate skies here and there introduced in these pictures; all accessory charm is absent; it is only the form and action of the birds that have been felt and reproduced.

But at all events the illustrations are natural, masculine, simple, compared with the book they illustrate. How a man of feeling could live among the birds and study them and not be a little more cheerful about them, we find it difficult to understand. The author is right; there is a world of horrors and cruelties among the creatures who prey upon each other; and he is still right in his rejoicings over the fitness of the birds to encounter each his trial and his task. But there is the "child's voice" of old, the quavering cry of timid anxiety which seems natural to the voice Michelet. "Gleaming solitudes where danger lurks on every side among the most venomous insects, and upon those mournful plants whose very shade kills. . . . The most terrible and fatal of trees, the spectre whose fatal glance seems to freeze your blood for ever, the deadly manchineel. . . . They swim intrepidly on this vast sea of death—this hissing, croaking, crawling sea—on the terrible miasmatic vapors, inhaling and defying them." Apart from all this "The Bird" is not very instructive. It may serve to remind a few thoughtless and unobserving people that there are things worthy thinking of and observing; but smaller things than this big book have been known to do that service, and perhaps as well as the larger.

Every new edition of Gray's Elegy is welcome. Let there be at least one such every Christmas. What thanks shall we not give to the publishers who bring it to pass that, in the midst of the bustle of crowding modern books, we have to sit down and read again the old—the young, the immortal Elegy? What can we not forgive to the pictures in which the poem is set, and because of which it is again reprinted and again sent to us in its new dress? For the sixteen color-printed pictures in this book are not very valuable aids to our enjoyment of the poem. They are not very accurately adapted to it, and rather obscure than illustrate its beauty. "Yonder ivy-

* "The Bird. By Jules Michelet. With 210 Illustrations by Giacomelli." London, Edinburgh, and New York: Nelson & Sons.
"An Elegy written in a Country Churchyard. By Thomas Gray." New York: Scribner, Welford & Co. 1869.
"Sketches abroad with Pen and Pencil. By Felix O. C. Darley." New York: Hurd & Houghton. 1868.
"Woodside and Seaside illustrated by Pen and Pencil." D. Appleton & Co. 1869.

mantled tower," which we have always supposed the church-tower overlooking the famous "Country Churchyard," appears in this book pictorially as a ruined and roofless castle, with flanking turrets. The "long drawn aisle and fretted vault" are represented not as when filled with the "pealing anthem" which "swells the note of praise," but deserted, except for a genuine English verger victimizing a visitor, and one or two unexplained solitaries in the far distance. Why is it always assumed that "the little tyrant of the fields" means a tyrant of tender years—a little boy resisting gallantly and thrashing a big boy? It is more probable that "little tyrant" is only a "petty tyrant," some squireen of the unamiable kind that in the English country districts especially flourishes.

The landscapes are the worst of the illustrations; the figure subjects with large figures, as notably those illustrating

"Their homely joys and destiny obscure,"

and

"On some fond breast the parting soul relies,"

are much better, and in the original drawings must have been very interesting. The block printing is not well done, and the prints are very rough, and of a chopped-straw texture not pleasant to look upon.

The best part of the book, and a feature which gives it value, is the fac-simile of the original manuscript of the poem. A note says: "The manuscript from which the present fac-simile has been made is the only existing draught of the poem, the autograph at Pembroke House, Cambridge, being manifestly a fair copy made by the poet, probably for circulation among his friends. This draught formed a portion of the papers bequeathed by Gray to his friend and biographer, Mason." The fac-simile tells us some interesting things about the poem. It seems that Gray had written

"The rude forefathers of the village sleep,"

when a natural second thought made him alter "village" to "hamlet." And the next stanza began, in continuation of the thought,

"For ever sleep; the breezy call of morn," etc.

There are a great many such discrepancies between the manuscript and the printed versions, and among them appear four stanzas always omitted in printed copies, and known to but few readers. The MS. title is

"Stanzas wrote in a Country Church-Yard."

Mr. Darley's preface announces that the substance of his book is the private letters he wrote from abroad, and that "at the suggestion of a friend" he was induced to use them as a thread on which to hang the illustrations. The apology is called for. Nothing could be more commonplace than the sort of record given of the places visited and the things seen. "We saw the apartments of the Duke and Duchess of Savoy, they are quaint but unfurnished," appears to be all he has to say about the apartments in the Castle of Chillon. "A few days ago we *finished* Switzerland, having visited many places of interest; among them," etc., etc. "The interior seems to me a little overloaded with ornament and small forms, as well as variety of color, the effect of which destroys the idea of space and simplicity." The author writes as if he had no knowledge whatever of the history of the fine arts or of the principles of artistic criticism. For him a cathedral is "a delicious bit of antiquity," and the Pre-Raphaelites are the painters before Raphael. The only striking sentence in the whole book is a remark on the way one suddenly finds one's self wearied out in looking at great works of art. As for the numerous pictures, there are good heads here and there, as the priest on page 63, the painter on page 83, the waiter on page 184, and, on page 98, the gentleman called by Thackeray's Chawls "Sawedwadlitnbulwig." The bits of incident are often amusing in subject, but nearly always spoiled by excessive mannerism. The drawings of architecture, ruins, streets, and the like, are nearly always very slight and valueless.

Some gift-books are valuable not only in themselves, strictly speaking, but because they bring before the people once again and in a new dress the noble poems which people ought to be incited to read. This remark is only to a certain extent applicable to books of selections. "Woodside and Seaside"—as a gathering of English woodcuts by many hands, with the addition of a few by Americans, all illustrating a very miscellaneous collection of poems, and the whole not too accurately named by the title of the book—needs whatever apology can be offered for it. Being a gift-book of the most pronounced character, it must show that it is also something more than a gift-book, or else be thrown over the edge of the table into the waste-basket. The woodcuts cannot save it. They belong, indeed, to that class of modern English work which makes our illustrated books less ridiculous than of old, and fills them with kindly and gentle studies of humanity, and respectful, if not loving, renderings of landscape. But they are not very good of their kind, and it is now so easy to get better ones that these are hardly worth mention. Moreover, they are not generally in good condition, but seem to be either fac-similes made here or worn cuts imported; at least, very few of them are good, and none are excellent as woodcuts. We find the excuse for the book's existence in Shelley's hymn or invocation—

"Swiftly walk over the western waves,
Spirit of Night;"

in Wordsworth's "Skylark" and in Cowper's "The Dog and the Water-Lily" in the first place, and, in the second place, in Dickens's "Ivy Green," not often enough seen out of "Pickwick," and Beaumont and Fletcher's "Folding the Flocks," almost never seen out of their works. As for the Tennyson extracts, one is a little too much a piece of stock poetry, and the other is a bit picked out of a longer poem, a dislocation not to be praised. Except for purposes of singing, we cannot enjoy even

"Hark! hark! the lark at Heaven's gate sings,"

or the hymn to Sabrina, separated from their context.

*The Trotting-Horse of America:* How to Train and Drive him; with Reminiscences of the Trotting-Turf. By Hiram Woodruff. (New York: J. B. Ford & Co. 1868.)—He who knows anything of the history of horses in America must have heard of Hiram Woodruff. It was he more than any other man who developed the American horse's surpassing capacity for speed and endurance in harness, and who was not only the trainer and driver of the most distinguished animals, but who is conceded to have held the supremacy in his profession. The record of his experience and suggestions constitutes, therefore, a valuable accession to our knowledge, and will prove to be of standard authority among the most skilful. The graphic style of his descriptions, the vivid pictures he draws of the breeding and education of his favorites, and the reminiscences he recalls of incidents on the turf, form a work of great merit. Nor are the biographies of nearly all the celebrated horses that have appeared in public, "hitched" or under the saddle, for the last thirty years the least attractive feature of this volume.

The author discusses every branch of the horse's education and the reciprocal duties to be performed to him by his master. These branches are numerous, but they cannot be dwelt upon in this place. Some of them inculcate minute directions in regard to feeding, to working, to exposure, to sweating and physic, according to temper, disposition, age, or other circumstances and peculiar character. No definite rules are laid down to govern absolutely in all cases, but maxims are stated which it is well to bear in mind and generally to follow. The most gentle treatment is at all times strenuously recommended; nor is a trainer to be trusted who is not of an amiable disposition. To gain supreme command over the pupil, it is imperative that the teacher have a like command over himself.

Those who are desirous to form an accurate idea of the characteristics of the trotting-horse for their benefit as riders or drivers cannot find any other work in our language so replete with useful information, interesting hints, and readable anecdotes. Hiram Woodruff is now dead, and it will be many a year before we shall look upon his equal in his line of business.

## BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

| *Authors.—Titles.* | *Publishers.—Prices.* | |
|---|---|---|
| Adams (C. F., jr.), The Erie Railroad Row, swd | (Little, Brown & Co.) | |
| Barton (J.), Comic Recitations | (Dick & Fitzgerald) | |
| Blackburn (Rev. W. M.), Geneva's Shield | (M. W. Dodd) | $1 25 |
| Bowen (C. E.), Jack the Conqueror: A Child's Story | (D. Appleton & Co.) | |
| Browning (R.), The Ring and the Book, Vol. I | (Fields, Osgood & Co.) | 2 00 |
| Burnand (F. C.), Happy Thoughts | (Roberts Bros.) | 0 75 |
| Catholic Family Almanac for 1869, swd | (Cath. Pub. Soc.) | 0 25 |
| Chaucer (G.), The Canterbury Tales, Globe ed | (D. Appleton & Co.) | 1 50 |
| Clok (H.), The Diseases of Sheep | (Claxton, Remse & Haffelfinger) | |
| Cowles (Rev. H.), Isaiah; with Notes | (D. Appleton & Co.) | |
| Dickens (C.), The Uncommercial Traveller | (Fields, Osgood & Co.) | 1 50 |
| Frost (Miss S. A.), Amateur Theatricals | (Dick & Fitzgerald) | |
| Gordon (Rev. W. R.), Particular Providence | (P. S. Wynkoop & Son) | 2 00 |
| Hamerton (P. G.), Painting in France: illustrated with photographs. | (Roberts Bros.) | |
| Hayes (Dr. I. I.), Progress of Arctic Discovery: A Lecture, swd. | (New York Hist. Soc.) | |
| Hudson (C.), History of Lexington, Mass | (Wiggin & Lunt) | |
| Keeler (R.), Gloverson and his Silent Partners: A Tale | (Lee & Shepard) | 1 50 |
| Little Lou's Sayings and Doings | (Hurd & Houghton) | 2 00 |
| Lee (Miss), Redesdale: A Story for Children | (E. P. Dutton & Co.) | |
| Leslie (F.), Report on the Fine Arts at the Paris Exposition, swd | (Washington) | |
| Marryatt (Capt.), Newton Foster, swd | (D. Appleton & Co.) | 0 50 |
| Miss Lily's Voyage Round the World: A Child's Story, illustrated. | (Roberts Bros.) | |
| Murray (Mrs. E.), Modern System of Painting in Water-Colors from the Living Models, swd | (Hurd & Houghton) | 0 50 |
| Osten (Mary), Grandmother's Curiosity Cabinet: A Story for Children. | (E. P. Dutton & Co.) | |
| Prince (Rev. T.), Library with Memoir, swd | (Wiggin & Lunt) | |
| Reynolds (H. R.), Notes of the Christian Life | (P. S. Wynkoop & Son) | 2 00 |
| The Children's Album | (D. Appleton & Co.) | |
| The Women of the Old Testament: illustrated with photographs. | (Roberts Bros.) | |
| Thompson (Rev. A. C.), Seeds and Sheaves | (Gould & Lincoln) | 1 75 |
| Townsend (C.), Analysis of Civil Government. | (Ivison, Phinney, Blakeman & Co.) | 1 50 |
| Uncle Rod's Pet: A Story for Children | (E. P. Dutton & Co.) | |
| Under the Lime-Trees: A Child's Story | (D. Appleton & Co.) | |
| Whittier (J. G.), Among the Hills | (Fields, Osgood & Co.) | 1 50 |

# The Nation.

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## The Week.

ON the 8th of the month the Senate did little more than ask the President for information concerning Minister Washburn's affair with Lopez. On Wednesday the session was a short one. The President sent in his message, and but a little of it had been read when Mr. Conness, who is not the most cold-blooded of men, moved that the further reading be dispensed with. He pronounced Mr. Johnson's language, where he speaks of certain Congressional enactments as being unconstitutional, to be insulting and unendurable. There was a good deal of talk on the one side and the other, and Mr. Edmunds finally moved to adjourn, which the Senate did. On Thursday, Senators had had time to think the matter over, to see that they were aggrandizing Mr. Johnson more than there was any need, and probably to see, too, that Congress is not so exclusively the legislative branch of the Government that the President may not have his say concerning acts, as he has concerning bills. At all events, the message was ordered to be read, and then Senator Frelinghuysen rose and delivered a carefully prepared and not ungraceful eulogium on the Congressional policy of reconstruction, and the party which approves it. On the same day there was a long debate on the House bill to transfer the Indian Bureau to the War Department. There is very little doubt that this will be done, and none at all that it ought to be done. Mr. Hendricks, however, opposed it, and so did Mr. Doolittle, each asserting that, though there might be corruption in the present management of Indian affairs, there would be as much if army officers were entrusted with the expenditures. This, although it is notorious that no greater rascals disgrace the public service than Indian agents and commissioners. The whiskey ring steals more in a given length of time: but the Indian agents not only steal: they steal from starving people; and not only that, but their robbery of the ignorant savages helps, every little while, to set them loose on the white settlers, whom the Indians kill with powder and ball that the agencies have very likely furnished them. The bill was referred to the Committee on Indian Affairs, some of whom were indignant that there should be any talk of referring it to the Committee on Military Affairs, which latter body is all ready to report upon it favorably. The former will not, however, be able to pigeon-hole the matter this time, as was the case a couple of years ago. On Monday of this week the Senate received the petition of the Union League Club of this city asking for a committee to investigate the late election frauds in New York. Mr. Morton brought forward the financial bill he has been working on.

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Senator Morton's bill prohibits all future sales of gold coin, and directs the accumulation of such specie as the Treasury may not need to pay its debts until Jan. 1, 1870, at which date the Secretary is to redeem in coin all United States notes and fractional currency "that may be presented for redemption," and is to issue a new loan. The banks are to resume two years later. The absence from the bill of any directing rule as to the amount of coin the Secretary is to have in his hands when he begins to redeem, renders the measure utterly illusory, if not mischievous. Whether the attempt to return to specie payments in 1870 will prove a failure or a success, depends on the proportion which the amount of coin the Government may have in its possession, derived either from surplus revenue or from the sale of new bonds, bears on the appointed day to the paper that is to be taken up. If it has not by that time succeeded in securing from some source or other at least $130,000,000, or, as many would probably insist, $200,000,000, in gold, not needed for the payment of its debts or the expenses of administration, the proposed redemption will prove, as we pointed out last week, a fiasco on a great scale. In fact, long before that time the real state of the case would be so plain to everybody that if the requisite amount did not seem likely to be forthcoming, the Morton bill would probably be repealed. Any bill providing for resumption, to be effective, and not to impose on the public, must provide, first, for the accumulation of money in the Treasury, either by savings or fresh loans, and then for redemption, not on a fixed day, but when the amount of specie accumulated bears a certain proportion to the amount of greenbacks to be redeemed. There is no good reason for waiting a year to resume, if the means can be had sooner.

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The House began the week by rejecting with contumely some impudent resolutions of the Oregon Legislature. That assembly requested the Senators of the State to resign, as being persons who had assisted in tyrannizing over the South. Mr. Fernando Wood thought the request was not at all "scandalous, impertinent, and indecorous," but the House took Mr. Washburne's view of it. The House afterwards passed the Indian Bureau bill by a majority of 83; referred to the Judiciary Committee a bill offered by General Butler to repeal the Tenure-of-Office Act; and finally listened to some remarks from Mr. Robinson—known as "Fenian Robinson"—who thought that the United States should at once declare war against the United Kingdom. Mr. Fernando Wood felt compelled to join with his colleague in urging the same request, horrible as war is. The House adjourned without taking action in the matter. On the 9th instant, Mr. Bingham, of the Reconstruction Committee, introduced a bill providing for the holding of an election in Virginia on the 20th of January. A long debate followed, and finally an amendment was adopted, which sets the 20th of May next as the time of election. This was General Butler's proposal. He took the ground that next month the laborers would have to make their annual contracts with their employers, and would be greatly at their master's mercy; whereas in May they would be able to live whether their masters set them adrift or not. The first statement seems just. As for the second, May is a good month for the proposed purpose, because just at that season masters will not feel at all disposed to set their hirelings adrift, though if that should happen there would be a vast deal of what the negroes call "tight livin'" before the corn came in, and probably some little starving.

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The debate on this subject was interrupted by the receipt of the President's message, which was read and treated with contempt. The repudiation part of it called forth from Mr. Broomall a denunciatory resolution, and from Mr. Schenck and other members several speeches, which will prevent the President's doctrine from doing any harm at home or abroad. On Thursday, the Military Committee proposed that one or more institutions of learning in each State should be supplied with a detailed officer of the army, who shall give instruction in military matters. After the recess, on Monday last,

the House instructed the Reconstruction Committee to investigate the Ku-Klux outrages in Tennessee. On the same day Mr. Broomall's resolution, declaring that all forms of repudiation are odious to the American people, was adopted. The vote on suspending the rules so as to allow of its introduction was a party vote, and stood 135 to 29. The vote on moving the previous question—which passed the resolution—showed a still heavier majority, there being only six voices in the negative. In the Senate, when this matter came up, there appeared to be a greater proportional number of persons who are not yet convinced of the truth of the proposition above laid down. Mr. Fernando Wood offered a resolution, which was adopted, directing the Committee on Public Expenditures to find out the facts about the alleged improper use of two millions of dollars of the Alaska purchase money. Finally, before adjourning, the Secretary of State was asked to inform the House if he has sent a commissioner to Spain, and if so, why.

Mr. Johnson's message appeared just after we had gone to press last week, but though it created a disturbance on a small scale, both in the House and the Senate, and has been the subject of a good deal of comment in the press, there was hardly anything in it worth recalling at this date. He reiterated, almost in the old language, his objections to the Congressional plan of reconstruction, treating the acts passed in furtherance of it as unconstitutional, with as much coolness and gravity as if the question had never come up or been discussed before. He then propounded a scheme for the repudiation of the public debt, which is, in some respects, better than Pendleton's, inasmuch as it involves the payment of gold instead of paper; but it is, on the whole, more impudent than any plan of repudiation yet devised. It consists in an arrangement with the bondholders, by which all payments of interest shall be counted as payments of principal, so that a bondholder, who receives six dollars a year for sixteen years and a fraction, shall be considered as having received full payment of one hundred dollars of principal. Mr. Johnson's chief argument in favor of this scheme is, that if the creditors do not agree to be cheated to this extent, the debtors will, probably, and not unreasonably, cheat them outright. We see, however, that Brick Pomeroy claims the idea as his, and having two newspapers at his disposal, will probably manage to eclipse Mr. Johnson, and hand himself down to posterity as its real author. The message shed no light on the Alabama negotiations, to aid in which Caleb Cushing has been sent over, Mr. Reverdy Johnson having apparently alarmed the State Department.

Senator Wilson has brought in a bill increasing the number of Judges of the Supreme Court to fourteen, besides the Chief-Justice. The New York *Tribune* says that "the bill finds a motive in the undoubted pressure of work upon the present reduced number of judges; *but it is probable that the suddenly developed and unexpected conservatism of several of the judges appointed by Mr. Lincoln will add force to the movement.*" This will be either the third or fourth attempt to tinker the Supreme Court for party purposes, and we have no doubt there is sense enough in Congress to defeat it. The number of judges was reduced about a year ago to prevent Mr. Johnson filling a vacancy. Then, in order to prevent a decision hostile to the reconstruction acts, an attempt was made to make a two-thirds vote necessary to a decision declaring laws unconstitutional, in order to paralyze the supposed "conservative" majority. None of these attacks on the independence of the Court had any result beyond alarming and disgusting the public, and contributing to Republican defeats at the polls. Nobody who knows anything of the moral condition of political circles at this moment in Washington, of the overwhelming influence of "rings" on legislation, would see without the utmost alarm the manipulation of the Court, with a view to influencing its decisions, by whichever party happened to have the majority. What the Republicans do this year by way of increasing or diminishing the number of judges for their purposes, the Democrats would do next for theirs; and we should soon see the Court converted into the most contemptible engine of corruption and demoralization ever witnessed in a civilized country. A judge reduced to the condition of a "creature," either of a king or a party, is a loathsome sight; but the sight of a whole bench reduced to the condition of creatures of "a whiskey ring," for instance, would be something indescribably sad; and we say deliberately that if the tinkering of the Court for party purposes be persisted in, there is every probability that this sight we shall at last see in the seat of Marshall and Story. One of the unfortunate results of the Republican assaults on the Court last winter is that to make it safe even to enlarge the number of the judges, so as to lighten the labor of the present incumbents, we shall have to wait for calmer times, when no political issues are likely to come up for judicial decision.

Mr. G. W. Curtis has been delivering his lecture on "Political Morality," in Boston, and we learn from the report of the local press that during its delivery about half the audience were "uneasy," owing, doubtless, to his allusions to the outcry against Mr. Fessenden. We have no doubt whatever that when Mr. Curtis receives reinforcements in his attacks on corruption and immorality, as he will before long, from the other lecturers, this phenomenon of "uneasiness" on the part of audiences will be just as common as it was in the anti-slavery agitation down to the outbreak of the war. At first, two-thirds were "uneasy," when slavery was denounced, or even mentioned; then only one-half; then only one-third; and now anybody who chooses to declaim on the equality of men is received with "the wildest enthusiasm;" in other words, nobody is made "uneasy." So will it be with the doctrine that individual conscience is of more value to the nation than party discipline. In forming our judgment about the attacks on Mr. Fessenden, the question of his guilt or innocence is of secondary consequence. The theory preached by his assailants was, that all talk of "conscience" on the part of a politician, no matter who he was, acting against his party, even in a judicial proceeding, was "cant," and impudent cant at that. Now the truth is that this happens to be "a doctrine of devils," and, if generally adopted, would ruin any government ever set up, and a democratic government sooner than any other. It has, therefore, to be denounced, the wriggling of radical "moralists" on their seats to the contrary notwithstanding; and the more they wriggle, the more closely, we trust, the lecturers of the future will stick to the point. The "uneasiness" is simply a sign that the medicine is operating. In this city you cannot denounce judicial corruption without perceiving signs of trouble amongst the audience, but judicial corruption is for all that a bad thing.

Mr. Henry C. Carey replies to M. Benard, in the November number of the *Journal des Economistes*, with reference to the charge made against him by the latter of having defended slavery at two meetings of the Political Economy Society, in Paris, showing, and, as well as we can judge, conclusively, that what he did do was to defend gradual as opposed to immediate emancipation. His evidence, beyond his own recollection, is somewhat imperfect, but it is strong, and, taken in connection with his utterances elsewhere about slavery, leaves no room for doubt. Moreover, M. Benard does not reply. Mr. Carey then replies to M. Benard's insinuation regarding the connection between slavery and protection, and, amongst other propositions, makes the extraordinary one that the tide of emigration to this country rises and falls with the tariff. Mr. Carey displays on this point the same contempt for elementary logic which he has shown in his discussion of the question of literary property. A good illustration of the way he reasons is to be found in the fact that he passes over in complete silence the state of things in the country which the emigrant leaves, as if that had nothing whatever to do with their emigration; for instance, he ascribes the prodigious exodus from Ireland in 1847, the year following the great famine, to the working of the American tariff of 1842.

The *Free Trader*, of this city, seems, in the matter of reasoning, to be one of Mr. Carey's disciples. It berates the *Nation* savagely for pronouncing "absurd" M. Benard's suggestion that a protectionist must necessarily be a friend of slavery, and argues with great vehemence that protection being one form of robbery, and slavery another, there is nothing at all "absurd" in asserting that a friend of high tariffs is presumptively an advocate of forced labor. This reminds us of a story, whether true or invented by a wag we cannot say, of an abolitionist who maintained on the platform, in the old days of the agitation, that anybody who so far countenanced the United States Constitution as even to drop a let-

ter into the mail, only needed the opportunity to become a pirate or a highway robber. If the *Free Trader* supposes it is going to convert the public to any rational opinion by wild nonsense of this sort, it will find itself greatly mistaken. Even if it be true that the principle of protection and that of slavery are the same, protectionists are no more logical than high Calvinists, or Berkeleyans, or any other holders of troublesome theories. In arguing for free trade as for everything else, if persuasion is the object aimed at, the *facts* of life must be admitted, else the argument becomes rant and the audience laugh. People *know* that there are thousands of protectionists in the United States who hate slavery, and, knowing it, when they read such "demonstrations" as the one we are discussing in the *Free Trader*, they use the periodical to wrap their groceries in and vote for a high tariff.

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The Supreme Court of Hamburg has rendered a decision exculpating Herr Sloman, the owner of the vessel, for the dreadful suffering on board the *Leibnitz*, during its memorable voyage to this port, where it arrived with its passengers decimated by contagion, and reduced, as was alleged, by insufficient and spoiled food, overcrowding, and bad ventilation; as well as on its recent voyage to Quebec under a changed name (the *Liebig*), when out of 534 passengers 40 died, amid similar complaints of bad treatment. The public here, however, were convinced at the time that a fearful responsibility rested upon those who sent the vessel to sea in such a condition, and will learn of this decision not only with surprise but almost with incredulity. Nevertheless, Herr Sloman, whose wealth, as perhaps the largest shipper in all Germany, may possibly have influenced the court in its decision, sends a triumphant circular to the German press with the evidence of his acquittal, and endeavors to fix upon a certain class of emigrants the charge of exciting discontent where no reasonable ground for it exists. Singularly enough, the case appears to turn on the nature of the disease whose ravages were so tremendous; since, if it was typhus, as asserted by the German physicians here, then the fault must have lain in the vessel; if cholera, as Herr Sloman insists and the Bremen expert decided, then the outbreak of it was due to Providence, even though it took place in mid ocean, after nine months' cessation of the disease in Germany. The vessel seems to have kept just within the limits of the law.

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We made a slip last week in calling the Hartford *Post* "General Hawley's paper," the fact being that the *Courant* is General Hawley's paper, and that he has no connection with the *Post*, as we really knew very well. We suppose we owe, for this error, an apology to the editor of the *Post*, and to anybody else who feels aggrieved. The *Courant* is an excellent paper, and so is the *Post*, and General Hawley is an excellent and distinguished man, and this being the case, there cannot be much harm done in any quarter.

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The republicans of Cadiz have come very near turning the Spanish revolution into a repulsive and shabby imitation of the French tragedy of 1848–9. They have apparently little patience and little faith in discussion, and would not wait for the meeting of the Constituent Cortes, and, growing tired of arguing with the monarchists, took arms and for a few days held the town against the troops. Luckily they have surrendered without much bloodshed. In so far as the incident has produced any effect on the public mind, it has probably strengthened the hands of the monarchists; and if Prim be really intriguing for the crown, or wishes to force a monarchical form of government on the country, those republicans who advocate an appeal to arms are simply playing into his hands. He has the army well in hand, and the army cares nothing about "your right side or your wrong side," as John Leech's big drayman in *Punch* says to the driver of the pony wagon. Moreover, when it comes to fighting, the mass of timid people in every country begin to long for a "strong government," and instinctively get behind the big battalions. The outbreak furnishes an additional reason for desiring foreign sympathizers to stop sending burning manifestoes to the Spaniards, telling them what form of government to set up. The sensible portion of the Spanish people won't mind these sage counsels, while the Reds and madcaps *may* be incited by them into violence. The Republican Committee of Madrid has issued a proclamation acknowledging that since the expulsion of Isabella the party has lost many of its ablest and most distinguished adherents, but denouncing constitutional monarchy in strong though not unjust language, showing the fallacy of the doctrine that it is suited to every people or every state of society. Unfortunately the same arguments might be used against republicanism. The address is composed in the inflated style which now seems to be the one universally adopted by Continental liberals, and, to those who believe in the connection between language and thought, is not pleasant or hopeful reading. The popular loan of $100,000,000, which started so well, is likely to prove a great failure.

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The desire for grand changes which for years has been agitating the thin upper layer of Russian society, the layer containing all its more or less civilized and progressive elements, continues to manifest itself in its peculiar crude and eccentric manner. We hear again of socialistic conspiracies emanating from the "nihilistic" centres at Moscow and Kiev. Ladies of high rank are agitating for the establishment of a Woman's University. At the same time the favorite organs of both radical and fashionable circles not only applaud the crusade waged by the Government against everything Polish or Catholic, as well as the gradual restriction of the German-Protestant and Jewish populations, but vehemently condemn the "leniency" with which the work of Russification is managed in the empire; and this at a moment when the Polish priests transported to Siberia are being removed to more remote regions of that wilderness; when the tens of thousands of Lithuanians carried there a few years ago are declared to be Siberian "settlers" for ever; when the Polish students of Wilna are compelled to exchange their prayer-books for others in Russian in which prayers for the Czar are substituted for patriotic invocations; when the Catholic villagers of Grodno and Kovno are being escorted by military force into the churches to listen to a Russianized ritual, and similar measures are daily decreed and executed in every part of the western provinces—measures the like of which have not been attempted since Philip II. extirpated the religion and nationality of the Moriscoes.

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Dr. Vámbéry, the celebrated Hungarian traveller, announced, some weeks ago, in a letter to the London *Times*, that the arrival at St. Petersburg of an envoy from the Khan of Khokand, a region of Eastern Turkestan, was due to the fact, not that this potentate loved Russia, but that he is threatened with dethronement by an unpleasant person named Yakoob Kooshbeghi, who holds sway in Chinese Tartary on his eastern frontier, and who is stirring up against him all the furious fanatics of his own dominions. The envoy of the Khan has, of course, been received right royally, and the acquisition of Khokand as a fief will bring the Russian troops to the feet of the Karakorum Pass in the Eastern Himalayas. More recently has come the news, which is now throwing British India into a ferment, that the Eastern Himalayas, which were supposed to be impassable for an army, have been discovered by Mr. T. D. Forsyth, a civil servant, to be very passable indeed; that the grades by one pass at least—Chanchenmoo—are so easy that a railroad might be made over it, while by that of Karakorum troops can readily pass with artillery, and eastern Turkestan is found to be so rich, that an army moving southward can advance in plenty to the foot of the mountains. It is the ruler of this very region who is now making his submission at St. Petersburg. Moreover, the Chinese, who are, however, we regret, on their account, to say, suspected of lying, assert the Czar has already secured a cantonment at a place called Gurmah, which commands all the passes. Sir John Lawrence, the Viceroy, is accordingly deliberating whether it is time to fight now or to negotiate, the danger being that Russia may use her position in the Himalayas to paralyze British resistance to her designs on Constantinople. The authorities at home are so alarmed that the new ministry have determined —so say the latest telegrams—to subject poor Lord Mayo to the humiliation of a recall almost before he reaches India; to retain Sir John Lawrence in the Governor-Generalship one year longer; and then to replace him by a really able man, the Earl of Salisbury. There is talk, too, of a convention of some kind with Russia, to fix the possible boundaries between the two empires.

## THE PRESIDENT'S LAST MESSAGE.

Mr. Johnson's last message has been calling forth, during the past week, a good deal of laughter and indignation; but it is, nevertheless, a valuable contribution to the history of the times, and will probably shed more light for future generations on the story of his quarrels with Congress than any other state paper which the crisis has produced. It is of some importance—indeed, we might say, of a good deal of importance—to the Republican party, both for the sake of its name and memory, and for the sake of its present influence, to justify the estimate of his character on which its hostility to him during the last three years has been based. Now, his "policy," his speeches and messages, and conversations with reporters, bad as many of them were, did not, for various reasons, furnish convincing evidence on this point to the world at large. The notion by which he became possessed when he took office, that it was his business to have a "policy" in the matter of reconstruction and to carry it out, was one which came to him in regular succession from Mr. Lincoln along with the Presidential office. Mr. Lincoln held it and acted on it, with the concurrence of Congress and the approval of the people, having acquired it naturally enough through the exaltation given to the executive branch of the Government by the war. A great many doubtful things had to be covered by the "war power," and of this power the commander-in-chief of the army and navy naturally secured the lion's share. Therefore, Mr. Johnson's undertaking to reconstruct under his own hand and seal really did not shock or alarm Radical leaders till they found out that he was not a Radical. It was then, and then only, that they fell back on the constitutional limitations to executive authority, and then, too, for the first time, the Democrats, who had been for four years thundering against Mr. Lincoln's usurpations, became enamored of executive discretion, and began to fight against Congressional government. Still, Mr. Johnson would probably have been completely beaten in the eyes of all parties after a little discussion, if Congress had merely sought to assert its own exclusive authority over reconstruction. It was the peculiar kind of reconstruction resolved on—that is, reconstruction based on negro suffrage—which secured for the President the continued support of the Democratic party, and brought him out of the contest on this particular point, vanquished indeed, but not confuted—that is to say, he had very nearly half the voting population of the North still on his side; and foolish as his pertinacity in urging his opinion on Congress undoubtedly was, from a practical point of view, it wore, to a vast number of people, the appearance of honest firmness displayed in a good cause.

Circumstances favored him in somewhat the same way as regarded his outrageous speeches on his Western journey. They were, it was admitted on all hands, disgraceful, but the excesses of many of his prominent opponents in Congress in the same direction made their indignation seem partisan merely, and diminished very materially the darkness of his offence in the eyes of the public. There was, everybody felt in his secret heart, something a little absurd in the spectacle of his prosecution or persecution for the use of bad language, at the hands of persons like Thaddeus Stevens, General Butler, or Mr. Bingham. So, also, the impeachment lost all moral weight from the outset, owing to the fact that the particular offence which had brought the prosecution on him was one created for him specially, as a sort of trap, by avowed political enemies; the greater portion of the articles, and the very ones on which the managers afterwards most relied, having actually been pronounced untenable by some of the leading promoters of the process a few short months previously in the House. Moreover, the pains taken by the Republican politicians and newspapers to magnify his guilt, helped him all along. Their language was so extravagant and so often repeated that people at last began to laugh, and the crisis was then over. It was impossible to keep calling a man with whom a very large proportion of the American people sympathized "the greatest criminal of the age" without at last bringing about a reaction, and impossible to put up Messrs. Butler and Bingham to abuse him for the foulness of his tongue without making him seem a victim. He unquestionably gained in popular estimation every day the trial lasted. All that was wanted to give him the rank and honor of a martyr, to absolve him from his past sins and start him afresh in public life, was his conviction and removal. This the vote of the "guilty seven" prevented. The good luck which presided over their "treachery" was dimly seen by some far-seeing people then; it has been growing plainer and plainer ever since. This last message of his has made it as clear as noonday. What the determined pursuit of the Republicans failed to do for their own justification, he has done himself. He was acquitted, and has been left alone ever since. No penalty is hanging over his head. He has no longer anything either to fear from his enemies or hope from his friends, and he has, as his last official utterance, produced a disquisition on public affairs which is marked by stupidity and dishonesty in about equal measure, and really throws a flood of light on his whole course. To discuss his financial theories, or his notions of national honor or political expediency, as displayed in that document, would be a waste of time and paper.

The message, too, is important from still another point of view. Mr. Johnson's great claim—in fact, his only claim—to the nomination which he got at the Baltimore Convention, was his "soundness on the main question," and his having incurred "rebel hate for services rendered during the rebellion." He had no others. His ignorance was notorious; his violence was notorious; his personal character was on one point, and that a very important one, very doubtful. But none of these things was allowed to have any weight. He had been faithful in dark days; he had been bitterly persecuted and was bitterly hated by the rebels and Copperheads; his recent acquisition of the arts of reading and writing (those were the War-Horse days) was dwelt upon as something rather worthy of admiration; and he was put into the second place in the government. After Mr. Lincoln's death the same song was chanted. "Rebel hate" was allowed to cover everything, to cover even the "damned spot" of the 4th of March, 1865; and the extraordinary principle that a man may be safely trusted with great offices of government simply because he has managed to make himself obnoxious to the public enemy, received a kind of solemn sanction. There never was a finer opportunity offered to a human being than was offered to him; no functionary ever received kinder, heartier, or blinder support. We see now what it has all ended in. The "rebel hate" did not keep him true to his principles for six months. He was found fondling the rebels before the summer of 1865 was over. His horror of treason vanished still more rapidly.

Finally, let us bespeak for him, in these his last official hours, still more the attention of those who love "outspoken, whole-souled statesmen," and who distrust Grant because he won't talk politics. Only five years ago Mr. Johnson was their ideal man. His earnestness was of the red-hot variety. He hated "legal minds." He hated precedent and experience. He was "a man of the people." There was no doubt about his "views" on any subject, human or divine. The fountain of his "gab" never ceased to flow. Having passed his youth in blackest ignorance, having learned the alphabet from his wife, having been honored with every office in the gift of the people, and having a deadly hatred of aristocracy in all its forms, there was no problem in political science which he did not consider himself competent to solve. "Theorists" "dilettanti," and "kid-glove politicians" fled howling and discomfited when they saw him coming. And now, after his four years of experience, here he stands, counselling a very ridiculous form of repudiation, which "Brick Pomeroy," we see, claims the honor of having conceived, and pronouncing as firmly against the Congressional plan of reconstruction as the Pope against modern civilization.

## THE SPANISH REVOLUTION.

Affairs in Spain have ceased to go well. The long interval which it was thought necessary to allow for the election of the Constitutional Convention is producing its legitimate result in armed collisions between the two great parties and in the shedding of blood, which seem likely to make a return to peaceful controversy very difficult, if not impossible. It is, of course, hard to say whether the delay was a misfortune simply or a fault. The theory of the Republicans seems to be that the Provisional Government, being composed in the main of monarchists, staved off the decision of the nation touching the new form of government partly because they knew the decision would be

against a monarchy if taken at once, and partly because they wanted time to provide themselves with a candidate for the throne. The Provisional Government reply, on the other hand, that a nation suddenly released from an absolutist yoke is never prepared to pronounce at once on its own destinies; that it needs time for the deliberation and discussion which under the old régime were impossible; that to have ordered the assembling of the Constituent Cortes immediately after the revolution, would have caused the election of its members before the people had made up their minds either as to the persons they wished to represent them or the instructions they wished to give them, and the decision thus arrived at would be tolerably sure not to stand long, and to be followed by a period of discontent and agitation.

The discussion as to which form of government—a monarchy or a republic—the Spanish people wants or is best fitted for, still rages, and apparently does not approach a satisfactory conclusion. The weight of authority—that is, the opinion of the calmest and ablest men—seems, as we said in a former article, to be on the side of monarchy. The Republicans have, however, the greatest number of agitators, owing to their strength in the great towns and amongst the professors and students. From the peasantry—that is, the bulk of the population—we have as yet no sign, or a very uncertain one. In judging of the form of government they want, we have to rely in a great measure on deductions from their character, habits, and political history, and yet there is probably no people in Europe about whose history, character, and habits foreigners know so little, or can learn so little, by any of the ordinary modes. Very few of the letters in the newspapers from Spain during the present crisis throw much light on the state of the popular mind in any place but Madrid; and of the political and constitutional history of Spain not one writer in fifty seems to have any knowledge whatever. The only articles in the foreign press which really help foreigners to a thorough understanding of the situation, because they are clearly from the pen of a man of the highest political culture, and who, if not a Spaniard himself, knows Spain thoroughly, have appeared in the *Pall Mall Gazette* under the signature of "Plus Ultra."

His theory is that the expulsion of Isabella is not really much of a revolution after all; that there is not a single reform which is now talked of as one of its consequences, which was not legally accomplished long ago; and that what the nation is now doing is returning to its old path of constitutional progress. He says there has been for half a century no legally established church in Spain and no monasteries; that the monasteries over whose destruction such a fuss is making have grown up in defiance of the law, through the guilty connivance of the Queen; that the absence of freedom of worship has been due not to the tyranny of the Catholic majority, but to the absence of Protestants; that all Spaniards are either Catholics or infidels, and that therefore no demand for formal toleration has ever come from any portion of the Spanish people, while the interference of foreign Bible societies has been resented as an impertinence; that there is no country in Europe in which freedom of opinion on religious as well as other subjects is so general; that, for instance, there is no European country in which a man's religious opinions, no matter how openly he declares them, or how obnoxious they may be to the majority, affect his social position so little; and that, therefore, it is a mistake to suppose that any real ecclesiastical bonds have been burst by the late uprising.

Coming down to the question of the future government, he shows that the administrative machinery of Spain is, in theory, the most perfect in existence; that in so far as it fails to produce good results the failure is due to the low state of the public morals; and that therefore what is wanted is not legislative reforms, but a general raising of the moral tone through freedom and education. He says, moreover, that there is no country in which local self-government or municipal independence is more deeply rooted in the habits of the people, that they have had it for ages, and had free legislative bodies before the English Parliament was known in history, and have, and have always had, the sentiment of social equality to a degree still unknown anywhere else—unknown, we take it, even in the United States. The Spanish noble and Spanish peasant address each other as equals and think of each other as equals, so that there is no attempt at the clumsy self-assertion which is so often seen even here. To give an idea of the real historic Spanish feeling about kings, so far removed from the slavish "loyalty" which was extinguished in France at the Revolution, and is only now slowly expiring in England, he Reproduces the coronation formula of the old Spanish Cortes, under which the king took office, "We, each of us being as good as you, and the whole of us better than you, appoint you our king, that you may maintain our laws and privileges; if not, we do not." This is, in spirit, exactly what the American people say to the newly elected President.

On the showing of this writer, Spain cannot be very far from republicanism, even if she have not yet reached it, inasmuch as she has what is better than republican opinions—the republican habit of mind. In the present crisis time is undoubtedly telling in favor of the republicans. The failure of the monarchists to produce a candidate is, as we pointed out a fortnight ago, either a great misfortune or a great blunder. For monarchy itself nobody in Spain professes the least respect or admiration. Even Prim speaks of it rather as a temporary expedient, pending the coming of something better, than as *per se* a good form of government. On these conditions, few men of the right class are now willing to accept a crown. Since the disappearance of the feeling of personal loyalty in Europe, and the loss by kings of the old "divinity" which hedged them, the pomps of monarchy have begun to seem very ridiculous, and its cost intolerable, and dynasties have become short-lived. The Russian crown is the only one on the continent now worn by divine right, and the Russian and Austrian thrones are the only ones filled by old royal lines. Every other kingdom may be said to have hired a king on contract and to keep continually threatening him with dismissal. In England the monarch enjoys ease and consideration, solely by almost total abstinence from interference in politics. The recent experience of the Spaniards has satisfied them that whether monarchy be good or bad depends mainly on the character of the monarch. So that the preaching of the monarchical party becomes less and less effective every day that passes without their producing a candidate for the throne. The republicans, on the other hand, are doing their best to relieve them of this difficulty by taking arms and allowing the section of communists, which seems to find a place in every republican party on the Continent, to threaten property. The result is, that the timid people and people who love order—that is, the great bulk of the Spanish, as of every other civilized community—and the capitalists, who, when really frightened, are a most powerful class everywhere, may be sickened of republicanism, and sickened before many weeks, and welcome Prim or anybody else as a dictator—that is, monarchy or no monarchy, accept the rule of the strong hand—and all hope of a free government may thus disappear for another generation. We still trust that the magnificent common sense and self-restraint which have thus far marked the conduct of the people will, however, assert their sway in the end, and save the fruits of the revolution.

In the meantime nothing is so much to be deprecated as the rage which seems to prevail in certain quarters for giving the Spaniards advice. There is hardly a bankrupt politician in Europe who has not forwarded them a letter or a poem, giving them a few hints as to how they ought to manage their affairs, what kind of government is best suited for them, and by what class of considerations they ought to be guided in their political course. As usual, those who have made the most ridiculous failures themselves as practical politicians, such as Louis Blanc, Victor Hugo, Emile Girardin, and Mazzini, are most positive in their conclusions as to what is the right thing for the Spaniards to do in the present crisis. We are sorry to see that there is a disposition to follow their example in this country, and that it is receiving the countenance of Mr. Sumner, who on questions of foreign politics is usually a sound and sensible guide. If anybody will recall the kind of advice which Americans received even from the warm friends of the country abroad during the years 1861-2, and the woful ignorance of the main conditions of the problems to be solved which was displayed in these communications, he will see in an instant the folly as well as impertinence of all attempts from the outside to assist a nation in making up its mind on such points as are now presented to the judgment of the Spanish people. The very fact that national

habits and character and passions and prejudices do more than half the work in shaping the national destinies, and *ought* of right to do more than half of it, is of itself sufficient to make sensible men pause before they attempt to assist Spaniards or any other people in framing a government. Such interference is made all the more improper in the present instance by the division of the Spanish public into two parties, with one of which foreigners must, in offering any advice at all, seem to take part, and we know how Americans relish this sort of thing themselves. We in America, let us add, shall be able to recommend republicanism to foreign nations more effectually when we have extirpated the "whiskey thieves," reformed the civil service, and made permanent arrangements for the payment of the national debt. In the meantime we shall best serve the cause by attending to our own business. There is a touch of the comic given to this propagandist zeal by the fact that the greatest display of it is made by Frenchmen, who as republicans have proved the greatest failures of modern times.

## THE DIPLOMATIC AND CONSULAR SERVICE BILL.

Some years ago, when it was deemed useful to make a thorough investigation of the English foreign service, a circular despatch was sent by the Foreign Office to all its agents abroad, asking for information, suggestions, and opinions as to the defects of the service and the mode of improving it, and for reports giving a statement or synopsis of the organization of the diplomatic service of the governments to which they were respectively accredited. Among those reports may be found one from Lord Lyons, then at Washington, now at Paris, and one from Lord Napier, then at the Hague, formerly at Washington. There is also contained in the same publication a vast mass of evidence, comprised in the answers to more than three thousand questions. Perhaps if our own Government had pursued such a course we should know more than we now do, and perhaps, again, a pretty good excuse for not having done it is that the English publication is so full that there is little left to be said on the subject. If any one really thinks that our own service does not need reform, he is referred to that publication, the fullest discussion ever yet produced of the organization of a foreign service, and he will find in it food for reflection, if not facts to convince him. With only this reference to the work, we return to the bill reported to the Senate at the last session of Congress.

The division of the different classes of diplomatic representatives into grades of compensation, as "compensation of first grade," of second grade, third grade, and so on, might be omitted with advantage; at least, no advantage is perceived in the arrangement. The scale of grades is no doubt intended to apply exclusively to salaries, and not to the rank of the officers; but it might not always be so understood abroad, or not clearly understood. Certainty and convenience will be consulted by accepting, or following, in its simplest form, the scale of rank recommended by the Congress of Vienna of 1815, and that of Aix-la-Chapelle of 1818, and now universally recognized and acted upon; though the point is not urged as an important one. There is no difficulty in adjusting the pay to the exigencies of the service in different countries, by the form of the expression at present in use for that purpose, without the dubious use of the word "grade" in connection with both rank and compensation.

Whether it is good policy to consolidate several missions, as proposed in the bill, is certainly worthy of serious discussion. It is believed that some of its results can be indicated in advance. As to the treaties which are occasionally required to be negotiated abroad, it is not now seen why the plan might not be made to work well in most cases, if in some it would involve disadvantages which a resident negotiator would either not experience or would find very much diminished. On the other hand, as to the general purpose, duties, and benefits of diplomatic representation, it would be, as to the residence and influence of the minister, a practical abolition of the consolidated missions. Every one who has seen anything of diplomatic service knows the difficulty of obtaining valuable and reliable political information by any other means than a residence, and appropriate social and official intercourse. Occasional and short visits would afford the Government somewhat better information than the newspaper telegrams, by reason of the visitor's official character and access, but would fall far short of the fulness and accuracy of information derived by residence. The event of war between the two countries would immediately increase the difficulty, partly by material obstacles, and partly by the greater reserve and jealousy of a government seeing the same agent accredited to itself and to its enemy. And the same feeling may exist in a large measure in time of peace. Change the bill a little and consolidate Sweden with Russia, and Denmark with Prussia, and how would our minister be received at the smaller courts named? Is it much or any better in the case of Spain and Portugal? The relations between Holland and Belgium were at one time as sensitive, and so have often been those between Denmark and Sweden. It may be asked, how does the jealous or alarmed power receive the minister of its threatening or intriguing neighbor, and why not in the same manner our ministers holding the consolidated missions? The difference is material. One only needs to know the world a little, without being experienced in diplomacy, to know that the minister for foreign affairs, and all the principal official people of a government, might be willing to communicate to one diplomat, having confidence in him, what they could not afford to hint to another. The effect of consolidation, simply as such, and under ordinary circumstances, on the minds and dispositions of the courts thus united, would not be good, as far as it went; but that this would be, of itself, a serious obstacle to agreeable and successful diplomatic intercourse, might not be safely or justly asserted. Not many years ago Prussia tried the system of consolidations, and the plan of reducing some ministers to charges, but soon returned to her former and her present system of full and separate missions.

But if the policy of consolidation is adopted, the form of expression employed in the bill would seem to be about the least appropriate that could easily have been devised. The minister should be accredited directly to the powers named as equals, and even in alphabetic order, instead of saying: "To Spain, [to be accredited also to Portugal]." . . . "To Belgium [to be accredited also to Holland]." . . . "To Sweden [to be accredited also to Denmark]." It is probable that the commissions, made out by the State Department and signed by the President, would run correctly. But this is not sufficient. Foreign governments will be accurately informed of our system, as expressed in the statute, and it would not be very agreeable to any of them to observe themselves thus disposed of in brackets; especially if they had heard the Western criticism on Mr. Brackett's sermon. "Who preached to-day?" enquired one friend of another. "Mr. Brackett, the new minister." "Mr. Brackett? Brackett! bracket! I believe the definition of bracket is 'something that could be left out without hurting the sense.'"

What is the precise official rank, and what is to be the commission, of those officers styled in the bill as first secretaries of legation at one post, and required to act as chargés at another? Will the Government accredit a chargé to the same court to which it has accredited an envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary? If so, there is confusion; if not, if he is only secretary, and detailed as chargé, then his rank at the court where he officiates, which in Europe is something to be considered, will be that of secretary, with the duties of chargé imposed upon him under disadvantages. He is thus crippled as chargé, while being of no use and rendering no service at all as first secretary of legation, not being at the same court with his chief, and being further trammelled, as chargé, by being under the official direction of a chief whom, in an emergency, he cannot consult in time.

In matters of economy, whatever may be gained by the whole bill (and of this we have made no estimate), there does not seem to be anything gained by these special arrangements now under discussion. In the case of Belgium and Holland there is an increased expense of $7,000, while in the case of Denmark and Sweden there is a saving of only $500. But in these cases, and in all others of consolidation provided for by the bill, what is its practical operation? Only this: nominally two missions are consolidated into one under an envoy; but practically at one of them an underpaid chargé, with only the official, at least the commissioned, rank of secretary, does the labor of a former minister-resident; while at the other—no more important or difficult—a minister gets increased rank, increased pay, and a secretary of

legation (his second secretary) not now allowed, for doing what is now done by himself or some other resident under the present system of rank and pay.

This objection and the one just preceding are not directed against an increase of pay, which at present is sadly deficient, nor against consolidation, as such; for it is not denied that there might exist cases where consolidation could be made to work well. The objections are made to the machinery of the bill. And it will probably be found that if at any time any two or more missions can be welded into one, the doing of it will have to be left to the varying exigencies of the service, judged by the Department of State or by the Foreign Service Board, as the abolition or suspension of some missions is left to the Foreign Office, and practically to the permanent under-secretary, in England; and that it is a matter which cannot be safely and permanently regulated by statute.

If any consolidations are adopted, it ought for the same reason to be left to executive direction, or to the Foreign Service Board, to prescribe at which capital the minister shall reside. Any attempt to regulate this in the bill will involve future inconvenience and disadvantage. This could not be better illustrated than by the patent fact that in one case the residence of the minister, as indicated in the bill, is clearly not the one at present most required, if determined either by the relative importance of our diplomatic business with the two powers, or by the delicate and almost vital relations which the bracketed power holds to the present peace and future "compensations" of the greater powers of Europe.

As regards compensation, any attempt to graduate it according to the supposed political importance of the mission, or to the extent, population, and power of the country in which it is maintained, will result in failure and inequality. The Government pays the senators from Rhode Island and Delaware as much as those from New York and Pennsylvania, because it costs one as much as the other to live at Washington. Having determined that a mission ought to be established or retained, the true question is, What will support it? Considered in this way, none of the salaries are at present too large, if, indeed, any of them are large enough; and the inequality between the highest and the lowest salaries, as at present fixed by law, is out of all just proportion to the real difference in the cost of living. Many things which must be purchased and used much more freely in court society than is necessary in private life cost more at the second and third-rate capitals than at the great centres; while only house-rent, always the first thing seized on in the calculation, and fuel, cost less. A family can live as well on $10,000, or at most on $12,000, a year in Paris or London as upon $7,500 in Constantinople, Lisbon, Brussels, Copenhagen, or Stockholm. Yet there is twice this difference in existing salaries. In all the capitals the expense of suitably furnishing an establishment is very large; the Government gives nothing towards it, and the property is sold at a great sacrifice or brought home at a great expense. On this subject the bill is a great improvement on the existing system, but is itself susceptible of improvement. While there is not so great a difference as is generally supposed in the cost of living at different capitals, yet there is a difference, and it should be regarded in fixing the scale of pay; and in this attempt the bill is not entirely successful. It gives, as reported to the Senate by the committee, less to Vienna, one of the most expensive capitals in Europe, than to Brussels, one of the least expensive; and gives only the same to St. Petersburg, the most expensive capital in the world, as to Berlin, the least expensive of all the great capitals.

The world is changing; and, as we believe, it changes for the better. As private rights and interests become more important and more sacred, the different political communities of the world become more closely knit together in destiny and interest. The time has passed when even the ambassador of the Sublime Porte at the court of the Hapsburgs would peremptorily order to be hanged to a tree in his court-yard a couple of his servants who had given him insolent language in a drunken spree, and seek to give the performance a moral point by ornamenting their necks as they dangled from the limb with the bottles which they had emptied by imbibing too freely. And the time has passed when any people, with a progressive and elastic civilization and political development, can afford to neglect the employment of the best means to secure intelligent, influential, and efficient diplomatic representation. Enlightened and honest diplomacy has become a permanent power in shaping and directing the affairs of the world.

## AT THE SPRING.

[FROM THE RUSSIAN OF COUNT ALEXIS TOLSTOI.]

A SPRING in an orchard of cherries,
The prints of a girl's bare foot,
And deeply impressed beside them
The marks of a nail-studded boot.

All is still in the place of their meeting,
Yet my spirit with jealousy burns,
Hears the whispers, the passionate pleading,
The noise as the pail overturns.

E. S.

## OUR TOWN NOMENCLATURE.

IF an American desires to awaken in himself that sense of humility which is so good for us all upon proper occasion, there is no better way—none, that is, of equal triviality in itself—than to compare the Post-office Directory or Railroad Guide of his own country with that of some country of Europe. The very names of the depots on the Muddefontaine Railroad call up the picture of the treeless plain, with dingy, white one-storied houses and unpainted shanties, the inevitable corner groceries and shingle palaces of hotels which, in nine cases out of ten, represent the dreadful transition period when nature has been expelled and art has not yet taken its place. But when you run your eye down the list of the stations in Bradshaw, with what pleasing memories your mind is carried back to that September walk through the rural villages of Cheshire and Derbyshire, or the May morning that you drove over from Warwick to Kenilworth. The names are redolent of antiquity and quiet culture.

After all, it is not altogether a matter of indifference whether the name of the town where you live—which you pronounce a dozen times a day—is well or ill-sounding, calls up agreeable or unpleasant associations. But it may well be questioned whether we deserve as a nation the very bad reputation which we have for prosaic and unmeaning nomenclature; or rather, whether we deserve it any more than older nations, and those of different race. When we trace these much-admired names of English, French, and German towns back to their primitive meaning, we find them to the full as trivial and prosaic as ours. The radical syllable of Rochester means "rock;" of Shrewsbury, "shrub;" of Worcester, "forest;" of Leicester, "field." Only the moss of ages has grown over these old vases and hidden the material of which they are made, while our brand-new ware betrays on its face that it is nothing but stone-china.

It is our misfortune that we have not had time to let names grow up, but have been obliged to invent them and impose them without regard to appropriateness upon the places that have sprung up to our hands. In doing this we were lucky when we found an Indian name ready for us and had the good sense to let it remain. In this way we are provided with a very respectable list of well-sounding names, which have the great advantage of being really *proper nouns;* for there is but one Nantucket, Chicago, or Oswego. The names mean nothing, to be sure—that is, mean nothing to us; and if their meaning were known, it is not at all likely it would describe the present town. But, for the matter of that, neither do English names mean anything to the present generation.

The truest names, of course, are those which do describe—such as most foreign names were in their origin. Oxford and Cambridge, Interlaken and Lauterbrunnen, Amphipolis and Ostia, we see at a glance what these mean; are they a whit more poetical than Lockport, Brookline, Little Rock, Black Earth, Yellow Springs, and Sunken Hollow? If our impatience in colonization would allow time, names of this class—the most genuine names we have—would count by the hundred instead of the dozen. As it is, names must be devised as best they can, and a new settlement is well off when it has a Mrs. Clavers to draw by lot one so unobjectionable as Montecute. A more probable fate is to be burdened for ever with such meaningless appellations as Palmyra, New Madrid, or Lafayette.

The two classes of names just mentioned—Indian names and descriptive ones—stand at the head in our classification of American nomenclature. Equally excellent, perhaps, are those which do not describe but embody some historical reminiscence, like Providence, Yonkers (the homestead of the "younger" son), Cincinnati, Council Bluffs, Fort Edward.

Towns which immortalize a founder, benefactor, or eminent citizen (not the endless string of Washingtons, Jeffersons, and Jacksons) have done well; but they do best of all if they use his name only as material, and construct some such compound as Ogdensburg, Binghamton, Marblehead, Saybrook, Wilkesbarre. Some surnames, indeed, answer very well alone, as Keene, Cleveland, Castine. And in compounds the Southern affix "ville," and the Northern "town," show the *joining* too readily, as in Knoxville and Stewartstown; while "burg," "ton," "field," and sometimes "boro'," as in Vicksburg, Lecompton, Pittsfield, and Brattleboro', form a well-sounding and dignified combination. There are also a few excellent names constructed out of names already existing—not the Newton Centre, Newton Corner, West Newton, East Newton, Newton Upper Falls, Newton Lower Falls, and Newtonville, which are so characteristic of New England—but such as Torringford, Stanwich, Lynnfield, Newburyport, and Osawattomie (at the confluence of the Osage and Pottawattomie).

This pretty much exhausts the categories of good names, unless we except European names brought with them by actual settlers and preserved through affection for their old homes—like Boston, Plymouth, New Berne, Vevay. Leaving these aside, we have in our American towns hardly more than dreary repetitions of London, Paris, Rome, Syracuse, Franklin, Madison, and others as meaningless (in this use of them) as these. Not that other nations do any better than we. We do not reiterate Washington and Jefferson any more persistently than our English cousins do Victoria and Albert, whenever they have a chance. Fortunately, they have little chance at home, but their colonies ring with them; and when they have used these as often as they dare, they fall back upon the unfailing storehouse at home, and find nothing better than Birmingham, Liverpool, and Exeter. They show, indeed, even less originality than we do; only they are a little bit more skilful in their borrowing.

Neither did the Greeks and Romans do better. As soon as they had occasion to *give* names, after the spontaneous growth of these had ceased, they showed the same poverty of ideas and servility of practice. Epaminondas could think of no better name for the Arcadian capital that he founded than "the great city"—Megalopolis. Hamilcar called his colony in Spain New Carthage. Constantine the Great named his new metropolis after himself. Colonia Agrippina still lives in Cologne, Augusta Vindelicorum in Augsburg, Augusta Taurinorum in Turin. And the Alexandrias, Cæsareas, and Heracleas rivalled in number the Washingtons and Wellingtons of the present day.

In short, the poverty of our geographical nomenclature is not caused by our being an unpoetical people, but by our having fallen into the hands of the Philistines. City fathers are "Philistines" of the worst type; and it is they who devise these new barbarities, and, in fact, spoil so many good old names. Once they tried to change the classic "Frog Pond" to "Serpentine Lake;" but the effort failed. They have abolished one of our best and most descriptive names, Roxbury, and substituted "Boston Highlands." They altered the historical "Dorchester Heights" into "South Boston." So "Fall River" once became "Troy," but speedily grew tired of its new title and resumed the old. It was another set of Philistines that attempted to give the stately Tahawa the empty name Mt. Marcy, and that requires you to direct your letters for "Bar Harbor" to "East Eden." To the same class New England owes the "Silver Lakes" and "Crystal Lakes" that adorn every town. Indeed, if the display of a poetical sense in bestowing names is to be the criterion, we venture to say that there is nowhere more of it than here. Silver Lake and Crystal Lake, which have now become so ridiculously common, were at first an effort at something at once descriptive and elegant. It is really a poetical sense, if a mistaken one, that wishes to banish homely names like Frog Pond and Mill Dam. It is the same sense of musical sound that gives us the repetitions of names of the class of Melrose, Belmont, Fairmount, and Waverley.

But there are better examples than these sentimentalisms; names much more genuine than those imposed by city councils or legislative committees, which give good proof of "the imaginative faculty in full health and strength" which Mr. Lowell claims for his countrymen. These are the secondary or popular names, of which so many are found in all parts of the country, and which are in nearly all cases really descriptive and poetical. The Bay State, the Granite State, the Empire State, the Keystone State, the Hoosier State, the Monument City, the Crescent City, the City of Elms—these are all genuine names. Sometimes a touch of racy humor comes in, as in the State of Camden and Amboy, Egypt, the Blue Hen, the Panhandle, the City of Magnificent Distances, Gotham. And here, too, imitation has gone to work and devised similar names in cold blood, not waiting for them to develop themselves. And a coarse and vulgar humor delights in such abominations as Hard Scrabble, Shakerag, Squash End, Purgatory, Burnt Coat, Lick Lizzard, Skunk's Misery, Git-up-and-git. One county in Virginia boasts the names Negro Foot, Hell Town, Buzzard Roost, Bull Ring, Polecat, Negationburg, and Dog Town.

Although our remarks have been for the most part confined to the names of towns, yet the same principles apply, of course, to all geographical names. The States of the Union are, almost without exception, very well named—either Indian names, as Connecticut and Alabama; old home names, as Maine and New Hampshire; or names of historical reminiscence, Pennsylvania, Virginia, Carolina, Florida. Vermont is a descriptive name, so are Montana and Nevada, and, in a quaint way, Rhode Island. The names of counties in the older States were generally transferred from England by the early settlers. In the new States they are very apt to be repetitions of the names of Revolutionary generals and other eminent men; almost every State has its Greene, Knox, Lincoln, Marion, and Wayne. As the territory is cut up and the counties are laid out after the chess-board fashion long before it is settled, nothing better than this could be expected; and if anything peculiar by any chance comes into existence, an enterprising community is pretty sure to become ashamed of it before long—as the other day they changed Bad-Ax County in Wisconsin into Vernon. It is a wonder that Illinois has suffered Jo Daviess to stand so long.

Mountains, rivers, and lakes are almost always tolerably well named. The native titles have held their own in regard to these better than in political divisions, and when these have been set aside it has been very commonly in favor of some old settler who has well deserved such commemoration, or of some bit of actual description. No names are better merited than the Crawford Notch, the Hudson River, and Lake Champlain. Descriptive names for these objects are rather monotonous, to be sure; for when once we have run through the obvious features—Haystack, Saddle Mountain, Sugarloaf, Camel's Hump, Green Lake, Black River, Mad River, Stony Brook, etc.—it is hard to make anything less prominent do service in nomenclature.

There is, however, one useful source of variety in the difference of generic names in different parts of the country. The "brook" of New England is a "kill" along the Hudson, a "run" in Virginia, a "bayou" in Louisiana, and, alas! a "crick" everywhere else. There is a certain variety also in the names of mountains—as Killington Peak in Vermont, Peaks of Otter in Virginia, Blue Ridge in the same State, Blue Mounds in Wisconsin, and Sierra Nevada in California. For lake we have only the New England "pond;" "mere" perhaps exists as an exotic in a few instances, and a sheet of water in Vermont was a few years ago christened "Lama Water," in honor of General Wool! Again, the "notch" of New England is a "clove" at the Catskills, and a "gap" further South.

Finally, justice has hardly been done to the degree in which our proper names have been affected by the different nationalities which discovered and settled different parts of the country. The traveller up the Hudson is gratified by the quaint and picturesque names that he meets, which perpetuate the memory of the Dutch time. The French have left a similar enduring monument of themselves along the Mississippi, not only in Louisiana, but in all the States near its source. Beaufort and Port Royal commemorate the Huguenot settlement in South Carolina; the La Moille River, Calais, and Mt. Desert the Jesuit missionary enterprises which never obtained a lasting foothold in New England. Not only is all California Spanish, but Santa Rosa and Fernandina remind us that Spain once had Florida too.

It is not to be expected that the naming of our towns, counties, and streets will ever be got out of the hands of the Philistines; all that we can look for is to preserve Indian names wherever they can be found, and possibly to persuade the powers that be, when there already exists a good, homely, picturesque name, to let it alone.

## THE THEATRE OF OUR DAY.

Herr Wilhelm Marr, writing recently in the *Post* of Berlin, declares that the theatre is an institution which no longer flourishes. In fact, he announces that its day has wholly passed. Almost everybody has always thought so. Yet we shall undoubtedly transmit the theatre. But, unlike most of the men and women who would unite with him in upholding the conclusion to which he has come, Herr Marr offers to the disbelievers in the theatre a philosophic theory and reasons to fortify their unbelief. Generally, the old theatre-goers, who maintain that the day of the theatre is past, tell us with mingled pity and triumph of the glories of this or that artist, of the matchless grace and feeling of the actor and actress whom they first saw playing Pauline and Claude, or Charles and Lady Teazle; of the archness of the Rosalind and the melancholy of the Jaques whom they knew when they were twenty-one; of the

Hamlet or the Iago or the Macbeth of whom time has since relentlessly robbed the stage, and whose place can never again be supplied. Abstracted from all such considerations, Herr Marr contends that so long as the theatre flourished, it was a mirror of high life to the low, and of low life to the high; whenever it was interesting, it was as a picture of a *terra incognita*. But, says he, with the growth and culture of modern society, the ordinary daily life of the spectator of theatrical performances has come into competition with the life depicted on the stage; nowadays our own experience offers us the reality of all that of which the stage presents us with the mere shows and shadows. So the theatre decays.

This theory has ingenuity and some show of reason, and, so far, is good. But it is the beauty of a theory that it shall fit the facts of the case; and as regards that matter, we incline to think that this one fails.

The Greek stage, both the tragic and the comic, occupied itself not with foreign but with domestic scenes. For the lovers of it there was, to be sure, poetry, which is of no age and no country; but we may be sure that, whatever may be true of its immortal life, its contemporary life the Greek stage got not from its poetry but from something else. The Roman theatre, too, busied itself with the slaves, the soldiers, the legacy-hunters, the women, the gossipers, the heroes, whom the Roman theatre-goers knew; who, indeed, they were. Then, as always, the stage had for its principal and most lucrative business, though not for its sole business, to hold the mirror up to nature. The mediæval theatre, too, with its monkish lessees and managers, its Vices and Virtues, and demons and angels, its contests between the saint and the great adversary, was a faithful reflex of the thought and feeling of the age. The English stage and the Spanish, which were first to escape from religious bonds, both reached their highest success—so far as concerns the pecuniary returns from audiences—when they portrayed the "cloak and sword" life of the towns of the Peninsula, and the wars at home and abroad of the Edwards and Richards and Henries.

It is certainly so to a very great extent now, and whenever it is not so, it is another theory than that of Herr Marr which seems to account for the present condition of the stage. The strong tendency to-day in the theatre of France, of England, and of this country is to the dramatizing of the people and events among whom we live. We should say that, as a means of intellectual pleasure, the theatre constantly grows more and more realistic. Take this city, for example, and most theatre-goers would be more inclined to predict success for a tragedy or comedy which should put before the audience the Battery or the Bowery or the Fifth Avenue, and should show men and women supposed to be and to do and to suffer in New York and Brooklyn, than to predict it for a play the scenes of which should be laid in the Forest of Arden or in Verona, and the characters in which should be kings and not counterfeiters and kidnappers, knights rather than detective policemen, princesses instead of women of the town or distressed American mothers and wives and young ladies.

But whether what we have just said be accepted or rejected, there are other things to be taken into consideration before Herr Marr's conclusion is admitted to be sound. We demand of our managers that they shall put before us scenery painted as that is in "Geneviève de Brabant," for instance, which artists applaud as being in its own way equal to the best work of good landscape-painters. We make our favorite actors and actresses—indeed, one may say all our players—appear before us in dresses of great cost, of the latest fashion, of historical accuracy, and of the richest material. We require expensive orchestras to delight the sense of hearing as the other accessories of the stage delight the eye. A manager's troupe must contain fine-looking men and women, and his repertory of dramas must contain many which have no reason for existing except that they furnish opportunities or the lavish display of personal charms, or are replete with laughable bsurdity, or with fun-making of a character more or less low and very often coarse, or with still more demoralizing, because more sensual, appeals to the vulgar love for mere sensationalism.

But the stage is not now, as it was in the time of Sophocles, and as it was in the time of Shakespeare, the best means for publishing an author's works, almost the only place where author and public could meet. To a certain extent the press has supplanted the stage as it has supplanted the rostrum also, and the pulpit. And to a certain extent the theatre may be said to have decayed, just as the pulpit has and as the platform has, but we doubt if it can be said to have decayed any more. It is on another footing than it was before; it is now relegated to the sphere of mere amusement, and finds in the opera —which to most people, though of course not to all, affords a sensual rather than an intellectual pleasure—a dangerous rival. We now read books and newspapers in order to get our mental pabulum, and we pay little attention to comedians and tragedians, the men who instructed our grandfathers and grandmothers in the days before Hoe was born, and when as yet fast presses were not. We work during the day; we are engaged, even furiously, in mental labors that task the mind to an extent of which our leisurely ancestors had no conception, and in ways of which they knew nothing; and our theatres, which are what their audiences make them, give us "Opéra Bouffé," "Ixion," and three hundred nights of "Humpty Dumpty," simply because we give ourselves ten or twelve hours daily of exhausting toil. Wall Street being what it is to-day, and 1868 being what it is in Wall Street—the age being so exacting as it is in regard to mental labor, and so rich as it is to give us intellectual employment and enjoyment—we naturally enough have disused the theatre, so far as it addresses the intellect, and developed those qualities of it in virtue of which it is a means of mere amusement and of more or less sensual excitation.

This condition of the theatre may, it is true, be called its decline and decay, though our generation will certainly be much less willing to acknowledge it than their fathers would, it being yearly more generally recognized that play is as necessary and is as honorable as labor; that is to say, so long as it *is* play, so long as it has not reached the point when itself becomes labor; where pleasure is a business. The theatre, we are all beginning to think, as our fathers could not, is serving a purpose no less useful when it simply makes us laugh, or when it legitimately addresses merely physical emotions or mixed physical and spiritual emotions, than it used to serve when it was the chosen abode of high intellectual literature. And there are doubts if even in that time it was not in most respects worse, by a good deal, than it is now. We incline to believe that it was decidedly "once upon a time" that the stage had that heyday which is talked about, and that it would be difficult for its present contemners and abusers to specify with exactness the time when it could have had their approval any more fully than now. In any event, Herr Marr seems to be wrong. There are more theatres and theatre-goers than there ever were before; actors and actresses are, as a class, more esteemed than ever before and more worthy of esteem; the total amount of badness and immorality in the plays of a decade is probably less in this than in other ages. Why, then, should it be said to have declined, unless one can say that to instruct people is a worthier object than to make them gay, that the bent bow is more honorable than the bow relaxed? This any one may, of course, say and believe; and we very likely might not contradict him if he did; but it is not what Herr Marr has been saying.

## THE ARGUMENT IN THE LEGAL TENDER CASES.

WASHINGTON, December 11, 1868.

AT the last term of the Supreme Court the cases of Hepburn *vs.* Griswold and Bronson *vs.* Rodes were continued for reargument on the first Tuesday of the December term, and the order of March 2, which made this arrangement, also gave leave to the Attorney-General to be heard on the part of the United States, one of the points involved being the validity of the legal tender clause in the Act of Congress of 25th February, 1862, authorizing the issue of Treasury notes on the credit of the United States.

After listening for three entire days to the arguments on this great cause one may justly claim the right to express a certain feeling of disappointment at the close. Mr. Attorney-General Evarts, who can never resist the temptation to make fun of everybody and everything, is said to have expressed it as his opinion that there is really nothing in this matter of legal tender except that people will make too much of it. Setting aside the wit, there may and ought to be some truth in the remark, for otherwise the case should be argued a third time, very little having in this instance been made of the argument against the law. Mr. Curtis and Mr. Evarts have both spoken in its favor, while the only argument on the other side was that of Mr. Potter, of New York; and it is no reflection on Mr. Potter to say that he is not of the force necessary for supporting alone against such advocates the weight of so burdensome a cause. The speech of Mr. Potter contained many clever points, and touched more or less vigorously almost every imaginable argument, but it was discursive, loosely constructed, unequal, and not on a level with the occasion. Mr. Townsend's argument, which has received a good deal of praise, turned on a subordinate issue. There remained only the speeches of Mr. Curtis and Mr. Evarts, both on the same side, both marked by the undisputed ability of their authors, but in styles so different as to produce an effect as though one supplemented and completed the other.

Mr. Curtis's argument, which opened the case, was, as usual with him, one that will be admired by lawyers rather than by the public, but one that lawyers will probably admire as a model. Mr. Curtis argues with such

severity, such perfect logical sequence, such clearness, with so much of the judicial spirit, with such caution against assumptions of fact or law, and, above all, with such absence of any appeal to feelings that might disturb and mislead the judgment, that one hesitates to criticise, feeling as one must that the critic must begin by learning to place his criticism on the same level with the argument itself. Any one who is much interested in this legal tender question is justified in thinking it a disaster passing the limit of ordinary griefs that there has been no opportunity to hear an equally calm and severe review of the constitutional issue as seen from the opposite point of view.

Yet Mr. Curtis spoke little longer than an hour, and the essential part of his argument can be stated very concisely. Congress, he said, has the power to borrow money, and as an incident to this power Congress has the choice of means for its exercise, subject, however, to two limitations. The first of these limitations requires that the means should be appropriate and conducive to the end. The second requires that these means should not be prohibited by any express provision of the Constitution, nor by any just deduction or implication from its provisions. That the quality of legal tender was appropriate and conducive to the end of borrowing money was not to be questioned. But it was objected that the power to make paper money a legal tender was a distinct and substantive power not conferred upon Congress, and to this objection Mr. Curtis contented himself by replying that this power was subordinate, appropriate, and necessary to the really substantive power of borrowing. On this proposition Mr. Curtis rested his case.

Mr. Curtis is far too able a lawyer to have stopped at this point if he had thought himself safe in venturing further, for this was precisely the point on which most persons wished to hear argument. Mr. Curtis allowed that any just deduction or implication from the provisions of the Constitution might prohibit any special means of carrying out a power, even though these means were otherwise appropriate and conducive to the end. The very question in dispute was, therefore, whether any such implication or deduction could be drawn. Our Constitution, with its doctrine of limited powers, was supposed to have settled the principle that our Government, unlike most other governments, could legally do only those acts which of right might be done; that there was in it, speaking in general terms, no supreme power, even in the last resort, to make wrong right or false true. And the question now to be settled rested on this very doubt whether a power of declaring by legislation the untruth that a piece of paper is equal in value to a pound of gold, and of compelling the people to accept it at that value, is one of the powers which our Government may of right exercise. Mr. Curtis did not fairly meet this difficulty by showing that our Government was not bound to respect a private contract.

Mr. Evarts saw this gap in the chain of argument clearly enough, and was not restrained from defending it by any such spirit of caution, if it was caution, as restrained Mr. Curtis. Mr. Evarts's audacity in the face of obstacles would make him even greater as a political leader than he is as an advocate. Against this point, which Mr. Curtis seemed to dread and shun, Mr. Evarts struck out with a degree of vehemence that showed the importance he put on it. For two hours he heaped argument on sarcasm and persuasion on ridicule to prove that legal tender was a matter of no consequence at all, an incidental power subordinate to mere purposes of government; or, if not this, then a power essential to national existence, not to be placed among the substantive powers of the Constitution, but above them.

"This power—necessary for emergencies, pernicious as a constant resource—shall not be accorded to the General Government as an independent and substantive power, for this would permit its exercise upon any motive and for its own sake. It shall find its place in the enabling clause of the Constitution which supplies authority for *all* legislation that is necessary and proper to carry into execution the powers in whose service the use of this expedient is justified, for thus alone can its use be conformed to the exigencies which should furnish at once its warrant and its measure."

And if it be asked what authority is to decide the existence of such an exigency, Mr. Evarts replies by quoting from the case of McCulloch *vs.* Maryland: "The sound construction of the Constitution must allow to the national *legislature* that discretion with respect to the means by which the powers it confers are to be carried into execution." The court has only to decide whether the means selected by Congress were such as, in the judgment of the authorities charged with the duty, were appropriate to the end desired.

"Who, then, shall assume to place the integrity of the legal tender above the safety of the state?" The safety of the state is, therefore, the only standard for measuring constitutional powers. Mr. Evarts, of course, did not limit the application of this astonishing principle to the narrow example of legal tender. On the contrary, he was eloquent in his vehement denunciation, and thundered his magnificent contempt for the very idea of a government that should propose to itself the strict observance of law and right in times of national peril. "Let the ship founder," said he, "that is built of material so frail." No private right, no supposed constitutional reservation is sacred enough to stand against national necessity, as estimated by the authorities entrusted with that duty. No mere principle of government, no axiom of political economy, no confidence in fundamental truths, shall interpose themselves between the people and the mistakes of their legislators. In times of national emergency the people have no rights except by the sufferance of Congress.

As a necessary deduction from this principle that the safety of the State is the measure of constitutional powers, it appears to follow, also, that a time of emergency may cause the permanent forfeiture of private rights. "This power [of legal tender]—necessary for emergencies, pernicious as a constant resource—shall find its place in the enabling clause of the Constitution which supplies authority for *all* legislation," etc. Under that power the husband may be torn from his wife, the son from his dying father, and the property of the country may be seized for the use of the Government in times of emergency. Three years of profound peace have now blessed our country, and yet under this same power the people are still compelled to receive paper at the value of gold. Mr. Evarts did not follow the line of argument out to its logical conclusion, but it appears to be inevitable that as legal tender is now legal and constitutional, so under the same principle *all* acts committed under the same authority may be made perpetual at the option of Congress, and work a permanent forfeiture of all private rights.

Just as Mr. Curtis's argument, therefore, stopped short of entire demonstration, the argument of Mr. Evarts leaped beyond it; nor does the case seem to be helped by Mr. Evarts's afterthought that the Fourteenth Amendment, declaring that the validity of the debt should never be questioned, covered the legal tender clause as well as the debt. If the debt is questioned, the legal tender clause will be responsible for it. Disregarding this as an evasion of the issue, one may say that as Mr. Curtis proved too little, so Mr. Evarts has proved too much; and that while Mr. Curtis seems to shun the issue, Mr. Evarts dashes at the obstacle of private rights, and, in overthrowing it, overthrows the whole fabric of our Government. No great advocate appeared before the court to fasten upon the point where these two arguments met without connecting, and one can only hope that the court, whose judgment in this case will certainly rank in authority with, and perhaps is to rank above, the Constitution, will supply these defects in the case as it has been argued. No one as yet knows when judgment will be given.

H. B. A.

## ENGLAND.

LONDON, November 27, 1868.

WE have had a sufficiently interesting time for the last ten days to make up for a good deal of flatness and a considerable dearth of news for a long time before. Our new Parliament is elected—at least the number of elections which still remain to be made is insignificant, and the evidence as to the working of the new Reform Bill may be regarded as being complete as far as it goes. There can, I think, be no doubt at all that it has disappointed many sanguine expectations, and greatly encouraged many persons who had regarded it with unreasonable fear; but I doubt whether we are yet in a position to form anything like a judgment as to the real extent of the change which has been made. There is, as every one must have foreseen that there would be, a large Liberal majority in the new House; but it is remarkable that an unusually large proportion of the leading men of the Liberal party have been defeated in important contests. Mr. Mill was at the bottom of the poll in Westminster, and Mr. W. W. Smith, a Conservative, known principally as the greatest of railway booksellers—you may see slates bearing his name at nearly every station in the country, and I believe that he buys an enormous proportion of our most popular journals—was at the top of the poll by what we regard as a handsome majority, though the whole number of votes given would, I suppose, appear small in American eyes. Mr. Gladstone was defeated for South-west Lancashire, though, as he was elected in his absence and without canvassing or solicitation of any kind on his part at Greenwich, this is of little practical importance. A similar fate befell many others of less importance. All the working-man candidates, of whom there were a few—not more than four or five—were rejected in one way or another; and I think it is no exaggeration to say that the enthusiastic, philosophical subdivision, or wing, as I suppose you would say, of the Radical party has received a considerable check, for I do not think that a single man has been returned who could fairly be said to belong to it. Mr. Bright has shown a decided

consciousness of this in some of his latest speeches, which have in them a much more decided Radical tone than most of those which he has delivered for several years past. They sound as if he was meditating a more vigorous policy, a more decided appeal to the sympathies of the masses, than he has been in the habit of making for some time. In one of his speeches, for instance, he pointed out in a very significant way the advantages of having for an election-cry the freedom of the breakfast-table—meaning thereby the institution of direct for indirect taxation, or, what is the same thing, the transfer of the burden of taxation from the poor to the rich. He used other language of like purport about the reform of the laws relating to land. I do not think he sees his way as clearly when he writes or speaks upon this topic as he does in some other cases. It requires a good deal of acquaintance with technical law to discuss it in England without falling into all sorts of mistakes, and this is not one of Mr. Bright's accomplishments; but there was no mistaking the general tone of his address; and I should not be surprised if he and his party were to try to find out whether the enthusiasm of the new electors, who certainly have not been specially enthusiastic, though there can be no mistake as to the general tendency of their opinions, in favor of the very moderate dose of liberalism which has been administered to them, may not be much more decisively raised by an appeal to them upon broader and more popular issues. Upon this point the elections throw very little light indeed.

Whatever may be the end as to these rather recondite and remote questions, there will be very little doubt as to the prospect which lies before us in the immediate future. Parliament is to meet almost immediately, and Mr. Disraeli will be out of office before the session has lasted many days. The majority against him upon such a matter as a vote of want of confidence will in all probability be overwhelming. What will happen next is a very different question, and by no means a very plain one. I think little of various rumors which have been flying about to the effect that the Queen's personal disinclination to consent to the disendowment and disestablishment of the Irish Church is so strong that she will send for Lord Granville or Lord Stanley to make a new ministry, instead of Mr. Gladstone. I feel no doubt that Mr. Gladstone will be the man. Yet the doubtful point is how he will be able to manage to steer through all the obstacles which such a numerous and well led opposition as he will certainly have to encounter will be able to oppose to him. Large majorities often dwindle, and before the Irish Church can be fairly dissected out from the Irish nation and done away with altogether, a variety of difficult and delicate matters will have to be settled, which will act as so many stumbling-blocks to the minister by whom the measure has to be carried out. He would be a bold man who would say whether this session or the next either should see the Irish Church out. English institutions are anvils which wear out a surprising number of hammers.

One of the oddest incidents of the election has been the publication by Mr. Gladstone of a pamphlet called "A Chapter of Autobiography," which appears to me one of the most curious performances of its kind that I ever met with. As you no doubt remember, Mr. Gladstone's first performance in public life was the publication of a book called "The Church in its Relations to the State." This took place just thirty years ago, and provoked one of the best known—though not in my opinion one of the best—of Lord Macaulay's reviews. The book was an elaborate attempt to prove that the real object of the state was the propagation of religious truth—religious truth being, in Mr. Gladstone's opinion, comprised in the creed of the Church of England. Hence he inferred, amongst a variety of other things, that the Irish Church ought to be maintained, and that to disestablish it would be a great national sin. He has, of course, been considerably baited during the present election with taunts about the inconsistency between his youthful speculations and the policy of his mature age; and the pamphlet in question is meant to explain to the world at large how far he has really changed his mind, and upon what principles his change, such as it is, has proceeded. It is a very curious performance, too long to give you an abstract of in such a letter as this; but in a few words it sets forth how, when he was a young man at Oxford, Mr. Gladstone was carried away by High Church enthusiasm, and persuaded himself that the Church of England was about to convert the English nation at least, and to rise spiritually and morally to such a position as would enable it to form a sort of spiritual state correlative with the temporal one. He then sets out how, as time went on, he came to see that this conception of the possible relations of the state to the church would not work, and was in fact repudiated in all sorts of ways by Parliament whenever the occasion for doing so arose. This satisfied him after a certain time that he must look facts in the face, and accept the determination of the state to be essentially a lay body. The consequence of this, he says, was that he could no longer support the Irish Church. To maintain it on the ground of its being the true Church was, he considered, an intelligible and high-minded course of policy; but to maintain it apart from the question of truth and falsehood, and from mere political considerations, would, he thought, be unjust and impolitic. He tells this story at inordinate length, for his pamphlet fills sixty or seventy good large octavo pages, and in a semi-ecclesiastical tone which is singularly characteristic of the man. One of his critics asked—as I thought very pertinently—how long it would be before he found out that the assumption that the Church of England represented religious truth was quite as doubtful as the assumption that the state ought to propagate religious truth, which it had taken him so many years to discover to be false? He is a very singular man, more characteristic than almost any other living politician of the age in which he lives, with its strange mixture of liberalism and ecclesiasticism. The feeling with which he is regarded by the party of which he is the recognized head oddly reflects the great division of opinion which exists upon all these topics. Few people like him all round. They are either afraid of his impulsive liberalism or inclined to despise the superstitious side of his character. Yet on the whole, and with those who do not look into matters very closely, he is decidedly popular.

# Correspondence.

## UNIVERSITY REFORMS.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Doctor Hill's resignation of the presidency of Harvard College, and the deep interest with which the selection of his successor is anticipated by the alumni and friends of that institution, suggest the consideration of one phase of college reform which has hardly received the attention it deserves. We refer to the urgent need of change in the system of discipline which is felt by most of those who are acquainted with the internal management of our principal colleges. And this need is particularly manifest at Cambridge, where so many salutary reforms in other directions have been lately instituted.

At the beginning of the academic year 1867-68 the system of study at Harvard was materially changed, how much for the better the experience of a year only has amply shown. I do not purpose to speak of the new system further than to remark that, by greatly increasing the number of "elective" studies, it has opened to the undergraduates much wider opportunities for the gratification of individual preferences and tastes than is furnished at any other of our older colleges. At the same time the standard of admission has been gradually raised, and a rigorous system of written examinations during the course perfected, so that at last the old reproach, "Anybody can get through Harvard College," so familiar to all Cambridge men, is utterly undeserved.

Withal, the average age of graduating classes has become much greater than formerly, being at present about twenty-two years and a half. But with these salutary reforms in the direction of a true university, the disciplinary code remains about the same as in the good old time when the still unrepealed statute forbidding freshmen to wear their hats in the college yard was in full force. It is not, however, of laws which long ago became dead letters that I complain, but of the code still in force—a code which treats the young men of the nineteenth just as boys of the sixteenth century were treated; which, in place of the paper reward-of-merit of the primary school, gives a maximum mark of eight, and works through a perfectly organized system of police, of which the president of the college is chief, and whose spies—the word is a harsh one, but I use it considerately—are to be found in every department of the university.

If it be said, in defence of the present "marking system," that the students' emulation needs to be excited by some more tangible reward than acquaintance with mathematical formulas and Greek dialects, we reply that a system of gradual examinations, by which alone rank should be determined, ought to be amply sufficient for the end in view. The great objection to the present system is, that it turns the discipline which should be the end of study into a means for the attainment of a high place on the sheet of monthly averages, and makes a daily "eight spot" the morning hope and nightly dream of the ambitious student. The immaturity and triviality of student talk and student writing have been often commented on, and it is indisputable that too many of our college graduates, though men in years, are boys in intellect and character. How can this be otherwise so long as they are treated like children throughout the four years of their undergraduate life, and find the discipline of the primary school continued in the college?

But far graver objections than these exist against the disciplinary system proper pursued in American colleges. The conclusion is inevitable that it tends directly to make the conduct of students, in their relations with the faculty, the reverse of manly and honorable. It is a legal presumption that a suspected man is innocent until the contrary is proved; but at Cambridge, at least, the counter presumption generally obtains. It may even be said that a suspected student is supposed to lie until he proves that he speaks the truth. The result is as natural as it is deplorable. Espionage is met by cunning, and accusation by equivocation. Every graduate of the college must own that a thoroughly false system of morality is prevalent among undergraduates in their relations with the faculty; that young men, otherwise honorable, are too often to be found whose practice before a faculty meeting is, to use the mildest adjective, sharp, and who answer all remonstrances by declaring that it is lawful to fight the devil with fire. Students and instructors, in consequence, come to regard each other as natural enemies, and thus the governors and governed become thoroughly antagonistic bodies. And it is not generally until the lapse of time has softened old asperities that graduates begin to feel that affection for, and pride in, their college which ought from the beginning to be the strongest sentiment of college life.

This state of things is the fault of a vicious system, not of those who administer it, although it would be trusting human weakness too far to suppose that a college proctor may not sometimes search the musty armory of ancient statutes for a weapon with which to gratify some petty spite or avenge a boyish insult.

It is, of course, much easier to condemn a faulty system of government than to suggest a better one, and the amelioration of the state of things I have criticised must be the work of time and careful thought. But one step can be taken at once in the right direction. Let the president and senior professors of the oldest university in America be relieved from the duties of common policemen and night patrols. If necessary, make the pay of the proctors something more than nominal, and let its recipients constitute not, as at present, an incongruous body hanging on the outskirts of the government, but a responsible governing power, to whom primarily the discipline of the college shall be committed. Thus, in time, the present antagonism between professors and students might yield to that mutual good-will which, at present, has but a very feeble existence in any of our colleges. We are glad to learn that at the last meeting of the board of overseers at Cambridge a committee was chosen "to confer with the corporation as to the duties which ought to be assigned to the president, and to enquire whether any and what modifications in the charter and laws are necessary to place the office of president upon such footing as the interests of the university may require." It is certainly to be hoped that the next head of the college may not have his time and patience frittered away in the conning of rank-lists and the administering of admonitions.

No more brilliant career could be afforded to an executive and scholarly mind than the presidency of Harvard University might present. With the names of more than a thousand students upon her catalogues, to whom she is constantly opening wider fields of interest and instruction, and with the new life which is being infused into her management by the transference of her government into the hands of the alumni, let us hope that the presidential mantle may fall on shoulders broad enough to bear it, and that a man of dignity and firmness, yet neither a pedant nor a revolutionist, may fill the chair once occupied by Kirkland and Quincy.

But to succeed he must be freed from those petty and thankless duties which have too often, in times past, rendered the office as obnoxious to its holder as he himself has become to those from whom he ought to command a deep respect. H. F. B.

U. S. Naval Academy, Annapolis, Md.

## THE DIVORCE QUESTION.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Your remarks on the "Future of the Family" bring out strongly what seems to be the especial merit of the *Nation* on all topics—its recognition of existing facts. Most journals, for example, appear to discuss the woman's rights movement in utter obliviousness of the prime truth—which has provoked all the discussion on the subject—that modern civilization, by imparting to woman new culture and giving her new conditions of life to face, has produced, at least in America a new woman—a woman whom no Scott or Dickens or Thackeray has yet arisen to paint, and one who cannot live under the old limitations without constant chafing and wretchedness. Nor has any journal but yours, I believe, touched at all upon the great question which so many thoughtful men are asking themselves, "What is and will be the effect of the movement on the sexual relation?"

The ordinary treatment of the divorce question is equally narrow and unsatisfactory, ignoring wholly or partially these important facts and the conclusions they point to:

1. The general tendency of our older States is to enlarge the grounds for which divorces are granted. In the original thirteen States, for example, the close of every twenty years since the adoption of the Federal Constitutions has found the divorce laws on the whole more liberal than they were at the end of the previous twenty years.

2. In a large number of our newer States it is now practically true that anybody earnestly and persistently seeking a divorce, for any reason whatever, succeeds in obtaining it sooner or later.

3. Connecticut for many years, and Indiana for more than half a century, have had exceedingly easy divorce laws. The Indiana statute authorizes any circuit judge in the State to decree a divorce to the "injured party" for any one of seven causes which are specified, or for "*any other cause for which the court shall deem it proper that a divorce should be granted.*"

Whenever the opponents of easy divorce admit any of these facts, they always *assume* that their effect is baleful, and so beg the whole question. They frequently record that in Connecticut the divorces for a twelvemonth bear such or such a proportion to the marriages, and then, with a few comments, rest their case, as if that fact alone established an unhealthy or vicious condition of society. Why do they not give us argument instead of assertion? Why not prove by statistics, which the census reports place within everybody's reach, whether or not in the manufacturing State of Connecticut and the farming State of Indiana the ratio of mutes, lunatics, idiots, criminals, assignation houses, brothels, or illegitimate children is larger than in other manufacturing or farming States? Why not attempt to show whether there is more crime, secret and open; whether men and women are really less faithful husbands and wives and less tender fathers and mothers, and whether children grow up to be less pure and manly and womanly? *That* is the pith of the matter.

The burden of proof rests with the assailants. They allege that certain laws tend to the destruction of morality and the detriment of the general welfare. Two States deny the charge by keeping those laws in force until, in one, two generations have lived and died under them. They adhere steadfastly to those laws despite vehement denunciation and the grave practical disadvantage that the unhappily-wedded not only within their own borders, but also from half the rest of the Union, seek their courts for redress, and thus fasten upon them the additional odium of the multiplied cases of injustice and fraud which inevitably arise under all laws, however carefully administered.

Not only do Connecticut and Indiana do this, but *the tendency of the other States is in the same general direction.* Where do the advocates of rigid divorce laws fancy it is going to stop? R.

New York, December 6, 1868.

## MR. GARDNER AND CREEDS.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: I perceive that what I said in a letter published in your issue of November 5, conveyed a wrong impression to your mind as well as to that of others. Allow me to correct it.

I am interpreted as expressing a hostility to creeds *in toto* and *per se*. I not only disclaim the truth of this interpretation, and regret that I should have been so thoroughly misunderstood, but now reassert what I supposed I had clearly stated before, viz.: That I agree with all orthodox believers in considering *some* creed necessary to proper church organization, but differ very materially in regard to its *relative importance* in the same.

As I did not state my reasons for this conviction, I will do so now.

In the first place, then, as I said before, I conceive the whole spirit and teaching of the Scriptures to indicate the *brotherhood* of the church, and brotherhood implies at least unity of organization. For particular passages teaching the brotherhood of the church, see 1 Peter ii. 17; iii. 8; John xv.

We are all one in Christ, and Christ is our elder brother. We all acknowledge this, too, by addressing each other as brethren. The question then arises, how shall we organize so as to make this a living, palpable fact to the world as well as to ourselves? Manifestly, by making that the prominent idea or *basis* of our *visible* organization which is more than all else the index of the supposed fact.

Now, the cardinal doctrine of Christianity is an unconditional and unbiassed seeking after *purity of heart*, the legitimate result of which, we are taught, will be perfect love toward God and man—a fulfilment, in this way, of all the requirements of the law and the prophets.

What we, as a church or a brotherhood, wish to promote in ourselves, and make manifest to the world, is this *seeking after purity of heart;* and if we can find one characteristic which, more than any other, indicates to ourselves and others the fact of this new life begun, this should be the basis for our visible organization. What saith the Scriptures? "We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren" (1 John iii. 14). Again, "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another" (John xiii. 35).

The one characteristic of all others, then, which is best evidence to ourselves, and the world outside, that we have truly begun the better life, is "love," or, as the word is elsewhere translated, "charity." Neither of these terms seems to convey the true idea of the original word, "ἀγάπη," and in my previous communication I preferred to call it *sympathy*, as more nearly interpreting to our minds now what I understand to be the true signification of the word. We would make, then, "ἀγάπη," or "sympathy," the basis of church organization for the reasons above stated; and I feel called upon to say this, because I think it evident to Christians themselves, as well as the world at large, that "creed," by reason of the *relative importance* it holds in the church, is now and has from the first been the basis of Protestant Church organization—an error, I conceive, second only to the Catholic error of an organization upon the basis of "works." Faith has come to be synonymous with "creed," or the acceptance of a creed, and "creed" has thus virtually become the *door* of the church. Whereas Christ says, "I am the door" (John x. 9). To enter this door requires something more than the acceptance of a "creed"—an *experimental knowledge of the way through*, namely; and, as I said before, this is best expressed in one word, by "*trust*," not "faith." For this reason I think it does matter, "for the purposes of this discussion, how the word 'πίστις' is translated."

But this experimental knowledge of Christ through trust in him results in "ἀγάπη," or sympathy with him and his teachings, as well as with all who have passed through a like experimental knowledge. We may not have all arrived at the result by exactly the same *mental* processes. In truth, so long as language is the imperfect medium it is now, and always has been, for the communication of ideas, it is foolish and unreasonable to expect it. It is sufficient to enquire whether the *result* has been attained. At this point, and not before, arises the necessity for church organization, and the new instinct which demands it should be its basis, for the same reason that another instinct is the basis of the *family* relation, and another of the state. Since, then, religious experience is the result of *thought and feeling* fused into one, and one is naught without the other, so far as religion is concerned, it seems illogical to me to maintain that "credo" is the basis of all religious as well as intellectual life.

Finally, let us, as Christians, manifest our love to Christ by loving each other, and not by wrangling as to *how* we all come to have this same love and *can best assert it.*

Very respectfully,

CHAS. GARDNER.

UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO, Dec. 7, 1868.

[We did not maintain "that 'credo' was the basis of all religious life." We said it was the basis of all religious sects or denominations, and behind Mr. Gardner's "sympathy" and "trust" we still see his "credo" as plainly as possible.—ED. NATION.]

A SUBSCRIBER, a professor in the Burlington University (Vermont), writes to us expressing the hope "that the statement made by Miss Dickinson in a lecture delivered in Burlington a few days ago, that the number of your [our] subscribers was rapidly diminishing, is wholly without foundation," and he is pleased to add "that he should consider the failure of the *Nation* as one of the very bad signs of the times." Miss Dickinson's statement, of which we now hear for the first time, *is* "wholly without foundation." The number of subscribers to the *Nation* is and has for a long while been steadily increasing. We are sorry for Miss Dickinson's sake, and for the sake of the causes she advocates, that she should think it desirable to give stories of this kind a place in her lectures. Female politicians must, in order to justify their existence, and exercise that "purifying and elevating influence" on politics which the suffrage conventions promise us, in the first place set the male agitators an example of good taste. Now, it is in the worst possible taste for a lady to reply to an adverse criticism on her speeches and novels in the mode selected by Miss Dickinson in the present instance. In the second place, they must set male agitators an example of scrupulousness and accuracy of statement, especially in speaking of their political enemies. This may seem a hard doctrine but we warrant its soundness. Instead of these things, however, most of the female politicians who have thus far appeared in the field seem to be copying the old male tricks with lamentable fidelity.

# Notes.

## LITERARY.

THE proprietors and conductors of the *American Journal of Mining* and of the Spanish *El Correo Hispano-Americano*—papers addressing special classes of readers, but, like many such journals, enjoying a considerable circulation—intend to add one more to the number of their periodicals. The new-comer, a monthly, is to be called the *Manufacturer and Builder*, and its title very well describes its character. It will be always non-political, only occasionally literary, and will have for its usual contents articles, some of them illustrated, on the different branches of manufactures; on the various kinds of manufacturing machinery; on the stone, lumber, and iron interests; on the strength and relative value of building materials; on lime, mortar, cement, sewage, ventilation, and kindred topics. In size the *Manufacturer and Builder* will be like the London *Engineer*. There is good reason to think that it will be a useful and well-conducted paper.——Messrs. Roberts Brothers announce an edition edited by Mrs. Hale—Mrs. S. J. Hale, we suppose—of Lady Wortley Montagu's Letters, and of Madame de Sévigné's. Both these works are wanted, and enough has been said of both of them by excellent writers to make it easy for the editor to do her work, and likely that when it is done it will be satisfactory to the reader. "Wandering Recollections of a Somewhat Busy Life" is another of Roberts Brothers' announcements, and still another is a second work by the same author, Mr. John Neal, entitled "Great Plagues and Little Mysteries." Others are Mr. Arthur Helps's "Life of Christopher Columbus;" A. T. Teetgen's "Palingenesia," which is a poem depicting "the rise and progress of heterodoxy in a contemporary soul;" "Under the Lime Trees," which is already issued by the Appletons; "Tales of the Toys," by F. F. Broderip; John Timbs's "Eccentricities of Animal Life;" and "The Adventures of Hans Sterk," which appeared some time ago in Harper & Brothers' announcements.——In Messrs. Charles Scribner & Co.'s list of the Erckmann-Chatrian books the second is "The Conscript."——Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. will publish in book-form certain recently delivered sensational and otherwise not remarkable sermons on "The Failure of Protestantism," by the Reverend Doctor F. C. Ewer. The same house announce as to be published before the end of the current month, "A Half-Century with Juvenile Delinquents," which is a history of American societies for reforming youth, by the Rev. Mr. B. K. Pierce, and a "Globe Edition" of "Cowper's Poetical Works," to match the Scott, Dryden, Spenser, Dante (Cary's), Butler, Campbell, Burns, Milton, and Chaucer already issued.——Mr. M. W. Dodd announces "Watchwords for the Warfare of Life: from Dr. Martin Luther," a new work by the author of "The Schönberg-Cotta Family." The same publisher has ready new editions, in various styles of beauty and at various prices, of all the works of this popular writer.

—Singularly enough, the "History of the Great Rebellion," by J. W. Jones and T. B. Morris, published at Utica by J. Mather Jones, is the first attempt at anything like a history of the United States in the Welsh language. There have been several spasmodic efforts in this direction in various periodicals, but nothing in the shape of a book. Considering the large number of Welsh people in the country, and especially the active part which many of them took in the early settlement of Pennsylvania in the seventeenth century, and more recently of our Western Territories, the lack of a Welsh history of the United States is a fact worth noting, though perhaps not more remarkable than the general absence of original book-writing in their own language among so intelligent a class of our adopted citizens. It certainly does not come from a want of ability to write such books, nor of a reading public to buy them. We account for it from the fact that the Welsh people assimilate native American tastes and habits more thoroughly, perhaps, than any other class of foreigners, save in two things—theology and poetry—and in these two they are thoroughly Welsh wherever found, and for reasons which readily suggest themselves. The authors of this history are veteran journalists, and they have performed their task with painstaking fidelity and conscientious regard for the truth. Of course there is no pretence of access to original information, but a thorough sifting of evidence as found in published works, with a view of giving a connected and intelligible narrative of the exciting events of our late civil war. From an examination of the volume we judge that

much the greater portion has been written by Mr. Morris, a facile writer and a thorough master of the Welsh language. It is hard for a stranger to conceive the difficulty of writing a good military work in the language of a people so unwarlike (of late years) as the Cambro-Britons. But the authors have been noticeably successful in this respect. Military movements are narrated and battles described in language at once smooth and intelligible, though many terms had to be coined to express the new agencies used in the art of war. But the work is not a history of the war merely; it aims to give an outline of all the notable events connected with the discovery and settlement of this continent by Europeans, the colonial history of our portion of it, the Revolutionary war, and the various administrations down to the breaking out of the rebellion. The space allotted to the discovery of the continent is small; but, considering the nature of the work, it might have been made smaller with advantage to both authors and readers; the tales of the Norsemen are recited with a circumstantiality altogether out of place in such a work. But when we come to the settlement of Pennsylvania by William Penn and his followers, the most interesting portion of early American history to the ancient Briton, the subject is dismissed with just three lines, a most inexcusable blunder in a work written exclusively for the use of the Welsh people. But the faults to be found with this work are few compared with its many excellences; indeed, with the above exception, we have hardly a fault to find with it. Typographically it is a handsome volume, with good type and good paper.

—A Boston correspondent points out an error into which we fell the other day in speaking of a certain historical compilation as being the work of Mr. C. M. Yonge and Mr. G. M. Sewell. The fact of the matter is, says our correspondent, who is on terms of friendship with one of the compilers, that the book is made by Miss Yonge, the author of "The Heir of Redclyffe"—as she persists in calling herself—who is well and favorably known as a worker in the field of history at second-hand, and by Miss E. M. Sewell. "Mr. G. M. Sewell," then, and "Messrs. Yonge & Sewell" are mistakes of the London *Publishers' Circular's* compositors and proof-readers, and we are sorry to have been led astray by them. Other recent English books, or such as are to be published soon, are these: Mr. Algernon Swinburne's "Bothwell" is said to be eagerly looked for and shortly expected. Poetry of a precisely opposite sort, so far as concerns the relative proportions of sounding words and sound thought, will be found in a new and needed edition of "Massinger's Plays," which will constitute one volume of the so-called "Mermaid Series." Next come the plays of Marlowe, who, if he was a little too much like Swinburne in some respects, was often sweet and strong and truly poetical. One volume of the now well-known and popular "Bayard Series" will be Hazlitt's "Round Table," and another will be "Rasselas," with Leigh Hunt's essay. A series which is, perhaps, of more importance than either of these we have just mentioned is the "Clarendon Press," which already numbers some thirty volumes of manuals of a high class in various branches of learning, from Anglo-Saxon literature to Greek tragedy, and from science to verbal criticism. The new volumes which are now, as we learn from Mr. Welford in the *Bookbuyer*, very soon to be issued, are "A History of Germany and of the Empire to the Close of the Middle Ages;" a "Constitutional History of England," by the Rev. Mr. W. Stubbs; a "History of Germany from the Reformation," by Mr. A. W. Ward; a "History of British India," by Mr. S. Owen; and a "History of Greece," by E. A. Freeman. These are all the results of the careful sifting of larger works by trained readers and students of historical literature. "Hints on Household Taste in Furniture, Upholstery," etc., we may very probably take an early occasion to notice more at length. Mr. Moxon—who, by the way, has never, so far as we know, explained the nature of the transaction by which he made his edition of Lamb's works complete at the expense of a Boston publisher and an American collector of ana—puts forth a new edition of Elia's writings. It is prefixed by an essay written by George Augustus Sala. "A Life [whitewashing] of Lucrezia Borgia" is announced, and the author claims to have as a foundation for it some rare and hitherto unpublished documents. The Countess de Boissy has aided Mr. Herbert Jerningham, attaché of the British embassy in Paris, and translator of her book about Byron, by writing for his version of the "Recollections" several new chapters.

—The Lowell Institute, having invited Robert von Schlagintweit to deliver an English course of his admirable lectures in Boston, it may interest many of our readers to hear something of him and his family. A glance at the route lines of the "Uebersichts-Karte," attached to the first volume of the "Reisen in Indien und Hoch-Asien," just published by Hermann von Schlagintweit-Sakünlünski, will show the extraordinary extent and character of the scientific travels executed by the author and his younger brothers, Adolph and Robert, at the expense of the East India Company, in the most interesting parts of the Eastern world. These lines, for the most part separately traversed by the brothers, extend from Galle, at the southern extremity of the Island of Ceylon, to Kashgar, in Chinese Turkestan, and from Kurrachee, west of the Indus Delta, to Sudiyah, near the headwaters of the Brahmaputra—that is, from 6° to 39° N. L., and from 66° to 96° E. L., embracing not only all the regions south of the Ganges and Indus, but also Cashmere, Balti, Ladak, Tibet, Nepaul, Sikkim, Bootan, Assam, and parts of China, and crossing the highest mountain ranges of the globe, the Himalaya, Karakorum, and Kuenlun. In Tibet Adolph and Robert ascended, in 1855, the Ibi-Gamin to the height of upward of twenty-two thousand feet, the highest point ever reached by a known traveller, and in the following year Hermann, accompanied by Robert, penetrated across the Karakorum and Kuenlun into Chinese Turkestan, thus earning the surname bestowed on him on his return to Germany, of Sakünlünski—that is (in Slavic), the Transkuenlunian. The northernmost point, Kashgar, was reached by Adolph alone, who perished there, in August, 1857, by the hands of the barbarous natives. Robert and Hermann had shortly before returned home, *via* Egypt, and it was long before they learned the tragic end of their heroic brother. Before their departure for the East, the three brothers—born in 1826, 1829, and 1833, respectively—had earned great fame as physical explorers of the Alps, having published the fruits of their explorations, during which Hermann and Adolph ascended the highest summit of Monte Rosa, in the "Untersuchungen über die physikalische Geographie der Alpen" (1850), and "Neue Untersuchungen über die physikalische Geographie und Geologie der Alpen" (1854). The richer fruits of the Eastern journeys are now being deposited in a grand publication in English, entitled "Results of a Scientific Mission to India and High-Asia," issued at Leipzig, and adorned with an atlas containing maps and pictorial views of great merit. The work is to consist of nine volumes, of which four have appeared (1860–1866). The contents of the whole are as follows: Vol. I., Astronomic Measurements and Magnetic Observations; Vol. II., Hypsometry; Vol. III., Topography of Western and Northern High-Asia, and Philological Glossary of Geographic Names; Vols. IV. and V., Meteorology; Vol. VI., Geology; Vol. VII., Botany and Zoölogy; Vol. VIII., Ethnography; Vol. IX., Geographical Sketches of India, the Himalayas, Tibet, and Turkestan. The German "Reisen" now before us may be regarded as a popular abridgment of the scientific "Results," with the admixture of particulars of a more personal character. This book, too, is a work of the highest merit, no less by its form and diction than by its contents. The Schlagintweit brothers, of whom the fifth, Emil (born 1835), is renowned as the author of "Buddhism in Tibet" (1863), and of "Die Könige von Tibet" (1865), and the third, Eduard (born 1831), wrote a history of the "Hispano-Moroccan War" of 1860, in which he partook, were all ennobled by King Maximilian II. of Bavaria, their native country. It was in the service of that country that Eduard fell, in July, 1866, in the battle of Kissingen, fighting bravely against the Prussians. The extraordinary collections of the travellers adorn their mansion at Jägersburg, near Forchheim, in Franconia.

—The Russian *Invalid* announces that after the 1st of January, 1869, it will cease to appear. This, as well as the other official papers, are to be replaced by a general official newspaper in the style of the French *Moniteur*, which will contain all the official decrees and announcements, and be called the *Government Messenger* (Pravitelstvenniy Vyestnik). The cessation of this celebrated paper, the organ of the Russian War Department, and of late edited with great ability, should hardly be allowed to pass without remark. The *Invalid* was founded in 1813 by Mr. Pezarovius, for the purpose of collecting money for the relief of the wounded. The first number was issued on the 1st of February, 1813, with only twelve subscribers. In three months the subscribers increased to eight hundred in St. Petersburg alone, and there were soon more than four thousand. From the earnings of the newspaper and from private contributions Pezarovius formed an *invalid fund*, with which in the year 1813 he gave pensions and temporary relief to 450 men, and in 1814 and 1815 to 1,200. In addition to this, at the end of the year 1815 he handed over to the committee for the wounded a fund of 395,000 roubles, and subsequently an annual revenue of 20,000 to 40,000 roubles. During the Crimean war the *Invalid* brought to the invalid fund more than 100,000 roubles. In 1860 the *Invalid* was farmed out, but when the conditions of the press changed it was necessary to place it under the immediate direction of the Minister of War. Since 1862 it has paid nothing to the invalid fund, but has even been obliged to have a subsidy, which, in 1867, beside the salaries of the editors, amounted to 23,770 roubles. The other newspapers at present official, such as the *North-*

*ern Post*, will be deprived of their subsidies and submitted to the general laws which govern the press.

—Trübner's latest *Literary Record* announces several important new publications on the languages and ethnology of India. Mr. W. W. Hunter, of the Bengal Civil Service, who has lately become so favorably known as author of the "The Annals of Rural Bengal," publishes "A Comparative Dictionary of the Non-Aryan Languages of India and High-Asia," a comprehensive compilation illustrative of Turanian speech, and embracing vocabularies of one hundred and forty-four dialects spoken by the scattered remnants of tribes and peoples who in pre-historic times were the masters of India and adjoining countries, but afterwards succumbed to the overwhelming power of Aryan conquerors. In elaborating his book, which cannot fail to advance the work of research now so vigorously pushed forward by Occidental scholars in the vast and promising field of Turanian philology, Mr. Hunter availed himself of extensive materials belonging to the public, official or scientific, institutions of Hindostan, as well as of valuable private collections placed at his disposal. For the convenience of students of various nationalities the equivalents of the Turanian words are given in English, French, German, Russian, and Latin. A "Sanscrit Prosody," by Charles Philip Brown, author of the Telugu Dictionary, is in the press. From the pen of Major Malleson, of the Bengal Staff Corps, we have "Essays and Lectures on Indian Historical Subjects," containing, among others, sketches of Count Lally, Havelock, and Hyder Ali's last war.

—The following named works, all gleaned from the same number of Trübner's *Record*, we group together as evidences of the activity of the Jewish mind in the fields of linguistic and antiquarian research: Adolphe Neubauer's "Géographie du Talmud," a work on the geography of Palestine according to the Talmud, which has gained a prize of the French Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres (Paris); "French Views on Zoroastrianism," translated from the texts of M. Adolphe Franck, Member of the Institute, Professor at the Collége de France, and M. Jules Oppert, Professor at the Bibliothèque Impériale (Bombay); "Ursprung und Entwickelung der menschlichen Sprache und Vernunft" (Origin and Development of the Human Language and Reason), by L. Geiger (Vol. I., Stuttgart); and "Das Buch Kusari, von Jehudah ha-Levi," translated after the Hebrew version, and edited, with notes and a general introduction, by Dr. David Cassel (revised edition, Leipzig).

## MORE JUVENILE LITERATURE.*

A SPECIMEN of the worst of all sorts of writing for children is "Patience Hathaway: a Story of Ivy Cottage." It depicts the kind of good boy who makes all ordinary vice seem respectable, and the kind of bad boy who never exists in nature, and beyond a doubt it can do nothing for its readers but vulgarize them and make them either hypocritical, self-conscious canters, or else harden them in openly evil courses. Charley Ray is good, so he uses as unexceptionable English as the author has at command; never strikes a blow; gives up all boyish amusements in order that he may spend his evenings in reading books of travel, histories, and other improving works, to a crippled young friend of his; forgives every enemy, rebukes with freedom sinners of all ages, and constantly puts them to the blush by the example of his nobility of character and the worldly success which attends all his steps. The bad boy, Dill, steals melons, will not run on errands, is ungrammatical, proceeds speedily to housebreaking, is obdurate as a flinty burglar of full age; but at the end of the book suddenly he succumbs to the coals of fire which are heaped on his head by the good people, young and old, whom he has causelessly injured. Good is not the word to be used in speaking of the crippled boy of artistic tastes. He is merely an angel of pronounced Christian character and experience, living in quiet pain with a family whose great coarseness of manner jars harshly on his feelings. The incidents of the story are as violently false as the human nature which it presents for inspection, and as vulgar in tone. The good genius of the story, a wealthy, unmarried lady of twenty-six or seven, with a hidden sorrow of the intense though subdued type, has her effects secretly conveyed to a country village, where at once every one hates her and backbites her for no assignable reason except that she looks refined. She takes the lame boy into her house, having previously got for him an easy chair, which she procures with a stealthiness which makes her agent in the purchase almost shed tears of admiration at her modest goodness and benevolence. The lame boy is thirteen or fourteen years of age, and she relates to him one afternoon a very magaziny tale of her love for a young man, and her sudden bereavement, and the grief she thereafterwards bore, and thus reveals to him the secret cause of her pallor and her retired way of life and her occasional quiet tears. She saves from drowning an ill-mannered boy of fourteen or fifteen, who, with his young companions, attempts to break into Ivy Cottage at night. One of the companions is the brother of her dead lover; she reclaims him—"guilty and low as he is," as she remarks to him—and he by-and-by woos and marries an inmate of her house, "a drunkard's daughter"—as she tells the lame boy—whom she had rescued from poverty and degradation. In short, "Patience Hathaway" is a deleterious mixture of the cheap book for boys and the cheapest kind of sensational novel, and it is a matter of regret that any boy or girl should be in danger of reading it. It belongs, too, we may all be sorry to know, to a class of books for boys which are each year turned out in large numbers, whose praise is in a thousand journals, and which, if human nature were not enlisted against them, would do more harm, and of a more disgusting sort, than can at all be calculated. The authors mean well, too, and so are enabled to be all the more injurious. Of the author concerning whom we have just been giving our impressions, a leading religious paper says, after mentioning the fact that "his prolific pen has given to the public thirteen books within the last three or four years," that "he never wrote a line that he had occasion to erase." It seems certainly a duty for us to say that he and the school of which he is one ought never to have written a line at all; if they ought, then we know nothing of boys or of morality.

After going through such a book as Glance Gaylord's, it is more than doubly pleasant to read the charming narrative of "Miss Lily's Voyage Round the World." It was a journey which occupied no less than three or four hours, and in length it was nearly or quite two miles and two furlongs. The papa and mamma of Miss Lily having gone to Paris, and left her and her two cousins—the united ages of the three being nineteen years—in charge of their English governess and the cook, Jeannette, it is speedily resolved that inasmuch as sugar-cane, cocoa-nuts, and the Island of Juan Fernandez are to be found only at the end of the world, no class of people can be so happy as travellers; and further, that if a vessel can be secured and provisioned, the most distant countries shall at once be visited by Toto, Paul, and Miss Lily, and several islands shall be brought back, one for each of the discoverers and one for papa. What follows on this resolution makes up the story, and it is all very entertaining indeed. Little Peter, who is the fisherman's son—rising seven years of age, and a hard literalist for one so young—discovers for the small romancers an unused boat to which he leads them, and a certain quantity of victuals being saved by the children from their meals, it is but a day or two before they set out in search of islands and adventures. The first land they make is England.

"'We have already lost sight of the coast of France,' says Captain Paul, when they have gone down the river some half mile or so.

"They see in the distance clouds of smoke, from the midst of which bright flames escape. They hear far off a noise of hammering iron.

"'I should n't wonder if that was Father Taboureau's forge,' says Little Peter.

"The Admiral shrugs her shoulders. 'That,' she says, 'is foggy England.'

"'It is perfidious Albion, the land of shopkeepers,' says Paul.

"Toto does not want to go to England. There are too many governesses there. It is full of Miss Doras who oblige a little fellow to say 'yes,' and study, and who make them eat their bread and butter with the buttered side down when they do not read well.

"They reassure Toto. They will not land in a country so well known."

In rapid succession *La Belle Lili* sights Africa, with numbers of naked savages, the Isle of Bourbon, the Isle of France, Australia, Robinson Crusoe's Island, where she runs aground and the discoverers undergo many vicissitudes of fortune, till they are rescued by an artist, who takes them home to their

* "Miss Patience Hathaway; Her Friends and Her Enemies, and How She Returned Them Good for Evil. By Glance Gaylord." Boston: Henry A. Young & Co.

"Narrative of a Voyage Round the World, Planned by Four Adventurers. Miss Lily's Voyage Round the World, undertaken in company with Masters Paul and Toto, her two cousins, and Little Peter. Translated from the French by Miss I. M. Luyster. With forty-eight illustrations by L. Frölich." Boston: Roberts Brothers.

"Little Lou's Sayings and Doings. By the author of 'Little Susy's Six Birthdays,' etc., etc. With eight illustrations by M. L. Stone." New York: Hurd & Houghton. 1868.

"Tales for Little Convalescents. By Mrs. S. H. Bradford." New York: Hurd & Houghton. 1868.

"The Alphabet in Rhyme. Eight illustrations in oil colors." New York: American News Company. 1869.

"The Five Days' Entertainment at Wentworth Grange. By Francis Turner Palgrave, late Fellow of Exeter College, Cambridge." London: Macmillan & Co.; Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1868.

'Jack the Conqueror; or, Difficulties Overcome. By C. E. Bowen." New York D. Appleton & Co. 1868.

"The Children's Album of Pretty Pictures, with Short Stories. By Uncle John." New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1868.

"Mountain Adventures in the Various Countries of the World. Selected from the Narratives of Celebrated Travellers. With thirty-seven illustrations." Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1868.

"Grandmother's Curiosity Cabinet. From the German of Mary Osten (Emile Eyler). Translated by Anna B. Cooke." Boston: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1868.

"Our Young Folks. An Illustrated Magazine for Boys and Girls. Edited by J. T. Trowbridge and Lucy Larcom." Vol. IV. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1868.

"The Riverside Magazine for Young People. An Illustrated Monthly." Vol. II. New York: Hurd & Houghton. 1868.

anxious parents. Children may easily be imagined talking exactly like this bold crew, and "making believe" everything set down in the book. Nor is it so very hard a strain on the imagination to suppose them even doing what Paul and his friends are represented as having done. At all events, the young folks will be pleased at reading of the haps and mishaps of the circumnavigation, and will not be hurt at all by listening to the sound lecturing which the artist delivered to the wanderers when he found them in the pickle into which their thoughtless hardihood had brought them, and which could hardly have been in place if spoken to girls and boys on dry land safely playing at navigation. The illustrations, of which there is the very generous number of forty-eight, are by Lorenz Frölich. They are all pleasant and spirited, and are truly illustrations of the text.

"Little Lou's Sayings and Doings" is an American book, and a very pleasant and good one. It seems to be, in fact it must be, a record of a boy's performances till he was six or seven years old, and it relates his speeches, his meritorious actions, and a good many proofs of his depraved nature, in a way which cannot fail to interest parents, and which will command the attention and approval of the younger part of the reading public. It is a good while since we have happened on a book, whether for juvenile or adult readers, that seemed to be closer to absolute truth of portraiture, and the author is to be congratulated on her success, and to be thanked for the pleasure she gives as well as for the excellent example she sets. It is true, perhaps, that one should have had children in order not to find some of the matter rather trivial in its truthful simplicity; but the readers most interested will find nothing trivial; and then for the others—there is the simplicity, a quality of which people conversant with printed matter do not discover so very much in the course of their experience.

The writer of "Tales for Little Convalescents" we should like to praise heartily, her work is so kind throughout, and half of it—the half in the middle of the book—is so clever and amusing. That part of it, however, is clever because—being apparently drawn directly from actual occurrences—it lets the children talk and play while we overhear them; and it is amusing to us grown people, and not, we should suppose, to young readers. The rest of the book children may like, and it may very probably profit them; there is at the least nothing to injure them; but it is not well done; the fairy tale and the poetry are far beneath the "Class in Quizzical Geography" and the "Scenes in a Nursery." On the whole, however, the book is one to be commended, and nobody who buys it for his boys and girls will make a bad mistake.

"The Alphabet in Rhyme" is a "picture-book" with colored pictures, and as such may be of some service in the nursery, just as bright bits of cloth are and gay buttons. But a child is a good way from the innocency of learning his A, B, C when he can assimilate things like this, which ends the page devoted to E, and which refers to the national bird:

"His nest in the cliff
Overlooks the broad sea,
He is the emblem of Freedom,
The pride of the Free."

It is an odd mistake that this writer has made in fancying himself a writer for children, or indeed capable of being such.

"Five Days' Entertainment at Wentworth Grange," a pretty volume, in square octavo, and bound in dark-blue cloth, contains twenty-six tales and seventeen woodcuts, besides a very charming engraved vignette on the title-page. The illustrations ought to be mentioned in the title of the book, for they are all by Arthur Hughes, and into two or three of them he has put his full strength. His designs are always of very unequal merit, not only in this book but throughout the whole of his work as book illustrator and as painter. They are seldom uninteresting, however, and never affected or destitute of feeling; so that there is scarcely any artist whose handiwork it is pleasanter to meet. The poetry that there is in common things he well understands, as any one knows who may recollect the drawings of the boat in the illustrated "Enoch Arden," and the ingenious and fanciful designs of the cloth cover of the same book. And he is a master of expression of face, though that is lost often enough in the woodcuts. His original works are peculiarly valuable in this respect, and in some of the illustrations to the volume before us, especially in the little girl on the title-page, this power of his is delightfully shown.

As for the stories, they are strung together on the thread of a more rational and possible pentameron than we usually have. The stories told during five days by the oldest five of the young people who are spending their holiday at Wentworth Grange, have their supplement in Mrs. Wentworth's own story. We find among the tales some old—in fact, some oldest—friends agreeably retold: "Orpheus and Eurydice," "The Peasant Countess," and the pride of the Decameron, "The Story of the Falcon;" others are new, and some of them very cleverly comic. The stories are arranged so as to illustrate the five senses, one of the senses to each day, with five tales concerning it. For children of ten or twelve years old, this is one of the best books of the time.

"Jack the Conqueror" is a good little story. Jack is a poor English boy who longs to know how to read. He has no one to help him, but one day a travelling artist who sketches him gives him sixpence, and tells him to help himself. The motto of the book is, "Resolve well and persevere," and this Jack carries out, till in the end he attains success. Jack is, to be sure, rather an unnaturally good boy; but as he is a brave, honest little fellow, and neither affected nor hypocritical, he is a very fair ideal for boys of ten years old, who, as a rule, prefer ideals to copies from real life. Besides, occasionally there is a real boy who *is* a little unnaturally good, and yet far from goody; it takes all kinds of people to make a world. The illustrations are of unusual excellence. The figures are lifelike and forcible. They offer, however, a great variety of Jacks, no one resembling another. It seems to us that the real Jack may have looked like the earnest-faced boy in the popular engraving of "Speed the Plough." At least the spirit of that picture is the spirit of the book.

Judging from the stories, the "Children's Album" was intended for very little children, but the pictures which make exactly half of it would give pleasure to young persons of almost any age. There are 178 woodcuts of various merit, and copied from all sorts of sources. Some of the plates are very much worn. Opposite each is a page of story in large type, made to match the illustration. One of these, by the way, is called "The Anaconda and the Boa Constrictor," "Anaconda" describing an African bull, which is again referred to in the text as "the poor stag." With the exception of this legend, and of three or four frightful pictures, such as the murder of the young princes in the Tower, which we should advise parents to cut out and burn, we do not see why a child might not be considered fortunate in the possession of the volume. The children's verdict will undoubtedly be in its favor.

We perhaps err in putting "Mountain Adventures" in the present category; yet, without professing to have been prepared for the young, it is well calculated to please and instruct the boy or girl engaged in grammar-school studies, not less than their parents. It is an English compilation founded on a Continental one, but varied by substituting for some of the original selections passages from the adventures of English explorers, including Tyndall, whose admirable style needs little adaptation for the comprehension of children. For the most part the scientific portions of these narratives have been purposely subordinated to the incidents, of which, while the range is very large, certain experiences and observations are necessarily repeated and leave a very distinct and accurate impression upon the mind. The extracts not only seem to be literal, even if condensed, but are in each instance carefully credited to the author and work from which they were taken. The pictures, finally, are good, and seem to have been drawn after photographs, which, wherever obtainable, might themselves with advantage have been given.

We cannot readily declare the proper age of readers for "Grandmother's Curiosity Cabinet." The little German Tertianer, or third-form boy, who figures in it, should be about eleven years old, and an American boy of the same age could comprehend most of the stories which the "Cabinet" supplies. The translation, however, is scarcely simple enough to be called successful, and often retains, as if for flavoring, a German word which it was hardly worth while to use, and which has to be explained immediately in a foot-note. Indeed, these foot-notes of translation and pronunciation so abound as to make the book a sort of introduction to the German language—sometimes, also, to German manners. The stories themselves are of a class which is not new, and of which each year we are borrowing less and less from our Teutonic cousins.

The bound volumes of the two rival, yet in many families kindly agreeing, children's magazines known as "Our Young Folks" and the "Riverside," should not be overlooked by those who seek reading for the young that will outlast the holidays. They present an almost exhaustless variety of stories and illustrations, and suit, in one way and another, all ages from the nursery up to the grammar or even high school.

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*Das Beständige in den Menschenrassen und die Spielweite ihrer Veränderlichkeit* (Constancy and Range of Variation of the Human Species). Von Dr. A. Bastian. (Berlin: D. Reimer; New York: L. W. Schmidt.)—In a recent mention of this work, which does not lack learning nor a certain brilliancy of style, we spoke of it as merely the prolegomena to a larger work on civilized peoples; and we shall, therefore, dismiss it somewhat briefly, although of itself it makes a book of nearly three hundred pages octavo.

In general, we may say that the author, with a genuine scientific comprehensiveness, offers ingenious remarks on the natural and the supernatural, on descent, accumulation, craniology, philology, etc., etc., in their manifold relations to ethnology and anthropology. His short but characteristic sentences disclose a truly cyclopædic knowledge, which, on the side of natural philosophy especially, reminds one of Alexander von Humboldt. Dr. Bastian's views, if not always sustained by facts, are always referred to them, and lend whatever weight they have to our latter-day materialism. His more recent authorities, whose theses, however, he does not invariably adopt, but for the most part supplements and broadens from his own painstaking and long-continued studies, are principally Darwin's works, De Candolle's "Géographie botanique," and Nathusius's "Rassen des Schweines"—books which fairly embody the results of modern investigation. In a word, the volume before us may be described as an attempt to harmonize in an application to anthropology the natural laws which produce the various geological formations, physical phenomena, and animal and vegetable species. Since this is here rather suggested than exhibited in detail, we must await the author's more compendious work for a fuller treatment of the subject. The present is illustrated by an ethnographic map, drawn by Prof. Kiepert, the first of several which are promised.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

| *Authors.—Titles.* | *Publishers.—Prices.* |
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| Leavitt (Rev. Prof. J. M.). Afranius: A Tragedy, and Other Poems (New York) | 2 00 |
| Marshall (J.). Outlines of Physiology (Henry C. Lea) | |
| May (Mrs.). Little Pitcher Stories. 4 vols (W. H. Hill, Jr.) | 3 00 |
| Mills (F. J.). The Life of John Carter (Hurd & Houghton) | |
| Morley (Prof. H.). The Spectator (Geo. Routledge & Sons) | 1 75 |
| Packard (Dr. A. S., Jr.). Guide to the Study of Insects, Part IV. swd. (Essex Inst.) | 0 50 |
| Palgrave (F. T.). Gems of English Art (Geo. Routledge & Sons) | 10 00 |
| Routledge (E.). Every Boy's Book " " | 4 00 |
| Southworth (Mrs. E. D. N.). Fallen Pride: A Tale (T. B. Peterson & Bros.) | 1 75 |
| St. Augustine, Florida (G. P. Putnam & Son) | 0 75 |
| Taylor (Ann). My Mother: Illustrated Poem for Children (G. Routledge & Sons) | 2 50 |
| Tennyson (A.). Enid, Doré's Illustrations " " | 10 00 |
| The Doctor's Ward: A Tale for Girls " " | 1 50 |
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# The Nation.

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## The Week.

AT the beginning of the week the Senate listened to a set speech by Mr. Ferry, who argued in favor of removing all the political disabilities under which some Southerners are laboring. Mr. Stewart called his attention to the condition of the Republican voters of Louisiana and the colored legislators of Georgia. On the same day the Militia Bill for the Southern States was passed. In effect it repeals the act—framed to prevent Mr. Johnson's provisional governors from arming their adherents—which was passed two years ago, and which it would have been well to have repealed at the last session. In the course of debate Mr. Fessenden proposed that a militia should be given to Texas, and remarked that he could hardly believe the civil authorities there could countenance a state of society which makes their own and all men's lives and property unsafe. But it is in Texas as it is in West Tennessee; even if the organized robbers and murderers are robbers and murderers merely, they know very well what class in the community public opinion will permit them to pillage and kill with impunity, and if the government happens to belong to the other class the disorders go on. Mr. Fessenden made a good remark when he said that a great deal of the difficulty is owing to "the extreme haste of Congress to economize"—before election—"by reducing the army below the force necessary to keep the peace in the South." "Necessary" is the precise word, and it is to be feared that in some of the States we shall find in the end that the State militia will cost us all more than a few thousand additional regular troops. On Wednesday, Mr. Morton spoke an hour and a half in favor of his financial bill, a measure of which we spoke last week. When the resolution repudiating Mr. Johnson's repudiating scheme came up for passage, Mr. Hendricks offered a substitute to the effect that contracts not specifically demanding gold might be discharged with "lawful money." For this proposal he got 7 votes; in the negative there were 44. On Thursday, little was done. On Friday, a resolution in regard to Spanish affairs was reported from the Committee on Foreign Relations, which seems to have been in a less advisory mood than its chairman; the resolution expresses sympathy with the Spanish "Liberals"—of all shades, of course—and puts the Spaniards in mind of the slave-trade which, under the monarchical government of Spain, was carried on between Africa and Cuba.

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On the same day Mr. Edmunds introduced an important bill, which will in all probability become law. It proposes to repeal so much of the act admitting several Southern States to representation in Congress as concerns the State of Georgia; it pronounces the present Legislature an irregular body and reconstruction in Georgia a failure; it restores therefore the military government in that State, but restores it subject to this limitation—the present civil government under the new constitution shall, provisionally and subject to the will of Congress, continue to be the civil government, the expelled legislators being first restored to their places, their so-called successors being removed. Finally, the President is directed to support these requirements with the necessary number of troops—a duty which will fall on President Grant. On Friday, too, Messrs. Sumner, Buckalew, Morrill, and Cameron pronounced eulogies on the late Mr. Stevens. Mr. Buckalew remarked that Mr. Stevens's character was one that called for analysis and reflection rather than for eulogium—which is true, perhaps, of most of us; but he proceeded to say some things which were neither analytic nor eulogistic, nor particularly reflective, and which certainly it was very discreditable to him to say. On Monday the Senate adjourned for a fortnight of holidays.

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It would, we are sure, do much for the reputation of both branches of Congress, and be a great saving of pain to the friends of departed members, and to people of taste and sensibility of all classes and creeds, if, when it becomes necessary to take notice of the decease of a distinguished member, the work of "analysis," "reflection," and "eulogy" were committed to two or three or, at most, four members. One from each party would be, we think, ample; but the friends of the defunct might, perhaps, be allowed to furnish two, and these two should be selected either with reference to their relations with the deceased or their special ability in the delivery of funeral orations. The indiscriminate volleys of eloquence which are now fired over the newly-made graves are objectionable for all sorts of reasons, a prominent one being that they make the memory of even the best men seem ridiculous to the young and light-minded. No reputation, character, or services can be exposed to them with impunity. We make this suggestion in the interest of real feeling, real solemnity, and real reverence for departed worth, and in real hostility to the tom-tom, foot-light, and brass-band sentiment.

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The House on Wednesday week passed the Southern Militia Bill, and there is no doubt of its passage over the veto which no doubt will come, and no doubt that before very long the Southern governors will find themselves in a position to make some resistance to any attempt at the violent overthrow of their governments—possibly in a position to enforce order, though this is far less certain. On the same day Mr. Julian tried to introduce a resolution ordering a committee to investigate a charge that hundreds of persons are still held in slavery in Kentucky; he was refused leave to introduce it. A better fate befell a resolution providing that women employed by Government shall receive the same rate of compensation as men who perform similar service; but we fear the service, in nine cases out of ten, is sure not to be similar. Thursday was taken up by eulogies on Mr. Stevens, the speakers being Judge Kelley, Mr. Broomall, Mr. Whittemore, Mr. Covode, Judge Woodward, and Mr. Fernando Wood. The last named speaker made, by much, the best address that the occasion called out in either house. On Friday the Louisiana election case was got fairly under examination. The credentials of the colored member from that State, Mr. Menard, having been presented by his colleague, Mr. Sypher, the House referred them to the Committee on Elections, and how that committee will report there is not much doubt. The House has as yet done nothing in regard to Georgia, but the Committee on Reconstruction are busily getting together evidence, and Mr. Edmunds's Senate bill will be none too thorough-going to suit the temper of the House and the Committee. The session previous to the recess has not been very long, but it has been very busy. Very little speech-making has been done and a great deal of work is cut out for the winter.

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The other Congressional business, as will be seen by our summary, is unimportant, with the exception of an attempt to put an end to the

nest of iniquity known as the Indian Bureau. The abuses in this concern have been long known to be atrocious, and the military men, who have to pay in their persons for its crimes and follies, have been long anxious to have it handed over to the War Department, hitherto without success; and, as might be expected, there has now grown up about it a "ring," known as the "Indian Ring," composed of a band of jobbers who live on its abuses, and encourage them and cover them up. In spite of their efforts, however, a bill has passed the House transferring the Indian affairs to the War Department. In the Senate the opposition made a determined stand, and a new bill was introduced by way of compromise, creating an "Indian Department," which, however, would certainly be little, if any, better than the Indian bureau. The "ring" would probably as soon have one as the other. The object of putting the Indians into the hands of the army is to give them a new kind of men to deal with.

Senator Morton followed up his bill for the resumption of specie payments—to which, by-the-by, we inadvertently ascribed last week the intention of resuming in a year instead of in two—by a speech in which, in reply to the demand for contraction, he denied that the currency was redundant; maintained that gold cannot be kept from going abroad except by creating a demand for it at home; denied that there was any necessary connection between the price of bonds and the discount on greenbacks; attributed the discount to the failure of the Government to pay its notes on demand, as it promised to do; pointed out that the greenbacks are a debt now past due; the bonds a debt having twenty years to run; ridiculed the idea that we could ever return to specie payments by "willing it," or with $70,000,000 in specie—a point on which Horace Greeley meets him valiantly in a long letter of infantile simplicity in the *Tribune*, maintaining that $70,000,000 would be plenty, and in fact somewhat more than is needed for the purpose. Mr. Morton also denounced the contraction policy of the Secretary of the Treasury, his strongest argument being that the country would not submit to it; commended the legalization of contracts in coin; and apologized for voting against it last session. As regards the amount of coin with which it would be safe for the Government to resume, he avoided committing himself by the mention of any definite sum, but expressed the opinion that, inasmuch as banks can undertake to redeem in specie on a third in gold of the amount of notes in circulation, the Government could do it with less. Here, however, Mr. Morton became very vague and misty, wandering off into calculations about the amount of gold now in the country, the product of the mines, and the sums brought over by emigrants—evidently laboring under some of the delusions so prevalent during the war, that it is the amount of money in the country, and not the amount which can be got into the Treasury, which is available for the discharge of the public engagements. If the mines produced ten billions of gold a year, and the emigrants brought over two billions, it would not help the Government to resume specie payments, unless a share of it could be got into the Treasury through *taxation*. So that the question which lies at the bottom of the whole matter is, How much taxation will the country bear, and what surplus shall we have, or how much can we borrow and pay interest on? As matters stand, there is, even if Mr. Morton's bill should pass, no knowing when specie payments will be resumed.

Mr. Wilson has introduced a bill intended as an inducement to Supreme Court judges to retire from the bench when they have become too old to be useful, providing them with full pay if they choose to resign at the age of 70. Something of this kind has long been wanted. It is a scandal to have a judge sitting on the bench after his faculties have begun to decay, and just as great a one to have him retiring into penury after his best years have been spent in the public service. But the bill should be made to cover the judges of the District Courts just as well, and its failure to do so, taken together with Mr. Wilson's other Supreme Court bill, gives some color to the story that its main object is to get Judge Grier to quit the bench, and to get a "sound" man in his place. We trust that this party tinkering of the Supreme Court will soon come to an end. If the court is a nuisance, pray let us have it abolished. If it needs mending, let it be on the recommendation of a commission composed of both Democrats and Republicans, and not by bill, dragged in every month or two, in the middle of red-hot crises, for party purposes.

Mr. Strong, a clergyman in Cleveland, Ohio, preached a sermon on Thanksgiving Day, in which he denounced Mr. B. F. Butler for proposing in Congress "to tax the bonds." What Mr. Butler really did was to propose and carry a resolution peremptorily directing the Committee of Ways and Means to introduce a bill imposing a *special* tax of 10 per cent. on the *interest* on the bonds—that is, reducing the interest which the government had solemnly promised its creditors from 6 per cent. to 5.40 per cent. The motion was simply an attempt at swindling on a great scale, and it was carried against the best men of the Republican party by the aid of the Democrats, and was indignantly denounced, and in plain English, by the Committee of Ways and Means. So that Mr. Strong was correct enough for all ordinary purposes in terming it "taxing the bonds." Mr. Butler, however, writes him a letter, accusing him of having used his pulpit "in the interest of capital and money-changers, whom our Divine Master drove out of God's holy temple with a whip of small cords," and of having "given the benefit of the sanctuary to gold-gamblers and speculators." "There was," adds the Lowell moralist, "no proposition to tax the bonds, only the income derived from them, *as the Government has always done.*" The object of this last phrase is to produce the impression that the Butler tax was of the same nature as the tax now levied on the interest of the bonds—that is, an income tax falling equally on income derived from all sources whatever; the fact being that it was a *special* tax, levied on the public creditors solely, such as the Government has never levied or proposed to levy, and in borrowing the money agreed *not* to levy—the object of it being to depreciate the value of the public obligations in the interest of repudiators. The author's reappearance at this date to lecture a clergyman for denouncing it, and even to quote Scripture against him, proves what the declarations of his disciples, that he has repented him of his financial heresies, are worth. It throws some light, too, on the kind of morality he teaches them at the class-meetings of the new sect of which he is the founder and the ornament. Most of his followers are very indignant with Mr. Fessenden for not "following after the truth." What kind of "truth," we should like to know, do the brethren mean? It is enough to make either clergyman or journalist hate his trade to have to comment on the Butlerite doctrines. It is only the number of the Butlerites that makes the work supportable to any honest man.

The Cabinet appointments continue still to furnish food for speculation, but speculation which, as compared with the speculation on this subject in bygone days, is very mild, watery stuff indeed, owing to deficiency of materials. The facts appear to be still in possession of General Grant, "the feelings, fancies, and intuitions" being all that the reporters and rumor-mongers have to go upon. The person whose friends are most vociferous in his favor is undoubtedly Mr. Greeley, for whom the English mission is still claimed with great pertinacity by some fond but ironical admirers. A rival has, however, appeared in the field in the person of Senator Wilson, whose claims are urged much on the same grounds—viz., that we have been sending envoys to the gentlemen of England long enough, and that it is now time to send a man of the people to the working-men of England. We are greatly afraid, however, that missions organized on this theory would not be a success. The working-men of England do not as yet take charge of its diplomacy, and, judging from the late elections, do not want to do so; so that the conferences between our plenipotentiary and them would amount to nothing. Mr. Sumner is still talked of, and with sense, for the State Department. We sincerely hope he may get it. He and some of the brethren in Massachusetts may think he is more useful in the Senate, but then this is not the first time that both of them have been mistaken. There is no position in the Government more important just now, except the Treasury, than the State Department, and there is nobody who unites a greater number of qualifications for it than he; and his presence in the Cabinet would help to disarm Radical suspicions about Grant, and render it unnecessary to recall the Honorable Ben Wade into public life. The probable Secretary of the Treasury is not much talked of; the subject is too serious for joking

There is this that is singular about the place—that there is none for which so many men think themselves well fitted, and for which so few think other men fitted. Of those who have furnished proofs of fitness in black and white, nobody can thus far compare with Mr. David A. Wells.

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The new English Ministry has been organized, Mr. Gladstone, of course, at the head, and the only remarkable feature in the new Cabinet being Mr. Bright's appearance as president of the Board of Trade—a position in which the work is light, and may be made lighter without anybody's noticing it, the duties of the board being simply the giving of advice and collection of statistics. In fact, it is well known to be the opinion of Mr. Lowe, another member of the Cabinet, that the less work it does the better. But the place is for this reason all the more suited to Mr. Bright. His health is not vigorous—indeed, he was seriously threatened eight years ago with a permanent break-down—and he has now a seat in the Cabinet, which is the important thing. He declined the Indian Secretaryship on the ground that the duties were too onerous, and he did not think public opinion in England sufficiently "advanced" on Indian affairs. Mr. Bright's accession to office is the only result of the late elections in which one sees any sign of change in the character of the Government through the Reform Bill, but this of itself indicates an immense change, in spite of the defeat of the working-men candidates and "intellectual liberals." The complete overthrow of the latter, not one of them securing a seat, was perhaps the most disheartening incident of the struggle, and shows how deeply the English mind in all grades and conditions is permeated by Philistinism. The "compound householders" distrust men with "ideas" just as much as the ten-pound freeholders.

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If there is a body of men in the kingdom whose minds one would expect to be open to new influences, it is the graduates of the London University. As the University is merely an examining body, the graduates are not bound together by corporate feeling, or under the dominion of the Idols of the Market-Place. Moreover, the degrees, unlike those of Oxford and Cambridge, mean something; a man cannot get them without knowing a good deal, and the men who try for them are men who are not afraid of work. One of their most distinguished graduates is Mr. Bagehot, the editor of the *Economist*, and one of the acutest—we were going to say the acutest—and deepest thinkers on political and social questions to be found in England to-day, as his paper and his work on the English Constitution show. Well, he offered himself as a candidate for the representation of the University in Parliament, but was forced to give way for Mr. Lowe, a graduate of Oxford and a man of great ability, but whose mind belongs to, perhaps, the most objectionable type of cultivated mind to be found in England; the type which, for want of a better term, we may perhaps call mulish, and whose influence is invariably used to increase the imperviousness to new ideas of the average English understanding. But he had the reputation of being a "practical man," broken to harness. So he was elected, the University setting aside its own graduates, who are both numerous, able, and brilliant.

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Mr. Mill, we have reason to believe, does not personally regret his defeat. His appearance in public life at his advanced age, and with his habits of mind, was, of course, in more ways than one, a great sacrifice, which he made partly with the hope of helping on the reform movement—then, though so short a time ago, still feeble—and partly with the view of removing some of the reproach which rests on scholars, of unfitness for or indifference to public affairs. But it is very doubtful whether, in modern times, with the press at their disposal, it is not a waste of power to employ political philosophers in the actual work of legislation. Most of the real work of government in this age consists in diffusing certain ideas amongst the people, and this philosophers can do with most effect in their own rooms. It would doubtless be well to employ them in legislation if they had nothing to do in legislative bodies but talk and think; but in legislative bodies they have to devote nine-tenths of their time to *listening* to unconscionable bores and dunces, and every minute thinkers of Mill's calibre devote to this is time wasted.

The news from Spain is better. The insurgent republicans have laid down their arms, having shed some blood and shaken popular confidence in their good sense and self-restraint, and thus far strengthened the monarchists. The elections for the Constituent Cortes have at last begun, and the result thus far, though we know nothing of the feeling of the country districts—returns having only been received from the corporate towns—shows, it is reported, heavy monarchical majorities. We are not able to say, of course, what influences have most affected the vote, or whether there has been any recent change of opinion; but, reasoning *à priori*, we may conclude that republican violence has helped to swell the monarchical ranks. It always has done so, and probably always will do so, in countries in which the people is still divided on the comparative merits of monarchy and republicanism. Nobody can have confidence in the common sense of republicans who take arms within a fortnight of a popular election. The restriction of the suffrage to men over twenty-five years of age is exciting a good deal of remonstrance; but we suspect, the propriety or the right of fixing any limit of age whatever being once conceded, it will be found that no great interest is damaged by shutting out Spaniards who have not reached twenty-five, and probably some dangers are avoided by it. If the limit has no other value, it has that of an expression of opinion on the part of the Government that brain, experience, and maturity of judgment and character are of some use in deciding on the form of government a great nation ought to adopt.

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Turkey and Greece have, after long threatening, almost come to blows, and the great powers are now occupied busily in trying to get the Greeks to keep the peace. At the bottom of it all is the Cretan question. The insurgents in Crete have maintained their resistance not with sufficient vigor to drive the Turks out, but with sufficient to keep a certain portion of the island to themselves, and keep up a semblance of war and the hope of success, and constant sympathetic agitation at Athens. What with sending volunteers to Crete, running the Turkish blockade, and relieving Cretan refugees, the Greeks of the kingdom have been worked up into a good deal of Panhellenic excitement, followed, as in 1854, by hostile demonstrations by Greek irregulars on the Turkish frontier on the mainland. Then come Turkish remonstrances, Turkish indignation and threats, and finally a recourse to force. The Greek ambassador has left Constantinople; the ministers of the other Christian powers refuse to protect the Greek subjects he has left behind, and the Porte announces that in a fortnight it will treat all Greeks whom it finds in Turkey as Turkish subjects.

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This refusal of the other ministers to protect Greek subjects is, we believe, an unprecedented act of discourtesy, but is made excusable by the peculiar circumstances of the case. Turkish Greeks and Greek Greeks are exactly similar, and swarm in European Turkey; and every Turkish Greek wants, if he can, to range himself under some other nationality, and is constantly trying to do so under one pretext or another. If he succeeds, he gets rid not only of allegiance to the Sultan, but of amenability to Turkish courts and police, a very valuable privilege, which foreign ministers are naturally anxious to confine to as few persons as possible. Before the Ionian Isles were ceded by Great Britain, Ionian subjects of the Queen used nearly to drive the British embassy crazy, owing to their numbers, their importunity, and incessant contentions with the Turkish authorities. There is very little probability that there will now be war. The Great Powers won't let the Greeks fight, or, if they do, will see that they are worsted, because they are not yet ready for a break-up of Turkey, and a Greek war would probably result in this. Russia is not ready, or anything like ready, for a renewal of the Eastern question, and neither is France, England, nor Austria. The Eastern question means, who shall dominate in the Black Sea and the Mediterranean? what shall be the fate of the Danubian Provinces? who shall control the Isthmus of Suez and get Egypt? Nobody is ready to answer these questions, and we may be sure Greece will not be allowed to force them on the world just now. Some day it doubtless will be encouraged to do so, but that is some distance off still.

## OUR FOREIGN DEBT.

Mr. McCulloch has been an able, faithful, honest, and industrious Secretary of the Treasury, who, with extraordinary patience, self-reliance, and an unbounded faith in our national honesty and national prosperity, has administered the finances of the country in times of severe trial and through periods of transition and change extremely harassing and vexatious. Few public men have done the nation more honest service. Few public servants are entitled to so large a share of national gratitude. Yet Mr. McCulloch is to-day essentially unpopular; unpopular in the true and best sense of the word. He is not in thorough sympathy with the people. Nor is it difficult to find the cause. With all his unquestionable ability, he is undeniably one-sided. At the early outset of his career he pledged himself to restore the country to specie payments—a noble and worthy task. He has labored at it faithfully and persistently ever since. But he has not shown sufficient faith in the people's desire to return to specie payments of their own free will. All the measures proposed by him have been coercive. We take it, there is not a public question upon which a more perfect unanimity prevails than on that of the advisability of an early return to specie payments. But the people will not be forced into it. They justly insist that the time and the means of returning to a sound currency shall be indicated by the natural course of events. It is on this account that Mr. McCulloch's report, pregnant as it is with subjects of the utmost importance, has fallen with so little effect upon the public mind. It is only as a fresh plea in favor of contraction that the whole lament about excessive importations is introduced, and it is mainly on this account that his lugubrious predictions and assertions require to be combated.

We shall show hereafter that there is nothing essentially injurious in the importation of foreign luxuries; that, even if injurious, it could not be prevented; and that a very large and important part of our public revenues is now, and must for some years to come, be derived from them. The Secretary himself admits that "no exception could be taken to such importations, if they were paid for in our own productions." He adds, "This, unfortunately, is not the fact;" on the contrary, these importations have, he asserts, been mainly paid for in our bonds, and are the main cause why so large a part of our debt is owned abroad. He then goes on to assert that it is injurious for the country to have its debt owned by foreigners, that the foreign importations are the cause of this injury, and that nothing will stop this importation but a contraction of the debased and redundant currency.

The statement that a large part of our debt is owned abroad is only another way of saying that foreigners have lent us money. It may be said that borrowing is at all times the worst way of obtaining money, and this is true of nations as of individuals. But it is sometimes the *only* way to obtain it. Large parts of this country are entirely unsettled or only very partially settled, its production has scarcely begun, and consequently an accumulation of savings or a growth of capital has been totally impossible. In all the new or comparatively new districts and territories production would be slow or practically stagnant without credit, without the opportunity to borrow money for employment in opening up production. If in these new countries production is very profitable, it is evident that the producer can afford to pay a liberal interest on his borrowed capital, and if after paying a liberal interest he has a handsome profit left, he, the producer, will have benefited by borrowing. If a borrower pays seven dollars yearly interest on the loan of one hundred dollars, and with the hundred dollars earns twenty that he could not have earned otherwise, then both the individual and the whole nation are thirteen dollars better off on account of that loan. If a borrower can increase production by borrowing when he could not have increased it without borrowing, he does well to borrow. It is a simple question of profit. It is well known that production in this country is eminently profitable, and hence borrowing—credit—is more general here than elsewhere, and producers here can afford to pay a higher rate of interest than producers in most other countries. Now, if nations or individuals find it profitable to borrow at all, it is evidently the interest of the one as of the other to borrow wherever money can be obtained cheapest. In the older countries of Europe production is comparatively unprofitable; ages of active production have accumulated there large amounts of capital, interest is consequently lower than with us; Europeans can obtain from us higher rates of interest than they can obtain at home, we can borrow from Europeans more cheaply than we can from our own capitalists. From our earliest times we have, consequently, been borrowers from Europe, have been constantly in debt to Europe, have constantly employed European capital in profitable production here, and have prospered by it beyond precedent or parallel. But in spite of this unexampled prosperity, largely due to the profitable employment of European capital, we have for fifty years past had to listen to periodical outbreaks of the most pathetic lamentations over our foreign indebtedness and the annual drain of our country's resources to pay the interest on foreign capital, to the most doleful prophecies of our consequent approaching ruin, and to the most convincing arguments to prove that every misfortune we have had to endure has flowed from that one source. Yet we have prospered. Now Mr. McCulloch again threatens us with general bankruptcy as sure to result from that same foreign debt.

It is true that our present debt to Europe is probably larger than it has ever been before. But it is not, as many persons seem to think, larger than before the war to the whole extent of the amount of Government securities owned abroad. Since 1857, and notably since the outbreak of the war, there had been a steady reduction of our foreign debt. Many State, railroad, and other securities had been returned here for sale. Much capital invested here in mercantile and financial houses had been gradually withdrawn or voluntarily paid off. Amounts by no means inconsiderable even of American capital had been remitted to Europe for investment by timid or unfriendly owners. Individual credits had, as Mr. McCulloch himself points out, been largely reduced, and altogether it is probably safe to assert that in the second year of our war our foreign debt had been reduced to a lower point than it had been at in twenty years before. It is absolutely impossible to form any estimate of what this amount may have been, or what was the amount when it reached its highest point. But it is certain beyond peradventure that the individual or mercantile debt has never resumed its former proportions, and it may be doubted whether the present debt represented by United States bonds, even at Mr. McCulloch's liberal estimate, much exceeds the individual indebtedness of twelve years ago, or exceeds it at all in proportion to the increased wealth of the country. The form, indeed, is changed. But it is very questionable whether the present form of the debt is not a more favorable one for this country.

The great fear of those who warn us against a foreign debt is, that we may be called upon to pay it when we are least prepared for it. Even Mr. McCulloch, much as he desires to see all our bonds owned at home, proposes elaborate and costly measures in order that they may not be returned at unpropitious times. Of course, what is feared is not so much the return of the securities for sale here, as the necessity of remitting the amount abroad after sale, and the possible inability to provide the means without general financial disturbance. But in reality this danger is far greater from individual indebtedness than from the holding of national securities abroad. The amount owed by an individual is a fixed and certain amount, which he is obliged to remit when called upon. The amount which the whole nation can be called upon to remit against the bonds owned abroad is precisely the amount that those bonds will bring when sold in this market. The owner of our bonds in Europe will not send them here for sale unless he can get more for them here than he can in Europe; in other words, unless the price here is higher than in Europe. Either the price in Europe must materially decline or the price here materially advance before there need be any serious fear of bonds being returned. What would produce a decline in the price in Europe would almost instantly produce a decline here, and any natural rise here has heretofore been, and is hereafter likely to be, followed by a corresponding advance abroad. In fact, so closely do the markets respond, one to the other, that only a serious loss of confidence abroad, due to a threatened breach of the public faith or a renewal of domestic disturbances on the one hand, or an artificial interference with the natural course of the markets here on the other, could cause any important amount of our bonds to be returned. So long as the rate of interest abroad is materially higher

than with us, so long as we maintain the public faith inviolate and remain at peace, we are less likely to be called upon to pay our foreign debt now that it is in the shape of bonds than we were when it consisted principally of individual indebtedness. If, then, the amount of our foreign debt is not proportionately much larger, and really in a better shape than before the war, when we were prosperous beyond measure, why should we be less prosperous now?

It makes little or no difference what we import in exchange for the bonds that we export. Wealthy people *will* have foreign luxuries. If we have no surplus products to export in payment for them, we must export coin. If foreign capitalists prefer to lend us the coin which we would otherwise have had to send to them, and leave it to us as a loan which we can employ in profitable production, so much the better for us. The refusal of the foreign capitalist to lend to us would not have diminished perceptibly the importation of luxuries to gratify the tastes of our wealthy citizens. They would have been imported under all circumstances. But the purchase of our bonds by the foreign investor prevents the necessity of exporting our coin. While, therefore, the importation of foreign luxuries cannot possibly be prevented, and is not in any financial sense injurious, the export of our bonds, or the borrowing of money in Europe, is not a new practice, but, on the whole, an advantageous one, under which this country has attained great prosperity.

If it be true that it is injurious to the nation to import foreign luxuries, it certainly cannot fall within the province of the Secretary of the Treasury to propose a renewal of the oft-tried and ever-abandoned sumptuary laws. It is entirely supererogatory at this day to argue the injustice and the futility of such laws. Luxuries, like necessaries, are bought by individuals, who do not generally buy more than they can afford to pay for. If individuals can afford to pay for luxuries that our own country does not produce, the luxuries will be imported from countries that do produce them, even if you build a wall around our coast as high as the Chinese wall. The more difficult the importation becomes, the more highly will the luxuries be prized, the more will they be sought by those who can afford to pay for them. The whole question turns on the ability of individuals to pay for them. The ability of individuals to pay for luxuries is only measured by their wealth. The desire of individuals to possess and consume luxuries is only measured by their taste and refinement. Large importations of foreign luxuries only prove the existence of a large number of wealthy people of taste and refinement—a circumstance surely in itself not much to be regretted. Many persons think that it would be better if our luxuries and everything else were produced at home; but it is evident that if we produced more luxuries, we should produce less breadstuffs and timber and other articles that we export, and should have less surplus productions to send abroad. Mr. McCulloch himself is desirous to have laws framed so as to encourage exports and enlarge our commerce with foreign nations. But if we produce our luxuries at home, we certainly shall have less to export, so that we cannot increase our exports if we attempt to produce our luxuries at home. Luxuries the people *will* have, as long as they can pay for them. Many of our luxuries must, therefore, continue to be imported.

The term *luxury* is in itself vague and relative. What many a man in moderate circumstances considers absolute necessaries of life would be extravagant luxuries for one who barely earns his daily bread. In one class of society a costly silk dress may be justly considered a necessary; in another class, a poplin gown may be fairly deemed a luxury. Who will presume to decide where the line should be drawn between necessaries and luxuries, between economy and extravagance? There is only one relation in which the scope of the word luxuries may be considered fairly established, and that is its relation to the public revenues, the relation in which it peculiarly concerns a Secretary of the Treasury. But it is not in this relation that Mr. McCulloch considers it. Nearly all men are agreed that, so long as indirect taxation shall exist, it is wise and sound policy to levy it on luxuries. In this sense "luxuries" mean all articles that do not directly contribute to the sustenance, comfort, and well-being of large masses of the community. In this sense our tariff is evidently admirably adjusted, for, according to Mr. McCulloch, two-thirds of our customs revenue is derived from "articles which, in economical times, would be pronounced luxuries." Considering that the interest on our debt is payable in coin, that the only coin revenues of the Government are derived from customs, and that the customs revenues of last year (calculating gold at 135) produced nearly fifteen per cent. more than the whole of our harassing, vexatious, immoral, and unreliable internal revenues, and that "for many years to come large revenues must be derived from customs," it seems strange that the Secretary should be so desirous of passing measures to stop the importation of those foreign luxuries from which so large a portion of our revenues is derived. But from this point of view the question of luxuries is not considered at all in the report. The objection to their importation does not arise from their relation to the revenue, nor indeed from the "unexampled extravagance" of which they are the evidence and the fruit. Indeed, the Secretary pointedly says, "no exception could be taken to such importations" but for one reason—the exportation of the bonds to pay for them.

## RESPONSIBILITY TO THE PEOPLE.

The three prisoners who were arrested in Canada a few weeks ago, on charge of having formed part of a band of express robbers in Indiana, and who were surrendered by the Canadian authorities on receiving a pledge from the United States officials that they should be safely delivered to the State of Indiana—that is, that they would not be lynched on the way—*have* been lynched since their delivery. The United States Government kept its express promise faithfully; but the State of Indiana broke the promise implied in its receiving the men back, by failing to provide for their safe custody and fair trial, and letting them be taken out of their cells by a mob and hanged on the staircase. It appears that the sheriff received formal notice from the lynchers that they were coming, and the governor knew that a lynching organization was in existence and had already done execution on other members of the same gang of robbers; but neither of them took any precautions against an attack, and the jail was accordingly stormed, and the prisoners taken out with very little more difficulty than if they had been in an ordinary framed dwelling-house. Moreover, it appears that these last hangings make up the number of those committed by the "regulators" to thirty, or thereabouts—and two or three, at least, of the victims have been innocent.

This on the surface seems a strange story, but behind it lies a stranger story still. The robbers whom the lynchers have been putting out of the world are the leading members of a gang who have been operating on a grand scale all over the State of Indiana during the last year or two, committing a good many murders in the course of their business, and at last undertaking, and in one or two instances successfully, to board railroad trains in the night, and remove and plunder the safes of the express companies. The last attempt failed, owing to the provision of a guard by the express company, but a conductor was mortally wounded in the affray. The robbers were not only numerous and well organized, but appear to have been persons of means and position. One family, the Renos, whose male members occupied a leading position in the band, and have been nearly all killed by the "regulators," lived in "genteel" style on a farm of their own; the "ladies" being very well bred people, taking the popular periodicals and playing on a piano of the best modern construction. It was found, too, practically impossible to bring them to justice, numerous and audacious as their crimes were. What the difficulties were, we may guess from our experience both in this city and in Western New York, where, not long ago, a family of robbers and their confederates for several years set the law at defiance, and, if we remember rightly, had at last to be surprised in the night and *burnt* out by a vigilance committee; but these difficulties are more readily imagined than defined. They consist in great languor or want of interest in the subject on the part of the sheriff or district-attorney, an exceeding fastidiousness about evidence and a tender regard for the liberty of the citizen on the part of justices of the peace, great timidity on the part of witnesses and juries, and strong humanitarianism, or disposition to "give the poor devil another chance," on the part of judges. The general result has been that criminals possessed of plenty of money, and forming part of large organizations, have enjoyed almost complete impunity, as far as the law was concerned, in

Indiana. Nay, even after several of the gang had been lynched, the survivors were bold and powerful enough to threaten or attempt retaliation, and the lynchers assert—though this is doubtless an exaggeration—that it has its ramifications in Ohio and Michigan and Canada.

Of course this was a state of things to which no civilized community could be expected to submit very long. A vigilance committee consisting of 700 members, it was said, was soon formed in Indiana, and they made short work of the principal robbers. That is to say, thirty men *suspected* of crimes of various sorts have been seized by a mob, generally in the night, and dragged to a tree and strung up, without enquiry or shrift, and left hanging there. The same number of executions within the same period, in any one State, by judicial sentence, after a solemn trial, and after the use of all the methods prescribed by reason and experience for the discovery of truth and the protection of innocence, would have filled the country with horror and thrown the opponents of capital punishment into convulsions. The leading humanitarian papers would have had sensational reports of each execution, with short biographies of the victims, accompanied by genealogical tables containing the principal cases of mental and moral weakness amongst their ancestors, both in the male and female line. We should have had meetings to discuss the right of society to take away life, and the governor would have "been handled without gloves" for not exercising the pardoning power, and the sheriff himself would probably have had some unpleasant light thrown on his personal history. As it is, the affair has hardly elicited more than a few narrative paragraphs; of comment there has been little outside the State. The State in which these lynchings have occurred is not a border community, in which the machinery of justice has to be aided in its work by volunteers. It is one of the wealthiest, most highly civilized, and patriotic and intelligent in the Union. There is none in which the love of order and law is stronger; in fact, the lynching is a proof of this. It showed the determination of the people to have security somehow, and to make the place terrible to evil-doers; yet the more civilized and the more moral a community is in which such departures from legality take place, the more barbarizing and demoralizing they are, and the more earnestly do they call for criticism and enquiry.

Similar occurrences have taken place in Ohio within the past year, the cause being the same—the often and long-continued failure of the courts to do their duty in criminal cases. We think it may be fairly said that there is no State at the North in which the democratic movement of the last twenty years has had full swing, in which this same tendency to inefficiency on the part of the courts and sheriffs and district-attorneys is not to be observed. The theory on which the democratic movement triumphed in the constitutions of Northern States was that by making all or nearly all officers elective, and making their terms of office short, their sense of responsibility to the people would be deepened, and the guarantees for their good behavior would be strengthened. In point of fact, the very reverse has proved to be true. The sense of responsibility of all officers has been almost destroyed, and nearly all the pre-existing guarantees for good behavior have been removed. Responsibility to "the people," when "the people" is numerous and busy, and when the number of officers is great, and elections frequent, is a synonym for responsibility to nobody. "The people" in a community like ours will not occupy itself watching the conduct of sheriffs and judges and constables and district-attorneys, and other officers, from day to day. Its means of information are limited; the criticisms of the party press untrustworthy; the officer's means of defending himself are ample; the trouble and expense of calling him to account before the expiration of his term of office are more than any individual can encounter, and more than associations of individuals are ready to undertake as long as terms of office are so short. Long before he could be got out of office by extraordinary means, he goes out in the ordinary course of things. The punishment of his bad behavior is therefore left, in practice as well as in theory, to the whole body of the electors, to be executed at the polls. But here again the system of short terms and general election secures him complete impunity.

There is no community in the world in which the whole body of the people think and talk more about politics, and are able to form, on the whole, sounder judgments on political questions, than this; but the number of competent and honest men who will give their time to the working of the political machinery is very small. If you make the machinery very complicated, calling for constant and minute attention, competent and honest men will not give any attention to it at all. Now, this is exactly what most Northern States have done. By making every office elective and every term of office short, the mere working of the machinery and selection of the candidates have become things too formidable for the body of the community to attend to; and it does not attend to them. The work has fallen entirely into the hands of a small body of professional politicians, with a code of morals of their own which the community abhors, and interests of their own which are hostile to those of society; and it is to this class, and *not to the people*, that the office-holders are really responsible, and the office-holders, judges included, know it. The caucus system and the doctrine of party allegiance have both grown up into buttresses of the power of this class. The one gives them the power of selecting the candidate and the other the power of forcing "the people" to vote for him. It is with the caucus, therefore—or, rather, with the class who convene and compose it—that the officer has to curry favor and make his peace; nor is this a very difficult matter. In nine cases out of ten he belongs to the class himself; in many cases he is such a powerful politician—like General Butler, for instance—that he selects the caucus himself, or, in other words, organizes the tribunal to which he is to render his account, and which is to renominate him. "The people" have less to say in the matter than in the negotiation of treaties with foreign powers.

Moreover, as regards the judges and district-attorneys elected for short terms, it has to be borne in mind that not only are the salaries kept too low to render the places tempting to the best men—a piece of that penny wisdom and pound folly of which we trust farmers will before long perceive the real nature—but the criminals with whom they have to deal, from the great stock-jobber or express robber down to the humble "cracksman," are almost always active politicians, or can readily become so. We venture to say that there is hardly a violator of the law, on a great or small scale, in this or any other State, or a knave of any sort, who does not take a keen interest in "the questions of the day," in so far as they affect candidates for office. There are very few districts indeed in which they do not have it in their power to put a judge off the bench or prevent the re-election of a district-attorney, either by working through the nominating conventions or at the polls. Therefore, a judge or district-attorney does not need to be a bad man, in the ordinary sense of the term, to be afraid of them or to be languid in his pursuit of them. He needs simply to be *human*, with a man's hopes, fears, and responsibilities. They make him, when they stand at the bar, think of his family, of his old age, of his creditors, of his broken-up practice, whether he will or no, and the majority of our State constitutions place him at their mercy, and yet mock him with a form of words, in which he is asked to believe that the eye of "the people" is upon him, watching his zeal, his devotion, his integrity, and that when, after five or six years of faithful service, the time comes for him to be turned adrift, "the people" will meet him at the door of the court and send him back again to his work with applause. The horrible reality is, that "the people" know little about him; vote "the straight ticket," through zeal for "the main question;" and when they find thieves multiplying beyond endurance, and brigandage covering the community like a net-work, rise in mobs and hang right and left without judge or jury, as in Indiana, or else shrug their shoulders and go on making money, as in New York.

The remedy is happily simple. It consists in paying better; in making the tenure of judicial officers permanent; and in so diminishing the number of elected offices that the public attention can be concentrated on a few officers, and these few be thus made really responsible for the working of the machinery of government. Public opinion will undoubtedly run in this direction for the next twenty years, whether the desired change come within that period of time or not. We notice in the letter of a correspondent of the New York *Times* that the new Democratic candidate for the office of warden at Sing Sing is the "Honorable Homer Nelson," and that "his prospective appointment

is hailed with favor by the convicts generally." The logical extension of the system of appointment now in use with regard to most State offices would require the election of this functionary by the convicts. His appointment by the governor robs them of an "inalienable right."

## THE UNPOPULARITY OF PRODUCTION.

Mr. Wells, the Revenue Commissioner, has, we believe, been more struck in the course of his investigations into the condition of American industry by the rapid decline in the quality of the skilled labor of the United States, than by almost any other fact; the cause being partly the eagerness of the better sort of young men to get into commerce, or some kind of employment in which the labor is clerical, or at all events is not in the strict sense of the term productive; and possibly to the growing disinclination of young men to submit to any course of training. An apprentice who has served out his full time in any handicraft, and has learned it thoroughly, is getting to be a rare bird. In some trades, ship-building for one, printing for another, he is almost unknown. Plenty of boys are apprentices in all trades, but hardly any remain apprenticed long enough to learn their business. Either they tire of the restraint and drudgery which meet the novice at the entrance to every calling, and go a-roving, the authority of the parents being now too weak to prevent them, or they find that they can readily get employment as journeymen long before they have attained real proficiency. The result is that the workshops swarm with inefficient workmen who only half know their business, and only one-third *do* it, to the great detriment of their own character, the great diminution of the national production, and to the despair of employers. The shipbuilders ascribe a large proportion of the present depression in their business to the scarcity of good workmen, and they do not look very hopefully into the future, owing to the increasing scarcity of apprentices who show either the desire or intention to learn the trade thoroughly.

The eagerness of young men to escape from the workshops and farms and become clerks or speculators in the great towns—in other words, to become distributors rather than producers—does not, perhaps, do so much damage to industry as the want of thoroughness on the part of those engaged in it; but it does a good deal, and every year more. It is the fashion just now with some observers to ascribe the rush into the cities to the paper currency, and the prevalent spirit of speculation begot by it; but more of the responsibility is thrown on this cause than it will fairly bear. The spirit of speculation is no new thing. The fluctuations in the value of the currency have no doubt done something to stimulate it, but comparatively very little. In a new country with vast resources, with a thousand new schemes for their development; every day starting new railroads, new mines, new steamboats; with population doubling every twenty-five years, values must rise at an enormous and unprecedented rate, no matter how good or steady the standard may be; and when values are constantly rising, and the volume of shares offered on the stock exchange constantly increasing, it is useless to expect that there will not be constant and fierce speculation, and that the army of speculators will not continually grow in numbers and audacity. There are other agencies at work which have more to do with the drifting of the young men into the towns than speculations. One is the degrading influence, from a social point of view, which foreign immigration has exerted, and is now exerting, in all kinds of manual employment. Bacon has a striking suggestion regarding the frequency with which certain axioms are found to be common to several of the sciences, moral as well as physical—those of mechanics and mathematics, for instance, to ethics and politics; and a curious illustration of its truthfulness is to be found in the fact that just as you cannot keep two kinds of currency in circulation, one of higher value than the other, so also you cannot keep two kinds of laborers, one possessing higher social culture than the other, at work in the same fields and workshops. As the cheaper currency drives the dearer out of circulation, the more ignorant and less exacting laborer drives the better educated and more fastidious one out of the market. The popular theory that the better educated and more decent a workman is, the more wages he gets, and the more advantages he enjoys, is not true of workmen *en masse*. What actually happens when a degraded class of laborers come into competition with a better one is that, unless the difference between their work is enormous, the former underbids the latter, or makes the workshop and its associations so repulsive that the latter quit the field if they can find any place else to go to; and this is exactly what is happening in the United States. The flood of unpleasant foreign emigrants who are filling the factories and mines, with their low standard of living, their personal habits, their lower type of religious and moral feeling, have made most of the "haunts of industry" so disagreeable that the American mechanic, as he used to be known forty years ago, and as essayists and "magazinists" still write about him, is gradually disappearing, at least in the East. He has gone in battalions from New England, and is getting to be rarer and rarer everywhere, except in the character of a "boss." In spite of all, he hears about the equality of men, the dignity of labor, he feels that he loses caste by working side by side with the common run of Irish and Germans, hearing them swear, seeing their "mills" and their sprees, and sharing their seclusion from the moral and intellectual life of the community in which he has been born and bred. So he is seeking new seats in the small rising towns of the far West, where he can preserve his individuality and his self-respect and his social position, and bring his children up away from the immoral influence of the great workshops.

Much the same causes are producing the same effects on farm labor. Into this field of industry Europe has poured an immense host of its poorer classes, and the native American is consequently eager, and every year more eager, to escape from it, and the readiest way of escape is by taking to some kind of trade or clerk work. Moreover, the city population has become of late years such a very prominent element in American society, and has departed so far from the country standard of living; so many successful adventurers revisit every year "the old homestead," transformed in habit, in appearance, and in power of enjoyment, in a way unknown in the last generation, that the country imagination is naturally dazzled to an insupportable degree. It is not in human nature for a farm boy to live contentedly, and be satisfied with the dignity of husbandry, when he knows a lad who left the next farm a few short years before is living on the fat of the land in Fifth Avenue, or that another whom he remembers as a pedlar in a small way has become a first-class speculator, and is filling the newspapers with the glory of his "operations."

Horace Greeley is incessantly advising farm boys who are on the farm to stay there and those who have come to the city to go back; but there is little use in his preaching as long as he spreads abroad the story of his own life, and the press keeps continually singing the praises of "self-made men." Every farm boy thinks he can "make himself," and flatters himself that he is a possible Horace Greeley. He knows the prizes of city life are numerous, and, this being the case, the fact that the failures are a hundred times more numerous does not deter him from trying his luck. If it did, it would show that one of the greatest springs of human activity had been broken. It is true the life of a young clerk in New York is dismal and comfortless, but every young man takes the possibilities of every position along with its actualities. Three in a bed is supportable enough to a man who hopes ten years later to sell five hundred thousand dollars' worth of dry goods in a year or make "a corner" in Erie.

Education, too, has got somewhat ahead of the material civilization of the country. This is particularly true as regards the girls. The common schools now supply a degree of culture and a kind of taste to the minds of the youth of both sexes, for the gratification of which neither the steam-engine, nor the telegraph, nor the lightning-press has as yet made adequate provision. Girls are now taught in a way, even in the common schools, which would go far to fit them for "receiving" wits and beauties in New York or Boston, but which does a good deal to disqualify them for the only positions which in the present state of our civilization they are likely to hold, those of farmers' or mechanics' wives; hence the bad bread, the poor health, the small families, and the tremendous consumption of popular magazines and thrilling serial tales, and cheap pianos, and the enormous competition amongst female teachers. The young men are in a somewhat similar position, but, having more physical vigor, resist better. They do not become invalids, but they go clerking, trading, brokering, preaching, practising law, or doctoring, anything, in short, but producing by the labor of their hands. There are probably few kinds of labor on which the spread of education has told more unfavorably, strange to say, than farm labor. The life of the farmer is solitary in the extreme, and the spread of books and periodicals, instead of reconciling him to the solitude, is making it intolerable to him. The growth of intellectual tastes and interests, and the knowledge of the outside world and its ways, which come with reading, and with the facility of locomotion, develop the social instinct, and with it a love of change and of movement, which makes the "homely toil and destiny obscure" of the tiller of the soil more and more repulsive, and suggests the question whether the work of farming will ever be permanently carried on by any class much above the European peasant in habits and aspirations.

A writer of some very suggestive papers in the *Atlantic Monthly*, on "Co-operative Housekeeping," proposes to meet the difficulty by grouping farmers in villages; but village life would hardly sweeten toil, however well organized the community might be as regards household aids and con-

veniences. What is wanted is something that will make a thoughtful and moderately well-taught man hoe or plough for ten hours a day as uncomplainingly as a clerk casts up figures, or an agent goes about soliciting orders, and that thing, we fear, is not for the present likely to be forthcoming, though machinery is doing much to hasten it. Muscular toil does unfit a man for intellectual pursuits, and to a great extent for social enjoyments of the higher kind, and as long as farm work is what it now is, farmers must make up their minds to be cut off from most of the pleasures which now make town life attractive; and for the restoration of the equilibrium, now so much disturbed, between the town and the country, or, in other words, for the reflux of labor from manufactures and its distribution to agriculture, we must look rather to stern necessity, we fear, than to any new contrivance for making farm life lively or attractive.

Just as the burning of corn for fuel in the West, of which we hear dismal stories once in seven years, is an indication that too many people then are engaged in farming and too few in manufacturing, so present prices of flour and beef, and of houses here in the cities, are indications that too many people are engaged in manufacturing, speculating, and bartering, and that some of them will have to go back to the spade. This is the way Providence regulates the matter, and we suspect committees of Congress will find some difficulty in substituting a better one. We have little doubt that the prev alent disinclination of young men to learn handicrafts, or, in fact, to learn any business thoroughly, and the general disposition to roving and change, will be remedied somewhat after the same fashion. There is a glut of lawyers and clergymen, stump-speakers and brokers, clerks, shopmen, and small dealers, and there is a scarcity of all kinds of natural producers of commodities; and those who are engaged in the work of production are less skilful and less diligent and less steady than they ought to be. But we believe we are safe in saying that there is no country in the world, and there has never been a time in the history of this country, in which such a career was opened to young men who choose to begin at the bottom of the ladder, and learn any industrial pursuit, or any work of production thoroughly, and stick to it faithfully, as is open to young men in the United States at this moment. Any boy of good education who chooses to go into a mill or workshop, and make himself master of any branch of industry, and determine to live by it, and stick to it and make a profession of *thoroughness* and *fidelity*, may feel as sure of fortune and influence as it is ever permitted to mortals to feel. The very multitude of those who will not submit to drudgery, who love "gentility" and change, prefer jobbing and speculating to producing, make his triumph all the easier, because they make him the more remarkable by contrast, and the prizes which all the great fields of industry offer to such men are not only numerous but of enormous value. Parents and boys are beginning to find this out, and we have little doubt we shall see before long a tolerably general reaction in favor of steady industry.

# Correspondence.

## "THE PROVINCIALISM OF SOUTHERNERS."

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: You have been fully assured of my friendship for your journal, based upon what I deem its dignity, its freedom from undue prejudice, and its endeavors to set forth truth. You will not, therefore, misunderstand my motive in taking some exceptions to the article with the above title in your issue of December 3.

Born and reared in the South, but having lived for many years in the North, and hating the bad while loving the good in each, I trust that I am able to judge both dispassionately.

Unhappily arrayed against each other as opposing sections, having hostile views and interests, nothing is more deplorable to every one who has at heart the good of our whole country than that spirit of asperity and unkind criticism on the part of the press of both sides which tends to engender and cherish mutual alienation.

Disclaiming the invidious thought that the writer of the article alluded to had such intention, he is certain, I think, to produce this effect in such utterances. Though having much of truth as to the baneful influence of slavery upon the social habits and customs of the South, yet his statements are quite too sweeping, and in some respects unjust.

If the cowardly murder of Pollard found some excusers, and even applauders, in Richmond, surely the fact that a jury could be had to acquit Cole of a crime but little less cold-blooded *upon the principle of a man-slayer being justifiably crazy between two sane moments*, and the verdict should be received with plaudits in open court, and followed by a banquet at a public house in Albany—surely this is no more creditable than that. If your writer will carefully consider the number and circumstances of such crimes, and of others of a heinous sort occurring in the various States, will he not find they are not to be traced to a spirit pre-eminently Southern, but to that evil heart common to man, whence "proceed adulteries, fornications, murders, thefts, and all evil things?"

Then, "Southern essayists" and "college professors," whom he cites, are by no means alone in illustrating by puerile remarks the truth of that pithy saying of the Bible, "Great men are not always wise," as your "Literary Notes," almost any week, will well prove.

As to his statement that, "tried by the average Northern standard," the condition of the South may be rated as "usually *half* or *one-fourth*," is this sustained in the public men produced by the South—Calhoun, Clay, Benton, and others? Comparing the mass of our physicians in the rural districts of the North with those of the South, as mainly an agricultural region, my observation does not discover the great disparity claimed. The same is true of the bench and bar. And taking the standard of the ordinary common-school and academic learning of the youth of the two sections, I find that of the South in nowise inferior. This judgment is based upon a comparison of the northern part of Alabama with some of the oldest and most intelligent portions of Pennsylvania. I do not know the proportion of the white population of the South unable to read and write. Perhaps it is larger than that of the North; but is it not a startling fact, stated not very long since by one of her governors, that the number of the people of Pennsylvania thus illiterate was *sixty thousand?*

Touching the question, "When has the South had a distinguished divine?" that is easily answered by mentioning the name of the late Dr. Thornwell, of the Presbyterian Church, admitted by all who knew him to be among the very first reasoners and preachers in the land. Bishop Johns, of the Episcopal Church, and many others might be named, who must be reckoned, in all fairness, "eloquent preachers of the Word, and learned in the Scriptures," and to whom a large portion of the Church *has* "great reason to be thankful." For the inconsistency of the South in boasting of a "non-political pulpit" no apology can be offered. That inconsistency has been a glaring one, and it should seal the lips of her ministers and church courts concerning the utterances of their Northern brethren; but this can scarcely be deemed a "provincialism."

Upon other points, so sharply compared or contrasted in your article, I will not touch. The foregoing are referred to with pain, and with the sole view in utmost kindness to remove wrong impressions and prevent unkind feelings. I long, labor, and pray for the day when the term *section* in our country will be merely geographical; when the interests of each part and each man shall be dear to all; when the shadows of the evil of slavery past, and of all evils present, shall be driven out by light from above; when with such generous feeling and in such blessed light we shall attain our true national elevation of liberty, intelligence, and love.

A Country Pastor.

December 15, 1868.

[We think no dispassionate person will say that the *Nation* has at any time appeared to do with malice aforethought anything whatever to increase what is called sectional animosity. Of course, we should hardly expect an average Southerner to hold so favorable an opinion of us; but sensible outsiders being judges, we have little doubt that we should be acquitted of all design to array one section of the country against any other. We ourselves being judges, we should say that, leaving animus apart, we have hardly ever essentially erred in statements of the facts on which true views of Southern society may be founded; and the article on which "A Country Pastor" comments we do not regard as being exceptional in this respect.

General Cole was acquitted, not rightfully, in our opinion, but still in obedience to perhaps the very strongest feeling that ever governs the action of men in general. It is altogether probable, whatever may have been the truth concerning the murdered man's relations with General Cole's family, that the jurors believed them to have been such as Cole himself described them, and believed that he committed the homicide for the reason which he has always given. Now, while wives are regarded as they are at present, no jury composed of ordinary men in any civilized country will ever hang a man for killing his wife's seducer. That is the fact of the matter; and to prove the provincialism, if one likes to call it so, of Northerners by citation of the recent Albany verdict and the public approval of it, is to prove that all

Christendom is provincial, which is to prove too much. The murder of Pollard was done on very much slighter provocation—on provocation which, according to the rules in force in what are considered enlightened and comparatively unprovincial communities, would have justified the extorting of a public apology from the libeller, and possibly a duel. But there is no other country making the pretensions of the South where such an offence as the late editor's would have caused so cowardly and so theatrical an assassination as the one by which young Grant has done equal credit to his taste, his courage, his morals, and the civilization of the community in which he lives.

As for the Southern essayists and college professors, the examples we gave of their works—and they might be multiplied indefinitely—seem to us quite capable of bearing us out fully. We must—little as the Louisville *Courier* and the Southern *Observer* will believe it—repeat that we have no men of letters who, as a class, are so insufficient and worthless as those of the Southern States.

We hardly know what to say to any one who believes in Calhoun and Benton and Clay as great statesmen. The best opinion about them seems to be that none of them was more than a third or fourth-rate man of slight cultivation and little learning; that all of them were eminent in the worst days of our politics—worst morally, and not at all the best intellectually considered; and that there is none of them whose name now, a dozen years after his death, is not rapidly becoming a mere name. The one of them whose name is most likely to last has, for his best title to remembrance, this: that his fellow-citizens, being desirous of holding negroes as slaves, went into a disgraceful, bloody, and utterly unsuccessful war for the purpose of perpetuating a condemned social system, and allowed him to furnish some of them with a flimsy pretext for doing so. Calhoun, without slavery, would have been a political pedant; Clay was a plausible and able but not a great man; and Benton was less than either of the others.

"A Country Pastor" has only to turn to any of the collections of American educational statistics to see two things on which we have not now time to dwell, namely, that he chose a not very favorable Northern State with which to compare a rather better than ordinary Southern one; and, secondly, that the South generally, as compared with the North generally—even though the North suffers so much from the stream of ignorant immigrants—was very much worse off as regards the illiterate among her population. This examination will, to be sure, give him but a rough gauge by which to measure the comparative culture of the two sections.

In conclusion, let us repeat that we have not one particle of "animosity against the South." But we sincerely believe that in very many respects the South is, unfortunately for all of us, in a very backward and unhappy condition, and to get her out of it the very best way is not to talk about magnanimity or sectionalism, but to tell the exact truth, without fear or favor; which we try to do.—Ed. Nation.]

## DOCTORS AND DOCTRESSES.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: I would not ask for space in your columns for the correction of errors for which I am responsible, but in your comments upon a letter which I addressed to you with reference to women in the University of Michigan I believe that you were unjust to me in the following particulars: First, in implying that I did not understand the differences which the fact of sex makes between the association of men and women in the study of medicine and their association in other studies. Second, although in my method of statement there was an *appearance* of my assuming what it was my business to prove, I did not do so, unless my objections to the statement that women were "peculiarly fitted" for the practice of medicine were proved invalid, and this brings me to my third cause of complaint. I said that women were admirably adapted for the practice of *one* of the medical *arts* (which was atrociously misprinted "*acts*") viz., the obstetrical; but that they were ill-adapted for the arduous and indiscriminate (in your comments you omitted the word indiscriminate) labors of the general practitioner. You then proceeded to enquire "what the general practitioner had to endure in the way of hardship which the obstetrician had not." To which I reply, a very great deal. Labor is a perfectly natural process occurring at an ascertained period, and requires interference of any sort in less than four cases out of the hundred, and when such interference is required, or where the obstetrician is otherwise engaged than in the conduct of an *accouchement*, he or she is generally, for all practical purposes, a surgeon. I further asserted that woman was not "peculiarly fitted" for the "herculean" tasks of the surgeon. If the term "herculean" must be restricted in its application to *muscular* strength, I was wrong; and perhaps I *did* use the word "herculean" unadvisedly; but if I possess average intelligence I know that "dexterity, tact, coolness, judgment, knowledge," and *courage* and *bravery*, with *power of endurance*, are the requisites of the surgeon, and I cannot believe that women are so likely to possess all of these as are men. Again, if "human reason and human experience" do not show that women in the great majority of their ailments would, under all circumstances, look to the other sex for "aid, counsel, and support," I will cheerfully disallow that argument. Furthermore, I do not think it is by any means a rule that physicians *have* to marry in order to gain even a large obstetrical practice

Very respectfully yours, Richard S. Dewey.

Ann Arbor, December 6, 1868.

# Notes.

## LITERARY.

Mr. Joel Munsell announces for speedy publication "An Historical Sketch of Tomo-chi-chi, Mico, of the Yamacraws," a chief of a Southern tribe of Indians friendly to Oglethorpe and his Georgia Colony.——Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co. add to their "Globe Edition" of British authors the complete poetical works of Moore, and the miscellaneous works of Goldsmith. The same house has in press a work on "Seats and Saddles," by Francis Dwyer, and an edition of Swift's complete works, of which we think there is now no American edition that is not out of print. So far as we know, a thoroughly good edition of Swift, with nothing admitted not known to be his, with a good memoir and an essay on his times, and his genius and character, is a desideratum on both sides of the water. Of what English edition this announced one is a reprint we are not informed.——Messrs. W. A. Townsend & Adams have for some time been publishing a reprint of the *London Chemical News*, which, by arrangement with the English publishers, they are enabled to put in our market about as soon as it can be received from England, and at about half the price that would have to be paid for an imported copy. They now announce that with and after the number for December they will make this valuable journal still more valuable to the American reader by adding to it a supplement, which will be under the editorial direction of Professor Charles A. Seely. This supplement will contain original and selected matter relating to the progress of chemical and physical science among us, the movements of trade and so forth, together with notices of such new scientific works as naturally fall within the province of such a journal as the *News* is.——On the 1st of January, Messrs. S. M. Pettengill & Co. begin publishing a literary, horticultural, and agricultural weekly, to be called the *Hearth and Home*. The "Home and Fireside Departments" will be in Mrs. Stowe's charge, while the general editor will be Mr. D. G. Mitchell. Many good writers have promised their assistance, and there is little doubt of the immediate success of the new enterprise.

—Among American books republished in England we see these: A new edition of Mr. Dana's "Two Years Before the Mast," on which we hope he has an English copyright, or that he will get one, if that is possible, under the last construction of the law. "Darley's Sketches Abroad with Pen and Pencil" appears in a more sumptuous dress in England, we judge, than here. A two-and-sixpenny edition of "Emily Chester" is another of our American claimants for English favor; and the others are Mr. C. C. Perkins's "Italian Sculptors," in imperial octavo; Hawthorne's Note-Books; and Mr. Parton's "Smoking and Drinking." We are not sure whether these last two are published in England or are merely in the booksellers' hands. "A formidable attack on our little pleasures," the *Pall Mall Gazette* calls Mr. Parton's work. "His arguments are not all good," it goes on, "and it does not settle the question; but let any one who thinks that the discussion is worn out read this essay, and acknowledge the power of a first-rate literary cook. It is difficult to define Mr. Parton's style otherwise than by saying that it is eminently readable. It does not show great power of mind or subtlety or deep feeling, only the perfection of a not very exalted art," and so on—which is all just, and "a little more so," the literary cook being responsible not merely for his way of working with his materials, but also for the materials themselves. Still, to be sure, when the materials are very good, we do not call the caterer a cook of any class. The *Saturday Review*, however, is of opinion that Mr. Parton's book

is a "long, quaint, illogical diatribe," and thinks that it hardly deserves to be called quasi-scientific. The same journal speaks very well of "If, Yet, and Perhaps," by the Rev. Mr. Hale, saying of it that "it is considerably above the usual level of American"—or any other—"magazine literature," and that "altogether the book is a very good specimen of a kind of light literature in which America is certainly not inferior to England." "Absaraka, the Home of the Crows," being under review, the *Saturday* takes occasion to administer a little rap to the Northern army in the late war. Thus: "Her book is calculated to give a very clear, and we fancy a very just, idea of the life of the Federal soldiers at those stations which now form the advanced posts of General Sherman's command, and to enforce a higher estimate of the officers and men of the regular army than Englishmen were led to form of the volunteer soldiery of the North by the incidents of the civil war"—a passage which shows in the writer a queer confusion of thought, and seems to prove in him a willingness to keep confused. The regular and the volunteer armies of the United States are two very different tools, designed for different purposes, and to talk about both in the same breath is to mislead one's hearers. The same book gives the reviewer occasion to wonder slightly that our "American women, luxurious and selfish as they often seem in the East," should get aboard wagon-trains and go out to stockade forts to "endure all the hardships of the West with quite as much courage and cheerfulness as could be shown by their English sisters." The reviewer's East must be down in the maritime Provinces. Nobody this side of the boundary line knows anything about women of doubtful unselfishness and courage.

—We learn from the *Michigan University Magazine* that the Museum of the University has been enriched by a bronze copy of Michael Angelo's "Moses," made at the *Maison industrielle* in Paris, and secured by President White, of Cornell University. There is, we believe, but one other copy of this magnificent statue in the country, and that in plaster, at the rooms of the Historical Society, Worcester, Mass. We presume, though it is not clearly stated, that the bronze is exactly the size of the original, in which case it ought to be made the basis of fresh reproductions, and offered in exchange to other institutions for veritable works of art. Such a practice, once inaugurated, would be an admirable preparation for that international exchange of which we spoke some weeks ago, and would furnish other grounds than mere courtesy for admitting the United States to the European agreement. The materials for this domestic interchange are not wanting, especially if it should include, as it ought to do, statuary having rather an historical than an artistic value. The New York Historical Society, the Boston Athenæum—with, among other things, Michael Angelo's "Dawn" and "Night"—the Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts, the various State capitols North and South, the Capitol at Washington, the several universities, together with not a few private collections, that would undoubtedly contribute their treasures—all these offer a wide and busy field for so useful an enterprise. By means of photographs, even paintings could be included, and an exchange of this sort, at small expense, would seem to have no limit. Could not Michigan University, for example, send something to Germany which would bring in return photographs of the remarkable silver-ware recently discovered at Hildesheim, supposed by some to be part of the spoils of Varus, and at all events the most valuable relics of the kind yet recovered of antiquity?

—If it is worth while to say more on the subject of the adjective *presidential*, which, with its fellows *tangential* and *exponential*, is once again, in the January *Galaxy*, condemned by Mr. R. G. White, let us in behalf of the first word—which is all that the public care to preserve and will infallibly cling to—ask what proof Mr. White has that it is derived from *president*, and not from *presidency*? Since Mr. White insists on analogy, we would point him to the examples *confidential, providential, differential, reverential*, etc., from *confidence, providence*, etc., and not from the participial or adjective form, which happens, in the case of *president*, to have become a substantive. Analogy here must be followed up in the Latin, and although the example of *Occidens*, used as a real substantive, may be cited as forming *occidentalis*, or *occidental*—like our modern *mental, dental*, (instrumental, incidental, etc., etc.)—the reason is clear The meaning of the root-word, as distorted by metaphor till it meant merely "the west," did not admit of an abstract idea. Instances of the formation of verbal adjectives in *alis*, or *ialis*, from the present participle are exceedingly rare in classical Latin; but adjectives and adverbs so formed occur in the writings of the Latin Fathers, and point to the rule which we have suggested, viz.: that any participial substantive in *ia*, that is, *tia*—(Eng. *ce, cy*)—may properly form an adjective or abverb in *ialis*. Thus: *substantialis, essentialiter, potentialiter*, etc., late Latin from *substantia*, etc. Now, in *presidency* we have precisely the abstract form to justify *presidential;* for *tangential* we have, likewise, *tangency*, formed also on strict analogy; and if the mathematicians wish to invent *exponency*, as we believe they have not yet done, to set themselves right with Mr. White in regard to *exponential*, we do not know what objections could be made to them on the score of analogy. A science which deals so much in abstractions might find *exponency* a useful expression for a certainly intelligible idea. The close relation of *presidential* to *presidency* was well illustrated by Mr. Motley in his oration, last week, before the New York Historical Society. He said:

"It is impossible, however, not to make a passing allusion to the Presidential election which has just occurred in Great Britain, almost simultaneously with our own. I say Presidential election, because on the vote just taken it has been decided that Mr. Gladstone, and not Mr. Disraeli, is *to preside* over affairs in England for the next political term, be it long or short, as conclusively as if their names had been voted for on a general ticket."

We conclude, therefore, that Mr. White begs the question in regard to *presidential;* but more than that, we believe he is mistaken in supposing that if we were to substitute *presidental* for *presidential*, the former could at all do the duties of the latter. Adjectives in *alis* (Lat.) and *al* (Eng.) mean "belonging to" or "pertaining to" the idea expressed by the root. Words in point are *regal, dorsal, cerebral*, and so on. In these words, and such as these, one may remark their subjectiveness, so to speak. In words ending with *ial*, on the other hand, there is an objectiveness equally noticeable. We say "providential," thinking of things outside us; we say "provident," thinking of the foreseeing quality inherent in the subject who, or which, is provident. We say "confidential," but when the trust is of the man himself in himself, we say "confident." So, then, in the phrase "a presidential campaign," or "a presidential candidate," the idea expressed by the obnoxious word is unmistakably objective. A presidental candidate would be a president acting as candidate; a presidential candidate might be any candidate seeking a presidency. In 1860 Mr. Lincoln was a presidential, in 1864 a presidental (and presidential) candidate, and if there had been much need for the proposed adjective it might possibly, and certainly properly, have been then made for him. To have made it for Grant, as Mr. White would have had us do, would have been to make a mistake—unless, indeed, to get it ready for him in 1872.

—As for presidential *campaign* as a metaphorical term for one of our political canvasses, we still look on it as a pretty good one; it is better than the common run of metaphors, with almost any one of which Mr. White might make sad work if he chose to haul it over the coals for not being exact in all particulars. To be sure "metaphors are identities," as the philosophic Frenchman said; but only in a certain sense—a sense with which we are not here going to bother Mr. White; generally to point out the differences between objects metaphorically brought together is a work done with indefinitely more ease than it is to show their likenesses. The kingdom of Heaven, for example, and the grain of mustard seed, offer to a superficial observer many more points of dissimilarity than of similarity; yet how much they resemble each other in one respect Mr. White is, no doubt, aware. Our fierce presidential contest, with its October battles and the great fight in November, the result of which depends so much on how the preliminary measurings of strength have turned out, with the passions it excites, with its army-like gatherings and military marchings, with its influence on the fate of nations—which is the chief political use of all battle, and almost the sole use of political battles—all this Mr. White must, we think, permit us to call a "campaign;" and on reflection he will justify us, very likely, for disagreeing with him where he says that "presidential campaign" is a "blatant Americanism." His moral hostility to the use of inflamed, mock-eloquent, tom-tom language we also profoundly feel. But it should not be said, because some of our American words are inflated, that we are not in possession of some that are naturally, properly, and admirably large.

—We spoke last week of one of the books recently contributed to the literature of our Cambro-British fellow-citizens. "The History of the Great Rebellion" is almost alone among such books in being of a non-religious character; as might be expected of a people so pious as the Welsh, theological and devotional works find among them a better market than any other sort of reading. We mention this week two or three more works published by Mr. J. M. Jones, of Utica, in this State: "The Expositor of Revelation; or, Practical and Explanatory Notes on the Book of Revelations," by the Rev. Rhys Gwesyn Jones, attempts one of the hardest tasks that Biblical criticism presents; and coming after the elaborate works, in the same language, of Lloyd and Morgan, its author would

naturally expect to be subjected to severe tests. So many theories have been advanced, and vagaries maintained, on the strength of this apparently inexplicable portion of the Hebrew Scriptures, that we have grown to be a little suspicious of almost all endeavors at its explanation. And we confess that the perusal of this work leaves us about as much in the dark as to St. John's real meaning as we were before. There is such an inextricable confusion of numbers and figures as to be perfectly bewildering. Our author's cardinal idea of the book is that it is a panoramic view of the "Church" in all ages; but the attempt to give this "view" reality presents the Church in a rather sorry aspect. In one respect, however, the author has rendered signal service to his countrymen. He has shown them an outline of the opinions of German expositors, thus giving them the benefit of researches that would otherwise have been inaccessible to most of them. As a "practical" commentary, the work is thus far good, that it unfailingly educes Christian precepts and principles from every scene depicted in this wonderful production; as for the "explanations," they show much ingenuity and great diligence; but we fear the work must take its place with the thousand-and-one of its predecessors, leaving the prophetic meaning of the Apocalypse, if it has any, as yet beyond human ken. The compiler of "A Collection of Sermons" by the most eminent Congregational ministers in Wales, conceived the idea of publishing his volume while on a visit to the land of his fathers. Mr. Edward Davies is one of the very few clergymen born in this country who continue to preach to the Welsh people in their native language. Being a gentleman of good taste and good judgment, his book contains excellent discourses on a great variety of subjects, and must be very welcome to that large class of Welshmen who still look back with longing on their early associations. "The Sabbath the Heritage of Man" is a reprint of a book by the Rev. John Hughes, of Liverpool, to which two American Welsh clergymen, the Rev. Rhys Gwesyn Jones and the Rev. Howel Powell, have made additions. It is an argument on the Sabbatarian controversy, and is what experience teaches one to look for in works on that subject, having been prepared for a strict Sabbath-keeping audience. All that can be said concerning the good effects of having one day out of seven as a day of rest is well said. But it is not gratifying to learn that a large and estimable class in the community are still reading books that set forth the "sinfulness" of doing any but religious duties on the day of rest. The authors are like others that have gone before them, in failing to find in the New Testament any command to keep either the first day or the seventh day holy, or indeed to keep it at all; but for this failure they are not to be blamed. We may add that, on the whole, the work shows candor, learning, and ability.

—A work of probable value for the history of the rebellion is Scheibert's "Sieben Monaten in den Rebellen-Staaten während des nordamerikanischen Krieges." These seven months fell in the year 1863, and the author, a Prussian officer of engineers, joined Lee's army at Fredericksburg, witnessed the battles of Chancellorsville and Gettysburg, and subsequently at Charleston watched the progress of the siege, having tested the efficiency of the blockade at the same port by running in there on his arrival with a drunken and divided captain and crew. Though his last experience of it was in disaster, he saw the Confederate army in probably its best estate and spirits, and on this account it may have seemed to him that injustice had been done it and the cause of the South, to defend which, he declares, is the purpose of his writing. This bias does not appear to enter into his observations on purely military matters, such as the clothing and arming of the Confederates, their artillery, tactics—in which he remarks the absence of the square—their marching (80 to 90 steps a minute ordinarily), camp arrangements and discipline, cavalry (of which he treats at some length), fortifications, etc., etc. Of discipline he says that, on the march and in battle, it was of the strictest; in camp it could hardly be said to exist. And he instances the Texans, who, when snow fell in April, pelted indiscriminately with snow-balls every stranger who passed through their camp, whether officer or private.

—The official work on the "Seven Weeks' War," which the Austrian staff have been busy preparing ever since 1866, has now reached its third volume, the first part of which is just published. It contains some interesting particulars of the events immediately preceding Sadowa. Poor Marshal Benedek, old, out-fought, out-generalled, beaten at all points—a "captain famousèd for fight," and all at once bewilderingly foiled—was "thoroughly discouraged;" he had lost all confidence in "himself, his *entourage*, his army," and the cause for which he had been fighting. On the 1st of July he wrote to the Emperor: "I beg your Majesty most strongly to make peace at any price; a catastrophe for the army is inevitable." The Emperor had nothing to reply to this but to recommend a retreat in the best possible order, and to say that to make peace was then impossible On the 2d of July Benedek felt more hopeful. It would seem that on the previous day, in retreating, he found his army-trains blocking up his roads, and fully perceived that the attack which he feared and expected that the Prussians would make would be his entire ruin. It is little wonder that the feelings of the old man, who knew that on his shoulders rested the fate of an historic monarchy, proved too much for his coolness and power of self-control. At noon of the 2d he called a meeting of general officers in his tent, but told them nothing at all of his plans, and his subordinates left him with no notion as to when or where the battle would take place. It is probable that he did not know himself. It was three o'clock on the morning of the 3d before the plan of battle was given to the commanders. This official report—as is no more than natural, and perhaps is true—pronounces it to have been very defective, and the main cause of the defeat of the Austrians.

## MAGAZINES FOR JANUARY.

If anything were wanting to show that we have hardly any magazines which exclusively devote themselves to addressing the best class of readers, the efforts which the publishers make to get out an exceptionally good number at the beginning of the year would alone be enough to show it. Even the best of our monthly periodicals is not content to hold the even tenor of its course, careful only to be unostentatiously good, and unwilling to descend to even such an amount of clap-trap as consists in crowding as many as possible distinguished or widely-known names into the January number.

The *Atlantic* for this month counts among its contributors Lowell, Whittier, Bryant, Holmes, Howells, Parton, Bayard Taylor, Whipple, Edward Everett Hale, and Higginson. There would be something to be said against this, as having in it a touch of sensationalism, even if all the contributions of the celebrated writers were excellent; but sometimes they seem to have been printed in the magazine in order that the excellent names might be printed in the advertisements. Mr. Hale's article, for example, "The Good-Natured Pendulum," pleasant reading as it is, seems better suited for *Our Young Folks* than for the *Atlantic*, and one wishes he had had something else ready in his writing-desk when the call was made on him; and Mr. Whittier's "After Election" would have appeared more seasonably if it had been printed a month ago, when, probably, it was written. It is in its author's old vein. Not in his earliest one, the one which he worked when he was putting New England into Byronic metres—as in "Mogg Megone"—but in his second, which he worked so well when his wrath was kindled against slavery and he was doing his country such yeoman's service—if, indeed, when one thinks of his charming "Snow Bound," and remembers the benignity and sweetness of his religious singing, it is right to seem to attribute greater serviceableness to his anti-slavery lyrics, powerful and salutary as their immediate effect undoubtedly was, than to that portion of his writing which is poetry, and that portion of it which nearly approaches poetry. Mr. Taylor's "Sunshine of the Gods" is graceful, or rather well finished, but would be read with more pleasure if it were shorter. Mr. Taylor's prose, probably from excessive journalism, shows diffuseness, but his poetry, which is always carefully done and gives every indication of being intended for permanence, is open to the same objection. Mr. Bryant's "Dante" is in the nature of occasional verse, and as such is pleasing. The other poetry of this number is "The Flying Dutchman," a fanciful bit of satirical fun-making, by Mr. Lowell, who apparently suffers more from bores and wooden people than they in their simplicity suspect, and, for a reason not difficult to discover, his pen does not help such to find themselves out.

The prose of the January *Atlantic* begins with "Malbone," Mr. Higginson's romance, of which it will not be fair to speak till more of it has been given to us. "A Literary Gourmand" is the ambiguous title of an unusually subdued article by Mr. Eugene Benson, who talks of Brillat-Savarin, unduly exalting him as Mr. Benson is apt to exalt people who have more manner than matter, and whose matter, such as they have, is very material. "Co-operative Housekeeping," of which we have already spoken in commendatory language, continues in this third part to set forth the details of its author's plan; "Woman" being just now in a state of high activity, the scheme is pretty sure to get attention; we fear, though, that none of the sticklers for the ancient ways will be sufficiently in fear of its fulfilment to attack it, and it is to be feared too that its friends will not soon venture to attempt putting it in practice. Doctor Bowditch, who has a right to speak authoritatively, begins a series of articles on "Consumption in America," which will

be eagerly read, especially in Massachusetts, where the lungs may almost be defined as "a disease prevalent in New England." Mr. Parton is in some respects better than usual in his account of "The Mean Yankees at Home;" but we wish that, wisely considering his powers as a philosopher, he would make more than one essay on this subject, and would confine himself in one or two of the series to descriptions of the "odd sticks" that abound in New England towns. There is no village there so small that it has not its "original cuss"—to use the local vernacular—in religion, in invention, in science, in humor, in mode of life. When Mr. Emerson talked of the whimsicality of Englishmen, we imagine he thought, too, of the very chosen abode of "kinkiness"—they have had to make a word for it—which lies all about his Concord home, in Bedford and Lexington and Billerica and Burlington, and Massachusetts generally. The race which now for seven or eight generations has lived cramped in religious, moral New England, keeping its blood unmixed, its brain hard at work within limits which it must perforce break through in some direction, or, failing that, be turned back upon itself, has necessarily produced many a strange and many a morbid development of human nature. It has generated countless isms, good and bad, tried all sorts of wise and foolish social experiments, and never ceased to be the most acute and original portion of the American people. Nowhere else are so many patentees to be found as among the descendants of the Puritans, and probably nowhere else in proportion to the population so many madmen and so many men of all degrees of "queerness" as regards all sorts of things. In his present article Mr. Parton devotes himself mainly to depicting the capacity of the people for self-government, the high stage of intelligence which they have reached, their forwardness in good works of all kinds, and their progress in social refinement. We think he perhaps a little overstates their admirableness; the picture has another side which we have briefly and partially indicated.

The old-time essayistic flavor in the title of Mr. Lowell's essay—title, "On a certain Condescension in Foreigners"—is not in precise accordance—so we feel—with the matter of it, much of which deals with very recent events, and all of which is so fresh and sparkling that, in reading it, one is far enough from thinking of any time but now. Having said this, let us now contradict ourselves; let us ask if, perhaps, all the extant willingness to rebuke foreigners for their condescension towards us does not partake a little of times that have all but gone wholly away; if it may not almost be pronounced traditional? We have our doubts if the young men now coming up have a great deal of it. America has moved West of late, and grown in the grace of indifference. Senator Zachariah Chandler or Senator Nye have less care, we imagine, as to what the *Times* or the *Edinburgh Review* thinks about American affairs than Senator Everett had some fifteen or twenty years ago. They see too much land and too many miles "put into corn," and shoot too many buffaloes from the windows of the cars that are going to connect New York with China. We observe that our Californian travellers nowadays go to Europe to chaff that continent and neighboring parts of Asia, and do not at all write such books of travel as Doctor Peabody's and our other Eastern visitors to the old shrines. Nothing is sacred to these *sapeurs* of old institutions and makers of new. They draw revolvers in Paris, and speak with a tone of levity of the Jordan. Gentlemen like these will not in the least share, will hardly understand, Mr. Paulding's acrimonious, or his friend Mr. Irving's grateful, feelings concerning British and other airs of condescension; will not admit inferiority either directly by anger when it is asserted, or indirectly by protesting that they are not troubled by the reproach, or by proving that they don't deserve it. Most of Mr. Lowell's essay, however, is before all else humorous, witty, easy yet biting satire on the cheaper sort of foreign tourists. Besides, it is not to be forgotten that our Chandlers and Nyes owe a good deal of their ability to smile superior to British opinion to a certain inability to see when the laugh is really against us. Still, the fact remains that the new men are far more careless of foreign opinion than the old ones, and the new men are to be, are now almost, the country. And it is true that Mr. Lowell holds in all its intensity—and he does not leave it unexpressed in the essay before us—the faith in America which some of the faithful blindly hold, and hold alloyed with worse things than a desire that we should be not merely big and rich, not merely great even, but also fine and beautiful.

Mr. Howells's "Gnadenhütten" is concerning the Moravians in America, and more especially concerning the Indian converts of that communion. It has many of his characteristic touches, and is, we may safely suppose, of value as a correct historical sketch of little known events. Dr. Holmes's "Cinders from the Ashes" will be read with much pleasure, both as being pleasant in itself, and as containing some of the autobiography of an author to whom there is no one of the present reading public of America who is not indebted for some instruction and some pleasure.

*Hours at Home* has a noticeable article by Professor E. P. Evans on "Babism"—a subject which has, we think, never but once before been treated of in any American periodical; we may refer our readers to an article on the same subject in No. 59 of this journal, from which may be got a rather clearer idea of the religious tenets of the sect than Professor Evans here furnishes. "Progress" is the title of an ingenious essay by Dr. Bushnell, who seems to do better when attacking Mr. Herbert Spencer than when undertaking to deal with certain modern scientists who observe phenomena, but who have declined to frame any theory of the universe, moral or physical. "My Tenants" is a pretty piece of poetry, suggested by Emerson and written by "H. H." The Rev. Mr. G. B. Bacon, a skilful magazine writer, makes an entertaining article on what he saw in China; and a translation from the German, which describes a visit to the late M. Berryer, is also agreeable reading. We can hardly say as much for Mrs. Austin's "Sackcloth under Velvet," with its sentimental and highly improbable, yet perfectly transparent, plot. The author of "Mary Powell" goes on with her new story, and so does the author of "The Heir of Redclyffe;" and anybody who cares for scientific information concerning the human eye, and who has been having doubts as to the necessity of wearing spectacles, will do well to turn to an article by Professor Roosa, who attacks a previous writer, and seems to us to make a clear case against him. This is a good number of *Hours at Home*, a magazine which has been rather slowly, and not quite steadily, but still, on the whole, surely improving from the start, and is now, we suppose, the most readable of all the mixed literary and religious American monthly magazines that we receive.

*Lippincott's* new story, "Beyond the Breakers," begins in Philadelphia with a trial scene—with which, by the way, the Philadelphians find some fault for inaccuracy in its details—and then proceeds to the West, a field as yet for the most part untrodden by any story-tellers except such as went there for Indians and animals. Mr. Boker, Mr. Stoddard, Mr. Bayard Taylor, Mr. Edgar Fawcett, and Mr. F. W. Clarke furnish the poetry for the January *Lippincott's;* Mr. Fawcett's "Cross and Crown" being, perhaps, the best of it. The best poem, however, is the prose article by Mr. Albert Fabre, a new writer, who narrates a moral and poetical fable suitable for Christmas time. It is oriental, and is borrowed, perhaps, from some Eastern story-teller's repertory, and retouched by Mr. Fabre. It is, at all events, very pretty. A late article in the *Atlantic* by Doctor Mitchell seems to have suggested to Mrs. Austin a not good story of woorara poisoning. It is sensational and melodramatic in a high degree, and is all the more disagreeable as coming from a writer who once in a while gives indications of a capacity for liking, and even for doing, better things. Karl Blind does not know whether Spain will be a republic, but thinks she ought to be. His is not an opinion which it is very well worth while to have, but his article contains some information worth having and not very easily accessible, and he makes a point when he says that since it was agreed that both monarchists and republicans among the Spanish leaders should keep quiet till the Constitutional Convention had spoken, it was entirely wrong for Prim to pronounce publicly in favor of a monarchical government. The "Monthly Gossip" and "Literature of the Day," in this number of *Lippincott's*, are, as usual, both prepared with care, and both good; but, as also is usual, too many of the papers in the body of the magazine read as if the editor was solicitous rather to encourage young writers than new readers. "The Blue Cabinet," for example, is exceedingly trite; nobody need care to go through "Christmas Pantomimes;" nobody need care to begin going through a "Parisian New Year's;" "Justice for Bluebeard," too, is very thin. We must not forget to mention an anonymous writer, who begins a series of articles, which we hope may not be a short one, on "A Secret Agent of Napoleon the Third." The author writes like a person perfectly conversant with his facts, and produces what may be called a typical magazine article of the lighter sort.

*Putnam's* has for its most prominent contribution a new poem by Mr. Bryant. The blank verse is good throughout, and in places is managed as only a master manages it. For the rest, it is characteristically grave, grave almost to solemnity in tone and thought. In these days it is easy to resign one's self to the sentimental way of looking at nature; in fact, it would be impossible for the men of our time not to do so; till our blood is made over, it will and must be done. And, of course, it is vain and it is undesirable to plead with the poet that nature be not clothed upon with his sad and even his despairing moods, for these moods are ours, and materials for the poet's use. But in much of Mr. Bryant's poetry nature is endued, not with a sadness of the poet's own—a human sadness which we also can feel and like to feel—but rather the poet seems to bring out a shadowy sombreness inherent in nature's self; there comes over her aspect a gloom which tells us

that she is not only alien from man but hostile to him, and which oppresses the heart with a chilly lonesomeness and half-defined fear. This melancholy feeling the poem we have just been reading brings into the reader's sub-consciousness, and never, perhaps, fully to his perception; of course it is an affair of tone, of general impression; but we imagine it to be at the bottom of the distaste which many readers feel for all Mr. Bryant's poetry.

"To-day" is a romance by Mr. R. B. Kimball. New York, both up-town and down-town New York, is in it, and we hope that as the story proceeds there may be developed something more than a mere surface realism. "Tent Life with the Wandering Koraks" is a lively and readable account of a visit to a winter encampment of those Siberian natives, and Mr. George Kennan is a traveller whom all boys and many men will willingly meet again. Mr. James Fenimore Cooper left behind him, it appears, a paper which he prepared for the purpose of reading it before the New York Historical Society, on the Battle of Plattsburgh Bay, an action which, resulting favorably for the Americans under the brave, able, and modest MacDonough, compelled the defeat of the British land expedition under the unfortunate Prevost. The editor of *Putnam's* has published this essay, but, unfortunately, has cut out the description of the fight itself, which is what was most valuable. This is all the more unsatisfactory as he has retained a long and worthless disquisition on English misunderstanding of our American polity, the strategic plans of the British commander, and so on. "Treasure," by Mr. W. I. Paulding, is an interesting, instructive, we may say very touching, story of a poor, illiterate fellow in Putnam County years ago, who addled his brain with the notion of finding a silver mine. The author gives a very graphic description of the preaching of an itinerant orator who, by the power of his appeals, turned 'Bias from his error of greed. There is also a very good description of a wood-chopping match, and a pathetic account of the old man's perishing in the snow. The story is full of local color, spirited and truthful, and is, we believe, the best piece of Mr. Paulding's work that we have ever seen. Everybody who is interested in the various plans—there are twelve of them, at least—for giving New York an aerial or a subterranean or a surface steam railway from the business part of the city to the region two and three and four miles distant where business men live in the evenings, will do well to read an excellent article by Mr. A. W. Colgate, entitled "Steam Travel in Cities." The London city railways and the city termini of the extra-urban railways Mr. Colgate has examined and studied, and he makes it plain that something better than our vile horse-cars and our detestable stages not only can be but has been invented and put in use. But we have a far worse than worthless city government, and usually a Legislature that a horse-railroad lobby can easily buy. Mr. Colgate writes clearly on a subject upon which writing clearly could not have been very easy. Of the lighter articles in *Putnam's*, a brief biography of Hans Andersen may be recommended, and so may an article on "Popular Lectures in England," by Professor Moses Coit Tyler, who justly congratulates his fellow-countrymen that the non-political platform is more respectable and more profitable here among us than it is in England, where lectures are either given by condescending persons or are paid for at the rate of from one guinea or so up to six, and are listened to by only a small and rather illiterate class of hearers.

*Harper's* opens with an original poem not without strength and beauty—and it is not very often that so much can be said in praise of *Harper's* poetry, whether borrowed or unborrowed. "The Silent City" is the title of it, and it deals with the silent city at Greenwood whence one can see the city of New York. The idea is not new, and the thoughts are common thoughts; but one may say that of the "Elegy in a Country Churchyard." It is true that one would have to say more of the elegy and that not much more could be said of this poem; but it is so often that a good deal less has to be said. Two stanzas of it are as follows:

> "There are traders without traffic, merchants without books or gains;
> Tender brides in new-made chambers where the trickling water stains;
> Where the guests forget to come and strange listening silence reigns:
> Listening silence ever reigns.
>
> "Ships sail past this silent city, but their owners quiet lie,
> And no signals fly from tree-tops, 'gainst the glowing crimson sky,
> Telling the neglectful owner that his well-built argosy
> For the Fleece is sailing by."

The rest of *Harper's* is nearly all very good. Mr. Curtis, talking of Hawthorne and Brook Farm, makes one wish that he would set about doing what he could do better than any man now living—write a history of the Brook Farm life. The work seems to cry aloud for him. A great many readers will know what a good thing is to be expected when we say that Major De Forest writes an article on "Chivalrous and Semi-Chivalrous Southerners." The non-chivalrous he has described in more articles than one. Mr. Conway is learned, and, though a little flighty, decidedly interesting in the second of his "South Coast Saunterings in England," and Mr. Theodore Davis makes one of the best of *Harper's* illustrated papers on "The Buffalo Range on the Plains." Then we have Du Chaillu with pictures, the beginning of a good love-story by Mr. Justin McCarthy, who will no doubt be obliged to us for supplying the omission of his name. The editor of *Harper's* might have seen it, too, for it is printed with the story in *Belgravia*. The rest of the magazine contains an instalment of "The New Timothy," historical articles on "The Bishops of Rome" and "Antonio Perez," some not very good book notices, "The Editor's Drawer," and many pages more.

The *Overland Monthly* for November is the last that we have received, and there is nothing in it that is bad and little that is not good. "A Cruise of a Slaver" is better than most chapters in nautical novels; and "Sahara and the Saharans" than most books of travels. For local articles we are offered "Restaurant Life in San Francisco," "The Dead Rivers of California," "Wheat in California," "Concerning the Late Earthquake," and "Our Heathen Temples." So far the *Overland* has kept itself astonishingly free from padding, and thus negatively, as well as in many ways positively, sets the older, Eastern magazines an example as unexpected as it is honorable to the conductors of the new periodical.

There is little or nothing, we think, that we need say about this number of the *Catholic World*, except that it is as well adapted as any of the others to edify Roman Catholics; rather less adapted than usual to the tastes of Protestant readers; and about as well adapted as usual to fill the indifferent reader with a sort of wonder. Clergymen who have been displeased with Dr. Ewer, understanding him to be unduly severe on Protestantism, will be pleased to see him, whether he will or no, lumped with the general mass of persons outside the pale. "The Episcopal Church," says another writer, in an article which Dissenting polemics will not unwillingly look into, "must work either for us or for Protestantism." For the general reader there is a translation, by Doctor Parsons, we presume, of a sonnet from the "Vita Nuova," and the conclusion of the learned and clever essay on "Galileo-Galilei"—which we advise a Montreal correspondent of ours to peruse with care. He will see how little, when weighed with all the evidence, avails the authority of Milton, who, being then a youth, visited the astronomer after he had been released from confinement, and who probably got most of his impressions of the affair from Galileo himself—who must have been glad of a Protestant listener. In the whole quarrel, the hypocrisy of the leading churchmen, who in private upheld the man whom in public they condemned, is not more conspicuous than the wrong-headed perversity of Galileo, who persisted in dragging the Scriptures into the quarrel instead of going on with his work and teaching in peace all that he had of the new learning.

"Cipher," Mrs. Jane G. Austin's novel, is the opening article in the *Galaxy*, and in this instalment ceases entirely to be interesting. It is a way that the magazine stories of a certain class are apt to have. The authors are naturally clever enough to dislike the commonplace, very probably they are naturally clever enough to do better than commonplace work. But they will neither wait and grow, nor work and grow. So it is usual with them, in each of their more elaborate attempts, to spend pains in the invention of a striking beginning for the story; and here their abilities are seen at their best. But afterwards comes the unnaturalness of defective art and defective knowledge; characters hastily studied are imperfectly put on the stage; sensationalism in the incidents, appeals to the reader's passions, word-painting, take the place of simple truth, careful invention, just thinking, and force of feeling. Still Mrs. Austin is, perhaps, above rather than below the school in which it is necessary to place her; shows a brighter intelligence, at any rate, though, perhaps, she hardly keeps herself better in hand.

Mr. Eugene Benson is at his worst—which is also his best—in this number of the *Galaxy*. His theme is "New York Journalists: W. H. Hurlbut." "With what vim and raillery," says Mr. Benson, "does he"—the Corinthian Hurlbut, namely—"demonstrate Sumner's legs and Tilton's limbs. In one word, Mr. Hurlbut is the prince of persifleurs. Only a polished and adroit mind can persifle. . . . . Mr. Hurlbut has a polished and adroit mind. . . . . I say he is the Heine of our press. . . . . He can suggest without becoming prurient. . . . . A great boy nature, full of the frolic and juggle of talent. . . . . He whinnies over the field of politics, and caracoles and prances and runs in full sight of our political gladiators. . . . . How he frolics with our democratic deities." . . . "The literary execution of William Ellery Channing, *fils*" (Poe made a clumsily brutal attack on Channing in one of the most puerile and disgusting of his criticisms)—"the Literary Execution of William Ellery Channing, *fils*" (French phrase, as Mr. Ward used to say), "was by a hand that might have played with Grant's name as 'W. H. H.' played with it during the

last Presidential campaign. . . . . He covers the gravest and heaviest subject with the very foam of human speech, and freshens the driest mind with the cool full shock of his style." We protest that we would not knowingly be unjust to the least or the poorest; in quoting these sentences we have given fair samples of the critic's performance.

"A Belt of Asteroids" is the title of an essay by Mr. E. C. Stedman on the *"poets of one poem."* He could hardly be exhaustive on such a theme, and every reader of poetry would probably suggest some one or two poems that might have been mentioned. But the essay is pleasantly written and readable, and contains some sound criticism and some little that seems unsound. The author shows a familiar acquaintance with the whole field of minor English and American poetry, and a taste that is seldom at fault. "Edwin Booth" is the work of Mrs. Lucia Gilbert Calhoun, who is, as most women are, a trifle too enthusiastic in her admiration for our handsome, sentimental, and most effective actor; his *Hamlet* male critics who have studied that character are not, as a general thing, particularly fond of, their demand being for a little more intellectuality. "The Liberal Triumvirate of England"—Bright, Gladstone, and Mill, namely—are treated of in an interesting way by Mr. Justin McCarthy; Mr. A. Oakey Hall has rather a weak semi-allegorical article called "Our Crime Land Excursion;" Mr. R. G. White has another of his discourses on English grammar; "The Lanman Scandal" is a not bad story by Mrs. W. H. Palmer; Mr. N. S. Dodge's "Charleston Vendue in 1842" is interesting; Mrs. Sarah E. Henshaw proves her individual inferiority to most male writers on the woman question; Mrs. Edwards begins a new novel, and so the magazine is filled up with what must be called good light reading. By-and-by, probably in the March number, we are to have Mr. Charles Reade.

For poetry, the January *Galaxy* has a little piece by Dr. Parsons, very pleasing in the second stanza, which is in the manner of the Elizabethans, or rather of the men of the first Charles's day; next a translation by Mr. Bryant of the flight of Diomed, from the eighth of the "Iliad;" and finally something from Miss Crane ("Emily Chester"), something from Miss E. D. Proctor, and something from Mr. R. H. Stoddard.

## MORE OF THE HOLIDAY BOOKS FOR YOUNG CHILDREN.*

WHETHER or not to recommend "The Doctor's Ward" as "a tale for girls" we hardly know. It is a tale for girls of seventeen or eighteen years of age and ends with bridesmaids and two happy marriages. Still, there is no danger we suppose, in a love story which represents the heroine as a wilful young lady who is gradually brought to respect and love a stern physician, not very handsome and not very young, with a strong sense of duty, who is severe in rebuking the early wilfulness of his ward, who is very reticent about his affection, who does not declare it till Miss Phillis has had a fair opportunity to reject the addresses of a wealthy young man, and of whom at the end of our exemplary story his bride speaks as "Doctor Raymond." Really the tale, if a little sentimental, is quite sensible, pure, and pleasantly told. To withhold entire commendation is not easy when one remembers that the authorities of our largest city library find that the works of "the mysterious Ouida" are greater favorites with the New York and Brooklyn young ladies of seventeen and eighteen than even the novels of Miss Mühlbach. "The Doctor's Ward," apart from its love-making, teaches not too ostentatiously good lessons of self-control and of consideration for others.

For boys of a pretty good age the second book on our list is a desirable one. It consists of the most adventurous and exciting incidents of the most interesting of Cooper's prairie stories, separated from their context. They are all the better, perhaps, for the excision, whether we think of young readers or old. The wearisome reflections of the novelist, which, in the novels as their author published them, are so much dead wood, the reader of these razeed stories before us wholly escapes. And for the rest, the rapid movement of these tales, the stirring character of the incidents, the courage and ready resource of the actors, cannot fail to interest boys and be of service to them; Cooper, whatever else may be said of him, was certainly a straightforward, manly man, without a really unsound streak in him.

M. Du Chaillu is another favorite of the boys, though perhaps hardly so profitable a companion. It would be a good thing, M. Paul thinks, if some of our widowers and bachelors in this country could have of the brain of the gorilla with which to make charms that should lead all the pretty girls to seek them in marriage. Such was the use to which, as he was informed by his friends Makinda, Yeava, and Miengai, a certain preparation of the brain of the gorilla is put in Africa. And at home the beautiful girls are so difficult to please! But whatever the American parental mind may think of these and other such French touches, what American boy could resist following the lively Gaul up rivers where countless water-snakes of all colors swim around the boat; to islands where millions of parrots fill the trees; into the courts of African monarchs clothed in the state garment of a stiff black stock with a steel buckle at the back of the neck; into encampments where the traveller eats elephant or makes a meal of monkey meat; into swamps where the snake-charmer subjugates the most venomous serpents, and at last, being bitten, becomes delirious and commits suicide by splitting his head open with an axe; across forests where march armies of ants with sentinels and captains of companies and colonels of regiments, before whose advance lions and elephants flee in fear, which devour in a twinkling every beast on which they fasten, and which cross streams by means of a living bridge or chain of ants swung from trees upon the banks; through forests abounding in terrors natural and supernatural? Nothing could better please adventurous youths than our explorer's narrations; and they will not be troubled, and perhaps they should not be, by incredulity concerning the habits of the gorilla—an animal which, in this volume, walks on two legs, gnashes his teeth at the approach of man, and beats with his hands upon his breast, which emits a hollow roar while it resounds with the monster's blows. All males not yet arrived at the critical or criticising age will find "Wild Life under the Equator" a work of fascination.

The "Foster Brothers" is a healthy, agreeable little book, dealing realistically with such events as occur in the home, school, and vacation life of average New England boys. The moral lesson inculcated is not too forcibly presented, the best of good nature reigns throughout, the children are natural, whether at Lawrence, or Swampscott, or North Conway, or plaguing each other at home; and altogether we can praise "Cousin Sue" as an excellent writer for young children, whom she evidently loves and believes in.

Perhaps "Uncle Rod's Pet" is a little too definitively religious, or preachy, rather. We, for our part, have not often fallen in with a romping little girl who makes herself, or is made, all in the course of a twelvemonth, an instrument in the sudden conversion of an old farmer who has long disused religious observances; in inducing a good maiden lady to clear her house of Indian and Chinese curiosities and fit it up as a home for seven orphans; and of causing a wilful cousin of fifteen years old to give up a determination to stay in Lima, though his father grievingly longs for him to go back to Canton. It must be bad to offer children things like these as constituting the warp and woof of any child's life. In their secret hearts, they must disbelieve in so much juvenile goodness; for, however little else they know, they do know their brothers and sisters and themselves and their school companions, and when do any of them find young folks of their own circle of acquaintance doing such things? Older people—some older people—may think boys and girls of ten or eleven ought to do them; but the boys and girls know the facts very well, and to offer them too much virtue incarnate in flesh of about their own age generally, we should imagine, leads them to more or less unconscious resentment and recalcitrancy, and they become, to a certain extent, sceptics and practical atheists. The unnatural goodness of the copperplate copy too often fills the young scribe with despair and a disgust akin to hatred, and induces vicious scrawling on the rest of the page. Many Sunday-school scholars of the bad old times, whom "Tom Brown at Rugby," for instance, would have filled with admiration and seduced into the paths of tolerable virtue, have been hardened in evil courses by the excess of early piety so noteworthy in the case, say, of a certain "Samuel S." whose "Memoir" many of us remember having read with feelings unbecoming baptized children. Indeed, to look for too early piety is a mistake, and we more than half believe that to inculcate it is a crime.

* "The Doctor's Ward: A Tale for Girls." New York: George Routledge & Sons. 1868.
"Stories of the Prairie, and other Adventures of the Border: Selected from the works of James Fenimore Cooper. Illustrated by F. O. C. Darley." New York: Hurd & Houghton. 1868.
"Wild Life under the Equator. With numerous illustrations. By Paul Du Chaillu." New York: Harper & Brothers. 1869.
"The Foster Brothers; or, Pleasing better than Teasing." Boston: W. V. Spencer. 1868.
"Uncle Rod's Pet." Boston: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1869.
"The Boy Foresters: A Tale of the Days of Robin Hood. By Anne Bowman." New York: George Routledge & Sons. 1868.
"The Laughter Book for Little Folks: Translated from the German." New York: James Miller. 1868.
"The Governor's Pardon; or, The Bridge of Sighs. By Mrs. Madeline Leslie." Boston: Andrew F. Graves. 1868.
"My Mother. By Ann Taylor." New York: George Routledge & Sons. 1868.
"Clever Dogs, Horses, etc.; with Anecdotes of Other Animals. By Shirley Hibbard." New York: George Routledge & Sons. 1868.
"Pictures from Nature. By Mary Howitt. With twelve illustrations, beautifully printed in colors." New York: George Routledge & Sons. 1869.
"Every Boy's Book: A Complete Encyclopædia of Sports and Amusements. Edited by Edmund Routledge." With more than 600 illustrations. 816 pages. New York: George Routledge & Sons. 1868.

But our discourse is getting to be rather more severe than is entirely warranted by our text. "Uncle Rod's Pet" has a good deal in it that is life-like and agreeable, and its direct teachings are not to be found fault with. Only we are afraid of its indirect effects. It would take but little, it would require only a revision of her theories as to how children should be approached, to make our author a good writer in the line she has chosen.

"The Boy Foresters" attempts to reproduce, and does it with some surface fidelity, the life of the men whom the harsh forest laws of Norman England and the oppression of the lords-of-the-manor drove into exile in the greenwood. The story is interesting, and the sentiments of the outlaws will be found to be in the main highly creditable to their religious, moral, and political training. It is not a book that we should be very willing or very desirous to put into the hands of children. That they would get amusement from it, is as certain as that their fathers get amusement from "Ivanhoe," and the amusement would not be of a much different kind, nor, making due allowance for the discrepancy of age, would it be at all different, we suppose, in degree.

What to say about "The Laughter Book" we do not know, except that surely it is very laughable. It is profusely illustrated with such pictures as little boys make on scraps of paper and which they then color in the most flaming manner with their toy paint-brushes. The subjects of these designs are of the simplest possible ridiculousness, and the letter-press that accompanies them, highly moral as it always is, is worthy of the designer's best efforts. But it is so far beneath as to be far above criticism. As we have said, we found it justify its name. Looking through it, one thinks of Burton of the "Anatomy" going out in his deepest fits of spleen to listen to the billingsgate of the low fishwomen, in order that he might be made to go home holding his sides; why the reader of this work laughs is a thing that even more successfully defies analysis than Burton's singular merriment. We can only recommend the purchase of the work.

"The Governor's Pardon" is a story of a degraded boy, reclaimed from the streets, who goes into the country from a Mission School, and is adopted by a gentleman of wealth; he is well schooled, marries, becomes tolerably rich, is cheated by a person to whom he has sold some property, persuades himself that he has a right to forge his fraudulent debtor's name and so get some of the money due him, is convicted and sent to the State prison, behaves well, is pardoned at the end of two years, and goes home a thoroughly reformed man to live with his loving wife and family. It will be seen that this is not in any special sense a book for young folks, and why it should be presented as such there is no telling. To condense a very poor novel, and make it bald and uninteresting to adult novel readers, is not to make an interesting or useful book for children. Just about that is what Mrs. Leslie has done in this case. Still, there is nothing particularly bad in the book; unless, indeed, it is bad to set before children crimes to the commission of which their fathers are liable. Probably children find out their parents' sins and weaknesses quite soon enough without assistance from books.

Ann Taylor's verses, which, at some time or other, every child knows by heart, they being among the holy things of the nursery, renew their well deserved life in the pretty volume, "My Mother." Every stanza has a border of its own, of agreeable design, occupying the whole page, and (except the last, which is not exactly adapted for the purpose) has a full-page illustration, colored. The designs are to be praised for their simplicity, directness, good feeling, and good drawing. The title-page has a vignette and a pattern "in diaper," of rather better color than the subsequent plates, and the book is sure to be a favorite as well for its pictures as for its poem.

Outwardly of the same handsome dress as the foregoing, "Clever Dogs" depends even more on its pictures than on its text for its value to the young. The former, many of them of full size, being after Harrison Weir, Landseer, and other artists equally at home with the brute creation, of course are excellent. So are the anecdotes themselves, but being made to illustrate the illustrations, they have to be connected by a rambling talk, unexceptionable in spirit, to be sure, yet such as may be guessed from the sudden check with which the writer pulls himself up every now and then: "But you do n't want a dry book;" "I will give an anecdote to light up this little essay," etc. The occasional verses are of a mild crudity.

The disappointment which we have experienced in Mary Howitt's "Pictures from Nature" was due rather more to our traditional faith in her than to our forgetting a similar disappointment which she caused us last year. To begin with the prints in the present instance, we find them very poor art indeed, both in drawing and in color. To match these we have twelve essays, one for each month, but for what class of readers we are puzzled to say. Compositions on the seasons are not apt to be looked upon by children in the light of a luxurious relaxation; and as these are purely writings of sentiment, they could not have been designed for instruction. Moreover, this language is not for children: "December and January, we say, are settled, legitimate winter; they are months in which we resign ourselves to our fate, let it be what it may, for we know that frost and snow and storm are the appropriate condition of the time." Even the old might think this somewhat trite, and yet Mrs. Howitt has written, it seems to us, with rather more fitness for them than for youth.

We can do more than repeat the hearty praise which we accorded to "Every Boy's Book" last Christmas-time. We spoke then of certain deficiencies in it, from an American point of view, such as the absence of base-ball from the list of "athletic sports and manly exercises." The editor no longer permits us to make this exception. He has enlarged his work fifty pages in order to give full and authoritative rules not only for base-ball, but also for billiards and the Canadian game of "la crosse," thus leaving nothing for the American boy to desire in a manual otherwise so complete. Still another effort to amend the edition of last year, which has caught our attention, though not wholly successful, exhibits the right spirit; so the editor will, doubtless, pardon us for saying that he has not wholly removed the confusion between Stonewall and Andrew Jackson on p. 767 of the chapter on stamp-collecting.

## ILLUSTRATED BOOKS—GIFT-BOOKS AND OTHERS.*

BEFORE the publication last winter of the first of the treatises named below, people who read only English had no account which they could trust of French painting and painters. In England, and even more remarkably in America, the influence of the highly trained French painters has been growing very rapidly for several years, and the number of buyers of French pictures and the number of French pictures bought in those two countries has been mounting season by season. It has been, therefore, with great curiosity and interest that the people who look at pictures and chat about painters have caught up every floating bit of gossip or more reliable information in regard to French artists. But unless one reads French, and, reading French, dabbles in a great sea of floating literature, periodicals, pamphlets, *Bulletins*, and the like, one has little chance to get anything better than gossip, except now with the assistance of Mr. Hamerton. It is highly desirable that everybody who admires Gérôme or Hamon or Blaise Desgoffe—or thinks he does—should buy at once and speedily read the two volumes before us.

They are square books, of a page large enough to allow a good margin around each photograph; in fact books of a form which the English publishers have much affected these few years past for their Christmas gift-books. Everybody has seen either "English Children as painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds," or "The Great Works of Raphael," or a similar volume of Mulready's works, or one containing Rembrandt's etchings. These two books by Mr. Hamerton range with those we have named; and, while all are of a certain value, and books for the library as well as for Christmas-day trafficking, Mr. Hamerton's volumes are as good as the best of them.

The painters from whose works the photographs in the first volume are taken are, Bouguereau, Hamon, Ingres, Protais, Horace Vernet, Delaroche, Ary Scheffer, Troyon, Rosa Bonheur, Robert, Charles Jacque, Decamps, Gérôme, Meissonier, Edouard Frère, and Toulmouche; one picture for each In the second volume are illustrations after Aubert, Courbet, De Jonghe, Lobrichon, Charles Brun, Henriette Browne, Jalabert, Comte Calix, Otto Weber, Le Poittevin, Tissot, Londelle, Janet Lange, and Corot. But this imperfect list of the living and the recently dead artists of the French school includes by no means all who are criticised in Mr. Hamerton's text. Thus, the accounts of Géricault and Delacroix are as important as any in the book which contains them; and the few words about Froment are of importance to the great public which has never seen a line drawn by his hand. In connection with these books the student should read the

* "Contemporary French Painters: An Essay By Philip Gilbert Hamerton, author of a Painter's Camp." With sixteen photographic illustrations. London: Seeley, Jackson & Halliday. 1868.

"Painting in France after the Decline of Classicism. By Philip Gilbert Hamerton, author of 'Contemporary French Painters,' 'Etching and Etchers,' etc" With fourteen photographic illustrations. London: Seeley, Jackson & Halliday. 1869.

"Gems of English Art of this Century. Twenty-four pictures from National Collections, printed in colors by Leighton Brothers; with illustrative text by Francis Turner Palgrave, author of 'Essays on Art.'" London and New York: George Routledge & Sons. 1869.

"Enid. By Alfred Tennyson. Illustrated by Gustave Doré." New York: George Routledge & Sons.

"The Holidays: Christmas, Easter, and Whitsuntide: Their Social Festivities, Customs, and Carols. By Nathan B. Warren. Illustrated by F. O. C. Darley." New York: Hurd & Houghton.

"The Women of the Old Testament. Meditations on some Traits in Feminine Character recorded in Sacred History. Selected from the works of Bishop Hall, Bishop Andrewes, Calvin, Lightfoot, and other writers. With Twelve Photographs after Raffaelle, Guido, Guercino, Ary Scheffer, Delaroche, and other masters." Boston: Roberts Bros. 1869.

same author's valuable paper on Hypolite Flandrin, which was published in the now defunct *Fine Arts Quarterly*.

These books have nearly the same value to English and American readers about art that a teacher of French or of German would have who should speak English absolutely well, and hold the two languages alike. Everybody who has been fortunate enough to have such a master will remember how easily all difficulties are smoothed away, and how clearly the pupil learns not to translate English thoughts and expressions into French, but how at once to think and express himself in French. Mr. Hamerton, like our seldom found teacher, is English and French in one. He stands half across the border; from infancy he has held the two languages, the two societies, the two nations as his own, and although he is an English subject, and only for a time a sojourner in France, that does not interfere with his permanent residence in the two intellectual kingdoms at the same time. He is a peculiarly safe guide, therefore, to lead us all to a better knowledge of the good and the not so good in French art; while his long training as a practical painter among Highland mountains and Burgundian hill-sides qualifies him in an especial manner to pronounce upon an art so highly developed and mechanically perfect as that of the ateliers of modern Paris.

It is possible that close examination would establish the fact that something is lacking to Mr. Hamerton's method of criticism. The plough does not go quite deep enough; the soil is not turned over from the bottom. Let the student read together the notices of painters of extremely opposite character, of Gérôme and of Flandrin, or of Doré and of Delaroche, and there will be plain to him a want of perception of the fundamental difference—the eternal gulf between these men and between their works. True criticism is careful, no doubt, and hedges around with reservations and cautious statements all the praise or the blame that it awards. But it ought to be possible to extract from true criticism a knowledge of the most important qualities and characters of the work criticised. And it is demonstrable that, as regards Doré, for instance, no knowledge could be obtained by a student from Mr. Hamerton's pages that would help him to define Doré's art for himself, while certainly it is not defined for him. It is probable that, both in the two papers in the *Fine Arts Quarterly* on Doré and in this book, he has ranked this artist far too high; but even this would be a small evil in comparison, if his estimate of him were clearly set forth and the comparative rank he assigns to him accurately explained. And what is very clear about Doré is equally true about the others, though possibly less clear. It may be admitted, of course, that the books claim rather to be a popular introduction to the study of French art than an exhaustive and critical treatise upon it. We have expressed our admiration for them as such, and insist only on this their distinctive character, which marks them as temporary shifts to keep us a little informed upon the subject until solid and permanent criticism can be written.

We find in the first of these volumes a sentence which goes far toward explaining our meaning. "It has been severely criticised, but not very fairly, because critics, in this instance, as in many others, speak of the merely positive merits of the work, without taking into consideration"—no matter what; and no matter what was the work, or who the workman. If critics "speak of the merely positive merits of the work"—using "merits" in the large sense—they do just what they ought. Criticism has nothing to do with taking into consideration any difficulties beyond the visible ones and inherent ones of subject. Criticism has to do with positive existing qualities of the work under consideration, its individual character, and its relation to other works of art and to the world at large; what the painter has done is the question, and not whether he had some good reason for doing it, or some excuse for partial failure. Kindly natured writers of criticism will always state their knowledge of facts which partly explain shortcomings, or increase the merit of excellence; but when they do so they are not discharging a critical, but rather a philanthropic and social duty. There are, however, pieces of very sound criticism in these volumes; we have found particularly good the long reviews of the works of Courbet.

The artists whose works are copied as "Gems of British Art" are the best known to the American public; and the particular "gems" selected are generally as familiar to the untravelled as any pictures in Europe can be. The old familiar names and subjects meet us again. Landseer's "Jack in Office," Maclise's "Malvolio," Mulready's "Choosing the Wedding Gown," Herring's "Frugal Meal," and West's "Death of General Wolf" are familiar to all persons in this country who think of pictures at all, and very few of the twenty-four illustrations in the book before us are unknown to general and popular fame. The pictures have been reproduced by oil-color printing from wood blocks, and from copies —as Mr. Palgrave's preface says—carefully prepared for the purpose. The author seems to think that the prints are pretty successful; at least the preface goes on to say that they "preserve (so far as the process can) that element in a picture which, although beyond the reach of simple engraving, is the most characteristic of its elements—the coloring of the original." Mr. Palgrave is no inconsiderable critic of works of art, and if we had here his deliberately expressed opinion as to the relative value of these as compared with other modern color-prints, it would be only justice to allow it to stand beside our own not very favorable judgment. It is, however, not necessary to say that these pictures are used only as illustrative helps to the historical criticism Mr. Palgrave has undertaken. For this purpose they are good. The exquisite and admirably finished picture "Choosing the Wedding Gown" is perfectly well described by the colored print of it in this book, taken with the accompanying text; while to say that its artistic character is not in any sense reproduced here is to utter a mere truism. Mr. Palgrave has gone deep for a Christmas book. Matters that lie at the very foundation of criticism, and questions which modern research painfully strives to answer, are his theme. His plan does not allow of any grappling with such subjects, and we heartily wish that the text of this costly volume could be printed by itself in a half-dollar book, which students might find it more easy to possess.

"Enid" completes the "Idyls of the King," illustrated by Doré. The splendid pages of the text, the exquisitely clear and comely printing on so large a scale, are wholly delightful. It is much to say of the fourfold poem—the "Idyls of the King"—that it seems not misfitted by the ample page and clear type that would befit Chaucer. In respect to Doré's peculiar gifts as a designer, and the relative value of these designs for Tennyson as compared with his other work, our views have been given often enough. It is but fair to say that we find in Mr. Hamerton's book—the second of the two criticised above—a higher value set upon the works of Gustave Doré than we had supposed any trained judge of art would give to it at this time. The profane "Contes Drolatiques" and some purely comic woodcuts of twenty years ago are probably Doré's best works; but the steel engravings of the other three Idyls have been very popular, and it is curious to find Mr. Ruskin in his last volume assuring his correspondent that he is mistaken—that, after all, the engravings are no better than the woodcuts which they had agreed in disliking. Worse, Mr. Ruskin thinks; and if it is with the "Contes Drolatiques" that he compares them, we agree with him very heartily.

There are not many of our readers who will not know very well what sort of a book is "The Holidays," as soon as they read the title-page which we copy below. Curious information in regard to holiday observances, both the grave and the merry, enlivened, though it needs little enlivenment, by illustrative scraps of queer old poetry—these usually make up such books. Generally there is a tone of affected quaintness about them and a fearful triteness; but from these faults this work of Mr. Warren's is free. He is a graceful writer, he has evidently been a wide reader in his chosen field, and he has a genuine hearty love for his subject; he is saved, therefore, from namby-pambyism and from the dull retailing of old articles in church magazines. Our Episcopalian readers will find it a very suitable book for gift-giving purposes; and so, too, will that large class of the general public whose interest in the great Christian festivals has of late years been much increased. The designs are of the well known character of Mr. Darley's work.

"The Women of the Old Testament" is a gift-book made upon a plan somewhat new—a gift-book so absolutely devotional in character and so grave in tone that its destination is easily fixed. It consists of extracts in prose and verse which have been selected—it must have been at some pains—from many writers, and of photographs from engravings of familiar pictures. Sermons by Bishop Hall have contributed sketches of Deborah, Miriam, and Vashti; one of the cantos of Keble's "Christian Year" supplies the text about Lot and his wife; Jonathan Edwards has been called upon for meditations upon Ruth and Naomi. Every extract is a homily, either in prose or in verse, and many of them are very good homilies indeed.

The illustrations are nearly all taken from well-known engravings. Among them is one of the most academic and unreal of Raphael's compositions, the "Judgment of Solomon," in which the youthful Solomon is made a grey-bearded patriarch, and the action is that of models posed in graceful attitudes. One or two good points are to be found in Schrader's "Queen Esther," and so with others; but as a general thing these large engravings are a little hard to enjoy in the first place, and seen through the medium of photography, are immeasurably inferior.

## LAST WINTER IN THE UNITED STATES.*

This book is written by a gentleman, a man of the world, and a practised observer—a combination of characteristics rarely found among the English travellers who have written on America. It is quite as unfortunate for England as for America that for two generations at least the mass of English writers on America have been incompetent alike to observe correctly and to report candidly upon what they had observed. Even now it is from Mr. Trollope, Mr. Hepworth Dixon, Mr. Latham, and Mr. Rose that many of the strongest late English impressions of America are derived. Mr. Zincke's little book is, so far as it goes, an excellent set-off against the volumes of these and other such writers; but it is slight in construction, and his stay in America was too short to give to his impressions and conclusions that authority with the English reader which they really deserve to exert.

The power of observation and of narrative which Mr. Zincke displays, his liberal and open spirit, his good sense, and his genial feeling, give occasion for regret that he did not remain longer in the country, that he might have made a more thorough study of it and written a more complete book.

His feeling toward Americans may be judged of from the concluding sentence of his volume:

"If any from that side (the American) shall have accompanied me through these pages, my wish is that they may have come to look upon me somewhat in the light in which one of my Boston acquaintances told me a week's intercourse had brought him to regard me, that is, 'as one of themselves.'"

Mr. Zincke may be assured that his wish is a claim that will be readily allowed. It is but rarely that he shows himself not an American in sympathy, and he very seldom falls into any error of intelligence in regard to the conditions of the country, or makes a blunder in his statement of facts. And this is the more creditable because, as he says, "the aspects of human society, as well as of outward nature, are here so unlike anything with which the English traveller is familiar at home, that he is ever feeling conscious that new pictures are being added to the furniture of his mind." But an Englishman who, "wherever in America he sees a piece of land being cleared or settled, or a church or school being built, looks on as if something were being done by and for his own countrymen," becomes capable, through the penetrating insight of sympathy, of estimating at their worth external differences and of appreciating internal qualities.

In this feeling of the essential unity of the people of the two countries, and of their common interest in each other's progress and prosperity, Mr. Zincke belongs to the large and increasing number of Englishmen to whose sentiments Mr. Bright gave expression in his recent speech at the banquet given to Mr. Reverdy Johnson in Birmingham, when he said:

"I resist altogether and reject the notion that we are two nations in that old barbarous sense which should make us rivals and should make us think it possible—possible, mind—that war should arise between us. They share in the glories of our past history, and I am greedy enough to share in the glories of their present, and in the still greater glories of their future. . . . Why should we not regard them as of our own race, as in all respects which bear upon the amities of the two peoples the same people as ourselves? What we have to do is this—to get rid of a certain foolish jealousy which we islanders have been taught to entertain with regard to almost every other people. We have continual rivalry in goods, but I should like to have something like a community of glory and of kinship."

Such books as Mr. Zincke's will help to bring about this most desirable state of feeling, so far as England is concerned; but it must be difficult for him and for Mr. Bright, and for the large class of Englishmen whom they represent, to understand how widely separated we are from them, and how completely an Englishman now is a foreigner to us. Mr. Zincke says that his nationality was never mistaken in the United States. But it is not in mere outside appearance that the two nations differ. The events of the last few years have given us a far more distinct sense than we ever before possessed of the radical difference between our political and social principles, and of the system of government and society which has grown out of them, from those of the Old World, including England. And this sense will be constantly deepened, and Englishmen will become more and more foreigners to us, until a revolution shall take place in their principles of political and social life, bringing them more into accordance and harmony with the doctrine and faith of America. Two nations, one founded on the rock of human equality, the other on the sands of human inequality, cannot be as one people in sympathy and heart. Happily for the future of the world, England seems to have entered on a course which ultimately will bring her to a common faith with America, a faith which shall bind the two nations together with cords stronger than those of trade or literature or common blood. Meanwhile, we may be friends.

The chief part of Mr. Zincke's book is occupied with the narrative of his tour. It is both entertaining and instructive. There is no better picture of scenery and life at the present time between St. Louis and the Rocky Mountains than that which he gives in the lively chapters devoted to his experiences in that region.

Altogether, without possessing any great literary merits, the book is an excellent one and quite worth reprinting. Its praise of America is stimulating. Think of an Englishman, a clergyman moreover, saying (with the remembrance, no doubt, of Steele's delightful phrase about the lovely Lady Elizabeth Hastings): "Why, to have seen Chicago is in itself an education."

* "Last Winter in the United States; being Table-talk collected during a Tour through the late Southern Confederation, the Far West, the Rocky Mountains, etc. By F. Barham Zincke, Vicar of Whinstead, and Chaplain in Ordinary to the Queen." London: John Murray. 1863.

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*The "Percheron" Horse.* Translated from the French of Charles du Hüys. (New York: Orange Judd & Co.)—Most of us have observed the fine horses used by certain safe-makers and express companies of this city. We have certainly admired the splendid proportions and strength of those animals. Although they are not by any means of the pure type of the "Percheron," yet the one-fourth or one-eighth blood is impressed upon them in a very marked degree.

Although but few pure-blooded Percherons are to be found in this country, yet many, and indeed a larger proportion of the real draught horses in use with us, have, to a greater or less degree, a taint of the Percheron sire. Indeed, so powerful is the nature of the blood of this breed that for many generations—notwithstanding every variety of cross—certain characteristics of the original sire are still preserved. The Roman nose, large body, and stout, heavy legs, as seen in our most common dray-horses, are a proof of this fact.

A pure Percheron is almost invariably of a dappled iron-grey, but of course in the numerous crossings to which the race is subjected the color is frequently lost. Not alone as a draught-horse is the Percheron most valuable. The "light" variety is the diligence horse of France, and the omnibus horse of Paris. He is even a trotter of considerable speed and of more than ordinary endurance. We doubt not that this breed of the Percheron might be crossed with advantage with our more delicate-framed trotters. M. du Hüys gives tables of the speed of some of these horses. One mile and a quarter has been made by them in 3 min. 50 sec., and this on a track broken by several abrupt hills. Nine miles an hour is their ordinary gait, but when pushed they are equal to twelve, or even more. We speak now of what is called the "light Percheron." The draught-horse is equal to a loaded wagon of 5,000 pounds weight, while the English draught-horse is never taxed with more than 2,000 pounds. The Percheron is a fast walker under the heaviest loads, and maintains his gait with such regularity that he may be counted upon to make his time with the precision of a clock. We see in what is called the Canadian horse the lasting qualities of Percheron; for there is little doubt but that the Norman is the progenitor of this hardy, shaggy Canadian pony.

But few importations of the pure Percheron have been made into this country; but we trust the wonderful qualities of this admirable animal will in the future be more appreciated, and the get of the few stallions owned here more sought after. From this horse—the "light" and heavy—the entire stock of the country may receive benefit, both as roadsters or as draught-horses. We trust that this translation from M. du Hüys will be extensively circulated and read among the farmers and breeders of the country. It certainly merits it. The illustrations which accompany the book are admirably engraved and, what is more rare, carefully printed.

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*Christ in Song. Hymns of Immanuel.* Selected from all Ages, with Notes. By Philip Schaff, D.D." (New York: Anson D. F. Randolph & Co. 1869.)—Perhaps hymns have, or ought to have, a standard of their own; nobody who has given much attention to the subject would care to say just how far they ought, and how far they ought not, to be tried simply by the same tests which are sufficient for the trying of other poetry. And if one reads the ordinary collections of them—whether made for church or for private use—with any eye to literary enjoyment, he will escape disappointment in proportion as his expectations are modest. Understanding this, one may find more pleasure in Dr. Schaff's book than he would perhaps anticipate. It is a handsome quarto of over 700 pages. So large a mass, gathered from within definite limits—it deals with the mere Christology of song—is of necessity restricted in its claim to pure poetic merit; that goes without

saying. But one is not afflicted here by that one-sidedness which is apt to disfigure such compilations; we escape the Calvinistic prejudice in favor of Watts, the Methodist leaning to overmuch Wesley, the Anglican devotion to revived mediævalism, exclusive or nearly so, the ultra-Protestant ignorance of ancient and foreign material. The book represents fairly enough the average condition of hymnody to-day. It draws very largely, as it ought, from Latin, Greek, and German sources; and about half its contents come from that modern school of translators and revivers in which Dr. Neale and Miss Winkworth are the leading names; the least narrow school, and one of the most vigorous, that has yet arisen in English hymn-making. This praise of catholicity, which we are free to bestow here, is one of the best commendations that can be given to a hymn-book.

Dr. Schaff is better versed in German and ancient sacred poetry than in the native English; though, to be sure, the native English (at least, the strictly lyrical portion of it) is not very much to be versed in. He draws too largely from that nearly worthless book, Rogers's *Lyra Britannica;* and he makes one or two evident blunders. "Jesus, Thy Blood and Righteousness" (page 191) is by *John* Wesley; Charles probably knew no German. "Angels, roll the rock away!" (page 292) is not by Gibbons, but Thomas Scott, and utterly mangled. Any reliable hymn-book (of which sort, indeed, there are few) could have told these facts. So, too, half the "anonymous" pieces need not have been anonymous. But these cases are not numerous; in the names of authors, dates (when given), and text so far as we have examined, there is a general and quite uncommon correctness. The notes, too, give some interesting items, especially about the foreign hymns. There are some thirty originals, of tolerable merit; the best, most readers will say, is Professor Porter's rendering of Rückert's "Bethlehem and Golgotha," on page 93. And doubtless the best feature of the book is the introduction of some of Neale's exquisite translations from the Greek.

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*The Life of Prince Henry of Portugal, surnamed the Navigator, and its Results.* By R. H. Major, F.S.A., F.R.S.L. (London: A. Ascher & Co.; New York: John Wiley & Son.)—The biographer's task is difficult when the life of his subject is marked by few interesting incidents, and is important much less for what it was in itself than for what it produced in and through others; and when, after all, the particulars of that life have to be verified by minute and laborious research. A writer of more imagination might perhaps have performed this service for Prince Henry in a manner more popular than Mr. Major's, yet not unlikely at the expense, if not of accuracy, at least of the completeness which is the merit of the present work. And indeed it is so much intended for the student and the learned in history that it can scarcely be recommended to the general reader, to whom it will certainly appear a mass of exhaustingly dry details, interspersed with no brilliant or even engrossing narrative, with absolutely no order of arrangement, and altogether heavy and uninviting.

The career of Prince Henry belongs to the first half of the fifteenth century, which was rendered illustrious before its close by the voyages of Cabral, Cadamosto, Columbus, Vasco da Gama, and Bartholomew Diaz, including the discovery of America and the circumnavigation of Africa. In these enterprises Portugal decidedly took the lead of Spain, and her acquisitions in this and the succeeding century, also one of great voyages, were largely due to the spirit and example of Prince Henry. Not that he was entitled to be called "the Navigator" for any remarkable voyage of his own; he attempted none. But by lending all his encouragement and resources to the fitting out of successive expeditions he greatly stimulated the passion for adventure, and conferred substantial benefits on the maritime industry of his country. His aims were very much greater than the accomplishment of his agents. He had an almost prophetic conviction that India could be reached by the southern extremity of Africa, and during his whole life he struggled to prove this with a method and confidence truly wonderful at that period. His first success was the discovery, or equally meritorious rediscovery, of Porto Santo and Madeira. In 1435 his cup-bearer passed some fifty leagues beyond Cape Bojador, as Mr. Major successfully maintains against the claims of the French to prior discoveries on the Guinea coast. His emissary Nuño Tristan passed Cape Blanco in 1441, and shortly afterwards Portugal reaped the advantages—such as that age regarded them—of a negro slave-trade. Mr. Major devotes an entire chapter to an effort to exculpate his hero from his connection with the origin and continuance of a traffic which has not yet received the moral condemnation of all Christendom, against which the first effective legal enactments were pronounced only in the present century, and which is still conducted by the Portuguese with the most disastrous consequences on the east coast of Africa. In view of these notorious facts, Mr. Major might perhaps have done better to say less in a doubtful matter, and to trust to the discriminating charity of his readers. It is, by the way, curious to notice in the Portuguese faces of the present day traces of the effect of the mingling of negro blood. Cadamosto reached and passed Cape Roxo in 1454, 1460, and falsely pretended to have discovered the Cape Verde Islands. That honor, as Mr. Major shows, is to be attributed to Diego Gomez, a Portuguese in the Prince's service, who made the last voyage under his auspices. Sierra Leone was the southern limit of the explorations which the Prince had achieved at his death in 1460.

Mr. Major has little to say by way of personal detail concerning Prince Henry, whose portrait forms the frontispiece of the work. He is described as "large of frame and brawny, and his naturally fair complexion had become dark by constant toil and exposure. Stout of heart and keen of intellect, he was extraordinarily ambitious of achieving great deeds. He was generous and constant, humble in prosperity, and obedient and reverent to his sovereign. He never failed to show due respect to every person, however humble, without lowering his own dignity. A foul or indelicate word was never known to issue from his lips." Such was the character of him whom Mr. Major styles "the originator of modern discovery"—words that might well serve to-day for the epitaph of the Navigator. But Mr. Major is a trifle too laudatory. No character of Henry is complete which fails to speak of the rashness and over-adventurousness into which his boldness not seldom degenerated, and omits to note that his keen and active intellect was frequently too active and not sufficiently under control. There was somewhat too much of the knight errant in his composition. However, he was more of a hero than most heroes of biographers.

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*A Hand-book of Natural Philosophy.* By W. J. Rolfe and J. A. Gillet, Teachers in the Cambridge High School. (Boston: Woolworth, Ainsworth & Co. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. 1868.)—We have before us a work intended as a text-book in natural philosophy, for the use of schools where this subject is taught in an elementary manner. The first part of the volume, which is one of a series prepared for the Cambridge (Mass.) High School, treats of the mechanics of solids, liquids, and gases. From the brief space allotted to this portion of the subject many things were necessarily omitted; but we were surprised to find no mention of "work" in its relation to mechanical forces, although its relation to heat is well shown in the concluding chapter of the book. A chapter is devoted to the six mechanical powers, each one being treated simply and clearly. This is followed by a description of the different motive powers; but the advantage of comparing one power with another is more than counterbalanced by the objection that the student is taught the construction of the steam-engine before he has learned the first laws of heat.

The second part of the book treats of sound, light, and heat. Sound and heat, as is stated in the preface, are taken mainly from the works of Tyndall. This gentleman's experiments are, therefore, given rather too fully, to the exclusion of more important matter. Thus, in the appendix several pages are devoted to his sensitive gas flames, while no mention is made of the more important experiment of Lissajous with tuning-forks. The experiments of Melde with vibrating cords are also omitted, although easily performed and attractive to students. We would call attention to the portions on the transmission of sound, the vibration of plates, and the Helmhotz theory of harmony, although the latter seems scarcely suited to an elementary work. In optics, the methods described for measuring the velocity and intensity of light are not those which give the best results in practice. Spectrum analysis is illustrated by a colored plate, which appears to be well executed considering the difficulty of the subject. The chapter on the eye is ably written, giving recent experiments on its accommodation to objects at different distances. The experiments of Regnault are treated fully, and illustrated by numerous woodcuts; and the same may be said of radiant heat, which, in fact, receives rather more than its share of space.

In conclusion, it is perhaps somewhat questionable whether this work will meet any real want of the community, as it is too difficult to put in the hands of young students, while from its almost entire omission of all mathematical formulæ it is equally unsuitable for a college course. To occupy some intermediate position, however, it is much superior to the common text-books, and, notwithstanding the omissions mentioned above, shows signs of careful preparation. Numerous problems are introduced, and each chapter is followed by a summary which will be very useful to the pupil in reviewing his studies.

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*Outlines of Indian Philology;* with a Map showing the Distribution of Indian Languages. By John Beames, Bengal Civil Service, etc. Second edition, considerably enlarged and revised. (London: Trübner & Co.;

New York: J. Wiley & Son. 1868.)—Mr. Beames has prepared this little work with the laudable design of furnishing a practical guide to the linguistic explorer in India, and of inciting his fellow-officials to increased diligence in the task of collecting materials for the dialectic geography of the British Empire in Asia. It sketches the classification of the Indian languages, enumerates the known members of each class, and briefly explains their distribution. Then, in two or three chapters of a more theoretic character, it aims to give an idea of the general structural features of language, on which the current classification is based. A practically useful chapter of hints to explorers how to set about the task of observing and recording a new dialect, concludes the main body of the work; but in an appendix are added, by way of specimens of the resemblances and differences of languages, lists of numerals in most of the known tongues of India, nearly seventy in number. The book is well adapted to its purpose, and may be expected to exert a happy influence in furthering that scholarly activity of England's servants in India, civil and military, of which the fruits are already so abundant and valuable. Would that anything like the same diligence were shown by our own officials in the collection and working up of our aboriginal dialects; that men of ability and devotion, like Gibbs and Hayden, were less rare among us! Possibly a little manual of (American) Indian philology, somewhat after the model of this one, might be worth preparing by some competent scholar. The Smithsonian Institution would doubtless be glad to print in its octavo series such an auxiliary to so good a cause.

To criticise a work like this in detail, as if it were a scientific treatise, would not be fair. Its value to the general public is that of a succinct but careful conspectus of Indian languages, made doubly clear by a good dialect map. It lays no claim to novelty and originality in its theoretic chapters, which, as was to be expected, are its least satisfactory portion. Thus, a good part of the chapter "On Dialects" is taken up with a vain endeavor to define the difference between languages and dialects—a difference which, in strictness, does not exist, since every language is a dialect when considered in its relations to other languages, as joint heir with them from a common ancestor; and if it be thought practically useful to distinguish by these two names a nearer and remoter degree of relationship, we think it would puzzle Mr. Beames to set up a better criterion than that of mutual intelligibility, which he so pointedly rejects. There is nothing fundamentally wrong, perhaps, in his discussion of the subject, but it is full of half-truths and indistinct views.

The most notable error of the book is its adoption of the name "Turanian," and of the Bunsen-Müller classification represented by that unfortunate word. We are the more surprised at this, inasmuch as the author shows himself in general tolerably independent of Müller. To class Tibetan, Siamese, Burmese, and Tamil together as branches of one family by descent, is a proceeding altogether to be condemned and rejected. It is strange, too, that the Hindustani receives only a passing reference or two, being set down formally in no list of languages or dialects. If tongues of mongrel origin are to be ignored, what shall become of our own English?

*Laugel's Problems of the Soul.*—"Les Problèmes de l'Ame. Par Auguste Laugel." (Paris: Germer Baillière. 1868.)—"Before reasoning about the soul," says Linnæus, "we must give a definition of life." M. Laugel has followed this maxim in the order and method of his psychological investigations. In his work, "Les Problèmes de la Vie," published in 1867, he passed in review and attempted to solve some of the chief problems of biology which are now agitating the scientific world, such as the principle of life, the genesis of individuals, of species, and of man, the relation of physico-chemical elements to vital forces, spontaneous generation, and the doctrines of transmutation and progressive development originally suggested by Lamarck and subsequently verified and illustrated by Darwin. In the present volume he discusses various psychical phenomena and the manner of their manifestation through physical organs, the animal soul (*l'âme de la bête*), the brain and its "approaches," sleep, madness, science and psychology, the unity of man, instinct, the ideal, passion, freedom, and human destiny. All these topics are subjected to a thoroughly scientific treatment from a physiological rather than from a metaphysical point of view. In the very interesting chapter on "Les Approches du Cerveau" M. Laugel describes the functions performed by the neural centre of the medulla oblongata in regulating the movements of deglutition, in rendering locomotion and speech mechanically possible, in metamorphosing impressions into sensations, and in controlling the muscles of expression in the face and the tones of emotion in the voice. The ablation of the brain does not prevent the utterance of plaintive cries as the result of painful impressions, but if the annular protuberance in which the spinal marrow terminates be removed, the cry loses at once its pathetic quality and becomes merely an artificial, automatic noise. It is the mysterious office of this little living machine to elaborate and transform brute sounds into intelligent utterances. The slightest disturbance of structure in this "vital knot" produces as great a change in the functions of brain and mind as the minutest displacement in the bearings of the balance-wheel produces in the time-keeping function of a watch. A few molecules of alcohol may seriously derange the equilibrium of the cerebral organism without effecting any visible alteration of tissue, and yet how great the functional result! But although M. Laugel bases his psychology upon physiological facts rather than upon metaphysical definitions and so-called intuitional truths, he is not a materialist in the technical signification of the word. He recognizes in man an "ideal life parallel to his organic life." Ganglionic nerves, knobs at the base of the brain, vertebral bulbs, and *tubercules quadrijumeaux* form important parts of the mechanism through which the mind works; but, says Laugel, they neither exhaust nor explain it. The scalpel of the surgeon cannot lay bare the mysteries of the soul. Anatomy and physiology can throw no light upon that inner world where sensibility, thought, and will celebrate their mystic marriage. Between a knowledge of the cerebral organism and an analysis of intelligence and volition there is a great gulf fixed which positive science can never bridge. The ideal in the individual and in humanity has seldom had a more earnest advocate than is M. Laugel in the concluding chapters of his little book.

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## The Week.

THE nearest approach to a sensation at home, during the week, has been occasioned by the report of a conversation between Grant and some Congressmen, in which the reporter—the New York *Tribune's*—made the General brawl a little about his hostility to subsidies and extravagance, and the picture was still further heightened in color by representing the Congressmen on whom this denunciation was expended as having been stricken with astonishment and consternation. The truth was, we believe, that Grant did indicate, *in his way*, his hostility to subsidies and extravagance; but then his way is not the "reportorial" way, and it is doing him injustice to say or suppose that he has departed from his usual course—that is, saying little and thinking much. He has declined expressing himself for or against the repeal of the Tenure-of-Office Act, leaving the matter to the wisdom of Congress. To Jenckes's bill there is no doubt he is favorable. The Cabinet still continues a mystery. One late and reliable rumor is that Mr. Washburne will have a foreign mission, and another and less reliable one is that Mr. Hamilton Fish will have another mission; but it is doubtful whether any rumor on these subjects is worth repeating.

General Butler has written another letter on financial matters, in which he defends his attempt to tax the bondholders on a new ground, viz., that he wished to equalize taxation by extracting from the bondholders some equivalent for their exemption from State and municipal taxes. That is to say, the exemption from State and municipal taxes having been part of the bargain on which the money was borrowed, he wishes to enable the Government to evade the stipulation by getting a certain amount out of the creditors in another way, pretty much as if, having agreed not to tax pantaloons, it were to clap a heavy duty on buttons, needles, and thread. We call attention to this last effusion of the general's solely because his constituents, having increased his force and importance by re-electing him, these utterances of his continue and aggravate the difficulties in the way of contracting a loan at a new rate of interest. Nobody will lend money to the Government at any lower rate than at present as long as this kind of talk on the part of politicians is permitted; but for whatever amount of damage General Butler is doing, his constituents rather than he are now responsible.

Our readers may remember that we commented last February on the horrible love of war and devastation manifested by the Honorable Robert J. Walker, *apropos* of the Alaska purchase and the purchase of St. Thomas. The hesitation of the public about the annexation of fresh territory, and its slowness in seeing what we were to gain by paying in gold, which we had to borrow, as it turns out, for land which we were sure to have, in the ordinary course of events, whenever we could make a good use of it, threw him into a paroxysm of patriotic indignation. He wanted to have Mr. David A. Wells removed for opposing the Alaska folly, and then got into a kind of fit, like the ecstasy of a Welsh bard, over the possible advantages of St. Thomas to the Union. By holding it, America was to be able to "flank" the British fleet in the West Indies, and then, going on from conquest to conquest, to seize India and most of the foreign possessions of Great Britain, and was finally to arm "the whole population" of Ireland, overthrow the monarchy, and set up a republic in London. Many people asked at the time, more in sorrow than in anger, "What had got into the man?" The answer to this irreverent question has, alas! been rendered. It appears he was retained as "counsel"—"lobby agent" he scorned to be—by Baron Stoeckl to "put the Alaska business through," and got $26,000 for his services. The services consisted in writing letters and articles, like that from which we have quoted above, threatening to fill the world with slaughter, and pouring similar views into the ears of Congressmen. Part of the money he generously offered to Colonel Forney, in consideration of the fact that much of the thunder had rolled in the columns of that calm and judicial-minded paper, the Washington *Chronicle*. But here he found he had mistaken his man, for the colonel proudly refused the foreign gold, whereupon the generous and indefatigable Walker took it to the publisher of the paper, Colonel Forney's brother, who, to prevent waste, and to save further trouble, pocketed it. If anybody now is opposed to further extension of the "area of freedom," we advise him to keep out of Mr. Walker's way, for when angry he must be terrible.

There appears to be little question that all probability of an immediate settlement of the Alabama question is at an end. What are the exact terms of the "settlement" on which Mr. Johnson and Lord Stanley have agreed we are unable to say, but it is now generally understood that its nature is such that there is not the least chance that the Senate would confirm it, even if Mr. Seward were disposed to adopt it. A successful renewal of the negotiations by Mr. Johnson with the new Ministry is impossible, if for no other reason, for want of time. Mr. Johnson is well known to have only two months of office left, and Lord Clarendon will therefore hardly feel inclined to renew with him a very troublesome discussion. So the matter will now probably go off till his successor has made his appearance on the scene. Mr. Johnson's public glorifications of the work he was doing have probably done more to disgust people with "open diplomacy" than all the arguments the friends of secrecy have ever brought forward. The way in which he has allowed himself to be used as an electioneering tool in England is for Americans a tolerably humiliating spectacle. He was undoubtedly taken to Sheffield by the Tories to help them with the artisans at the then approaching election, and it is now said that Laird used him to help in procuring his re-election at Birkenhead by showing that he had not, after all, done so much mischief as people said he had, for there was the American minister hand-in-glove with him. The working-men have been prevented from giving him a banquet by the private representations made to the leaders by Americans in London, and by the publication in the *Daily News*, by the London correspondent of the New York *Tribune*, of extracts from various papers in this country showing the state of popular feeling here about his performances.

Mr. Johnson is another melancholy illustration of the defects of our system of diplomatic appointments. Some wise people ascribe his follies to his being born in Maryland, but they might just as well ascribe them to his height or weight. Had he been trained to his work, he never could have made such an exhibition of himself, no matter where he was born or what his sympathies. Men possess tact, judgment, and discretion in very unequal degrees

and no school of politicians or moralists has a monopoly of them. Radical donkeys are fully as numerous as Conservative ones, and, on the whole, less docile; and what we want, therefore, is not the selection of public servants with reference to the place of their birth, or their political opinions, or social antecedents, but the training of public servants for their work, and the supply of an artificial judgment where a natural judgment does not exist, or is very feeble, or has failed to supply one, or has only supplied a very poor one. No man who had been long in diplomatic life, as any man who represents the United States at the court of a first-class power ought to be, could possibly do the things Mr. Johnson has done, even if he had traded in negroes, or edited *De Bow's Review*, or preached a pro-slavery Gospel. At present the selection of foreign ministers is a mere lottery, owing to the novelty of diplomatic work to those who undertake it, and the different ways in which the peculiar social influences of foreign capitals affect different men. For instance, it is hardly possible, even for his most intimate friends, to say beforehand how an American who had never lived abroad, or a man of any country who had never occupied such a position as to be worth captivating, would be affected by the blandishments of London women of rank, long trained in the art of cajoling men of distinction, and ever ready to use their social charms and their drawing-rooms to help their husband or their party. To such snares the best lawyer or most practical philanthropist *might* fall a victim. Whether he would or not nobody can tell till he has been tried; and one of the great objects of diplomatic training is to subject diplomatists to the necessary tests, and familiarize them with inevitable dangers before they reach the highest positions in the profession.

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"The work of family dismemberment" is the suggestive name which a Chicago paper applies to the divorce business of the Chicago courts during the year 1868. This word, it adds, will probably suggest forebodings to "those eminently well-meaning persons, of a dyspeptic turn, who are predestinated to morbid views of things," and have not long been residents of Illinois; but the Chicago press seems not disposed to take too gloomy a view of the matter, and gives statistics with much cheerfulness of manner. 460, it appears, is the whole number of persons who have applied within twelve months for a dissolution of the marriage contract. This is 122 more than applied in 1867. Of these, 284 were women and 176 were men, and of the successful suitors also the women were in a majority of 113. The greatest number of actions was brought in the month of June, for what reason is not stated, and we cannot conjecture. October was another month of emancipation, and that for the reason, as the Chicago *Times* thinks, that so many persons were then making their domestic arrangements for the winter—which seems quite plausible. As regards the causes of these suits, the most fruitful seem to have been cruelty, inebriety, desertion, and adultery. In adultery the wives lead the husbands—the cases alleged and proved against the latter being 39, while those charged against the former were 41. In drunkenness and cruelty the men have the superiority. Perhaps these statistics mean little more than that women are scarce in the Western country. Their general drift seems to be in that direction. But they show, too, or we are mistaken, that here in America we are framing a theory of marriage which is in many respects decidedly new. It is almost to be wished that it could be completely framed and thoroughly put together before many more people come together and produce homeless children. On the old theory of marriage, 460 divorced persons in one year, in one town, afford, with their sons and daughters, a spectacle that may well set society thinking.

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The "Erie War entered" on a new phase on Wednesday last, by the arrest of Mr. Bowles of the *Springfield Republican*, at the suit of Mr. James Fiske, Jr., one of the Erie barons, for an alleged libellous account of his origin and career, which had appeared in the *Republican*. Mr. Bowles was seized at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, and hurried with a good deal of unnecessary violence to Ludlow Street Jail, where he was forced to pass the night, all efforts to procure his release on bail having proved fruitless, owing to Judge McCunn's refusal to wake up, and the Sheriff, who was found feasting with the plaintiff and others, having been got out of the way. All concerned were evidently determined to wreak on Mr. Bowles whatever vengeance might be contained in one night's confinement. In fact, Mr. Fiske in his reply to the criticisms that the affair has called forth from the press, while alleging that the time chosen for the arrest was the result of accident, does not deny that the taking of bail was purposely and maliciously evaded. The result of the matter has been to call forth for Mr. Bowles a prodigious amount of sympathy, and to throw some very unpleasant light on Mr. Fiske's relations with the officers of justice, as well as on his notions of decency and fair play. The article in the *Republican* was one parts of which at least it would have done well not to print, and which had really nothing to recommend it but its "spiciness;" but then few papers, if any, have done better service in waging war on the corruption and rascality by which both politics and commerce are being overwhelmed, and no honest man therefore is disposed to examine its faults with a microscope, or see Mr. Fiske assail it or its editor without indignation. If public opinion has any terrors for the barons, and it seems it has, they made a most absurd blunder when they clapped Mr. Bowles in jail, and locked Judge McCunn in unwakable slumbers, and spirited away that upright officer, Sheriff O'Brien, from the social board. Curiously enough, General Butler's nephew figures in the affair as an attorney, and has produced a scathing "card" in the van of the Fiske battle, and leaves little doubt as to the master who taught him his rhetoric. The combat deepens in every direction, and one good effect of the Bowles arrest is the increasing disposition of the press to make common cause against the "rings."

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A banquet was given in this city on Tuesday evening to Professor Morse as a recognition of the sense entertained by his fellow-citizens of the great services he has rendered to telegraphy, and through telegraphy to civilization. The occasion was an interesting one, in that few greater inventors or discoverers have ever had their claims on the gratitude of the race as fully acknowledged in their lifetime as Professor Morse has had his, or have seen as earnest efforts made by those who have profited by their inventions to discharge the debt. He has been singularly fortunate, too, in finding his honors grow with his years, and in receiving this last expression of contemporary respect at a ripe but hale old age. His own contribution to the oratory of the dinner was very happy, and he rendered Congressmen a great service by reproducing a portion of the report of the debate in the House, in 1843, on the bill to appropriate $30,000 to test the merits of the Morse telegraph. It was cruel to recall it, and yet there is no present member of Congress who may not be the better for reading it. The bill was treated as a joke, and Mr. Cave Johnson, of Tennessee, proposed that one half the amount should be given for experiments in mesmerism or animal magnetism, a field in which he evidently thought exploration would be just as profitable as in Professor Morse's. But then, he was not half as severe as Mr. Houston, who bitingly suggested that "Millerism should also have some of the benefit of the appropriation." And then there was an exchange of pleasantries between the wag from Tennessee, Mr. Johnson, and another wag from North Carolina, Mr. Stanley, the latter offering to support the vote if Mr. Johnson were to be the subject of the mesmeric experiments, and Mr. Johnson pleasantly offering to submit if Mr. Stanley were to be the operator. Mr. Mason, of Ohio, objected to the mesmeric amendment as "not *bonâ fide*," or, in other words, as a bad joke; but the Speaker gravely ruled against the point of order, on the ground that there was no saying, without actual scientific experiment, whether the magnetism of mesmerism was not analogous to that which Professor Morse proposed to employ in his telegraph.

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The New York *Times* has been making some very sensible remarks on the violence with which the *Sun* has been denouncing Reverdy Johnson's opinion, given at a dinner got up by the French Cable Company, as to the rights of States to grant the exclusive privilege of landing cables on their coast. The *Sun* is entitled to the credit of first calling attention to this new illustration of Mr. Johnson's folly, but no good can possibly come of accusing him of "being in the pay

of the enemies of the country." No suspicion of corruption of this kind has, we believe, ever rested on Mr. Johnson; and it is a well-established rule of reasoning, that in trying to account for a phenomenon it is not allowable to resort to unnecessary hypotheses. An invitation to a public dinner has already proved sufficient to seduce Mr. Johnson into the most lamentable indiscretions, and we, therefore, may be satisfied with attributing this last one to the same cause. The French Cable Company have wanted from the outset a good legal opinion as to the right of a State to grant them the desired monopoly to enable them to raise their capital, and their original idea was, we believe, to get the Chief Justice's, but this was found to be impossible; so they have fallen back on Reverdy Johnson as a leading lawyer, an ex-senator, and United States Ambassador, and knowing his weakness, have asked him to dinner as the best mode of loosening his tongue, and have been only too successful. Of course it is a great scandal and humiliation to have the United States Minister publicly giving certificates to commercial adventurers, as in this case and the case of the "Texas Emigration and Steamship Company," to be used by them as a trade advertisement, but what is the use or the sense of saying he is bribed in money to do it? Why should they bribe him, and what is there in his legal views on the subject of State sovereignty to prove his rascality? Good or bad, they are held by about half the lawyers in the country. What the war has done for the doctrine of State sovereignty, as held by the Johnsons and Stephenses, is to render it harmless; its extinction could not be wrought by arms. Opinions are destroyed by refutation or by time only. It has to be remembered, too, that, inasmuch as Mr. Reverdy Johnson is the United States Minister unanimously nominated by the Senate, after forty years of political or forensic life, his character can hardly be blackened now without the rest of us catching a good deal of the soot. For his turning out silly, we are not responsible; but for his proving knavish, we certainly should be.

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The settlement of the Greco-Turkish difficulty was confidently announced in most of the European capitals, either officially or semi-officially, during the past week, but the Cable telegrams show that the preparations for war continue on both sides, with many of the characteristics of a farce. Both of the belligerents know they will not be allowed to fight, and are consequently absolutely deaf to all proposals for accommodation. Turkey won't hear of a conference for the settlement of the difficulty, and Greece won't hear of concessions to Turkey. But the Greeks meanwhile have the best of the row, as their operations cost them nothing—there is not a cent in the treasury, not even enough to pay the King's travelling expenses to Germany—and if the fighting began to-morrow, it would be carried on, as the present agitation is, by volunteers—that is, Klephts by land and privateers by sea. Hobart Pasha would find himself in the midst of a swarm of mosquito-like craft which he could neither catch nor destroy. Commerce on the Mediterranean would be exposed to somewhat the same perils as in the days of the Algerine corsairs, for we may be sure plenty of cruisers would quit Greek ports with large and comprehensive views as to the nature of belligerent rights. There is an amusing story, illustrative of the confusion which prevails on this subject in the Greek mind, told of the dragoman of a foreign embassy at Athens,—an old and faithful servant—who, on learning that his son had been engaged in the highway robbery of two military officers of the same nationality as the ambassador, was plunged in grief, and exclaimed that "he had always told his son what would happen to him if he kept meddling in politics."

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The present disturbance is bringing an old house about Lord Stanley's ears in England, inasmuch as it is ascribed, in part at least, to false hopes created by a speech of his delivered a few weeks ago at Lynn, in which he said, or seemed to say, that the desirableness of maintaining Turkey no longer occupied its old place in English policy. The fact seems to be, the painful, unvarnishable fact, that there is little or nothing to be perceived in Greek government or society, except the spread of education in the towns, to give it strong claims on foreign sympathy, in trying to extend the area of the kingdom. The finance and administration of justice and agriculture are in a worse condition than ever. Although Turkey is certainly going, it is by no means clear that Greece is coming. The rising race in Turkey just now are the Bulgarians—that is to say, they are the race which is growing in foreign estimation, whichever may get the upper hand ultimately.

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The only help afforded by the Romans to the crusade which ended in Mentana was to blow up the barracks of the Zouaves and as many of the Zouaves themselves as happened to be inside. This exploit was not calculated to relieve the reproach of apathy already incurred by the citizens, suggesting as it did a prudence not far removed from cowardice. Two men, paid to do the business, were caught and brought to trial, and were executed last month, more than a year after the event, on the day when the Italian Parliament reassembled, and while Prince Humbert and his wife were passing through the Papal dominions. All attempts to persuade the Pope to commute the death-sentence to imprisonment for life were ineffectual; and the announcement that Monti and Tognetti were actually executed, with the aggravating circumstances just mentioned, produced an extraordinary sensation in Italy, and has revived the Roman question with increased bitterness. Public subscriptions have been opened in behalf of the families of the deceased, and it has been proposed in Parliament to vote them pensions from the national treasury. The aroused feeling has also been taken advantage of to carry in the Lower House a measure intended chiefly for Roman exiles, but which really makes citizens of any Italians who may register themselves for the purpose in any commune of their choosing. The obligations thus imposed upon the state are such as to render it liable to frequent collisions with neighboring powers—the Pope, of course, included—or else to a humiliating abstinence from interference or retaliation when the rights conferred by the new law are disregarded, as, in the case of revolutionary and other disorderly persons, they are sure to be.

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The Spanish Provisional Government has made the terrible mistake of still further postponing the elections for the Constituent Cortes, although they have been partially held, the great towns having voted. The expression of the national will on the form of the future government being thus delayed, disorders naturally multiply. The distress amongst the working classes grows, the taxes fall off, riots and insurrections multiply, and the popular suspicion of Prim, Serrano, and Olozaga gains strength. The Government committed, in the earlier days of the revolution, two other blunders of equal magnitude; one was distributing arms amongst the populace of Madrid, the other was imitating Ledru Rollin's and Louis Blanc's craze of setting up "national workshops" in the capital. The workshops are still going, but the money to pay for the work is not forthcoming, and the workmen have arms in their hands, and the Government is afraid to discharge them; in other words, it has the wolf by the ears. It must be confessed that the signs just now lead one to fear that Spain is going to furnish us with a shabby imitation of the French farce of 1848.

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From France there is no news of importance. Berryer's funeral has been the last sensation. He wrote a letter on his deathbed to Count Chambord (Henri V.), professing true allegiance to him as his lawful king, and praying fervently for his restoration to the throne. Oddly enough, he gave as one of his reasons for taking the last sacraments—in fact, the only reason—his desire to make this prayer more efficacious. The *Moniteur* took no notice of the funeral, and only one of the Paris judges, contrary to all precedent, attended it—M. Berryer having denounced them in the Corps Législatif as corrupt in the trial of political cases. A deputation from the English bar attended by invitation, and one member spoke at the grave. M. Paul de Cassagnac, writing a few days before Berryer's death of his subscription to Baudin's monument, abused him soundly as a vile and degraded old man, and expressed his regret that it was not permissible to kill off such old fellows when they had outlived their usefulness. The position occupied by this bravo is one of the saddest illustrations of the character of the Imperial régime. The approaching elections are still filling the Government with apprehensions, but the janissaries all say there is to be no change in policy, no matter what the result may be.

## THE TENURE-OF-OFFICE ACT.

General Butler's friends are announcing with much zeal that he is about to press his bill for the repeal of the Tenure-of-Office Act through the House as soon as Congress meets again, with the view, the *Springfield Republican* suggests, of establishing a thoroughly cordial understanding with General Grant before the distribution of offices begins under the new administration. Those who paid attention to the canvass in the Fifth Massachusetts District will remember that the only charge or threat or prediction from his opponents which seemed to throw him off his guard, was a hint—we forget from what quarter—that, even if elected, Grant would pay no attention to his wishes in the appointments to office. This seemed to exasperate him a good deal, and caused him to forget for a moment the *rôle* of admirer of Grant in which he was then figuring, and to exclaim that if Grant attempted anything o the kind, he (Butler) would give him plenty to do, or words to that effect—meaning that Grant would find in him what is popularly called "a troublesome customer." The inference the *Republican* therefore draws is, that the new bill is due to General Butler's fear that Grant may possibly cherish sinister designs with regard to the Butler share of the spoils, and the latter therefore wishes to avoid an open row by establishing, before the division begins, a claim on the new President's gratitude.

As a piece of speculative enquiry, there is much in this examination of General Butler's motives to command our respect, but we doubt the utility of examining his motives for acts in themselves good. He does so many things in themselves bad, that the analysis of his mental and moral constitution may safely be reserved for occasions on which these come under discussion. For ourselves, we are quite willing to take any active support he gives to useful legislation—and until now he can hardly be said to have given any whatever—at its full value, and to be only too thankful that he is not in mischief. If his zeal about the repeal of the Tenure-of-Office Act were only sufficient to prevent his damaging the public credit by writing letters about taxing the bonds—a kind of work in which he has been vigorously engaged during the last week or two—it would delight us, even if the measure were not in itself as useful as we believe it to be.

It is not difficult to defend the Tenure-of-Office Act, even if its results have not proved as valuable as was expected, or even if it be now proved worthless or mischievous as a permanent arrangement. In the earlier days of Mr. Johnson's quarrel with Congress, in 1866, the most prominent of his hallucinations undoubtedly was his belief that he was going to be the founder of a new party, which was to back him up in excluding Congress from all share in the work of reconstruction, and he and his friends made no secret of his intention to use, or rather abuse, the appointing power in aid of this scheme. With the enormous amount of patronage which has been at the disposal of the President since the outbreak of the war, it was easy to see that even if he could not make it available for the defeat of Congress at the elections, he could use it so as to create a false impression everywhere, and especially at the South, of his real strength, and the success or failure of reconstruction depended largely on the Southern comprehension of the real state of feeling at the North, and of the exact extent of the President's power. Even, therefore, if Congress was not shocked by the spectacle of the conversion of the civil servants of the Government into electioneering tools,—which it certainly was not, for no spectacle was more familiar,—and even if it had been fully aware, as most members, we feel sure, were, that no such restriction of the President's powers and responsibilities could be justified as a permanent enactment—its depriving Mr. Johnson of the authority to dismiss, with a view simply to the existing emergency, was as natural and proper as any other step in the reconstruction process. He and his friends would doubtless have held strong ground, if he had been able, in defending his authority against Congressional encroachment, to appear as the champion of reform, or as the advocate of the withdrawal of the civil service from the arena of party politics altogether. But he was not able to do anything of the kind. He could not pretend that the appointments or dismissals made by him without Congressional interference would be or were any better than those in which Congress meddled, or that the nation would lose anything as regarded the purity and efficiency of the administration by having his responsibility lessened.

The act undoubtedly had the effect of disabusing the President and his supporters of the idea that he was either a formidable political enemy or a valuable political friend, and of putting an end to all hope in any quarter of his being able to impede seriously the work of reconstruction. But here its usefulness ended. In so far as it helped to precipitate impeachment, it was a calamity. It has done nothing to improve the public service. The President, if he had had full swing, could not have made it worse than it is at this moment. The Senate, if it had had none of the power of interference the act has given it, could not have done less for reform than it has done since the act was passed. In fact, whatever change has occurred in the administrative system since the act was passed has been for the worse and not for the better, and the difficulty of reform has been increased because it is more difficult than ever to fix the responsibility of abuses. To whom we owe the swarm of rascals who figure in the dissolving views offered to the public by the various "rings," nobody can tell. Mr. Johnson says it is the Senate, and the Senate says it is Mr. Johnson. All the public can tell is that both are concerned in it. But one thing is certain, and that is, that the repeal, "pure and simple," of the Tenure-of-Office Act will, as a measure of reform, prove illusory unless accompanied by the passage of the Civil Service bill; and if General Butler wants to associate his name with something useful, let him rally to the support of this also. It would be difficult for us, without seeming extravagant, to express all the confidence we feel in General Grant's character and ability, but he would have to be more than mortal if he could make head against the corruption which now prevails in Washington without the aid of a radical change in the *system*. The mere restoration of the authority the President enjoyed before the passage of the Tenure-of-Office Act, though a step in the right direction, would enable him to accomplish little or nothing. The various "rings" have during the last three or four years gained such enormous strength that unless the President's legal authority—that is, legal power of exercising his discretion—is surrounded by stronger barriers than his personal character, however good or wise or able he may be, can supply, he must, sooner or later, succumb or be outwitted. The matter is all the more important because, with Grant in the Presidential chair untrammelled by pledges, and with a great reputation and unquestioned claims on the national gratitude at his back, a chance of choosing between the upward and the downward road in the conduct of the Government is offered us which may not come again in the lifetime of any of those who elected him, or come at all till reform would have to be purchased by great structural changes in the Government.

## THE INDIAN DIFFICULTY.

The effort which we are now witnessing in Congress to transfer the management of Indian affairs to the War Department, combined with the long continuance of the Indian hostilities on the Plains, and the news of Custer's recent bloody encounter with the unfortunate "Black Kettle" and his tribe, is fixing a larger amount of public attention on Indian affairs than they have succeeded in securing for several years. The "Indian Ring," *i.e.*, the jobbers who make money by the distribution of Indian supplies and annuities, are naturally offering all the opposition in their power to a measure which would take the Indians out of the political arena and rob political life of the prizes known as Indian agencies. Moreover, a very large number of humane people, who are as firm foes of corruption as are to be found, join in this opposition, from the feeling that military dealings with the Indians would, as the natural result of the military temper and military way of viewing the work of government, be characterized by cruelty and brutality; and they are strengthened in their opposition by such incidents as the Chivington massacre, about the atrocity of which there is no doubt, and by the more recent Hancock operations at Pawnee Fork in 1867, and Custer's attack on "Black Kettle" a fortnight ago, both of which the partisans of the Indian Bureau are eagerly representing as unprovoked onslaughts on unoffending and even meritorious savages. The Bureau party has been still further reinforced by the appearance in the field, during the past week, of

Colonel Wynkoop, who has for some time acted as agent of the Cheyennes and Arapahoes, and whose character for probity and humanity stands very high, but who has been so disgusted by the manner in which the operations of the troops against the Indians are conducted, that he has resigned his position in despair, and is now making speeches on Indian reform, which are not likely to help the transfer of Indian management to the War Department. One reason he gives for quitting his post is, that on more than one occasion, when he had brought Indians together to treat of peace, or to receive some peaceful communication from him, the troops have seized the opportunity to attack them, thus not only defeating his object, but destroying his credit in the eyes of the Indians, by inspiring them with the belief that he had acted as a decoy to bring them within reach of their enemy. But that his testimony is probably in some respects inaccurate, owing to his strong feeling of sympathy with the Indians, may be inferred from the fact that one of his charges against General Hancock, of having wantonly burnt an Indian village, has been successfully disposed of by that officer. General Hancock found the village deserted, and found that some of the tribe that owned it were committing murders and outrages, and yet kept strict guard over it for five days, while in vain sending invitations to the owners to come back, and did not burn it down till his efforts had failed, and he had unquestionable testimony as to the nature of the work in which they were engaged.

It will be very difficult to convince the public, by any amount of denunciation of the army, that the Indians would not gain by the abolition of the Bureau and the transfer of its duties to the War Department; first, because the public is satisfied that the Bureau is a sink of corruption; and, secondly, because it is convinced that, on the whole, the military service is honest. If, as Colonel Wynkoop and everybody else seem to think, the first requisite in dealing with the Indians be honesty and fairness, there is not the least probability that these can be secured through the Bureau, in the present state of the civil service; and if we were to acknowledge that nothing would be gained by handing over its business to the army, we should surrender one of the strongest arguments for Mr. Jenckes's Civil Service Bill, inasmuch as we should admit that trained officials, holding office during good behavior, and promoted for merit or long service, were no more likely to be faithful and efficient than the tag-rag-and-bobtail who are gathered up at the beginning of every Presidential term and thrust into office, in reward for stump-speaking or bill-sticking. We should admit, too, what would be still more unreasonable, that the record of the army counted for nothing in deciding a question of this kind, and that the extraordinary purity and integrity in the transaction of public business, and the handling of public money, displayed by several generations of military officers, gave no ground for believing that they might be more safely trusted to take care of the pecuniary interests of wards of the nation than the class of adventurers who now fill the great majority of the offices in the civil service. Of course it would be absurd, as well as unjust, to say that there are no honest Indian agents; but what knaves some of them are, and what a terrible thing it is to have knaves entrusted with the expenditure of large sums of money, and the exercise of a sort of sovereignty over a class like the Indians—too ignorant to know when they are cheated, or to avail themselves of any system of checks, however well contrived—those who are familiar with Indian affairs know only too well. Of course the army, too, will have its faults in managing Indian affairs. It will probably be too fond of coercion, and over-ready to fight rather than to persuade; but these are faults comparatively easy to detect and cure. Massacres cannot be committed in secret, and it must be remembered that soldiers are under a kind of restraint in dealing with Indians of which civilians know nothing, inasmuch as the former "pay with their persons" for any defects in policy toward the tribes, while the Indian agents are "reporting" in Washington. Such expeditions as Custer's after "Black Kettle" are not those which the most enthusiastic soldier undertakes for pleasure.

In discussing Indian affairs, too, as in discussing all other human affairs, the facts of life must be taken into consideration; in other words, all plans of reform must be based on things as they *are*, and not on things as they *ought to be*. It is useless to tell us that all would go well if the whites would not provoke the Indians, and that nearly all Indian wars are due to acts of violence or perfidy on the part of the former. The fact is—and it is a fact which cannot be evaded or removed or modified—that the white population comes in contact with the Indians along a frontier line running through nearly twenty degrees of latitude, and that the white men along that line are, and in the present or any probable state of American society must continue to be, as long as there is any wilderness between this and the Pacific Ocean, more or less lawless in their habits, quick with their weapons, unscrupulous in their dealings, bitterly prejudiced against the Indians, and but very slenderly influenced by moral or religious ideas. This is the experience of everybody who lives amongst them; and is it not almost childish to go on year after year whining over their treatment of the Indians, as if better things were to be expected of them, or as if the brutality and recklessness of frontiersmen were something new and unlooked for, that could be abolished by declamation? In the Indian problem with which we have to deal, the white population of the Plains as it *is*, and not as we could wish it to be, is one of the leading elements; the Indians as they are, is another; and it is useless as well as silly for men calling themselves politicians to keep grumbling over their materials, and wishing they were something else, or would mix in different proportions. What should we think of a chemist who came to us every now and then to tell us of the splendid things he could accomplish if hydrogen were only not needed to produce water, or if alkalies did not neutralize acids?

In talking of the Indians, it will be well, in their interest, for their friends not to draw too largely on the credulity of the public. We are not prepared to deny the Indian the possession of many good qualities; but it cannot be denied, also, that he is a savage, and possesses all the characteristics covered by that terrible word, and has shown himself, ever since history dawned on him, cruel and treacherous, filthy and dishonest; and the common run of men of any European race will not, no matter what you may say, respect a person or breed notorious for these qualities. Moreover, no number of testimonials as to kindness, simplicity, or inoffensiveness will induce people to believe that a man who, if you quarrel with him, will certainly collect some of his friends, ravish your wife, tomahawk your children, burn your house, disembowel you, or hang you by the heels over a brisk fire, is really a good fellow; and yet there is no Indian who does not do these things if you go to "war" with him. A good deal of a man's character is shown in his mode of avenging his injuries, and the Indian's mode is fiendish, according to the popular idea of fiends; therefore we are satisfied that all attempts at whitewashing him, in the teeth of the popular knowledge of his character and habits, simply make it more difficult to improve his condition.

His reformation and salvation are plainly—the experience of two hundred years shows it—impossible, except through civilization; and civilization means the dissolution of the tribal organization, which is simply a clumsy machine for the perpetuation of barbarism; the substitution of settled abodes for camps, of agriculture for hunting, of decent clothes for paint and skins of beasts, the supply of schools and teachers, the protection of the common law for each individual, and the responsibility of each individual to the courts. The present mode of making the Indians respect life and property by means of "treaties of peace" between one of the great powers of the world and a few hundred naked savages, is one of the greatest farces of the age. The fostering of habits of idleness, improvidence, and mendicancy, by the annual distribution of presents and annuities, is something worse than a farce, and so is our general failure to do anything whatever to start the Indians on the path of progress. Keeping savages plentifully supplied with "hunting-grounds," or, in other words, land enough for the continuance of the most wretched and precarious form of human existence, is an odd sort of kindness for a civilized people possessed of boundless resources to plume itself on. The reform of the Indian Bureau should therer fore go further than the transfer of its powers and duties to othehands. What is wanted is a Bureau of Civilization, with force enough at its disposal to gather in the remnants of the tribes on the Plains and settle them somewhere on farms, and teach them to live by labor.

Perhaps even under this treatment the Indians could not be saved; but if they cannot bear civilization, it will at least kill them decently, and be a humane substitute for the revolver, the small-pox, and the whiskey-bottle.

## PUBLIC MEETINGS IN FRANCE.

Amongst the recent concessions of the Imperialists to the French Liberals is the right of holding meetings for discussion of political or other topics. Under the law as it previously existed, all assemblages of more than twenty persons, without a special authorization of the police, were forbidden; and the prohibition was enforced with such rigor that the English workmen who visited the Exposition in 1862 were arrested, to their great astonishment, for assembling at a rendezvous in the street on coming from their various lodgings, in the morning, preparatory to the day's sight-seeing. Moreover, the co-operative associations have, ever since the *coup d'état*, been seriously embarrassed by the necessity of obtaining a permit for meetings of the members for the mere transaction of corporate business.

It must not be supposed, however, that this régime was a serious shock to French sensibilities or a serious inroad on French political habits. Agitation by public meeting, as known here and in England, has really never been known in France. Such formal expressions of public opinion as were witnessed before the Revolution—and they were both few and far between—came from official bodies, like the States-General, or the Parliaments as the judiciary was called. Since the Revolution, large public dinners have been the nearest approach made to public meetings. About public meetings as they are now known in America and England—that is, assemblages composed of all sorts of people, choosing their own chairmen, selecting their own subjects of discussion, and discussing them in their own way—or about the mode of conducting such meetings, or, in fact, about the forms of procedure in deliberative bodies, Frenchmen of the old régime knew nothing whatever. Dumont tells of an amusing incident, illustrative of the strangeness of the whole machinery of free government to the French people, which occurred on his journey to Paris in 1789, with M. Duroverai. While breakfasting on the road at Montreuil-sur-Mer, they found that the people of the place had been for three days making vain attempts to elect deputies; but never having heard of such things as presidents, or chairmen, or secretaries, or voting tickets, made no progress, and passed the time in wrangling and tumult. Dumont and his friend called for pen, ink, and paper, and, greatly to their own amusement, drafted a code of rules for the conduct of an election, based on English practice, and presented it to the landlord of the inn, who, highly delighted, had it voted on by his fellow-citizens, and the election was completed forthwith with great order, and proved to be the first in the kingdom, and the fame of it so spread that the town was for some weeks covered with glory. In the early and best days of the National Assembly, there was similar helplessness and confusion. Romilly, then a young man, wrote a short and admirable treatise on the rules of parliamentary procedure, as in use in the English Parliament, and indicated in it the manner of putting the question, regulating debate, taking the vote, and so on, and Dumont translated it. Mirabeau presented it to the Assembly, and earnestly urged the framing of a code of regulations based on it, but the proposal was rejected with scorn and indignation—cries of "Nothing English—we want nothing English!" coming from all parts of the room. So the disorder continued, increasing every week, until at last the most boisterous, brazen-lunged, unscrupulous, and ignorant fairly got the upper hand, and, after having silenced their opponents, cut off their heads. The nearest approach to an orderly debate was obtained by choosing the orators on each side beforehand, as in a debating club, and giving each of them time to prepare an essay, which, when the day came, he read aloud, and which was usually preposterously long, and, as might have been expected, "exhaustive;" but no orator replied, or thought of replying, to any other. One need hardly fear to say that the adoption and observance from the outset of a good set of rules of procedure might have given the French Revolution a different turn, and made it a peaceful triumph of liberal ideas in legislation, instead of the triumph of anarchy, ending in military despotism.

In England, even, the use of public meetings as a means of "agitation"—that is, of expressing discontent, and seeking changes in legislation—was not known till the middle of the last century; but ages of parliamentary experience and a large degree of local self-government had made the people perfectly familiar with the forms to be observed in debate. The House of Commons was, in fact, a standing and conspicuous "meeting," which, by great care and long experience, had hit the best mode of transacting business and eliciting expressions of opinion in large promiscuous assemblies. It served, too, as a model to the colonies in the organization and conduct of their own political business; and the consequence is that the huge and heterogeneous body known as the "Anglo-Saxon race" now possesses an amount of skill in the parliamentary art which seems wonderful to any continental Europeans except Hungarians, who are also, and for the same reason, very able tacticians.

The original idea of the meeting, however, was based on the supposition that there were amongst those who attended it two sets of opinions; that the object of the meeting was to debate them, and find out by a vote which of them had the greater number of supporters. Parliamentary rules are all framed with reference to this hypothesis, and have, in fact, for their main object the securing of a fair hearing for both sides, and the close of the discussion by an orderly decision. But as the newspapers grew in power and circulation, meetings lost this character of debating clubs, and came to be simply a means of expressing the opinions of one side and exciting enthusiasm amongst persons of one way of thinking. He has to be a bold man who now moves a contradictory amendment to a resolution in an American or English political meeting in our day. In fact, so completely has the fundamental idea been forgotten, that in nine cases out of ten he would run some risk of being handed over to a policeman as a disturber.

In France, the recent change in the law can hardly be said to concede the right of meeting in the broad sense of the term. It concedes, however, the right of meeting on the invitation of some one person, addressed to each individual, and this invitation must be shown to a policeman at the door, the object being to give the affair as far as possible the air of a private gathering. Several meetings of considerable size have, however, been held under these restrictions in Paris, at which the most important social and political problems have been discussed with the utmost freedom, and the reports of them—or rather summaries of reports—which we have seen, throw some curious light on the condition of the French mind with regard to the working of political machinery. They show, in the first place—what, however, we knew already from the practice of the French legislative bodies ever since 1815—that Frenchmen have never adopted, or even got hold of, the American or English theory of the character of the presiding officer of a deliberative assembly; that is, instead of looking on him as a servant of the meeting, or, at most, as an arbitrator bound by strict rules, they look on him as a kind of censor, sitting not to decide questions of procedure simply, but to decide who is getting the best of the argument, and whose arguments are sound or judicious, and whose opinions are respectable or the reverse—very much like a law professor presiding over a students' moot court. The presiding officer of a French legislature does not wait for somebody "to rise to order" before he interrupts a speaker. He listens closely himself, admonishes the orator whenever he thinks it necessary, calls his attention to his faults, whether of matter or manner, to the dangerous tendency of his opinions, and the fallaciousness of his arguments, and, in fact, plays the part of an officer of the government, whose duty it is to protect society against the license of the tongue—and this sort of criticism hardly any orator, however eminent, escapes. It is said that the late M. Berryer was the only member of the opposition in the Corps Législatif whom the president never ventured to interrupt; because it was well known that, should anything of the kind have been attempted, he would have returned to his seat with an expression of face, a shrug of the shoulders and a twirling of his eye-glass against which no president felt able to bear up.

In the second place, they show what a strong hold on the French mind is still retained by the idea with which many of our "come-outers" in this country have made us familiar, that the object of public speak-

ing is not so much to win others over to the orator's way of thinking as to unburden his own soul; in other words, that when a man appears on the platform, it is rather as a prophet, with a message for an adulterous generation which they will listen to if they are wise, but their reception of which is no concern of his, than as a debater whose highest object is to convince his fellow-men. The effect of this way of looking at the matter is to turn French meetings into what some of our Radical brethren would call "a free platform"—that is, a place to which all sorts of people go, not to debate any particular question, but to say their say on all subjects which, in their opinion, are connected with the welfare of humanity. The general result, as might be expected, is that wisdom does not abound in these gatherings, and in its place there is much of what Carlyle calls "temporary menacings and deliriums." In some of the recent meetings in Paris—in spite of the presence of the Commissary of Police, who attended to look after the interests of society and frequently called the orators to order, and in spite of the efforts of sensible men, who got them up in order to assist in the reawakening of political life—the discussions took the widest possible range; and the very foundations of society—property and the family—were amongst the earliest objects of question. At one at which M. Horn, the distinguished political economist, presided, the institution of marriage was assailed with great fierceness, and the superior advantages of concubinage preached with vigor; but after a good deal of talk, in which the friends of concubinage had everything their own way, when the vote was taken it was found that their arguments had produced no effect, or else an effect the reverse of what was intended, as the majority against their views was overwhelming. In fact, if one were to judge of the state of the political education of the French people from what has passed at the meetings—which, we are satisfied, would be unfair—one could hardly help feeling that France has still a long, thorny road to travel before reaching the pleasant fields of orderly self-government.

## THE PRESIDENCY OF HARVARD COLLEGE.

The interregnum at Harvard College occasioned by Dr. Hill's resignation of the presidency, affords an opportunity for some suggestions upon a topic of national importance. We speak deliberately in saying this. The welfare of an institution like Harvard College is, when properly regarded, a matter not merely of local but of national interest. It concerns not only the hundreds of students who yearly seek to obtain, in one or another of its departments, the best portion of their preparatory education; not only Cambridge, which, *quâ* Cambridge, exists only in and through its time-honored university; not only Boston, and indeed all Massachusetts, where it exerts a civilizing influence upon society that is noticeable by all, though duly estimated but by few; but also the whole United States as a nation, which needs nothing so much as one or two marked centres of culture; in brief, it nearly concerns every one that Harvard College should be as prosperous and well-governed and should pursue a policy as progressive and enlightened as possible.

We are aware that Harvard is not the only valuable college in the country, and that our boys might still get well educated if Cambridge were to become a deserted village or a hiding-place for antiquaries and bibliomaniacs. Nor when we insist upon the little-understood importance of Harvard as a centre of culture for the whole country, do we insist upon it in an exclusive spirit. We can hardly have too many bright points from which knowledge may be diffused, provided they shine with a genuine and not a meretricious light—provided they really impart to society something of a thoroughgoing, scholarlike spirit, and do not merely cater to crude popular fancies as to what is worth knowing and what is "useful." We shall therefore hail the time—if we live to see it—when Cambridge, New Haven, Ithaca, Ann Arbor, and Columbia, here in New York, shall be to this country what Tübingen, Jena, and the rest are, or have been, to Germany, and what Oxford and Cambridge, in spite of their shortcomings, are to England. At present it must be acknowledged that none of our universities adequately fulfil these high social functions. To give them by degrees, and as rapidly as possible, the means of thus legitimately extending their influence, should be one of the objects distinctly kept in view in each important act of university legislation. And if, meanwhile, we confine our remarks to Harvard, it is both because that is the only college of which the present writer has direct personal knowledge, and because the present crisis there renders its case, for the time being, of paramount importance.

The aberrations which it is the office of every university, as far as possible, to correct, and of which Harvard should strive to keep clear, are, among others, Philistinism, Toryism, Radicalism, and Sectarianism. By Philistinism, we mean the group of opinions and resulting policy founded upon the genuine American idea of dollar-hunting. We are far from looking without pleasure and satisfaction upon this great industrial civilization which our country is developing, and which will no doubt form the basis of culture in the future, even if it takes another renaissance to bring about the result. But at present the hurry and turmoil of a transition stage of development affect, and are liable to affect injuriously, all our theories of education and of living. There is a disposition to throw overboard whatever is not available from a practical (and by this is always meant a money-getting) point of view. Colleges are founded in conformity to this idea; and into all projects of university reform, as commonly agitated, this idea largely enters. Young men, it is thought, should be required to learn only those things which will be "of use" (for getting money) in after-life. And a university, it is supposed, should become, as nearly as possible, an aggregation of professional schools and "preparatory" courses. This view of the functions of a university opens questions altogether too large to be argued here. We may content ourselves with registering our own opinion, that money-making is not, even in these ages of Philistinism, the worthiest end of life, any more than war-making, in the mediæval ages of barbarism, was the worthiest end. The culture of the whole individual is what a university should aim at. And while new colleges are from time to time being founded in more or less strict accordance with the present American theory, it is desirable that Harvard should keep itself from getting drawn along too rapidly with the general current. Instead of making a Polytechnic Institute of itself, or attempting to compete with other colleges which are perhaps little more, it should strive to make itself yet more distinctly what it has been in times past—a nucleus about which all desirous of obtaining a complete and rounded culture might aggregate. In such a course, we are convinced, lies its only hope of maintaining its traditional prestige. A Boston merchant, therefore, or business man of any sort, no matter how much he may have the interests of the college at heart, is hardly the kind of person needed just now for president. We want a man who can appreciate and do justice to the "great American idea," without having been himself too long or too exclusively under its influence. We want a man of solid scholarship and extensive culture, who is at the same time possessed of that sterling good sense, that happiest kind of practical ability which consists in habitually seeking, as by an instinctive wisdom, the most effective attainable means of compassing any given end. It is by no means essential that such a person should have been "a man of business." If he be sought among those who are now, or have lately been, concerned in the government of the college or the instruction of the students, he will doubtless be found to be one who—chief among many worthy compeers—has by the very strength of his character most uniformly succeeded in winning the esteem and confidence of his classes, while awakening in them some perception of what true culture is, and some desire to submit to its influences.

Such a candidate for the headship of the university, if such can be found, will not be likely to err seriously either in the direction of Toryism or in that of Radicalism. Pulling up by the roots is not always the best way of removing ancient obstacles from the path of progress. Old abuses and anomalies are much like worm-eaten woodbines: in trying to dig them up, you must excavate a long distance, and will be pretty likely to loosen the foothold of some sound and valuable plant. Better to abstain from artificial manuring, or from any palliative scratching about the roots, and let the old vine die of natural inanition. The world is not governed on radical principles. Nature is no radical; she does not rest, but neither does she haste; and, as it has been well said, she is content to let a hundred generations live and die while picture-writing grows into printing. Let us bear this in mind when we reflect upon the sort of policy to which we are willing to see the university committed. Let it be borne in mind that the mere mania for improvement, even in this anti-conservative time and country, is apt to excite a justifiable distrust; and let us be slow in counselling a too reckless overthrow of a long-tried system at Harvard, in conformity with what a superficial view may regard as the "demands of the age."

But as nearly as we can make out, the college appears at present to be in more imminent peril from toryism than from any too eager iconoclastic spirit. By toryism we do not mean intelligent conservatism. We mean by it the disposition to tamper with nature—to manure and prop up the old tree, after its heart has rotted away and its sap dried up. If Nature is no radical, she is certainly no tory; when the organism is once dead, she

does not galvanize it into a semblance of new life. Only when toryism has too long coddled a sickly state of things, she sometimes has to let loose her barbarians and sans-culottes to shorten its miseries. Now, a tory president of Harvard—a man, perhaps, who was graduated fifty years ago, and who must have inevitably outlived the receptive and appreciative period of life long before any of the emergencies which now beset a college administration could have taken their rise, who, therefore, can have no lively sympathy with the needs of the present time, and will be likely to oppose every reformatory measure, not because it is too sweeping or too radical, but simply because it expresses the opinions of an age that has outlived him—such a Tory president, we say, would be the greatest evil with which Harvard could now be afflicted. Consider the enormous power for evil which such a president would have. For perhaps a dozen years to come, either all appointments of subordinate officers will be virtually controlled by him, or in such appointments he will at least have a share by no means insignificant. And especially will this apply to the appointment of tutors, proctors, and assistant professors—those officers, in short, who come into most direct contact with the students, and by whom they are most immediately influenced for good or evil. As often as a vacancy occurs, depend upon it a Tory president will fill the place with some promising young Tory, some unexceptionable, wooden young person who never "cuts prayers," and will in good time develop into a sapless King-Log of a professor. Such a prospect, considered merely as a possibility, is, for a true and devoted lover of the University, unutterably dreary.

Finally, the college should—perhaps above all things—avoid sectarianism. At the present day, when clergymen are no longer the recognized teachers of the community—and when, in fact, their very vocation is apt to exclude them from the knowledge of the best part of that science which the community needs—there is really no reason whatever why a college should represent any religious sect in particular. The end for which a college exists is to stimulate culture, to train the faculties of youth—not to encourage or propagate a set of religious dogmas. Colleges which attempt this latter work are, by their very nature and inclinations, provincial. Metropolitan colleges—true universities which aim to make themselves centres of culture for a country which prescribes no special form of belief for its citizens—cannot afford to circumscribe their sphere of usefulness in any such way. We are glad to be able to say that Harvard is not, and for a good while has not been, in reality sectarian. We congratulate her upon possessing two theological schools, teaching doctrines diametrically opposed to each other. And we congratulate her still more heartily upon the fact that, for any influence which either of these schools may exercise upon her general policy, they might as well be Thibetan monasteries, or might cease to exist altogether, and the difference would hardly be noticed. The general tone of thinking at Harvard is, it must be admitted, very catholic and very tolerant. Nevertheless, Harvard has the reputation, among all those who know her only by hearsay, of being a "Unitarian college." Unitarians like to think so, for they like to believe that the biggest college is on their side. Trinitarians like to proclaim that it is so, in order that they may frighten the lay orthodox into entrusting their sons to some provincial fold where sound doctrine constitutes a formidable proportion of the pabulum administered. There is nothing that would please the so-called "orthodox," as well as Unitarians, so much as to see a Unitarian clergyman elected president of Harvard. And we know of no "appearance of evil" which Harvard ought more carefully to avoid. Cæsar's wife should be above suspicion.

But we doubt if, after all, the appearance of evil would be commensurate with the deplorable reality. An old-school Unitarian would, of course, be an impracticable tory; a new-school Unitarian would be an equally impracticable radical. The former would regard each new question of policy from what is perhaps the least satisfactory of ecclesiastical points of view; the latter would be continually guilty of the error of taking a premature action upon complicated questions which "ask only to be let alone" in order that they may gradually desist from troubling us. And what our limited space obliges us here to express with such vague generality would, in the concrete, amount to a thousand little acts, expressions of opinion, and declarations of policy, all tending with cumulative force to weaken the faith of the general public in the university. Unitarianism, or any other thing, good or bad, which is an *ism*, is not what the university wishes to adopt. Under the present circumstances, a clergyman should be regarded from the outset as a rather ineligible candidate; a clergyman who was graduated more than twenty-five years ago should be *ipso facto* disqualified; a clergyman who has ever been, directly or remotely, identified with opposition to any desirable measures of university reform, should not even be thought of. Against clergymen, as such, we entertain no sort of prejudice; but a clergyman is one thing, the head of a college is another—and if a man is fit to be the first, he is, in all probability, in our day at all events, unfit to be the second.

To sum up, then: What we do not want is a mere business man, a fossil man, an ultra-radical man, or a clergyman. What we do want is a man of thorough scholarship—not a specialist, not a mere mathematician or physicist or grammarian, but a man of general culture, able to estimate at their proper importance the requirements of culture, and at the same time endowed with sound judgment, shrewd mother-wit, practical good sense. If such a man is to be found among those who have already taken a part in the management of the college, so that he will come to his new office with some adequate knowledge of the work before him, so much the better; he will be the better able to understand what the college needs. If he should also happen to be found among those who have been graduated within the past twenty years, he will be the better able to understand what the present time requires.

These remarks have been made upon the assumption that the presidential office will be maintained upon its present footing. It has, indeed, been lately proposed that, owing to the accumulation of duties now devolving upon the president, the office should be divided; that there should be a chancellor, to exercise a general supervision over the numerous departments of the university, and a master of the college, to preside over the faculty, and take charge of the undergraduate department. We doubt if this proposal is likely to meet with favor. And we strongly suspect that the "chancellor," in such a scheme, would be simply a magnificent incumbrance. If he were to be selected for his distinction as a statesman, historian, or general scholar, in order to serve as an ornament, we doubt if his "general supervision" would be much more than a euphemism for an overlooking altogether. If a difficulty were to arise, implicating the master, confusion would probably be only worse confounded by summoning the chancellor, *ab extra*, to evolve a judgment upon the affair from the depths of his moral consciousness. A far preferable method of lightening the task of the president would be to provide him with an assistant—a sort of vice-president or secretary. Such an officer, acting under the president's direction, might answer letters, etc., besides relieving the regent of the business of receiving petitions and computing the "rank" of the students This, as it seems to us, would be the most efficient as well as the least expensive way of disposing of that mass of mere routine work which is now put upon the president, but might just as well be performed by a special subordinate.

## JOSEPH RIGDON, ESQ.

He and his family and his chosen intimates are usually birds of a feather.

They are all that is proper, providing they may see the 'Black Crook." They are all that is select in their English reading, providing they may warm their imaginations with "Camors." They are all that is honest, providing they may issue bogus stock in Ontario. They are all that is puritanic, providing they may nominate for Congress fellows whom the Puritans would have whipped publicly as swindlers and slanderers.

What is the use of a closet, thinks our hero, if a teetotaller may not keep his bottle in it? Where is the good of having the back of one's vest made of the same costly and respectable stuff as the front? What profit is there in "soundness on the main question," unless it will hide a multitude of sins? If he does not distinctly say such things to himself, he at least lives as if they contained his confession of faith.

Let us imagine him before the altar which is truly his, praying to the Demiurge who really guides his life: "O morality! O conveniently double-headed deity! smile upon us with both your smiles as we offer incense to both your faces. We have this day exorcised a magazine for alluding to seduction, and we have read with avidity the last horrid divorce case in the *Daily Scavenger*. We have given money to save souls in Guinea, and we have issued bogus stock to ruin widows in Mamaroneck. If we could have cheated the savages while converting them, or if we could have converted the widows while bankrupting them, we would have done it. Grant us both your seraphic smile and your impish leer, O duplex-visaged! for we have made you what you are, and still we are your followers."

It will be observed that our friend does not worship the true God, or that he worships him with little understanding or with much hypocrisy. Now who is this heathen whom we have discovered in "our moral midst," under the shadows of our churches? A native American, a fiercely loyal citizen, an eminent philanthropist, but, above all, a capitalist. In one word, Joseph Rigdon, Esq.

Any one of a thousand villages in any section of our land might have

given him birth. Wherever he may have sprung up, he had no ancestors, no education of family pride, no teachings which could lead him to suppose himself a patrician, no surroundings which could prevent him from understanding that he must make his own position. He knew that he must work, either with his hands or head, for such money and respectability as he might want. All around him worked, and called on him to do likewise. Not seeing what else to do, not supposing that anything else could be done, he flung himself into the collar of labor. This one virtue of industry he has never forsaken. It is his chief and perhaps his only unmixed glory. Whatever people may allege against him on other scores, they all declare eulogistically that "Rigdon is a worker."

While a clerk, and subsequently a "storekeeper," in the country, he was more broadly moral than he has been since he came to Wall Street. Obedient to the opinions of the rustic population, he never robbed his master's till, he never sanded his customers' sugar. Even now, as he coolly swindles a hundred thousand in Ontario, he delights to talk of his upright boyhood, not aware that it is a ghost which reproaches him. His ethics, you perceive, are made for him, made by the majority, made by the majority nearest at hand. What was wrong in his native village, because the villagers said it was wrong, is right in Wall Street because the Wall Streeters say it is right. Public opinion, at least the opinion of *his* public, Mr. Rigdon considers as legal tender, and accepts it without discount.

We will not follow him through his triumphant course of privateering. We will simply state the secret of his success: In the first place, he has been, as we have said, indefatigable; in the second, he has sailed under two flags—two consciences. As a man he has held himself bound to be temperate, chaste, decorous, charitable, churchgoing. As a merchant, he has held himself bound to make money. All is fair in business, except forging another man's note, or failing to meet his own. If these two crimes were not generally considered such, he would not so consider them, and he would practise them.

If you found fault with his professional conscience, he showed you his private one. You were forced to admit that it was sound on all "main questions" and "moral issues;" that it was not disfigured by unmentionable vices, nor even by offences against the minor proprieties. On the credit of that conscience he asked you to entrust his business one with your money. Then he sailed away with it to the islands where he buries his treasure. Such a cunning rover; a rover, too, not awkwardly conscious of his own cunning. How should he not prosper? To use the terse exaggeration of a somewhat unjust critic, "Mr. Rigdon has made a character by talking through his nose, and a fortune out of his character."

What is at first sight odd, this half-finished moralist is very severe in his judgments, considering those the chief of sinners who break his favorites among the commandments. He has fleeced a corner full of victims in the grain market! Yes, but he doesn't play cards; he never entered a gambling saloon. He has seen the "Black Crook!" Yes, but he has not been to hear the "Grande Duchesse;" woe to those whose concupiscence leads them to that siren! Rising from overmuch sherry, he must perforce condemn smokers. Having outwitted his own cousin on 'Change, he must denounce geologists as atheistical. Good Heavens! a man must have his share of morality; if he takes it in small doses, he must take them strong.

If you attempt to show him that his special ethics are not of such preeminent importance, he flies at you with a feeling that you are robbing him. "My rules of life not essential? You are trying to depreciate my spiritual investments; you are making out that I have not salt enough to save me; you are sending me to perdition. Get out of my house, sir; I won't take your periodical; I won't read your book."

A hypocrite? We think you err in trying to make that word cover his whole ground. The main trouble with him is that his education, both ethical and intellectual, is incomplete. He is but a complex representative or prolongation of many a moral curiosity of ancient and barbarous ages. The growth of the idea of right and wrong in the mind of the human race has been gradual and very slow. It is interesting to look back along the ages and study the differing moralities of each. Probably there never was a more pious, prayerful, conscientious army than that little one of seventy Connecticut Puritans which burnt seven hundred Pequots alive. Earnest Christians of the Middle Ages plundered and murdered Jews. David, the holy man of his time, sawed Gentile prisoners asunder, and cut off the hoofs of Gentile horses.

It would be edifying to enquire into the conscience-condition of those cave-dwelling ancestors of ours, who, as Charles Lamb describes them, "sat and grumbled at one another in the dark." Did their sense of what was right allow them to snatch half-picked bones from a rheumatic brother or a blind father? Did it permit them, or perhaps stimulate them, to drive a stone hatchet through the occiput of an old friend, who was returning cavern-ward by night with a tempting string of fish? Did it oblige them to stand manfully by the same comrade when he was charged by the British hyena or the prehistoric elephant? One of these suppositions is as likely as another. We may be sure that the morality of the Troglodytes was at least as mixed and contradictory as our own, although it covered a narrower range of beliefs and influenced a smaller number of actions.

By the way, how few sins had been invented at that period! The most ascetic lake-dweller of Switzerland had not a word to say against Sabbath-breaking or card-playing or the drinking of lager. And with a scarcity of sins, there was also a dearth of virtues. No Sabbath-keeping, no moral reforming, no Maine liquor-lawing, no writing of articles against tobacco. Imagine Mr. Parton in that era asking whether "the coming man will drink wine." The Albionic Troglodyte squatting among the bones of his cavern, and the Helvetian lake-dweller staring out of his fish-scented hovel, would have been even less able to attach a moral sequence to the enquiry than the Briton or Swiss of the present day. With them the "main question" may have been, Whether the coming man would eat his grandfather?

The fortunate truth is, that our stock of ethics has grown in proportion to our wardrobe, household furniture, and other results of material civilization. As society furnishes the body with new comforts and diseases, so it provides the soul with new virtues and new sins. Our present hero, Joseph Rigdon, Esq., of New York City, is dowered with all these things in abundance. The point with the Troglodyte seems to have been, whether he had sins enough to take him to hell. The point with our contemporary is, whether he has virtues enough to take him to heaven. To our mind, the future of both is equally dubious.

On the whole, Mr. Joseph Rigdon is a relic of a barbarous antiquity. Despite his shaven face, his modern sharpness of feature, his nineteenth-century alertness of intellect, he is a specimen of the moral architecture of a time which morticed persecution and piety, massacring of prisoners and founding of charities, plundering of Jews and reverence for Jesus, into the same edifice. The Englishman of King John's time could not draw an inference from the fact that Christ had prayed that his executioners might be forgiven. Mr. Rigdon is equally incapable of reasoning with regard to *his* Hebrews. His prejudices date from beyond Stonehenge; they are at least as old as the Troglodytes. Who but a cavern-dweller would consider his own double-faced morality adorable, and at the same time denounce his neighbor's double-faced morality as hellish? The Rigdons precisely answer Charles Lamb's description; they "grumble at one another in the dark;" only the darkness is intellectual.

We are almost prepared to declare that the Rigdons are older than the Troglodytes. A late essayist has attempted to show that the elephant has notions which approach the nature of superstition. It appears that that sagacious beast is unreasonably afraid of long white wands and absurdly conscientious about breaking into enclosures. He would charge a platoon of bayonets, when he would run away from a peeled branch. He would respect a bamboo fence around a tempting rice-field, when he would trample its coolie proprietor to a lifeless jelly. Our friend Rigdon is an elephant in a complex state of moral development. He, too, has his terrible wands; they are the opinions of society. He, too, has his respected enclosures; they are established laws and institutions. Beyond the thrust of these weapons and the shadow of these barriers, he feels free to frolic and plunder at his pleasure. Yes; in a certain sense, he is older than the Troglodytes.

Will this modern dweller in caves of darkness never come forth into the full light? The miserable difficulty is that we have as yet no full light into which to conduct him. There are fireflies of "main questions" and "moral issues," but scarcely have we gathered about one ere its glow is out and we must rush after another. A few months, a few lustres, a few centuries, prove that our greatest discoveries are not the "pure truth," but only fractions of it. We cannot too constantly remember that morality is not finished, that it is only in a state of growth, and that it grows through incessant change, like the physical phenomena of nature. Under these circumstances, the path of progress being thus blind, we must not hope to get a high speed out of Mr. Rigdon.

If we urge him, he will not understand us; he imagines that he is pretty near the end of his route already: he has so completely distanced his grandfather! Let us glance at a somewhat similar case; let us turn aside into the ethical prairies of the Blackfeet; we will tell a moralist of that community that it is wrong to roast prisoners. "But it is so much more decorous and humane," he will allege, "than the old custom of eating them! You must remember, my pale-faced friend, that this is an age of philanthropy and progress." He does not imagine that you require any

further advance of him; his first thought is that you wish him to take a step backward.

Surrounded by mere will-o'-the-wisps of truth, Mr. Joseph Rigdon is measurably pardonable for making huge blunders among them, setting overmuch value on some and unjustly disregarding others. There is little chance of large improvement in him; but we have high hopes of his descendants—say in the thirtieth generation. We trust that the Rigdon of that day will see that he must not at the same time invoke the blessing of his Creator and speculate on the ruin of his fellow-creatures. Perhaps, however, we are too sanguine; the thirtieth generation seems alarmingly near; we had better rest our faith on the sixtieth.

There are millions of Joseph Rigdons. In an enlarged sense, in reference to our possible ignorance of the greater moral laws of the universe, we are, perhaps, all Rigdons. A profounder knowledge than we now have of the institutions and ethics of the Milky Way might show us that the moralities of earth are even more mixed, contradictory, and absurd than the most suspicious of us imagine. What if it should turn out that the greatest of all offences is a hardened indifference to the law of evolution? What if it should appear that the calamities of this world are sent to teach its conceited inhabitants that they do not constitute the moral centre of the universe? What if we should learn that intelligent and complete goodness cannot be attained without a perfect conception of the stellar equilibrium?

Speaking seriously, it is probable that we have as yet only begun to comprehend the nature and the laws of the Creator. It is in our ignorance that we are wicked; that we are double-faced moralists, or, rather, partial moralists; that we are, more or less, Joseph Rigdons. If we should learn from this reflection to be cautious in our condemnation of the sinners that are, and patient in our expectation of the saints that are to be, perhaps that alone would be a step in grace.

## ENGLAND.

LONDON, December 11, 1868.

MR. DISRAELI'S judicious resignation of office has deprived the British public of its expected amusement of a Parliamentary battle before Christmas. The fortress has been evacuated at the moment that all preparations for assault had been completed. Mr. Disraeli and his followers have marched out, carrying with them bag and baggage to no inconsiderable amount. Although we have not the American system of changing the great mass of officials at every change of government, there is still a good deal of plunder to stimulate the energies of patriots. Mr. Disraeli, as the *Times* reminds us this morning, has himself appointed an archbishop, three bishops, seven peers, "and a swarm of Irish functionaries that baffles English computation." The Conservative administration has, in two years or a little over, made twenty-seven great legal appointments. And, in short, it is calculated that the amount of patronage of which they have disposed, and which, for the most part, is held by the fortunate receivers for life, amounts to £250,000 annually. If the prizes won would not seem very numerous, measured by an American standard, they are certainly very valuable, taken by themselves. Consoled by these solid profits, Mr. Disraeli's followers may well go cheerfully into retirement; and may hope—not without probability—that some slip on the part of the present holders of office may before long reproduce a Conservative administration. To abolish the Irish Church sounds an easy problem; but it is no easy matter to provide a scheme for the new distribution of its revenues which will not endanger the unanimity of the Liberal party. We shall not know till the beginning of next February what is Mr. Gladstone's scheme; and I am only too glad to defer till that time the discussion of a subject which will be painfully obtrusive during the coming year; but it may be worth while to say a few words on the composition of the ministry to which this difficult task is committed.

Of Mr. Gladstone himself it would be superfluous to say much; but I may remark that he has the singular faculty of attracting in equal degrees the admiration of large masses of his countrymen and the hatred of certain schools of politicians. No man is more bitterly abused, not merely by the Conservative press, but by many *soi-disant* Liberals; and yet it has been a marked peculiarity in the past elections that the constituents have rigorously exacted from candidates the one pledge that they will follow Mr. Gladstone's lead, with the utmost loyalty, whilst all "Adullamites" and party deserters have been sternly punished for their treason to the popular leader. I will not attempt to account for this state of feeling, further than to say, that it seems to me to prove that, whilst Mr. Gladstone has undoubtedly some very weak sides to his character as a politician, he has a force behind him which it will be very difficult for his opponents to encounter. He will make blunders; he will, it may be, be outmanœuvred in details by Mr. Disraeli's acuteness; but he represents a great power, and I venture to add that no candid or generous mind will deny that, whatever his faults, he is not only a man of genius, but one whose influence tends on the whole to raise the tone of English politics.

In the House of Commons he will have able supporters. Mr. Bright has taken an office whose great recommendation is that it will give him little to do, his health being unequal to any severe administrative labors. It was of course anticipated that Mr. Bright would take office; but it certainly brings him into some singular relations. The one Adullamite who has escaped from the ruin of his party is Mr. Lowe; and Mr. Lowe has, by a singular felicity, received the most important post in the government from the Liberal party, after having deserted the Liberals and bitterly opposed all extension of the suffrage. Moreover, I should think that the majority of the party, on the whole, approve of an appointment at first sight so singular. The fact is, that Mr. Lowe not only possesses one of the clearest intellects, and the greatest talents in debate, of all our present statesmen, but he is a most thoroughgoing reformer of a certain type. He spoke admirably as a vigorous opponent of the Irish Church establishment, and in all Church matters is a thoroughgoing Liberal. Mr. Matthew Arnold holds him to be a Philistine, and he is certainly a stubborn believer in the *laissez-faire* theories of political economists, and has, I am sorry to say, just published some remarks on our educational system, condemning very strongly the measures which most reformers feel to be necessary. He is an obstinate believer in the doctrinaire theory that government should improve things by letting them alone. However, he is the author of the valuable sentiment that we must educate our masters—the householders. He is, at any rate, a man of marked ability, and likely to make an effective Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Turning to other members of the government, there is little appearance of any introduction of fresh vigor. The respectable Lord Clarendon is Foreign Secretary. The colonies are committed to the charge of that most respectable and amiable nobleman, Lord Granville, and India to the equally respectable and able, if rather pedantic nobleman, the Duke of Argyll. The respectable Mr. Cardwell will be Secretary of War, and certainly is an improvement upon Sir J. Pakington, and Mr. Bruce is a respectable Home Secretary, and Mr. Goschen a respectable President of the Poor-law Board. So are they all, all most respectable men; but not likely perhaps to win any higher credit than that of good men of business.

Two of the ablest men of the radical wing, Mr. Foster and Mr. Stansfeld, take office, though, I am sorry to add, without the honor of being in the cabinet. Mr. Foster will be at the head of the educational department, and is excellently qualified for the post. Mr. Stansfeld, a man of much cultivation and an excellent speaker, will be concerned with the finances. The legal appointments are rather weak. Sir W. Page Wood, under the new name of Lord Hatherley, will be Lord Chancellor; and is likely to be an excellent judge, but a very poor debater. Sir R. Collier is not a very strong Attorney-General, whilst Mr. Coleridge, the new Solicitor-General, has lately won great reputation as a Parliamentary speaker, but has certain weaknesses, and especially in Church matters, which fit him to follow Mr. Gladstone better than to give him a strong hold over his party.

The general result is perhaps to this effect: In the House of Commons, the government has not only a large majority but will have a great superiority in debating power. Such men as Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Bright, Mr. Lowe, and, I might add, Mr. Coleridge, are altogether an overmatch for Mr. Disraeli and Lord Stanley, supported only by men of inferior calibre, such as Mr. Gathorne Hardy. In the House of Lords matters are reversed. Lord Cairns, the outgoing Lord Chancellor, is incomparably superior to his successor, and he will have such supporters as Lord Derby and Lord Salisbury to oppose to the inferior eloquence of Lord Russell, the Duke of Argyll, and Lord Granville. The difference of power will be specially felt in the difficult legal questions which must arise in the course of the Irish Church debate, and the government has been much criticised for not taking as Chancellor one of the ablest of Parliamentary orators, the present Chief-Justice, Sir A. Cockburn. It may therefore be anticipated that the great fight of the ensuing session will be won with comparative ease in the House of Commons; and I hope that the majority there may be sufficiently decisive to ensure the passage of the measure through the House of Lords in spite of the opposing weight of numbers and talents.

Indeed, it can scarcely be anticipated that any manœuvres of skilful partisans or any reliance upon the lurking bigotry of the country will embolden the House of Lords to face the decided expression of opinion of the new constituencies. But it is impossible to look upon the prospect with unqual-

ified satisfaction. We urgently require a ministry that can take the initiative in many wider schemes of reform. That the Irish Church should be abolished is obviously desirable. It is a subject which has long passed beyond the reach of controversy in the minds of all sensible men; and that fact makes me regret the strong probability that another year will be suffered to elapse in endless discussions and floods of Parliamentary eloquence upon a threadbare topic. The opposition will be strong enough and zealous enough in their prejudices to throw every possible hindrance in the way of the desired measure. Months of valuable time may be easily consumed; and meanwhile other topics of far more immediate importance, such as educational reform, army reform, poor-law reform, and many more, will be postponed or crammed into spare half-hours of languid talk. The composition of the ministry justifies a hope that they may carry the particular measure which will excite most public attention; but they have too much of the old Whig leaven to give very sanguine hopes of any more far-seeing measures. As the first Parliament elected by household suffrage is singularly like the old Parliament elected by ten pound householders, so the first ministry, in which its confidence is placed, is remarkably like the old ministries of the Palmerstonian era, with the faintest possible additional flavor of radicalism. We must still hope for an improvement rather in the general advance of public opinion than in any very distinct change in the components of Parliament or the ministry.

# Correspondence.

## UNIVERSITY REFORM—THE FACULTY VIEW.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: The article of your Annapolis correspondent upon "University Reform," published in the *Nation* of the 17th inst., contains some suggestions which are worthy of careful consideration. All that is said of daily "marks" will probably meet the approbation of many thoughtful men. For one, I can give it my hearty concurrence. No one can think more meanly of "the marking system" than I do. The assertions of the article, however, in regard to the kind of government which is stated to prevail at present in American colleges are so injurious that they ought not to be accepted without examination; and if, after examination, it should be found that there is the slightest ground to question their universal, or at least general, truth, their utterance cannot possibly be justified. The writer asserts that the college code now in force "treats the young men of the nineteenth just as the boys of the sixteenth century were treated;" and further, that it "works through a perfectly organized system of police, of which the president of the college is the chief, and whose *spies*" (at this point the writer pauses to assure us that he means what he says, by adding—"*the word is a harsh one, but I use it considerately*") "are to be found in every department of the university."

Speaking of the disciplinary system, he goes on to say: "The conclusion is inevitable that it [the system] tends directly to make students in their relations with the faculty the reverse of manly and honorable. It is a legal presumption that a suspected man is innocent until the contrary is proved; but at Cambridge, at least, the counter presumption generally obtains. *It may even be said that a suspected student is supposed to lie until he proves that he speaks the truth.* The result is as natural as it is deplorable. *Espionage* is met by cunning, and accusation by equivocation." The writer here narrows down the scope of his charge so as to direct it against a single institution—Harvard University; but the public will not suppose that this venerable seat of learning is laboring under a system of government which is exceptionally odious. The charge, therefore, implicates equally all the colleges and all the college officers in the country, and denounces them as all alike culpable of maintaining a system which is wanting in fairness, in wisdom, and even in simple common sense.

I know very little of Harvard University, but with many other colleges I have had large opportunities to be acquainted. In one capacity or another, as a student, as a tutor, as a professor, as a trustee, or as an executive officer, I have been connected with colleges for more than thirty years. My acquaintance with the college officers of the country, generally, is also very wide. With many of them I have often counselled in past times upon the embarrassing problems which college government frequently presents. If the statements of your correspondent quoted above are generally true of our collegiate institutions, I think I should have been likely to discover their truth. I have never discovered anything of the kind.

And first, as to what your correspondent says of *spies*. By a spy I suppose we are to understand a secret agent employed to watch the conduct of others without their knowledge, and to report his observations to his employer. A college proctor on his regular beat, or a college tutor or professor in the regular discharge of his daily duty, is not a spy any more than are the guardians of the public peace who constantly patrol the streets of our city. Now, whatever they may do at Harvard University, I have never known or heard of an instance in which a college officer of any grade has employed a spy to watch over the movements of any student. While I was myself a student I occasionally heard other students, in moments of excitement, throw such imputations upon their officers. I never saw the slightest evidence that the imputations were true.

Again, the assertion that a suspected student is "*generally supposed to lie until he proves that he speaks the truth*," is so complete, and at the same time so grave, a misrepresentation, as to admit of no possible justification. I know no college in which the simple, unsupported statement of a student whom circumstances have seemed to implicate in an offence is not accepted as entirely conclusive, and made the ground, in case it is a denial of the imputation, of his complete exoneration from the charge. I am not in the least disposed to deny the unfortunate fact, that the relations between students and faculty in many of our colleges might be happier than they are; but they are not likely to improve if we persist in imputing their present state to causes which are not the true ones; and such is the imaginary cause here dwelt on by your correspondent.

Now as to the broad assertion that we "treat the young *men* of the nineteenth just as the *boys* of the sixteenth century were treated." Nothing could be more strikingly illustrative than this sentence of the loose manner in which men will sometimes allow themselves to speak in regard to matters of history which they have not taken the pains to study. The college student of the sixteenth century was kept under constant supervision, by night as well as by day, at his meals and his amusements as well as during his hours of study and recitation. The aim of college government was to prevent wrong-doing by simply depriving the student of the opportunity of doing wrong. The student of the nineteenth century, on the contrary, is left entirely and absolutely the master of his own actions. College government endeavors to influence him to act worthily and well by appeals to his heart, to his conscience, to his better tastes, to his common sense. If such appeals are not effectual, and if in spite of them he will still disturb the good order of the college, or commit acts unworthy of a student, then, in case the fact is brought home to him, he falls under some kind of censure. In the majority of cases, however, beyond a doubt, he even yet escapes; for the machinery which your correspondent denounces with so lofty disdain—the *espionage* which he supposes to follow the student in his unguarded moments—has no existence except in your correspondent's own fertile brain.

If you will permit me here to quote one or two paragraphs relating to this subject, written and published by me many years ago but now passed out of memory, I think they will throw some light upon the causes of the peculiar relations which are found so often to exist between college students and college officers; and will show at the same time how far it is true that the student of the nineteenth century is treated like the student of the sixteenth:

"Candidates for admission to college often apply at the early age of fourteen years, and many enter below sixteen. On the other hand, not a few attain, or have nearly attained, their majority before becoming members of a college; and the consequence is that we have a community very heterogeneous in character, very unequal in power of self-command, very widely different in degree of manliness, very unfit to be all subjected to the same uniform regimen. In the younger classes we find a majority who have come directly from the schools, where their conduct has been subjected to the restraint of immediate and constant supervision. Such, even if they possess the power, have not yet acquired the habit of self-control; and the almost irresistible propensity of juvenile nature to avail itself without consideration of every accidental opportunity to give way to frolicsome mirthfulness on the slightest relaxation of the severe vigilance of school supervision, is carried into the college, and is not laid aside until familiarity with freedom neutralizes the temptation to extravagance. . .

"It is a very great disadvantage of college government that it can provide but one system of discipline for all varieties of subjects; and that consequently the stringent system which the more volatile—those in whom the boy spirit still predominates—require is felt to be unreasonably oppressive and galling by the graver class, who disdain even the suspicion of puerility. The popular idea of the college student is drawn much more from the latter class than from the former; and hence the strictures on college government which we so frequently hear carry with them among the people an appearance of weight and reason which they would hardly possess were it remembered that this system does not exist for the supervision and restraint of those who need no restraint, but on account of those others who do need it, yet cannot possibly be separately reached. . . . .

"It is a curious fact that, while the popular idea of the college student

at the present day invests him very much with the character of a man—though many individual students are in fact but boys—in the early history of colleges, both in this country and abroad, the case was completely the reverse, and the college or university student was looked upon and treated as a mere school-boy. It was this fact indeed which, if it did not determine the erection of colleges and halls in the universities, at least suggested the form of their organization. The universities of England taught only, and assumed no responsibility for the deportment or morals of the students. The lecturers—ultimately styled professors—did nothing, and do nothing to this day, but lecture; they heard no recapitulations of the subjects by the students—that is, no recitations. But boy learners require both moral control and mental drilling. The colleges and halls were erected to subserve these purposes. In these establishments the students were boarded, lodged, and kept under close supervision. They were governed each by a master, assisted by one or more tutors as necessity might require. It was the business of the tutor to see that the youths duly attended the lectures, and to interrogate them upon what they heard—that is, to hear them recite. It was also his business to give them religious instruction, and to 'do all that in him lay to render them conformable to the Church of England.' In addition to this, he had the further rather troublesome charge of 'containing his pupils within statutory regulations in matters of external appearance, such as their clothes, boots, and hair;' with the unpleasant liability, in case the unmanageable urchins evaded his vigilance, expressed in this clause, 'which if the pupils are found to transgress, the *tutor*, for the first, second, and third offence, shall forfeit six and eight pence, and for the fourth shall be interdicted of his tutorial functions.'" [It may be observed just here that we have not, even in our own day, wholly discontinued the practice of punishing the officer for the offences of the student; only that instead of fining him six and eight pence, we simply speak disrespectfully of him in the newspapers.] "*Corporal punishment* was inflicted in the English universities so late as the time of Milton, who himself is said to have been subjected to this indignity. The same appears to have been true in the early years of Harvard and Yale in this country. Down to the commencement of the present century the fagging system survived in both these colleges—a system which rendered the student during his freshman year the drudge of his fellow-students above him; and to quite as late a period the whole body of the students were compelled to observances toward the college officers which would now be held to be degrading, and could then only consist with the idea that the student is a mere school-boy. In those primitive days nice questions of casuistry as to how far a student may or may not, by his testimony, rightfully or honorably criminate his fellow, were unknown; but the youth who refused to testify—if that phenomenon ever occurred—was neither remonstrated with nor dismissed, but simply, I suppose, 'licked.' However, we have changed all that, and very properly; but so far has the change gone that nearly all attempts on the part of college faculties to use coercion of any kind, if not resisted *in limine*, are at least met with remonstrance and complaint.

"From the foregoing statements it is apparent that the American colleges have assumed to themselves the double duty which, some centuries ago in England, was divided between college and university—the duty of instruction and that of government. . . . But, in undertaking this twofold responsibility, our colleges have failed to copy from their models the devices by which they secured the ability to discharge it. Our college officers neither live in the same building nor eat at the same table with the students, nor are the college premises shut in by walls or secured by locks and bolts. In the absence of these material safeguards, we have spun around our colleges a cobweb of words; instead of immediate and constant supervision, we have substituted law; instead of bolts and bars, we have invoked penalties; instead of substantial brick and mortar, we have built our reliance on a barricade of paper. What wonder that the merest breath sometimes bears down the barrier before it!"

It thus appears that between the condition of the student of the sixteenth, or even of the eighteenth century, and that of the student of the present day, as it respects the form of government to which he is subjected, there is scarcely a single point of resemblance. And the reason of the existence of that peculiar relation between the governors and the governed of the academic body, of which mention has been made, is to be found partly in the heterogeneousness above explained of the student body, which makes it inevitable that there will always be some individuals who will be deficient in manliness, and who will delight to create confusion; and partly in that traditional principle of *solidarity* universally recognized in colleges, which permits the vicious or the turbulent few to use the exemplary and well-disposed many as their invulnerable shield and inexpugnable defence.

Whoever, in discussing the difficult questions connected with college government, overlooks these two capital facts, will arrive at no conclusions worthy of attention. The expedient proposed by your correspondent of separating the governing from the teaching body, while it would involve a largely increased expenditure, would afford no adequate solution of the problem—a truth too obvious to require argument.

In conclusion, I would observe that, while there is doubtless room in our colleges and universities for many improvements, no true friend of higher education in our country will speak of those institutions in terms calculated to shake the public confidence in the wisdom of their management, or to bring their governors into contempt, until at least he has sufficiently investigated the subject to be quite sure of his facts. P.

# Notes.

## LITERARY.

Mr. William James McClure sends us the prospectus of a volume of poems, comprising amatory, patriotic, moral, and miscellaneous pieces, which will be published in one month's time by Mr. P. O'Shea, of 27 Barclay Street, to whom all communications should be addressed. ——Messrs. G. P. Putnam & Son have in press a work by Mr. C. L. Brace, which is entitled the "New West; or, California in 1867 and 1868." "Its main object," say the publishers, "is to describe in California what is generally omitted in travellers' journals." In pursuance of this plan, Mr. Brace writes of the minute features of vegetation and scenery in respect of which California is very different from the older States; of the branches of industry and production almost peculiar to the Pacific Slope—as vine-growing and the rearing of silkworms; of the Digger Indians, ethnologically considered; of the antediluvian or post-pliocene skull of Calaveras County; of the Yo Semite Valley, which, perhaps, is not exactly a virgin theme; of the Chinese in California; the climate, as compared with European and Asiatic climates; social life among the Californians, and many topics more.——Mr. Howard Challen announces that his *Trade List Directory* for 1869 will contain a complete list of the books published by nearly every publisher in this country, and of the publications of many foreign publishers. To say this—and it can be truthfully said—is to say enough to show that the book is a valuable work for reference. ——With its sixth volume, the "Theological Eclectic," which is mainly a repertory of foreign theological literature, will become a monthly periodical, and its volumes will begin and end with the calendar year. What is its special character, and with what ability it is sustained, will be understood by our clerical readers when we say that its editors are Dr. George E. Day, Dr. Philip Schaff, Dr. H. B. Hackett, Dr. John McClintock, Dr. W. H. Green, Dr. C. M. Butler, and Mr. L. P. Evans.

—Our Philadelphia correspondent, "Subscriber," may get the *Pall Mall Budget* of Messrs. Willmer & Rogers, of 47 Nassau Street, of this city, who will take his subscription or will themselves send the paper to him at his order. Mr. August Brentano, of 708 Broadway, will also send it to order, and has for sale single copies. In speaking of the *Budget*, by anticipation, some time since, we gave its outward appearance rather more praise than belonged to it. The printing is like that of the daily issue, but—for the sake of cheapening the postal charges—the paper is thin. As for the matter, the editors succeed wonderfully well in getting into the weekly issue everything of consequence contained in the *Pall Mall Gazette*.

—The "American Newspaper Directory" is the title of a volume to be published almost immediately by Messrs. George P. Rowell & Co., a firm of advertising agents doing business in this city. Such a book can never be finished, for each year witnesses the death of some journals and the birth of many more; the publishers therefore intend to make their work an annual, and thus keep it as nearly full and accurate in its information as its character will admit of. It will contain various lists giving the names of all newspapers and other periodicals issued in the United States and Territories, and in the British Provinces, giving brief descriptions of the towns and cities in which they are published, and giving, too, the circulation of each paper, the class of readers whom it addresses, the character of the community in which it is printed, and much similar information, which, as advertisers will see, cannot but be of value to them. As its publishers point out, it is not so very long since such an index as they promise was not to be had at all, and such incomplete lists as the advertising agencies had in their possession were guarded with the utmost jealousy. Two or three years ago, a man who had made a list of the journals of the Southern States sold copies of it for a hundred and fifty dollars. Why advertisers should care to conceal such information it is easy to see; but the advertising agencies perhaps gained very little by a course of concealment; they probably lost as much as they gained. The publicity in which the whole matter will henceforth be set will be the best prevention of false opinions in regard to the circulation and influence of the different journals; the means of making a just estimate will be within everybody's reach, and the advertising agencies will be able to devote themselves to their proper business—that of agents between the newspaper owner and the man who wants to advertise. The latter will know just what it is he is buying, and will pay the middleman not for occult information nor for assistance in carrying on his business, but a fair compensation for his work. Of this projected "Directory" we have seen only a few of the specimen pages; these, as regards paper and printing, look very well indeed, and the matter which they contain seems to

have been prepared with honesty as well as with industry and intelligence. To give a sample of their contents we copy from the list of Alabama papers:

"MONTGOMERY *Advertiser;* every morning and evening except Sundays, and *Weekly*, Tuesdays; Democratic; four pages; size—daily 24x36, weekly 27x40; subscription—daily $10, weekly $4; established 1830; W. W. Screws, editor and publisher; Robert Tyler, associate editor; claims 800 daily circulation."

"MONTGOMERY, *Alabama State Journal;* every evening except Sundays; Republican; four pages; size 22x32; subscription $10; established 1867; John G. Stokes, editor; State Journal Association, publishers; 1,160 positive circulation."

In the little *Advertisers' Gazette* which Messrs. Rowell & Co. have previously published we have noticed some decided mistakes in the characterization of different journals. For example, we have no objection to having the *Nation* set down as "Radical," because in a sense, and that, as we think, not the worst sense of the word, the *Nation* is radical. But what the compiler of the *Gazette* means by the word he indicates clearly when he applies it to the *Independent* and the *Anti-Slavery Standard*, and we may say, without any disrespect to those journals, that "radical," as applicable to them, cannot with any propriety be applied to this paper.

—We spoke the other day of a general circular which would soon be laid before the alumni of Harvard College, by a committee acting in behalf of various classes from that of 1817 down to that of 1868, exclusive of the classes of 1818, '19, '20, '22, '24, '41, '42, '43, '45, '47, '48, '49, '54. As we said before, it is proposed to raise during the next ten years at least $500,000, which is in the first instance to be put into the hands of trustees, there to remain until $50,000 has accumulated, when that sum is at once to be turned over to the corporation. The circular, which we are requested to reprint, is as follows:

TO THE GRADUATES OF HARVARD COLLEGE.

The undersigned desire to lay before you a brief statement of a plan which has been lately set on foot for the benefit of the college. The plan is as follows: Each class is asked to agree to give a fixed sum every year for ten years, to be invested and kept as a fund to be called "The Class Subscription Fund," and the income devoted without restrictions to the purposes for which the general fund of the college is used by the corporation. Those classes which object to prospective subscriptions are requested to make outright payments. We do not think that much argument is needed to show—first, the necessity of raising money for the college now, and, secondly, the propriety of giving all that is raised by this subscription to the general fund.

There are two objects eminently deserving all the pecuniary aid that can be given them, viz.: the salaries of the professors and the college library. An article in the *North American Review* for last October by Mr. Cutter, assistant-librarian, draws a melancholy picture of the condition of the library. There are certain funds restricted to the purchase of books in particular branches, but for the increase of the library in the wide field of general literature and science the whole sums available in the hands of the library council is less than $400 a year. The professors' salaries are in urgent need of an increase. The highest salary given is $2,400 a year, independent of any temporary aid the corporation may be able to grant; and when it is considered that the expenditure of the college during the present financial year exceeds the income by nearly $8,000, it must be apparent that the corporation will not be justified in making any considerable increase at present. The property given at various times to the college has been generally restricted to special objects, such as the foundation of a particular professorship, the enlargement of a particular collection; and since the special gifts are frequently inadequate for the purpose to which they are devoted, the result is, in such cases, that the deficiency is supplied from the general fund, and thus each act of liberality becomes in one sense a drain upon the resources of the college.

During the past year it was considered necessary to make some alterations in University Hall. No money was to be had except some of the general fund that would otherwise have been used to eke out the salaries of the professors. Considering the necessity of the alterations a pressing one, they consented to the use of the money for that purpose, and professors' salaries were accordingly clipped that the college carpenter might receive his dues. These facts justify our statement that any money that can be raised should be given to the general fund, and if any further argument is needed we would suggest that the corporation have abandoned their former practice of setting aside for the general fund all the income above five per cent. from each endowment, so that the fund has actually been reduced.

Meanwhile, private munificence has given to New York, in Cornell University, a college with abundant resources for present needs and future growth. For a library the corporation sends its president to purchase the treasures of Europe, and at the first examination three hundred candidates present themselves at her doors. Can a college of yesterday, without association, without a history, be dearer to its founders than our ancient university is to us, her children?

—The committee of the Free Grace Protestant Union, feeling that every lawful effort ought to "be used to stir up and keep alive a strong Protestant feeling among the people of this land, are anxious to purchase a first-rate magic-lantern." Cradley, near Birmingham, the residence of the Rev. Thomas Husband Gregg, seems to be one of the committee's scenes of operations, and the land meant is England and the North of Ireland, probably. To enable them to purchase the lantern, the committee make a special appeal to those whom Providence has blessed with funds, and who love the civil and religious liberties which have so long been enjoyed by the people of England. As one of their own poets hath said, "He is the freeman whom the truth makes free." However, such considerations entirely apart, and to return to the curate and his optical instrument, he wants it in order that he may have the slides painted with scenes from the "Book of Martyrs." These are to be exhibited in the course of the delivery of certain lectures setting forth the most striking massacres and other atrocities recorded in Fox's work, and are expected to promote sound views of the Scarlet Woman, and teach in an unprejudiced way "what she would do now if she only had the power." "The Catholic Church, let us always deny;" of course, "it is built on a sandy foundation," as Romanists in the South of Ireland falsely say of the Establishment; but sometimes, in moments of depression, when we examine the weapons with which Babylon is assailed, the millennium seems not near at hand.

—About this time will have been issued the thousandth volume of the memorable series, the Tauchnitz edition of standard works and authors, in which so many English novelists figure, and which has been so often confiscated on its arrival at British ports. The enterprise has been very skilfully conducted, and has supplied one of the great needs of the present day—books of fair and open typography, and of portable size; easy for the hand, and adapted to the pocket. The first volume appeared September 1, 1841, and most of the series has been stereotyped; no less than 250,000 plates would be needed to reproduce it entire. The thousandth issue is worthy of the post of honor, being Tischendorf's "New Testament," derived by comparison from the following manuscripts: The *Codex Sinaiticus*, discovered by the professor himself; the *Codex Vaticanus;* and the *Codex Alexandrinus*. The editor accompanies the text with notes. It is pleasant to think that when the Baron Von Tauchnitz—his services to literature procured him ennoblement some time ago—shall have been gathered to his fathers, his good work will probably continue. He has a son who will no doubt carry on the enterprise. It is very likely, by the way, that as the publication of his five-hundredth volume made Tauchnitz a baron, that of the thousandth may make him a count.

—"The Geographical Knowledge of the Chinese" is the title of an interesting paper, originally read by K. A. Skatschkof before the Imperial Geographical Society of Russia, and recently translated into German by Professor Voelkel, and published in Petermann's "Mittheilungen." The catalogue of the Imperial Library of Pekin, issued in 1767, contained the titles of 729 geographical works, comprising in all 10,283 volumes. During the century that has elapsed since that time, it is estimated that this number has increased to nearly 15,000 volumes. Some of these books are very ancient, and date back to at least three centuries before the Christian era. So far as the geography of China proper is concerned, they are very full and accurate, containing treatises on political economy, agriculture, commerce, and manufactures, as well as indicating the configuration of the land, mountains, seas, rivers, canals, lakes, cities, villages, roads, bridges, dams, temples, cemeteries, and forts; describing, also, the peculiar products, customs, costumes, and manners of the different provinces, and interspersing the whole with biographies and anecdotes of local celebrities, and accounts of the antiquities of these several places. The information about foreign countries (all of which are represented as tributary to the Celestial Empire) is such as might be expected from a conceited and exclusive people. The Europeans are described as extremely ignorant; and, although it is admitted that they publish almanacs and a few other books, it is nevertheless affirmed that only a very small part of the population know how to read and write. In Europe, according to these writers, wheat is black and rice is wholly unknown. The fields are poorly cultivated, and the mechanical arts sadly neglected. Each class of society is distinguished by a peculiar costume. The women are remarkable chiefly for their frivolity, impudence, large feet, and indecency of attire. The inhabitants live in towers several stories high, are fond of table luxuries, and eat out of gold and silver dishes. They seldom walk, but ride in lofty, unwieldy coaches. Although very wealthy, they dislike to pay their debts, and are in general exceedingly avaricious. There is no truth in their courts of justice, no ingenuousness or confidence even between friends or brothers. Their statesmanship and public policy rest entirely on falsehood and hypocrisy. Such are the salient features of European civilization, as seen through the almond-shaped eyes of the Chinese. The most remarkable of their geo

graphical works is the one entitled "Elaborate Representation of Lands," originally published in 1566, at the expense of the government. It is the principal source of Marco Polo's information concerning China. A new and enlarged edition of this work was issued in 1754, in five hundred stout octavo volumes. The revision was entrusted to a committee of one hundred and eighty-one scholars, appointed by the Emperor. It is replete with statistical information, carefully collated and condensed from the official reports of provincial governors and magistrates throughout the empire, and is also enlivened by poems, panegyrics of illustrious men, historical essays, antiquarian treatises, etc. The Chinese are quite minute and painstaking in cartography, although their maps are less accurate than those of the Western nations, because they are not based upon any nice system of triangulations, by which alone can be determined with scientific precision the different points of latitude and longitude, the courses of rivers, the ranges of mountains, the boundaries of provinces, and the irregular lines of sea-coast.

## UNDER THE WILLOWS.*

THE dedicatory verses with which Mr. Lowell begins this volume are not only an expression of his love and esteem for Mr. Norton, but also they strike the note which is most frequently heard in the poems that follow:

"My Elmwood chimneys seem crooning to me,
As of old, in their moody, minor key,
And out of the past the hoarse wind blows,
As I sit in my arm-chair and toast my toes.

"'Ho! ho! nine-and-forty,' they seem to sing,
'We saw you a little toddling thing,
We knew you child and youth and man,
A wonderful fellow to dream and plan,
With a great thing always to come, who knows?'
Well, well! 't is some comfort to toast one 's toes."

And so they go on, ending thus:

"Instead of a fleet of broad-browed ships,
To send a child's armada of chips!
Instead of the great guns, tier on tier,
A freight of pebbles and grass-blades sere!
'Well, maybe more love with the less gift goes,'
I growl, as, half moody, I toast my toes."

Regrets for unfulfilled youthful visions, a pensive, though hardly a sad, recurrence to the thoughts and dreams of childhood, an inclination to self-blame for opportunities unused and time slipped away without fruits, have moved the poet to not a little of his serious singing. Sometimes, but not often, this tone is deeper; in one of his almost remorseful moods he asks of the melancholy pine-tree—the "sea-foreboding pine," as he finely calls it—

"Do I, in this vague emotion,
This sadness that will not pass
Though the air throbs with wings,
And the field laughs and sings,
Do I forebode, alas!
The ship-building longer and wearier,
The voyage's struggle and strife,
And then the darker and drearier
Wreck of a broken life?"

It would be ungracious and ungrateful to find fault with a mood to which we have owed very much good poetry, and we are hardly prepared to say that we could find it in our heart to wish that it less often colored Mr. Lowell's thoughts and found voice in his writing. Indeed, for the matter of that, it is a mood under whose dominion the poetical nature must of necessity often fall; from which, whatever we say of poetry at this or that point of its history, no poet, we may be sure, has ever been free since Lamech sang to Adah and Zillah. The poet's occasional glimpses of things not to be uttered in human speech, his despair of ever doing more than to hint afar off the pleasure and the pain, "at once baffling and luring," of which he is exquisitely sensible, though by the most part of mankind they are not regarded or perceived, now and again make all that he may have done seem worthless; make it all seem worse than that; he discerns falsehood and a profaning indelicacy in his best attempts at making us acquainted with his muse; even the praises which men give him and which are a better measure of his work's value than any other that can justly be applied, if sometimes they give him pleasure and almost give him content, yet not seldom, seeming to him flatteries or mistakes, only increase his disgust with himself. Yet, as it is easy to yield to this feeling more frequently than is good for him who experiences it, so, too, it is easy for the reader to have it presented to him—especially if it is presented in its nakedness—more frequently than is pleasing. It is, after all, in the nature of a confession of weakness; and necessary and inevitable as it is to make that confession, it is what none of us like to do, and what we do not overmuch enjoy when done by others. And if this is true of such confessions when they are called forth by the vague, general sense of incapacity of which we have been speaking, all the more is it true of incapacity due to special causes within one's self, and possibly within one's own control. But of these we are not speaking.

It may, however, here be said—and all the more fitly as it has a connection with what has been said before—that the power of sympathy with nature and the love of communion with her which Mr. Lowell possesses in so eminent a degree that it very often fills all his verse till the words and the music seem tremulously and delicately responsive to her direct influences, is a power the exercise of which is not unapt to breed a discontent of soul and a sort of despair. Doubtless the most immediately painful part of the riddle of the world would disappear with the disappearance of men, would not exist if it were not for the mental and spiritual trouble it gives to consider or enquire into the fates of one's fellows and one's own fate as a human being. But there is, too, the profounder if less poignant painfulness which the mere existence of this frame of things gives to the mind, especially to the modern mind, which has outgrown so many solutions of the problem, but finds the problem itself still to be outgrown. The contemplation of nature, then, no matter with what love and enjoyment the study is carried on, is not always, perhaps not generally, tonic and bracing, but often it directly nourishes a deep dissatisfaction. This is not a feeling which gets explicit expression in any of the poems before us; but we imagine that it has had its share in giving a melancholy tinge to several of them, and that its influence should have due consideration.

Again, the habitual experience of

"This pleasure more sharp than pain,
That baffles and lures us so;"

the continual presence of

"A something so shy, it would shame it
To make it a show
A something too vague, could we name it,
For others to know;"

the inability to express in its charm and beauty what is most keenly felt and seems most worthy to be expressed and shared, naturally tends to induce a humor of turning on one's self, and, unless one's nature is very kindly, of turning on others also, in a half mocking way—which, by the way, does not fail to shock numerous downright, good people as being wholly mocking and bitter. Many of the best writers of *vers de société*, perhaps all whose *vers de société* are to be called poetry, have, as might be supposed, afforded illustrations of this fact, as we take it to be. It is not surprising to find illustrations of it in Mr. Lowell's poems. Such is the finely finished little poem called "Without and Within," which we copy not less for its excellence in its own way than for its serviceableness in making our meaning clear. Lovers of Mr. Lowell's poetry will recognize in it an old favorite:

WITHOUT AND WITHIN.

"My coachman, in the moonlight there,
Looks through the sidelight of the door;
I hear him with his brethren swear,
As I could do,—but only more.

Flattening his nose against the pane,
He envies me my brilliant lot,
Breathes on his aching fists in vain,
And dooms me to a place more hot.

He sees me into supper go,
A silken wonder by my side,
Bare arms, bare shoulders, and a row
Of flounces, for the door too wide.

He thinks how happy is my arm
'Neath its white-gloved and jewelled load;
And wishes me some dreadful harm,
Hearing the merry corks explode.

Meanwhile, I inly curse the bore
Of hunting still the same old coon,
And envy him outside the door,
In golden quiets of the moon.

The winter wind is not so cold
As the bright smile he sees me win,
Nor the host's oldest wine so old
As our poor gabble sour and thin.

I envy him the ungyved prance
By which his freezing feet he warms,
And drag my lady's-chains and dance
The galley-slave of dreary forms.

O, could he have my share of din,
And I his quiet!—past a doubt
'T would still be one man bored within,
And just another bored without."

We were going to say that we were not sure that this is not almost the completest and best of all those poems which spring directly from Mr. Lowell's personal feelings. There is, however, no question that the preference must be given to the delicately beautiful "Auf Wiedersehen"—without its autumn palinode—and that, too, we shall allow ourselves the pleasure of quoting:

* "Under the Willows, and Other Poems. By James Russell Lowell." Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co. 1868.

AUF WIEDERSEHEN.

" The little gate was reached at last,
Half hid in lilacs down the lane;
She pushed it wide, and, as she past,
A wistful look she backward cast,
And said,—'*Auf wiedersehen.*'

With hand on latch, a vision white,
Lingered reluctant, and again
Half doubting if she did aright,
Soft as the dews that fell that night,
She said,—'*Auf wiedersehen.*'

The lamp's clear gleam flits up the stair;
I linger in delicious pain;
Ah, in that chamber, whose rich air
To breathe in thought I scarcely dare,
Thinks she,—'*Auf wiedersehen?*'

'T is thirteen years; once more I press
The turf that silences the lane;
I hear the rustle of her dress,
I smell the lilacs, and—ah, yes,
I hear '*Auf wiedersehen.*'

Sweet piece of bashful maiden art!
The English words had seemed too fain,
But these—they drew us heart to heart,
Yet held us tenderly apart;
She said, '*Auf wiedersehen!*' "

Of course, Mr. Lowell is not seen at his best in this poem. There are many detached passages in many of his serious pieces which are far superior to this in strength and lofty earnestness of thought and feeling. Indeed, we may speak thus of the whole poem of the "Commemoration Ode," which for sustained eloquence, for force of diction—despite what seems an occasional affectation of antiqueness—for manly nobleness of sentiment, for real fervor, for genuineness—despite occasional reminders of other poets—seems to us not equalled by any other American poetry. There are also passages in the volume before us which may boast greater positive felicities of phrase, or rather of statement, than the little gem we have just been looking at, though how this, in its kind, could be improved in that respect we do not know—and we believe there is nobody to tell us. Our poet's great power of entering, with the insight of love and sympathy as well as by the keenness of his intellectual vision, into the characters of other men, is also more clearly revealed in more than one other portion of his writings than in "Auf Wiedersehen;" though there is a nice little faint touch of it in the last of the stanzas given above. And—however it may be as regards the revelation of himself, which is, perhaps, his best gift to us—no doubt his enduring fame is founded most firmly on the works in which he went furthest out of himself, was most objective, and displayed, together with his wisdom and wit, that power of character-painting — at once of types and of individuals—which makes the fortunately-planned and executed "Biglow Papers" a permanent part of the literature of the century, and the only very good portraiture of real "characters" yet achieved by any American. But "Auf Wiedersehen" appears to be, as we have said, free from faults—a gem without flaw and a gem of pure ray. This is what cannot be said of very many of Mr. Lowell's poems, which too often bear evident marks of haste, in which, as we have hinted, one is apt to find marks, too, of wide reading as well as more manifest and frequent signs of desultory writing. Witness the Emersonianism of several of the poems in this volume; the imitativeness of the decidedly literary, fanciful "Winter Evening Hymn to my Fire;" the troubling sense of anachroniem —though that is not just the word either—which is felt in the reading of "Sir Launfal;" the incongruity of the Carlylism of the Rev. Homer Wilbur—who, no doubt, detested Carlylism; of the nineteenth-century-ism, so to speak, of the "Voyage to Vinland"—which took place some thousand years before the nineteenth century affected any Scandinavian brains; and of the unsuccessful balladizing of "The Singing Leaves." But, for that matter, who does make a good ballad? There is a time for all things, and for ballads it is time past.

Yet after making whatever abatements it has occurred to us to make in the course of a long acquaintance with Mr. Lowell's poetry, it remains, as a duty, not to take leave of it on any occasion when it has been spoken of at any length without saying, as a last word, that, taken altogether, we have nothing so good; unless, possibly, we except a little of Emerson—and to make that exception we are not wholly willing. To Emerson, the poet, the reader who likes him much is likely to pay something of the regard which it is probable a stricter analysis would show to be due to him not in his character of poet, but as a thinker, or rather a seer primarily addressing himself to the perception of truth. It is, to be sure, truth in that ultimate form in which it is felt to be one with beauty; but even so, it is hardly one with the beauty which is assigned the poet as his object. It is hardly as a poet that one thinks of the writer of "Uriel," for example. And coming down a little to the "Threnody" and the "Humble Bee" and "Terminus" and the "Sea-shore"—if that is the title of it—do we remain above or do we come down below "In the Twilight" and "Under the Willows" and "Auf Wiedersehen" and the "Commemoration Ode" and "Memoriæ Positum" and "Fitz Adams' Story"? This, however, is criticism by comparison. Or it would be if it were not for the names we have given, which well enough exclude the thought of this man or that. Much more hard work from both is a wish that no lover of poetry will fail to form as he renders his thanks for the work already done; and the wish is, perhaps, the best thanks and the highest praise we could give them.

*The Gates Ajar.* By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. (Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co. 1869.)—For the last year or two Miss Phelps has contributed various short stories to *Harper's* and the *Atlantic*, which we have usually read with some pleasure. They never, that we remember, gave promise of anything like high excellence; but magazine readers are not apt to be hypercritical, and magazine writers might, we dare say, with some justice complain of being tried by other than very ordinary standards. Miss Phelps wrote with apparent ease, and her stories—notably "Kentucky's Ghost"—had a sort of unlabored naturalness which sometimes made them contrast favorably with their immediate surroundings. We took up her book, therefore, with the expectation of being confirmed in our notion that she is a more than tolerable specimen of the average magazine story-teller and, although we confess to finding the "Gates Ajar" as unsatisfactory in most respects as it is certainly amusing in others, we are not yet inclined to recast our opinion of its author. She merely gives, in a small way, another illustration of the truth that one may observe and report accurately what goes on before his eyes, while his speculations on abstract and doubtful matters are worse than worthless. One may paint admirable portraits of every-day people and talk sad nonsense about the future life; one may be a sorry theologian and tell unexceptionable love stories. The temptation of a whole book to herself has apparently proved too much for Miss Phelps's practical mind. Shall one be moral and not moralize?—inherit the traditions of Andover and not import them into familiar speech? But, though her youth and inexperience have given her courage to rush boldly into precincts which a little more wisdom would doubtless have made her fear to enter, there is no reason for supposing that she may not yet do some very respectable literary work. Just now her sentiments are often absurd enough, but she has not, we should say, any inbred absurdity of nature which will always be bound to come out in what she does; she is not flippant, though much that she says is sufficiently shallow, and, as she is, besides, neither affected nor untruthful, there is still time enough for her to learn the distinction between sentimentalizing and thinking, and to recognize that to lose sight of the essential difference between the desire for truth and goodness for their own sakes and the desire for the most innocent personal gratification, is to begin breaking down the barriers between vice and virtue. Some time or other she may come to invent a heroine capable of smiling good-naturedly at the small vanities and the unpleasant self-consciousness of this one of to-day, who, veiled in sombrest *crêpe* as to her outer woman and plunged into profoundest grief as to her inner woman, yet knows accurately who were the impertinent people who stared at her, and wonders gratefully at the forbearance of those who refrained. Some time, too, she may be capable of recognizing an impassable barrier when she sees it, and of suspecting that to station at the outposts of her card fortification even such doughty sentinels as Whately and Chalmers and Isaac Taylor is still to leave the fortress exposed to the adverse winds of criticism.

Meantime, her little book is put forth with such evident good faith as to its providing the true panacea for human ills, that it would only provoke a half sympathetic smile if it did not also make one sigh over the radical defect of much of the religious training given to the young. Here is Miss Phelps's heroine, a New England girl of the ordinary type, who, on losing her brother by death, finds her love of God and her belief in His goodness utterly swept away, and the lessons taught her by "six years' membership in good and regular standing" of no value as a support in her trouble. Miss Phelps finds nothing surprising in this state of things—nor do we; the remedy she proposes for it does move us to a little wonder and to some not very cheerful reflections. The reason why people sorrow without hope, and why their faith does not glow with a more penetrating warmth, is, so she thinks, that heaven is not painted in sufficiently attractive colors. Miss Phelps's experiment has been tried before. There are houris in the Mussulman's heaven, as there are cosy little houses with ever-blooming door-yards, grand pianos, garden tools, and so on in Miss Phelps's Winifred Forceythe. In that blest abode the believer is to

have what he likes and do as he pleases, and meanwhile his love for God can best be kindled by seeing in Him the great archetype of that best of mortal types, "the good provider." So Miss Phelps translates into the vernacular what she reads in Holy Writ about harps and palm branches and streets of shining gold. It is all very pretty, and we, for our own part, should not be disposed to object to her pleasing herself and other people with fancies like these, if this sort of day dreaming did not seem as weakening to the moral fibre as any other. There is, at the bottom of it, not only a false estimate of what constitutes success here or hereafter, but a self-seeking and self-indulgence which sap the foundations of all the sterner virtues. Moreover, it seems to us that some of the religious lives which Miss Phelps has read ought to have shown her, if her own experience is barren, that on noble souls the natural effects of grief, and of a belief in a happy future life as the reward of virtue, are not such as she has depicted. What gives the record of a life like that of Alexandrine de la Ferronnays a permanent value is not its special beliefs, but the fact that it affords one more confirmation of the truth that through whatever channels the soul draws its nourishment, whether through the creeds or through conduits of philosophy, it lives and grows in all cases from the same source, and brings forth similar fruits. In certain ways lives like hers, which show the serenity and the absorption of self in larger ends which come from a real belief in the wisdom and goodness of God, are as satisfactory reading as we know. We recommend them to Miss Phelps's careful study. At present she appears to love God and desire heaven much as a child longs for Santa Claus and Christmas. A good thought for her practical consideration is that contained in the proverb that "a contented mind is a continual feast." Just now it is only a continual feast which can content her. She can be good for plenty of barley sugar; but that is a goodness one should outgrow before one gets into print.

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*A Comprehensive Dictionary of the Bible.* Mainly abridged from Dr. Smith's "Dictionary of the Bible," but comprising important additions and improvements from the works of Robinson, Gesenius, Fürst, Pape, Pott, Winer, Keil, Lange, Kitto, Fairbairn, Alexander, Barnes, Bush, Thomson, Stanley, Porter, Tristram, King, Ayre, etc., etc. Edited by Rev. Samuel Barnum. Illustrated with five hundred Maps and Engravings. (New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1868.)—This is only a part of the contents of the rather pretentious title-page with which the editor of the third abridgment of Dr. Smith's Dictionary has seen fit to supply his ably-executed publication. A comparatively shorter preface of two pages—which is all we receive by way of introduction to so important a work—enumerates its distinctive features and special merits, by virtue of which, even after the appearance of the two abridgments superintended by Dr. Smith himself, and known as the "Concise Dictionary of the Bible," and the "Smaller Dictionary of the Bible," respectively, it aims to become a "Standard Dictionary for the People." The general principles which have guided the present editor are: "(1) To make everything intelligible to those who understand only the English language. . . . . (2) To condense the greatest possible amount of valuable information into one volume of convenient size and moderate cost. (3) To guard against all influences hostile to Christian faith and love." We fully appreciate the advantages of plainness and condensation, and readily acknowledge that this dictionary, well-deserving to be called comprehensive, is both concise and intelligible, but we are rather surprised to find that it was deemed necessary to do additional guarding against anti-Christian influences in the reproduction of a collection in which this kind of pious guardianship is carried to a degree almost destructive of true criticism. Mr. Barnum's greater anti-critical fastidiousness, as far as we could ascertain, manifests itself partly in omissions—like that of the remarks on Hebrew cosmogony under "Earth"—and partly in slight alterations and insertions—as, for instance, in the article "Jacob," in regard to Stephen's statement concerning the burial in Shechem. The words, frequently given in parenthesis, "so . . . the original author of this article," serve to remove from the editor the responsibility for statements which might in the remotest degree appear heterodox. A great deal of care has evidently been bestowed upon the etymology and orthography of Hebrew names and words, though spellings like "Yehezekel" for "Yehezkel (art. "Hezekiel"), and "*cinnor*" for "*kinnor*" (art. "Harp"), the omission of the original Hebrew forms of so interesting names as Elijah and Jasher, and the inconsistent rendering of the Hebrew Cheth—generally, but not always, in two forms, *h* and *ch*, neither of which is as good as would be '*h*—show that the book is still open to improvement in this department. It contains numerous maps, plans, views of places, and other pictorial illustrations, not given in the original work; various additions in the shape of references or supplementary historical and geographical remarks, and also some new articles. Yet, after a close comparison of various parts with the original "Dictionary of the Bible," we cannot refrain from rejecting as decidedly unwarranted the broad claim expressed in the preface that "the additions and modifications in every part of this volume, and on every subject in it, make it, indeed, almost a new work." Its mechanical execution is both fine and accurate.

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